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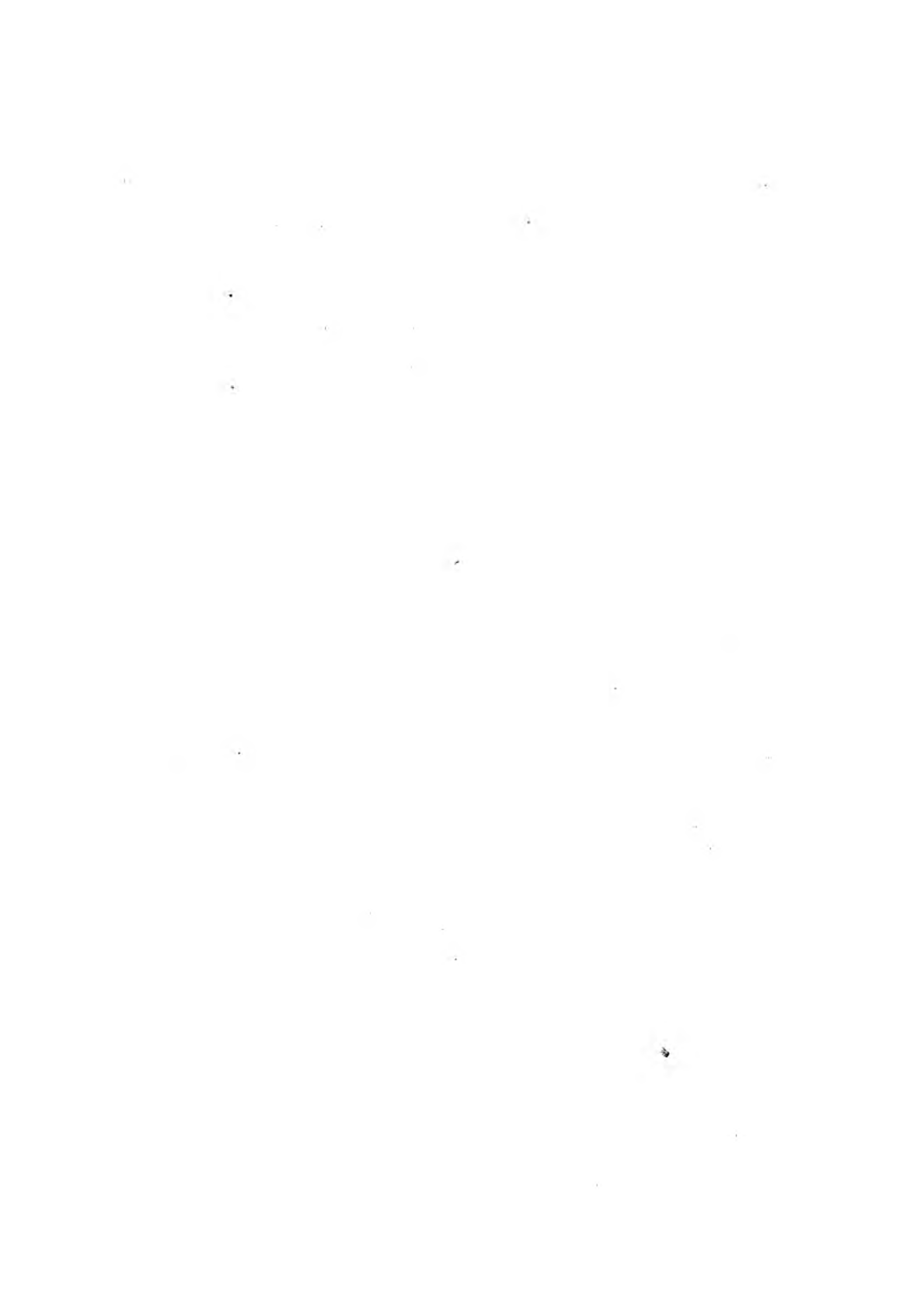
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THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY HIS SON.

VOLUME V.

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HOOD'S COMPLETE WORKS.

1840.

UP THE RHINE.

[*Continued.*]

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

AFTER the postscript of my last letter, you will not be surprised to hear, that a longer stay at Bonn was strongly objected to by my uncle, who, having "not many days to live," sets a peculiar value on his nights. Like myself, he had been annoyed by the nocturnal rattling and singing,—and indeed he declared in the morning that he would as lief reside "next door to Vauxhall."

The arrival of the first steamboat was therefore the signal for our departure; and bidding adieu to Bonn with an emphatic "*Peace* be with you," we embarked in the Prince William. It had brought a tolerable assortment of tourists from Cologne, and amongst the rest our old acquaintance the Red-faced man. For some reason he fought particularly shy of my uncle,—but with myself he was as communicative and complaining as usual. He gave me to understand that

he had been prodigiously disgusted by the high Catholic mummeries at Cologne, and still more annoyed by the companionship of the "Yellow-faced Yankee," who, of course, to plague him, had taken up his quarters at the same hotel. "Renounce me," said he, "if I could get rid of him—for as we two were the only persons that spoke English in the house he *would* converse with me, whether I answered or not. Consume his yellow body! he stuck to me like a mustard plaster, and kept drawing my feelings into blisters;—however, I've got a good start of him, for he talked of staying a whole week at Cologne." But alas! for the pleasant anticipations of Mr. John Bowker! He had barely uttered them, when the turmeric-coloured American appeared running at full speed towards the steamboat, followed by a leash of porters! "Say I told you so!" exclaimed the petrified citizen—"he'll haunt me up to Schaffhausen—he will, by all that's detestable—yes, there he comes on board"—and even as he spoke the abhorred personage sprang into the vessel, followed by his three attendants. The Red-face could not smother a grunt of dissatisfaction at the sight, but what was his horror, when, after a few words with the conducteur, his old enemy walked straight up to him, and puffed a whiff of tobacco smoke into his very face! "It's an unpleasant sort of a fix," said he, "and in course only a mistake, but you've walked off with all my traps and notions instead of your own." "I've what?" gobbled the Red-face, its crimson instantly becoming shot with blue. "You've got my luggage, I guess," replied the Yellow-face, "and if it's all the same to you, I'll just take it ashore." The perplexed Bowker was too much agitated to speak; but hurrying off to the huge pile of bags and boxes, in front of the funnel, began eagerly hunting for his baggage. To his unutterable dismay he could not recognise a single article as his own. In the meantime

the American appeared to enjoy the confusion, and in a dry way began to "poke his fun" at the unfortunate traveller. "Mister Broker, is that 'ere your leather trunk?" "No," growled the other. "In that case it's mine, I reckon." "Mister Broker, is that 'ere your carpet-bag?"—and in the same provoking style he went through nine or ten packages *seriatim*. "And where—where the devil is my luggage then?" asked the bewildered Bowker. "The last time I see it," said the Yellow-face, "it was in the passage of the Mainzer Hof; and there it is still, I calculate, provided it hasn't been shipped downwards to Rotterdam." "To Rotterdam!" shouted the Red-face, literally dancing with excitement: "Gracious powers! what shall I do?" and then hastily turning round to appeal to the nearest bystander, who happened to be my aunt, "Renounce me, madam, if I have even got a clean shirt!" "It's all right," said the American, as the porters shouldered the last of his properties;—"it's an ugly job, that's the truth; but it might have been a considerable deal worse, and so I wish you a regular pleasant voyage up the rest of the Rhine."

"Say I told you so!" repeated the discomfited Bowker, after a long hyena-like grin at the receding object of his aversion—"it was all as true as gospel—he *is* my evil genius and nothing else!—If it hadn't been for his yellow face—(here, you Sir, in the green apron—a glass of brandy and water—hot, and strong!) if it hadn't been for his infernal yellow face, I say, I should have looked after my luggage! But he's my evil genius, sir—I know it: renounce me if I don't believe he's the Devil himself! Why else don't his jaundice kill him—I should like to know that—why don't it kill him, as it would any one else?" Luckily his eloquence was here interrupted by the hot brandy and water; and the conducteur undertaking to forward the missing baggage to

Coblenz, the crimson face gradually grew paler, whilst his temper cooled down in proportion, from the red heat of Cayenne pepper to that of the common sort.

The bell now rang, forewarning the passengers and their friends that it was time to separate; whereupon, to the infinite surprise of my aunt, two remarkably corpulent old gentlemen tumbled into each other's arms, and exchanged such salutes as are only current in England amongst females, or between parties of opposite sexes. To our notions there is something repulsive in this kissing amongst men; but when two weather-beaten veterans, "bearded like the pard," or like Blücher, indulge in these labial courtesies, there is also something ludicrous in the picture. It is, however, a national propensity, like the bowing; and to the same gentleman who told me the anecdote of Herr Klopp, I am indebted for a similar illustration.

"On the last New Year's Eve," said he, "being at Coblenz, I took it into my head to go to an occasional grand ball that was given at the civil Casino. The price of the tickets was very moderate; and the company was far more numerous than select. Indeed a Frenchman of the time of the republic might have supposed that it was a fête given in honour of the famous principle of *Egalité*—there was such a commixture of all ranks. At one step I encountered the master tailor who had supplied the coat on my back; at another, I confronted the haberdasher of whom I had purchased my gloves and my stock;—the next moment I was brushed by a German baron—and then I exchanged bows with his Excellency the Commander of the Rhenish Provinces. There was, however, a sort of West-end to the room, where the fashionables and the Vons seemed instinctively to congregate; whilst the bulk of the bourgeoisie clustered more towards the door. Dancing began early, and by help of relays of per-

formers, one incessant whirl of gown-skirts and coat-tails was kept up until midnight, when, exactly at twelve o'clock, the advent of another year was announced by the report of some little cannons in an adjoining room. The waltz immediately broke up, and in an instant the whole crowd was in motion, males and females, running to and fro, here and there, in and out, like a swarm of ants, when you invade their nest. Whenever any two individuals encountered, who were friends or acquaintance, they directly embraced, with a mutual exclamation of 'Prosit Neue Jahr!' Bald, pursy old gentlemen trotted about crony-hunting—and sentimentally falling on each other's waistcoats, hugged, bussed, and renewed their eternal friendships for twelve months to come. Mature dowagers bustled through the moving maze on the same affectionate errands; whilst their blooming marriageable daughters, seeking out their she-favourites, languished into each other's fair arms, and kissed lips, cheeks, necks, and shoulders,—none the less fondly that young, gay, and gallant officers, and tantalized bachelors were looking on. I stumbled on my tailor, and he was kissing—I came across my linen-draper, and he was being kissed:—I glanced up at the musicians, and they were kissing in concert! It was a curious and characteristic scene; but remembering that I was neither saluting nor saluted, and not liking to be particular, I soon caught up my hat, and passing the doorkeeper, who was kissing the housekeeper, I kissed my own hand to the Coblenz casino, and its New Year's Ball."

And now, Gerard, could I but write scenery as Stanfield paints it, what a rare dioramic sketch you should have of the thick-coming beauties of the abounding river:—the Romantic Rolandseck—the Religious Nonnenwerth—the Picturesque Drachenfels! But "Views on the Rhine" are little better than shadows even in engravings, and would fare still worse

in the black and white of a letter. Can the best japan fluid give a notion of the shifting lights and shades, the variegated tints of the thronging mountains—of the blooming blue of the Sieben Gebirge? Besides, there is not a river or a village but has been done in pen and ink ten times over by former tourists. Let it be understood then, once for all, that I shall not attempt to turn prospects into prospectuses,

“And do all the gentlemen’s seats by the way.”

I must say a few words, however, on a peculiarity which seems to have escaped the notice of other travellers: the extraordinary transparency of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the Rhine. The rapidity of the current, always racing in the same direction, probably creates a draught which carries off the mists that are so apt to hang about more sluggish streams—or to float lazily to and fro with the ebb and flow of such tide rivers as the Thames: certainly it is, that the lovely scenery of the “arrowy Rhine” is viewed through an extremely pure medium. To one like myself, not particularly lynx-sighted, the effect is as if some fairy euphrasy had conferred a supernatural *clairvoyance* on the organs of vision. Trees and shrubs, on the crests of the hills, seem made out, in the artist phrase, to their very twigs; and the whole landscape appears with the same distinctness of detail as if seen through an opera-glass or spectacles. To mention one remarkable instance: some miners were at work on the face of a high precipitous mountain near Unkel;—the distance from the steamer was considerable, so that the blows of their sledges and pickaxes were quite unheard; yet there were the little figures, plying their tiny tools, so plainly, so apparently close to the eye, that it was difficult to believe that they were of the common dimensions of the human race. Had those dwarf miners, the Gnomes of German romance, a material as

well as a fabulous existence? Of course not: but I could not help thinking that I saw before me the source whence tradition had derived the Lilliputian mine-hunting elfins of the Wisperthal, who constructed the Devil's Ladder.

I was rather disappointed at Bonn, by the first sight of what sounds so poetically, a vineyard. The stunted vines, near at hand, are almost as prosaic as so many well-grown gooseberry bushes—indeed a hop-ground beats a vineyard all to sticks, or more properly, all to poles—as a picturesque object: but in some degree the graperies have since redeemed themselves. They serve to clothe the hills with a pleasant verdure; and at a distance give a *granulated* appearance to a blue mountain, which has something artistic about it, like the tint on a rough drawing-paper compared with the sleekness of the same tint on a smooth Bristol card-board. In the autumn, when the leaves change colour, the vines become still more pictorially valuable to the eye, as during the season of their blossoming they are peculiarly grateful to another sense by their rich fragrance. Besides, there is occasionally something morally interesting in the mode of their culture: for instance, at the Erpeler Ley, where the vines literally grow from baskets filled with earth, which are carried up and planted in all practicable holes and corners of the barren rock. In other places, the precarious soil in terrace under terrace, is secured from sliding down the shelving mountain by dwarf walls of loose stones, which, at a distance, look like petty fortifications. Considering these toilsome expedients, and their vinous product, one may truly exclaim,

“Hic, labor, *Hock* opus est!”

As you leave the open country around Bonn, the towns and villages become more retired in their habits, the natives creeping like earwigs and cockroaches into the cracks and

crevices of the land, where their habitations are crowded into such narrow gorges and gulleys as to be only visible when you are right abreast of these ravines. You then discover a huddle of houses, with dark high-pitched roofs, pierced with two or three rows of port-holes—such dwellings presenting a very quaint and picturesque but Doubly Hazardous appearance,—whole villages having, seemingly, been built by some speculating timber-merchant, who found his staple was quite a drug in the market. Accordingly every front, back, or gable is profusely interlaced with beams and rafters, not in conformity with any architectural rules, but stuck in as uprights, cross-pieces, and diagonals, by mere chance or caprice. Imagine this intricate wood-work, either painted or of sundry natural hues,—that the wall between is white-washed (Hibernicé) with bluish, yellowish, reddish, or verdant tints—pale pinks, lilac, salmon colour, bleu-de-ciel, pea-green, and you may form some idea of the striped and motley aspect of a Rhenish village. A church spire generally rises above the dark-clustered roofs ; and a number of little chapels, like religious outposts, are perched on the neighbouring heights.

Amongst the churches, there is a steeple of common occurrence, which, from a particular point of view, reminds one of the roofs in certain pictures that are rather older than the rules of perspective.*

A comfortable life the inhabitants of the Rhenish towns and villages must have had under the sway of the Knight-Hawks, whose strongholds invariably frowned on some adjacent crag ! Can you imagine a timid female, with weak nerves, or a mild gentlemanly sort of person, living at all in the Middle Ages ? One of these noble robbers, the Count Henry of Sayn mortally fractured the skull of a young boy by what was only

* See cut, page 245, "Hood's Own," Second Series.

meant for a paternal pat of the head ; it is easy to suppose, then, how heavily fell the gauntleted hand, when it was laid on in anger. What atrocious acts of perfidy, barbarity, and debauchery were openly or secretly perpetrated within those dilapidated castles ! What fiendish contrivances for executing “ wild justice ! ” The cruel Virgin-Effigy, whose embrace was certain and bloody death ! The treacherous Oubliette, with its trap, whereon to tread was to step, like Amy Robsart, from Time into Eternity ! But the Freebooters are extinct, and their strongholds are now mere crumbling ruins ; not the less beautiful for their decay to the painter or to the moralist. It must wholesomely stagger the prejudices of a *laudator temporis acti* to muse on those shattered monuments and their historical associations ; nor would the spectacle be less salutary to a certain class of political theorists— as was hinted by my uncle. “ I’ll tell you what, Frank, I do wish our physical-force men would hire a steamer and take a trip up the river Rhine ; if it was only that they might see and reflect on these tumble-down castles. To my mind every one of them is like a gravestone, set up at the death and burial of Brute Force.”

Verily, these are but sorry Pleasures of Memory to be illustrated by such enchanting natural scenery as Rolandseck, the Nonnenworth, and the Drachenfels ! *Apropos* to which last, you will find enclosed a new version of “ Der Kampf mit dem Drachen.” It may have less romance than the indigenous legends, but, perchance, all the more reality.

Along with these souvenirs of the “ good old times,” it was our fortune to have a sample of the good new ones. My uncle had been alluding to some rumoured insubordination amongst the Landwehr, encamped in readiness for the Autumnal Grand Manceuvres at Coblenz—when he was accosted by a stranger, who, apologising for the liberty, begged to caution him against touching on such subjects. “ It may bring you, sir,” said he,

“into serious trouble—and you might be required to produce the parties, from whom you had the report.” My uncle of course thanked his informant, but with a wry face, and soon fell into audible soliloquy: “Humph!—I thought it was written, ‘He that hath an ear let him hear’—but I suppose even the Scriptures are forbidden in such despotical countries. Well, it’s all one to a dying man—or for my part I wouldn’t live under such a suspicious government for a week!” I afterwards took occasion to inquire of the stranger if there was really any ground for apprehension, or such a system of espionage as his warning would seem to imply? “Ask Von Raumer,” was his answer,—“or rather his book. He will tell you that the Prussian Police has been too busy in what he calls *fly-catching*, and has even driven patient people—and who so patient as the Germans?—to impatience. He will tell you that the folly of a day, the error of youth, is recorded in voluminous documents, as *character indelibilis*; and that the long list of sins is sent to Presidents and Ambassadors, that they may keep a sharp look-out after the guilty. Fly-catching may sound like a mild term, sir, but not when you remember that the greatest of all fly-catchers are Butchers.” “And pray, sir,” I asked, “did any instance come under your own observation?” “Yes,—the very night of my first visit to Coblenz there was an arrest, and the Blue-bottle, the son of a President, was carried off in a cart, escorted by gend’armes, for Berlin. He has recently been pardoned, but under conditions, and after two long years of suspense—a tolerable punishment in itself, sir, for a little buzzing!”

Nothing further of interest (scenery excepted) occurred in our progress. Passing ancient Andernach, Hoche’s obelisk,—and liberal thriving Neuwied, a standing refutation of all intolerant theories, we at last approached the end of our voyage. The sun was setting behind Ehrenbreitstein, and

whilst the massy rock and its fortress slept in solid shade, the opposite city of Coblenz, encircled by its yellow and loop-holed walls, shone out in radiant contrast,

“With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn’d.”

The view is magnificent, especially when you command that “Meeting of the Waters,” whence the city derives its name. The junction, indeed, is rather like an ill-assorted marriage, for the two rivers, in spite of their nominal union, seem mutually inclined to keep themselves to themselves. But so it is in life. I could name more than one couple, where, like the Rhine and the Moselle, the lady is rather yellow and the gentleman looks blue.

In a very few minutes the steamer brought up at the little wooden pier just outside of the town-gates ; and in as many more we were installed in the Grand Hotel de Belle Vue. You will smile to learn that our hypochondriac has conceived such a love at first sight for Coblenz, that, forgetting his “warnings,” he talks of spending a month here ! Love to Emily from,

Dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—I have found here a letter for me, *poste restante*, that has thrown the head of the family into an unusual tantrum. It seems that, by previous arrangement between the parties, in default of my uncle’s writing from Rotterdam it was to be taken for granted that he was defunct, in which case his old crony and attorney at Canterbury had full instructions how to proceed. The lawyer, not hearing from Rotterdam, has chosen to consider his client as “very dead indeed,”—and thereupon writes to advise me that he has proved the will, &c., &c., in conformity with the last wishes of my late and respected uncle. Between ourselves, I suspect it is a plot got

up between Bagster and Doctor Truby, by way of physic to a mind diseased ; if so, the dose promises to work wholesomely, for our hypochondriac is most unreasonably indignant, and inconsistently amazed at having his own dying injunctions so very punctually fulfilled !

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

In the famous old times,
 (Famed for chivalrous crimes)
 As the legends of Rhineland deliver,
 Once there flourished a Knight,
 Who Sir Otto was hight,
 On the banks of the rapid green river !

On the Drachenfels' crest
 He had built a stone nest,
 From which he pounced down like a vulture,
 And with talons of steel
 Out of every man's meal
 Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,
 With a nobleman's name,
 As "Your High-and-well-born" address'd daily—
 Though Judge Park in his wig
 Would have deemed him a prig,
 Or a cracksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange !
 How opinions will change !—

How antiquity blazons and hallows
Both the man, and the crime,
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows !

Thus enthrall'd by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young, mild, and merciful woman
Will recal with delight
The wild keep, and its Knight,
Who was quite as much tiger as human !

Now it chanced on a day,
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our tourists declare so amazing !

Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,
And its banks, so divine ;
Yet with no admiration or wonder,
But the *goût* of a thief,
As a more modern chief
Looked on London, and cried “ What a plunder ! ”

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,
He collected rare tribute and presents ;
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard poor-rates from all the poor peasants !

When behold ! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gained by most toilsome progression,
He perceived a full score
Of the rustics, or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession !

“ Keep them out ! ” the Knight cried,
To the warders outside—
But the hound at his feet gave a grumble !
And in scrambled the knaves,
Like feudality’s slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humble.

“ Now for boorish complaints !
Grant me patience, ye Saints ! ”
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet ;
When the baldest old man
Thus his story began,
With a guttural croak in his gullet !

“ Lord supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives,
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babies God grants,
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses !

“ Mighty master of all
We possess, great or small,
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows ;

Of our mares and their colts,
Of our crofts, and our holts,
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows !

“ Noble Lord of the soil,
Of its corn and its oil,
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles !
Of our cream and sour-kraut,
Of our carp and our trout,
Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils !

“ Sovran Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please—
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polls,
Of our bodies and souls—
O give ear to the woes that we utter !

“ We are truly perplex'd,
We are frighted and vex'd,
Till the strings of our hearts are all twisted ;
We are ruined and curst
By the fiercest and worst
Of all robbers that ever existed !”

“ Now by Heav'n and this light !”
In a rage cried the Knight,
“ For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen !
What ! by Peasants miscall'd !”
Quoth the man that was bald,
“ Not your Honour we mean, but a Griffin.

“For our herds and our flocks
He lays wait in the rocks,
And jumps forth without giving us warning ;
Two poor wethers, right fat,
And four lambs after that,
Did he swallow this very May morning !”

Then the High-and-well-born
Gave a laugh as in scorn,
“Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton ?
Let him eat up the rams,
And the lambs, and theirs dams—
If I hate any meat, it is mutton !”

“Nay, your Worship,” said then
The most bald of old men,
“For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil,
If the merciless Beast
Did not oftentimes feast
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel.”

“Feast on what,” cried the Knight,
Whilst his eye glisten'd bright
With the most diabolical flashes—
“Does the Beast dare to prey
On the road and highway ?
With our proper diversion that clashes !”

“Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,”
Said the Clown, “to our curse ;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,

Every week in the year
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young virgin is thrown to the Griffin !”

“ Ha ! Saint Peter ! Saint Mark !”
Roar'd the Knight, frowning dark,
With an oath that was awful and bitter :
“ A young maid to his dish !
Why, what more could he wish,
If the Beast were High-born, and a Ritter !

“ Now, by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,
By the badge that is borne on our banners,
If we can but once meet
With the monster's retreat,
We will teach him to poach on our manors !”

Quite content with this vow,
With a scrape and a bow,
The glad peasants went home to their flagons,
Where they tiddled so deep,
That each clown in his sleep
Dreamt of killing a legion of dragons !

Thus engaged, the bold Knight
Soon prepared for the fight
With the wily and scaly marauder ;
But, ere battle began,
Like a good Christian man,
First he put all his household in order.

“ Double bolted and barr’d
 Let each gate have a guard ”—
 (Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden)
 “ And be sure, without fault,
 No one enters the vault
 Where the Church’s gold vessels are hidden.

“ In the dark oubliette
 Let yon merchant forget
 That he e’er had a bark richly laden—
 And that desperate youth,
 Our own rival forsooth !
 Just indulge with a kiss of the Maiden !

“ Crush the thumbs of the Jew
 With the vice and the screw,
 Till he tells where he buried his treasure ;
 And deliver our word
 To yon sullen caged bird,
 That to-night she must sing for our pleasure ! ”

Thereupon, *cap-à-pie*,
 As a champion should be,
 With the bald-headed peasant to guide him,
 On his war-horse he bounds,
 And then, whistling his hounds,
 Prances off to what fate may betide him !

Nor too long do they seek,
 Ere a horrible reek,
 Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,

Set the dogs on the snuff,
For they scent well enough
The foul monster coil'd up in his cavern !

Then alighting with speed
From his terrified steed,
Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Strides the Ritter High-born,
And along with him drags the scared peasant !

“O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight !
I am near enough quite—
I have shown you the beast and his grotto :”
But before he can reach
Any farther in speech,
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto !

Who withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the monster his tail disentangle
From each tortuous coil,
With a sudden turmoil,
And rush forth the dead peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly ;
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes
On the tips of his toes
To the greedy and slumbering savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke,
Kills the beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength,
That gorged serpent they call the constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
In lethargical sleep,
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

“’Twas too easy by half !”
Said the Knight with a laugh ;
“ But as nobody witness’d the slaughter,
I will swear, knock and knock,
By Saint Winifred’s clock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter !”

Then he chopped off the head
Of the monster so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy ;
And, with hounds, by the same
Ragged path that he came,
Home he jogg’d proud as Sultan or Sophi !

Blessed Saints ! what a rout
When the news flew about,
And the carcass was fetch’d in a waggon ;

What an outcry rose wild
From man, woman, and child—
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knight's feudal halls
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon ;
Whilst the vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry—
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

The next night, and the next,
Still the fight was the text,
'Twas a theme for the minstrels to brag on !
And the vassals' hoarse throats
Still re-echoed the notes—
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters ;
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of nights,
To the villagers' wives and their daughters !

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheer never ceased,
And a foray replenish'd the flagon ;
And the vassals stood by,
But more weak was the cry—
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

Down again sank the sun,
 Nor were revels yet done—
 But as if ev'ry mouth had a gag on,
 Though the vassals stood round,
 Deuce a word or a sound
 Of "Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon!"

There was feasting aloft,
 But through pillage so oft
 Down below there was wailing and hunger ;
 And affection ran cold,
 And the food of the old,
 It was wolfishly snatch'd by the younger !

Mad with troubles so vast,
 Where's the wonder at last
 If the peasants quite alter'd their motto ?—
 And with one loud accord
 Cried out "Would to the Lord,
 That the Dragon had vanquish'd Sir Otto!"

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR PETER,

I am not a man to be easily shocked, but I don't know when I've been more struck of a heap, since my pitch off Jupiter into the gravel-pit, than by your precious letter to my nephew. Suppose you did not hear from me, what then? A hundred things might turn up to prevent my taking pen in hand—but no,—dead I was to be, and dead I am, and I suppose stuck into all the newspapers, with a

flourish about my Xtian fortitude and resignation. I know I named Rotterdam, but why didn't you wait for my letter from Nimeguen? I cannot help thinking that, as an old friend, you might have stayed a post or two, and hoped for the best, instead of taking a flying leap to such a melancholy conclusion. Even as an old sportsman you ought to have known better than to cry who-ooop before I was fairly run into. God knows I am but too likely to die every day and hour of my life, without being killed before my time. If it had been a first warning, there was some excuse for giving me over—but you know as well as any one how many fatal attacks I have pulled through in the most miraculous manner. Go I must, and suddenly, but owing to a wonderful original constitution, as you are well aware of, I die particularly hard. Besides, you and Truby were always incredulous, and even if you had seen me laid out in my coffin, it's my belief you would both have sworn it was all sham Abram. I must say, Peter, it has gone to my heart. Five-and-twenty years have we been hand and glove, more like born brothers than old friends, and here you knock me on the head with as little ceremony as a penny-a-line fellow would kill the Grand Turk or the king of France. Hang me, Peter, if I can believe you are your own man. As for proving the Will, and so forth, it's the first time I ever knew you to be prompt in law business instead of quite the reverse; for, asking your pardon, you did not get the nickname of "Lord Eldon" for nothing amongst your clients in Kent. Then to put the whole house into mourning! I don't mind expense; but it goes against the grain to be made ridiculous and a laughing-stock, which I shall be whenever I get back to Woodlands after being made a ghost of to my own servants. A rare joke it will be amongst them for John to be sent by a dead and gone master for a jug of

ale ! Besides, who knows but I may be run after by all the fools in the parish, and kissed and sung hymns to, and made a prophet of, for coming back out of my own grave, as you know your idiots down at Canterbury expected about Mad Thom !

But that is not the worst. You not only kill me out of hand, but, forsooth, you must take away my character to my own nephew. In your Burking letter to him you say, "and so, those gloomy forebodings which, amongst your late worthy uncle's friends, were looked upon as mere nervous fancies and vapourish croakings, have, alas ! been sadly fulfilled." Croakings indeed ! I always knew I should die suddenly, and I always said so, and proved it by my symptoms and inward feelings ; but is a man for that to be made out a complete hypochondriac, which I never was in my life ! I don't wish to be harsh, but if anything *could* frighten and flurry such a poor hypped croaking creature as you have made of me, out of this world into the other, it would be just such an undertaker's black pall as you have chucked over me in the shape of a condoling letter ! Luckily my own nerves are of a tougher texture, but poor Kate cried and sobbed over your infernal black-edged funeral sermon, with its comfortings and sympathisings, as if I had been fairly dead and buried in the family vault. However, I shall now drop the uncomfortable subject, hoping you will not take amiss a few words of serious advice, namely, not to treat an old friend like a defunct one, just because he don't write by every post that he is alive.

This plaguy business has so put me off the hooks, that you must excuse particulars as to our foreign travels. But I writ to Truby from Cologne, and what's better, I sent the Hock wine I bet him, and if you ride over, mayhap he will let you look at a bottle and the letter at the same time.

At this present we are at Coblenz, where we have taken lodgings for a month. The truth is, it is all on poor Kate's account, for foreign travelling is harder work than in England for females—and I shall not be sorry myself to fetch up my sleep, for between shipboard and outlandish short beds, and strange bedding, and the musical disturbances at Bonn, I have never had one good night's rest since I left the Tower Stairs.

But you must not go to suppose, old friend, from the month's lodgings, that I have better hopes of myself, or of a longer run ; but there were no apartments to be had for a shorter time, and I was sick of the bustle of the hotel. If I was foolish enough to try to forget my dispensation, I should have been reminded by two German funerals that passed this very morning to the parish church of St. Castor's, hard by. As you may like to know the ceremony—the hearse, very like a deer-cart, was covered by a black pall with a large white cross, and the letters B.S., which I suppose meant Burial Society ; for, besides a cross-bearer and a flag-bearer, there were about a score of regular attendants, all carrying lighted tapers and singing a hymn, though the solemnity of the thing was a little put out of sorts by the jerking antics of one man who kept rolling his head about like a harlequin with St. Vitus's dance. The mourners walked behind the hearse, with a prodigious long train of friends and towns-folk ; but after the service, they all dispersed at the church door, whereby, the ground being a good mile out of town, the poor old gentleman went to his grave with only a boy with a cross before him and nobody at all behind him ; just as if he had gone off in a huff, or been sent to Coventry by all that belonged to him. The same, to our English notions looking rather neglectful and disrespectful, and to my mind not in character with such a

romantical, feeling, and sentimental people as the Germans, —whereby I have made Frank promise to go to the ground and see the last of me till I am fairly earthed. And it won't be long, poor fellow, before he is called to his sad duties. I feel sensibly worse since beginning this letter, and as such, old friend, your card of condolment was only wrong in point of date, and by the time this comes to hand may be a true bill, down to the hatbands and gloves.

* * * * *

Since the above there has been another guess-sort of procession to old St. Castor's Church—namely, a marriage. Having lived single so long, without enlarging on my opinions of wedlock, you may guess their nature by what I may call my silent vote on the subject. But to judge by the young fellow who played bridegroom I must have been wrong all my days, for there must be as great difference of quality between single blessedness and the other, as between single Gloster and Stilton. Frank has sketched him off with his "tail,"—but blacklead pencil can give no notion of his action and moveable airs. Zounds! you would have thought a Benedict was as much above a bachelor as a thorough-bred to a cart-horse. And mayhap so he is; but for my part, as Frank said, I could not make myself such a walking object in public for the best of women. What's more, I cannot even guess how a bashful young fellow could get over a German courtship if it's at all such a before-folk affair as is described by the Old Man in his Book of Bubbles—namely, a lover taking a romantic country walk with his intended, and eight or ten of her she-cronies singing, laughing, and waltzing after her heels. Without being particularly sheepish or shame-faced as a young man, I don't think I could have gone sweet-hearting with half a score of bouncing girls ballad-

singing and whirligigging along with me, all agog, of course, to see how love was made, giggling at my tender sentiments, and mayhap scoring every kiss like a notch at cricket, provided one could have the face to kiss at all in such a company. But foreign love-making is like foreign cookery ; an egg is an egg all the world over, but there are a hundred ways of dishing it up.

And now, old friend, God bless you and all your family, by way of a last farewell from your old and faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

I wish you could see the breed of pigs in these parts. They are terribly long in the legs, and thin in the flanks, and would cut a far better figure at a Coursing Meeting than a Cattle Show. Some of them quite run lean enough for greyhounds.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

You will not be sorry to receive tidings of a person whose mysterious disappearance, some two or three years back, cost us both some speculation. Yesterday, whilst looking at the monument of Cuno of Falkenstein, in the venerable church of St. Castor, I was accosted by name, and with some difficulty recognised, under a German cap and kittel, our old friend Markham. In answer to my inquiries, he told me a new edition of the old story—of “becoming security for a friend,” &c. ; in short, he had come abroad to retrench, and selected this bank of the Rhine for his saving-bank. From what I could learn, the experiment had not

answered his expectations. "You remember," said he, "our laughing at a written notice stuck up at the Opera House in London, enforcing certain exclusive regulations, in consequence of the great *affluence* of strangers behind the scenes! In the same sense, the great affluence of strangers up the Rhine has not only had the effect of raising the price of every article, but with its proper meaning, the supposed affluence of the English travellers has generated a proportionate spirit of rapacity and extortion. I reckon, for instance, that I am charged a third more than a native on my whole expenditure, so that you see there is not so much room left for saving."

Of course the opinions of a disappointed man must be received *cum grano salis*,—but in the main Markham's statements agree with those of Grundy, and though his remarks have occasionally a splenetic tone, yet he "gives his reasons." On some topics his outbreaks are rather amusing. Thus, when I asked if he did not find the natives a very good, honest sort of people, he replied to my question by another—"Do you expect that the descendants of our Botany Bay convicts will be remarkable for their strict notions of *meum* and *tuum*?" "Of course not," said I; "but the honesty of the German character has been generally admitted." "Granted," said he, "but there is such a thing as giving a dog a good name as well as a bad one, upon which he lives and thrives as unjustly as another is pitch-forked or shot with slugs. That the Germans are honest as a nation I believe, as regards your Saxons, Bavarians, Austrians, or north-countrymen,—but as for your Coblenzers, and the like, whence were they to derive that virtue? Was the *rara avis* hatched in any of the robbers' nests so numerous in these provinces? Was it inculcated by the ministers of their religion? An Archbishop of Cologne, when asked by one of

his retainers how he was to subsist, significantly pointed out, that the Knight's castle overlooked four highways, and hinted to his vassal that, like Macheath, he must take to the road. No, no,—if the Rhinelanders be particularly honest, they were indebted for their education, like Filch in the *Beggars' Opera*, to very light-fingered schoolmasters. Why, every Baron in the land was a bandit, and half the common people, by a regularly organised system, were either Journeymen Robbers or Apprentices. That's matter of history, my boy ! At any rate, if Rhenish honesty be a fact, our prison philanthropists are all wrong ; and Mrs. Fry and the sheriffs, who are so anxious to separate the juvenile convicts from the accomplished thieves, ought immediately to take a trip up the Rhine. Instead of classification and moral instruction, the true way would be something like this :—take a clever boy, bring him up like a young Spartan—reward him for successful picking and stealing—strike the eighth commandment out of his catechism—send him to school in Newgate, and let Bill Soames be his private tutor ; do all this, and expect eventually to discover him the Honest Man that Diogenes couldn't find with his lantern !” “Do you speak,” I asked, “from theory or from experience ?” “From both,” said he ; “and comparing the Middle Ages with the modern ones, I cannot help thinking that an extortion of some 30 per cent. on all foreign travellers on the Rhine, has a strong smack of the old freebooting spirit.”

On leaving St. Castor's we saw, directly opposite the porch, the well-known fountain with its celebrated inscriptions :—

“ANNO 1812.

“Mémorable par la Campagne contre les Russes, sous la Préfecture de Jules Douzan.”

“Vu et approuvé, par nous Commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblentz, le 1^{er} Janvier, 1814.”

“There!” said Markham, pointing to the graven words, “there are two sentences which have caused far more cackling than they deserved. The adulation of mayors and prefects is too common, for the erection of a monument on any occasion, or no occasion at all, to be a matter of wonder. But the mere undertaking an expedition against Russia, *was* a memorable event in the career of Napoleon, whatever its ultimate result. As for the Russian General, he might naturally be astonished and delighted to find himself in command of a city on the Rhine, and its obelisk; but his comment, if it points any moral at all, chiefly recalls the uncertainty of all human calculations. As a sarcasm it is feeble, with a recoil on himself; for where is St. Priest now, or who hears his name? Whereas, the spirit of the French Emperor still lives and breathes on the banks of the Rhine—aye, in Coblenz itself—in his famous Code!”

Our old acquaintance volunteering to be my guide, we made the round of the sights of the town, which are not very numerous, as the valets-de-place are well aware when they eke out their wonders with an old barrack or a street-pump. So having seen the new Palace, the house that cradled Prince Metternich, the Jesuits' Church with its surprising cellars, and some other local “Lions” and cubs, we adjourned to Markham's lodgings, where, after ascending a dark, dirty, circular staircase, we entered an apartment with a visible air of retrenchment about it; for, with mere apologies for window-curtains, it had given up carpets, and left off fires. The only ornamental piece of furniture, for it certainly was not useful, was the sofa, which on trial afforded as hard and convex a seat as a garden-roller. “Rather different from my old snuggerly in Percy Street,” said my host with a dubious smile. “There is not, indeed, much sacrifice to show,” I replied, “but perhaps the more solid comfort.” “Comfort,

my dear fellow !” cried Markham, “the Germans don’t even know it by name ; there’s no such word in the language ! Look at the construction of their houses ! A front door and a back door, with a well staircase in the middle, up which a thorough draught is secured by a roof pieced with a score or two of unglazed windows ; the attics by this airy contrivance serving to dry the family linen. Make your sitting-room, therefore, as warm as you please, with that close fuming, unwholesome abomination, a German stove, and the moment you step out of the chamber door, it is like transplanting yourself, in winter, from the hot-house into the open garden. To aggravate these discomforts, you have sashes that won’t fit, doors that don’t shut, hasps that can’t catch, and keys not meant to turn ! Then, again, the same openings that let in the cold, admit the noise ; and for a musical people, they are the most noisy I ever met with. Next to chorus singing, their greatest delight seems to be in the everlasting sawing and chopping up of fire-wood at their doors ; they even contrive to combine music and noise together, and the carters drive along the streets smacking a tune with their whips !”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Markham, a handsome, but careful-looking personage, to whom I was cordially introduced. Indeed she confessed to trouble, especially a severe illness of her husband soon after their arrival at Coblenz—not to mention all the minor annoyances and inconveniences of living in a foreign country without any knowledge of the language. “But those little trials,” she said, “are now things to laugh over, although they were sufficiently harassing at the time.” “My chicken, for instance,” cried Markham, with a chuckle at the remembrance. “You must know, that Harriet here took it into her kind head that, as I was an invalid, I could eat nothing

but a boiled fowl. The only difficulty was how to get at it, for our maid does not understand English, and her mistress cannot speak anything else. However, Gretel was summoned, and the experiment began. It is one of my wife's fancies that the less her words resemble her native tongue, the more they must be like German ; so her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a cheeking or a keeking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. 'It's to cook,' said her mistress, 'to coke—to put in an iron thing—in a pit—pat—pot.' 'Ish verstand nisht,' said the maid in her Coblenz patois. 'It's a thing to eat,' said her mistress, 'for dinner—for deener—with sauce—soace—sowse.' But the maid still shrugged her shoulders. 'What on earth am I to do?' exclaimed poor Harriet, quite in despair, but still making one last attempt. 'It's a live creature—a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool—a foal—it's all covered with feathers — fathers — feeders — fedders !' 'Hah, hah !' cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, 'Ja ! ja ! fedders—ja wohl !' and away went Gretel, and in half an hour returned triumphantly with *a bundle of stationer's quills !*"

The truth of this domestic anecdote was certified by Mrs. M. herself. "But I was more successful," she said, "the next morning ; for on Gretel opening her apron, after marketing, out tumbled a long-legged living cock, who began stalking about, and chuckling with surprise to find himself in a drawing-room. At last, on the third day I succeeded, for I did obtain a dead fowl, and reckoned myself fortunate, even though it came in, after all, roasted instead of boiled."

"But now you know something of the language," said I, "you fare sumptuously, of course, for it's a luxuriant country." "To the eye," so replied Markham, "it is lovely indeed ;

and, at a first-rate hotel, where you enjoy the choicest of its productions, it may keep its promise. But for a private table, just listen to our bill of fare. Indifferent beef—veal killed at eight days old—good mutton, but at some seasons not to be had—poultry plentiful, but ill-fed—game in moderation. No sea-fish—yes, oysters, as big, shell and all, as a pennypiece, and six shillings a hundred. You hear of salmon-fisheries, but the steamers have frightened away the fish. I have seen about six here in two years, and have been asked two dollars a pound; perch 3*d.* and 4*d.* per pound; and worthless chub and barbel *ad libitum*. No good household bread—it is half rye—and wheaten flour is only to be bought at the pastrycook's; good vegetables, but the staple one, potatoes, small and waxy, such as we should call *chats* in England, and give to the pigs. Fruit abundant, but more remarkable for quantity than quality, and often uneatable from vermin,—for example, cherries, fine to look at, but every one containing a worm. For foreign fruit, you may have indifferent oranges at 4*d.* to 5*d.* each. Coffee reasonable and good—tea as dear and bad. Then for wine, the lower sorts of Rhenish and Moselle are cheap and excellent; but the superior kinds are easier to procure in London than on the Rhine. Foreign wines you may have at pleasure—for your honest Rhinelanders have little to learn in the arts of adulteration and simulation. Thus you have Bavarian beer brewed at Coblenz; Westphalia hams cured in Nassau; Florence oil extracted from Rhenish walnuts; French Cognac, Bordeaux, and Champagne, made from German potatoes and grapes; English gin distilled at Düsseldorf; and Gorgona anchovies caught in the Rhine. Perhaps you are not aware, that in addition, the Germans are the most notorious poison-mongers in Europe?"

I stared, as you may suppose, at such an assertion. "It

is true, however," said Markham ; " some of their physicians have detected an active poison in their national blood-sausages ;—a little while back there were proclamations in the papers against poisonous-coloured sugar-plums ; Mr. Kraus of Düsseldorf found their potato-brandy so poisonous, as to attribute to its use most of the crimes committed in Rhenish Prussia ;—and of course you are aware of the experiments in London with the poor finches and the poisonous German candles ! "

" Now he is too bad—isn't he ? " interposed Mrs. Markham, with a smile. " But it is half a joke and whim. Would you believe it, sir, he has set me against all the beer in the place, on account of an establishment facing the Moselle, inscribed, oddly enough, ' Baths and Beer Brewery.' He will have it, that as hot malt is recommended in some cases by the German doctors, the two businesses are only brought under one roof for the natives to bathe in the beer ! "

" And why not ? " said Markham. " Does not Head say, that at Schwalbach they bathe in the mulligatawny soup, and at Wiesbaden in the chicken-broth ? But to return to our subject, the advantages of living in Coblenz. It may be otherwise, elsewhere in Germany ; but as a general principle take my word for it, the grand difference is not in the cost, but in the manner of living. As for retrenchment, on the same plan it might be effected in London. Lodge in a second floor—dispense with a carpet,—have as little and as plain furniture as possible—burn wood in a German stove—keep a cheap country servant—buy inferior meat, chats, and rye-bread—drink Cape and table-beer—see no company—dress how you please—above all go to market, as you must do here, with your ready-money in your hand—then sum up at the year's-end, and I verily believe the utmost saving, by coming to such a place as this, would be some 10*l.* or 20*l.* to

set off against all the deprivations and disadvantages of expatriation."

You will perceive a little sub-acid in Markham's statements ; but allowing for that ingredient, his remarks seem deserving of consideration. I suspect it would require more philosophy than most persons possess, to reside in London with the indifference as to caste, appearances, and fashion, which his scheme requires ; but that persons of limited incomes might live in the provinces, or in Scotland, as cheaply, and more comfortably, than on the Continent in general, appears to me very probable, and on various accounts highly desirable ; especially as experience proves that a residence abroad is as injurious, as foreign travelling is beneficial, to the English character.

Wishing to make Markham known to my uncle, I induced him to return with me to my lodgings. In our way we passed through the Place-d'Armes, a small square, surrounded by lime-trees. "Here," said my companion, "is the scene of a recent and successful insurrection!"—"Indeed!" I could not help exclaiming—"then it had but a small theatre, which I presume was the reason why the performance did not get into the English journals."—"May be so," said he, "but here is the play-bill;" and taking a small slip of paper from his pocket-book, he read to me the following manifesto :—

NOTICE.

"The warm weather of spring now returning, it is again a common duty to clear the trees and bushes of caterpillars. Notice is therefore given to all possessors of trees and bushes to clear them from caterpillars and to exterminate these destructive vermin. This clearing of the trees, &c., must be done *thoroughly* until the 10th of April. Any neglect in

this respect will incur the punishment dictated by the laws of the police.

(Signed)

“THE OBER-BURGERMEISTER.”

“There,” said Markham, “there’s the proclamation! Now look up at those bare lime-trees, stripped of almost every leaf,—was there ever such a practical quiz on a despotic government? It has quelled the Frankfort rioters—it has dispersed the Heidelberg students—it has bridled and curbed young Germany, and tamed the Burschenschaft—but it cannot put down the Raupenschaft! Think of a Prussian Ober-Burgermeister beaten by a blight! Imagine the first magistrate of the capital of the Rhenish provinces foiled by a secret society of grubs! Fancy the powerful prying police defied by an association of maggots,—and absolutism itself set at nought by a swarm of proscribed vermin! Nature at all events will not stand dictation; and so far from the insects being exterminated, they have got so much a-head in some parts of the country, that the proprietors of fruit-trees and bushes have had serious thoughts of cutting them all down!”

“Possibly,” said I, “the authorities neglected to enforce their mandate by personal example. A police director might think it beneath his dignity to arrest a maggot; and a mounted gendarme would probably disdain to pursue a creeper.”—“Yes,” added Markham, “and a ponderous Head-Burgomaster might naturally decline to swarm like ‘possum up a gum-tree’ after an illegal caterpillar.”

This conversation brought us to our lodgings, where we found my uncle just recovering from a “warning,” which had been accompanied by rather singular circumstances. It appears at the Civil Casino, to which foreigners are liberally admitted, he had formed an acquaintance with a Mr. Schwärmer, who spoke a little English, and had offered to be

his Cicerone to the Kuhkopf, the highest hill near Coblenz, and celebrated for the splendid view from the top. Probably our hypochondriac was a little blown by the steepness of the ascent, or rendered rather dizzy by the height: however, feeling some unusual sensations on reaching the summit, he immediately took it for granted that he was "going suddenly;" accordingly, deliberately preparing himself for his departure, first by sitting and then by lying down, he "composed his decent head to breathe his last." His calmness and business-like manner, I suppose, gave him an appearance of wilful premeditation to the act; for, according to Nunkle's account, he had no sooner intimated to his companion what was about to happen, than the other, falling into one of those suicidal fits of exultation, so prevalent in Germany, burst out with, "It is one sublime tort!—and here is one sublime place for it! I shall die too!" Whereupon, without more ceremony, he pulled a little phial of Prussic acid or some other mortal compound from his waistcoat pocket, and was proceeding to swallow the contents, when the dying man, jumping up, knocked down the bottle with one hand and Mr. Schwärmer himself with the other, and then, totally forgetting his own extremity, walked off in double quick time, nor ever stopped till he reached his own door. Two full hours had elapsed since the occurrence, but between the walk home and his moral indignation he had hardly cooled down when we arrived. "I'll tell you what, Frank," he said, on ending his story, "I never liked the four cross-roads and the stake through a suicide's body in England; but when I saw Mr. Swarmer going to drink the deadly poison, hang *me* if I wasn't tempted to drive my own walking-stick into his stomach!"

"Perhaps, sir," said Markham, "you are not aware that there was formerly a Club of Suicides in this very country.

They were bound by a vow not only to kill themselves, but to induce as many persons as they could to follow their example. I have not heard that they made any proselytes, but they all died by their own hands—the last blew out his brains, if he had any, in 1817.”—“They ought to have been hung in effigy,” said my uncle. “A great many suicides,” continued Markham, “were attributable to Werther, who brought *felo-de-se* quite into vogue.”—“That Vairter,” said my uncle, “ought to have been ducked in a horse-pond.”—“He was a mere fiction, sir, a creature of Goethe’s,” said Markham. “Then I would have Gooty ducked himself,” said my uncle. “Even at this day,” said Markham, “there is Bettine, an authoress, who proclaims that one of her earliest wishes was to read much, to learn much, and to die young.”—“And did *she* kill herself, sir?” asked my aunt. “No, madam, she married instead; but her bosom-friend, dressed in white with a crimson stomacher, stabbed herself in such a position as to fall into the Rhine. Then again there was Louisa Brachmann, *alias* Sappho, so inclined to die young, that at fourteen years of age she threw herself from a gallery, two stories high.”—“And was killed on the spot, of course?” said my aunt, with a gesture of horror. “No, madam,—she lived to throw herself, five-and-twenty years afterwards, into the Saale.”—“How very dreadful!” shuddered out my aunt. “Yes, madam, to English notions; but her German Biographer, or rather Apologist, says, that her first flight in her fourteenth year was only a lively poetical presentiment of that which weighed her down in her fortieth, namely, the beggarliness of all human pursuits compared with the yearnings of the soul.”—“She must have been a forward child of her age,” remarked my uncle, “to have seen and known the world so soon.”—“Now I think of it,” said my aunt, “I remember reading in the

work of a female traveller in America, that on describing to a lady her emotions at the sight of Niagara, the other asked her if she did not feel a longing to throw herself down, and mingle with her mother earth?"—"That was a German lady, you may be sure," said Markham, "or at least of German origin. The fact is, these people kill themselves for anything or nothing: for instance, I should be loth to trust a sentimental Prussian with himself, with his pipe out and an empty tobacco-bag. Young or old it is all one. Only the other day there was a reward offered in the Rhein-und-Mosel-Zeitung for the body of an aged gray-haired man, describing his cap, his suit of hoddan gray, his blue woollen stockings, and buckled shoes. One would have thought that such a John Anderson might have had patience to 'toddle down' the hill of life like a Christian; but no—at the end of the advertisement there was an intimation, that he was supposed to have thrown himself into a neighbouring river! Talking of drowning—the same element is fatally used, as I have been well informed, in a very different manner. As ball-cartridge is not always to be got at, a common soldier inclined to self-murder, after loading his musket with powder, pours a quantity of water into the barrel; by which his head, provided it be held close to the muzzle, is frightfully blown to atoms. One fact more and I have done, for it literally out-Herods Herod. A Doctor, whose name I forget, but it was given in the newspapers, not only determined to kill himself, but to bury himself into the bargain! With this view he dug a grave, in which he shot himself; the pistol, at the same time, firing a sort of mine filled with gunpowder, by the explosion of which, though the experiment only partially succeeded, he expected to be covered with earth and sand."—"And, for my part," began my uncle, "if I had been the Coroner for Germany"—"In Germany, my good sir, there

is no Coroner.”—“Egad! I thought as much,” cried my uncle, “and, as it seems to me, no Schoolmaster or Clergyman either, or the people would know that, as Shakspeare says, the Almighty has fixed a canon against self-slaughter.”

“Seriously,” said Markham, “this propensity to suicide is a reproach which the Germans have to wipe away before they can justly claim the character of a moral, religious, or intellectual people. The more so, as it is not the vulgar and ignorant, but the educated and enlightened,—Scholars, Doctors, Literati,—men that would be offended to be denied the title of Philosophers,—women that would be shocked not to be called Christians—who are thus apt to quench the lamp of life in unholy waters, or to shatter with a profane bullet ‘the dome of thought, the palace of the soul.’”

And now, Gerard, as a sermon concludes the service, these grave strictures shall end my letter. My best love to Emily and yourself.

Yours ever truly,

F. SOMERVILLE.

P.S.—We kept Markham to dine with us, after which he and I took a stroll to the other side of the Moselle Bridge, where the sight of a little chapel brilliantly lighted up, led to a conversation on the religious characteristics of the natives. According to our friend there is a good deal of bigotry extant in Coblenz, and a very active Propaganda, with a professional layman or two at its head, who aim at conversions wholesale and retail. “As an instance,” said he, “there was an English family residing here, all Protestants. The head of it was occasionally absent on his travels, and one fine day at his return home—hey presto!—he found his wife, her aunt, and all his children, Roman Catholics!” By a whimsical coincidence, the anecdote had

scarcely left his lips, when, turning a corner into the high road, who should we come upon plump, trudging up the hill at her best pace, with a huge unlighted wax taper in her hand, but Martha, my aunt's maid! The surprise pulled us all up short; but, before I could utter a word, she pitched her candle into the hedge, wheeled right-about with the alacrity of a Prussian soldier, fairly took to her heels, like a mad cow, and, aided by the descent, was out of sight in "no time at all." Markham, who understood the matter, burst into a loud laugh, and then explained to me the whole mystery; for which, if you are curious on the subject, you may consult the enclosed verses.

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENZ.

WHOE'ER has cross'd the Mósél Bridge,
 And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,
 Has seen, perchance,
 Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,
 A little open chapel to the right,
 Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright;
 So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,
 At least among the female population,
 By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,
 A very Missal for *illumination*!

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by
 All other Chapels, standing in the fields,
 Whose mouldy, wifeless husbandry but yields
 Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,
 And lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,
 Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill
 The lights are burning, burning, burning still.
 In fact, it is a pretty retail trade
 To furnish forth the candles ready made ;
 And close beside the chapel and the way,
 A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,
 And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers
 Smarten'd with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,
 Those who in this bright chapel breathe a prayer
 To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,
 Are said to get a husband "in a twinkling :"
 Just as she-glowworms, if it be not scandal,
 Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heaven—
 Where none in marriage, we are told, are given—
 To interfere below in making matches,
 And help old maidens to connubial catches !
 The truth is, that instead of looking smugly
 (At least, so whisper wags satirical)
 The votaries are all so old and ugly,
 No man could fall in love but by a miracle.

However, that such waxen gifts and vows
 Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,
 In helping to a spouse,
 Is vouch'd for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,
 Yet doom'd to lonely life,

Her truant husband having been away
 Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day,—
 Without remembrances by words or deeds,—
 Began to think she had sufficient handle
 To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds—
 Of course with a wax-candle.
 Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,
 Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapours,
 Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,
 Full-handed with *two* tapers—
 And pray'd as she had never pray'd before,
 To be a *bond fide* wife once more.
 "Oh Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!
 And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,
 Accept the vows and offerings I make—
 Others set up one light, but here's *a pair!*"

Her prayer, it seem'd, was heard;
 For in three little weeks, exactly reckon'd,
 As blithe as any bird,
 She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;—
 A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,
 To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,
 She sent two waxen candles superfine,
 Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—
 What sausages were there!
 Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:
 With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer
 Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,
 And wine so *sharp* that ev'ry one was *cut*.

Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality
 Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—
 When just in all the middle of their jollity—
 With bumpers fill'd to hostess and to host,
 And all the unborn branches of their house,
 Unwelcome and unask'd, like Banquo's Ghost,
 In walk'd the long-lost Spouse !

What pen could ever paint
 The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted !
 The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint ;
 The bridesmen stared—some whistled and some grunted ;
 Fierce Hans the First look'd like a boar that's hunted ;
 Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf :
 Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,
 The two-fold bride sobb'd out, with tears hysterical,
 “ Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—*by half!*”

MORAL.

Ye Cöblenz maids, take warning by the rhyme,
 And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy
 For fear of bigamy,
 Only light up *one* taper at a time.

 TO REBECCA PAGE.

DEAR BECKY,

At long and at last here we be at Coblinse. It's a
 bewtiful City and well sekured all round with fortifide stone
 walls with eyelet holes to shoot thro, besides being under
 the purtection of a grate Castel on the other side of the

river as can batter the town all to bits in a minit. I thoght as well to rite and let you no we have took loggings here for a munth, but by wats to do it will be ni a fortnite afore we are domestically setteld. Missus has hired a Gurmin Maid to assist—her name is Catshins witch stands for Kitty and she can talk bad inglish perfickly. As a feller servent she is companionable and good humerd enuff, but dredful slow and dull headed. Wat do you think she did this blessid morning? Why kivered a panful of skalding hot milk with the plate as held the fresh lump, witch in coarse soon run into meltid butter! But in sich dilemmys she only hunches up her sholders to her ears and says “hish vise nit,” and theres an end. Howsumever she’s very obleeing and yuseful to me in my new religun, such as teachin me to cross meself the rite way and wat I’m to do when I’m in a high Mess. I have practist fasting a littel by leaving off lunchis but Lord nose wat I’m to do on the Fish Days for theres nothink but stockfish and cabble yaw. But won comfort is if it don’t come too hi for my pockit the Bishop will sell me a dispensary.

Between you and me I am going this evening to Virgen Mary’s Chapel for if so be you present a wax candle at her, and pray with all yure hart and sole, they do say yure as shure of a Bo as if you had him in yure hone pantry. Any how its wurth the trial; Besides the hole town is chuck full of officers and milentary agin the Grate Sham Fites and Skrimmages, and as Mirakels don’t stick at trifles who nose but I may be Missis Capting? But I hear Missus Bell.

Last nite the Germins being very parshal to dancing I went along with Catshins Cosen to a Grand Ball. There was moor than abuv a hundred⁷ of us in won Assembly room, but am sorry to say smoaking was aloud, witch quite spiled

the genteel. Catshins Cosen asked me to dance and seeing several stedly lookin elderly women, jest such sober boddies as our Cook or Housekeeper standing up I made bold to accept, when all at once the music struck up and my Partner ketching me by the waste, willy nilly, away we went on one leg spinning like pegtops and wirligiggin at such a rate I'm shure if my pore brains had been made of cream they would have turned into butter! All I could do was to skreek at the tiptop of my voice, but noboddy minded so I broke loose out of the ring and set meself down on the flore jest like frog in the middle, wile the rest waltzed round and round me stedly elderly boddies and all—but it was sich a constant wirlin and twirlin the very room seemed running round and my head begun to swim so I was obleeged to lay down flat on my back and shut both my eyes. To add to my suffrings, afore going to the Ball I had my hair dressed by a reglar dresser, who drew it up alla Chinese, and tied it so tite atop that after gettin more and more paneful every minit I felt at last like being scollupt by a Tommy Hawkin wild Ingian! Howsumever, when the dance was over, my Partner cum and pickt me up and refreshed me with a glass of sumthing verry nasty, called snaps, but what with the frite and the giddiness and my headake and the snaps and the fumes of the filthy tobacker I was took with a faintness and afore I could be assisted out of the assembly room I was as sick saving yure presence as a dog. That spiled me a good gownd allmost new besides loosing my best hankicher in the bussle; but I mustn't grudge the xpense, considring us sarvents don't often get a nite's pleasure. Now I must brake off agin—but it isn't Missis this tim—but Catshins wanting to teach me my beads.

Catshins sister has jest cum in with her babby. I do wish

you could see it—such a littel figger rolled and twistid up like a gipsian mummy! The wust is of sich tite swaddling if so be you don't put their pore little lims into the bandages quite strate, it follers to reason they will come out crookid—witch I suppose is the way theres so many bandy boys about the streets—for I never see so menny rickitty objex in my born days. Why its called the English Krankite by the Gurmins is best none to themselves; but I will say for the Kentish babbies they are well nust and strate in their legs, and what's more a Kentish woman wouldn't let her littel boys run about all unbuttond behind like so many Giddy Giddy Gouts, just as if they had no mother to *look after them*.

Catshins sister says there has been a shockin axident this morning in our naberhood. The climing boys in this town are grown up men instead of littel urchings as about Lonnon. Well, one of the men was sent for, to sweep a chimbley built up after the English fashion, when by sum piece of bad luck or stupid-headness a fire was lited under him and down he came tumbling quite stifled and sufocated with the smoak. So a Doctor was fetched in a hurry, and the moment he clapt eyes on the pore suttly object, wat in the wurld Becky do you think he said! “O says he, I can do nothing for him—he's black in the face!” To be sure a Doctor knows best—but for my part I never saw a chimbly sweep's face of any other culler!

Oh Becky, I've had such a flustration! After asking Missus for an hour or so for going out in the evening I was jest on my road to the chappel I told you of, when afore I knowed where I was I almost ran full butt agin Mr. Frank. What becum of my bewtiful wax candle, whether I chuckt it away or yung Master took it out of my hand, I know no

moor then the man in the moon I was in such a quandary. I verily beleave I run all the way home without feèling the ground! As yet Missus hasn't said a word; but I think by way of preventive I shall give her warning. My nerves is too quivering to rite further, xcept luvè to all kind frends at Woodlands; I remane, dear Becky, yure luving frend forever and ever,

MARTHA PENNY.

TO MISS WILMOT, AT WOODLANDS.

MY DEAR MARGARET,

With any one else I should feel ashamed and alarmed at my long silence; but you well know the state of my nerves and feelings, and will give me credit for not wishing to disturb your happier thoughts with the effusions of my own bad spirits. Besides, I have met with so many annoyances and disagreeables! However, you will be glad to hear that I am getting more reconciled to foreign travelling: it is very fatiguing; but the lovely scenery, since we left Bonn, has almost repaid me for all my troubles by the way. I will not attempt to describe the beautiful mountains, the romantic old castles, and the pretty outlandish villages,—but whenever you marry, Margaret, pray stipulate for a wedding excursion up the Rhine. One painful thought, indeed, would intrude—if *he* could have enjoyed the scenery with me—for you remember poor George's fondness for picturesque views and sketching—but I must not be so ungrateful as to repine whilst our tour has brought such relief to my own mind, as well as amendment to my health. Even my brother seems to have benefited by the change of

air and scene,—he is decidedly less hypped, and his warnings come at longer intervals. I even think he is getting a little ashamed of them, they have failed so very, very often—and especially since a letter from Mr. Bagster to Frank, supposing his uncle to be deceased :—but above all, after a warning he had on the top of a mountain, when a ridiculous German offered to die along with him, which turned the tragedy into such a comedy, that my poor brother, as Frank says, threw up the part, and we have hopes will never perform in the piece again. He almost expressed as much to me in relating this last attack. “I’m afraid, Kate,” said he, “you will begin to think that I am as fond of dying over and over again as the famous Romeo Coates.”

I am delighted with Coblenz, where we have taken lodgings for a month. For some days after our arrival we dined at the table-d’hôte, but I cannot say that I like the style of cookery. Somebody declares in his travels, that when a German dish is not sour it is sure to be greasy, and when it is not greasy it is certain to be sour ; but the cook at our hotel went a step further in his art, for he contrived to make his dishes both sour and greasy at the same time. Luckily there were other things more English-like in their preparation—such as roast beef, though it was rather oddly introduced to me by the waiter—“Madame ! some roast beast ?”

Our cookery is now done at home under the superintendence of Martha, who agrees better than I expected with the German maid whom I have engaged. Perhaps there is some cause in the back-ground for this unusual harmony, but as yet it is only a suspicion : in the meantime, you will be amused with a scrape which poor Martha’s allspicy temper got her into this morning as we were passing over the Rhine bridge. There is a toll on all provisions brought into the town, even to a loaf of bread ; and men are stationed at each

of the gates to collect it. We had often seen these officers, in a green uniform, stopping the country-people, and peeping into their baskets and bundles, with a rather strict vigilance ; but I was hardly prepared to see one of them insisting on searching a baby. The poor mother loudly remonstrated against such an inspection, and hugged the infant closer to her bosom ; but the man was inflexible, and at last seized hold of the child's clothes in a very rough manner. A struggle immediately took place between the officer and the woman, who was almost overcome, when she suddenly met with very unexpected assistance. Since the seizure of my unfortunate Dutch linen, the custom-house people have never been any favourites with Martha,—but besides this dislike, the assault on the baby aroused all her womanly feelings, and she flew to the rescue like a fury. In a very short time she had almost regained the little innocent, when to her inexpressible horror, as well as my own, owing to the violence of the scuffle, the body of the poor baby slipped through its clothes, and actually rolled some seconds on the ground, before we could feel convinced that it was only a fine leg of mutton !

It seems that the frequent visits of the supposed infant to Coblenz, in all weathers, had first excited suspicion ; and one of the Douaniers remarked besides that the little dear came rather plumper from the country than it went back again from the town. Hence the *dénouement*, which raised an uproarious horse-laugh from the spectators, and not a little you may suppose at the expense of my magnanimous maid.

There is no accounting for foreign customs, but it seems to me a very odd proceeding for the heads of a town to lay a tax on the persons who bring it victuals. I am sure food is not over plentiful here, to judge by the poor of the

place. This morning, a wretched famished-looking woman came to the kitchen, Martha tells me, to beg for "the broth that the ham was boiled in!" But oh! Margaret, in spite of their own wants and misery, how kind are the poor to the poor! At the next door, in an upper room, there is a harmless crazy woman, who, either from the poverty or the niggardliness of her relatives, is but scantily supplied with food. From the back of the house where she is confined there runs a row of meaner dwellings, wholly occupied by common mechanics with their families,—and amongst the rest a sickly-looking weaver, so thin and sallow that he looks like a living skeleton. At the height of the first floors there is a sort of wooden gallery, common to all the inhabitants of the row, and on this platform, which is overlooked by my bed-room window, I often see her needy but kindly neighbours standing to talk to the unfortunate maniac, and thrusting up to her, on the end of a long stick, some morsel of food, such as a carrot or a potato, saved out of their own scanty meals. A rather comely young woman, who has several hungry-looking children, is one of the foremost in these daily charities. The first time I saw it, the sight so affected me, that I sent directly for all the bread in the house, and contrived to make myself understood by holding up a roll in one hand, and pointing to the mad woman's window with the other. The young wife was the first to observe the signal, and never, never shall I forget the delighted expression of her countenance! It brightened all over with a smile quite angelical, as she clasped her hands together and uttered the word "Brod!" in a tone which convinced one that bread was a rarity in her own diet. In a minute the good warm-hearted creature was round at our door, to receive the rolls and some cold meat, which she took as eagerly, and thanked me for as warmly, as if they had been intended for herself, her lean

husband, and her hungry children. But my commission was faithfully performed : and I had soon afterwards the gratification of hearing the poor crazy woman singing in a very different tone to her usual wailings. Of course I did not forget the young wife—but what are the best of our gifts—the parings of our superfluities—or even the Royal and Noble Benefaction, written up in letters of gold, to the generous donations of the humbler Samaritans, who, having so little themselves, are yet so willing to share it with those who have less ! As I have read somewhere, “The Charity which Plenty spares to Poverty is human and earthly ; but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want.”

On the back of this occurrence I had a rather different scene. A woman, of the lower class, very shabbily dressed, found her way up to my room, and, by her manner, intimated to me that she came to beg. I was so impressed with the notion that she could want nothing but food, that I directly offered her some victuals there happened to be on the table, but which to my astonishment she declined. So I summoned Kätchen, our German servant, to interpret, and after some conversation with the stranger, she told me in her broken English that the thing wanted was some “white Kleiden,” at the same time pointing to her own gown. As the woman had made a motion with her finger round her head as if describing a fracture, it occurred to me that the white kleiden might be wanted for bandages, and going to a store of old linen which I always keep in reserve for such purposes, I made up a bundle of it for the poor creature, but, after a slight inspection, she rejected it, as it seemed to me, with no small degree of contempt. But I could get no better explanation—Kätchen still referred to her gown, and the woman waved her hand round her head. All at once the truth flashed across me—the secret was baby linen—a little night-

gown and a nightcap—but I had no sooner suggested the notion to Kätchen, who repeated it to the other, than they both began to laugh. At last I sent for an old friend in need, the “German and English Dictionary,” and by its help I managed to learn, that the woman wanted a white muslin frock for her youngest daughter to be confirmed in ; and the motion round her head signified a wreath of artificial flowers. Although rather surprised by the nature of the object, I gave a trifle towards it ; and in return, the woman brought me the girl to look at in her holiday costume. By dint of gifts and loans she was decked out like a figurante, in a white muslin dress, white cotton stockings, and light-coloured shoes, with a wreath of artificial lilies-of-the-valley on her head, and a large white lace veil. During the morning the street swarmed with similar figures, besides as many boys in full suits of black, with large white collars, white gloves, and a white rose at the button-hole. They all seemed to have a due sense of the unwonted smartness of their appearance—the little girls especially looked so clean, so pretty, and so very happy in their ephemeral finery, I could not help grieving to reflect, that on the morrow so many of them would be pining again in their dirt and rags. Even their little day was abridged ; for towards noon it came on to rain, and to save the precious white kleiden from spot or splash, the wearers were obliged to hurry home, as the Scotch people say, particularly “high kilted.”

Frank has discovered an old acquaintance here, a Mr. Markham ; and I have been introduced to his wife. She would be an acquisition merely as a companion and a country-woman ; but she is really a pleasant and warm-hearted person, and, in spite of the warning of Lady de Farringdon, we are already sworn friends. They came here to retrench, and she makes me sigh and smile by turns with her account

of their great and little troubles in a foreign land. Their worst privation seems to have been the separation from all friends : my heart ached to hear her relate their daily walks to see the packet discharge its passengers, in the vain hope of recognizing some familiar face : but the next moment she made me laugh, till the tears came, with her description of a blight in her eyes, and her servant's uncouth remedy. What do you think, Margaret, of having your head caught in a baker's sack, hot from the oven,—then being half suffocated under a mountain of blankets and pillows,—and at last released, quite white enough, from the heat and the loose flour, for a theatrical ghost !

I have purchased two head-dresses to send you, as samples of the costume of the place. One, to my taste, is very pretty, a small black silk cap, embroidered with gay colours at the top of the head, and from the back hang several streamers of broad black sarcenet ribbon. The other cap is also embroidered or beaded, but two plaited bands of hair pass through the back, and are fastened up with a flat silver or gilt skewer, in shape like a book-knife. Adieu. Love to all from all, including, dear Margaret, your affectionate Sister,
CATHARINE WILMOT.

P.S.—I open this again to tell you that my suspicions about Martha were wrong ; but they had better have been correct. She is not in love—but has turned a Roman Catholic ! I think I see you all lifting up your hands and eyes, from the parlour to the kitchen ! But it is too true. Frank, it appears, met her two evenings ago, with a taper in her hand posting to a chapel, where the Coblenz single women go to pray for husbands ! This, then, accounts for her frequent absences both of body and mind. I fancied her goings out were to meet some sweetheart, but it was to

attend at Mass or confession, and all her wool-gatherings were from puzzling over the saints on her beads and her new catechism. I consulted with my brother on the subject, but all he said was, "that Martha's religion was her own concern, and provided she did her duty as a servant, she had a right to turn a Mussulwoman if she pleased." When I taxed Martha herself, she owned to it directly, and, as usual, in all dilemmas, gave me warning on the spot. *That* of course goes for nothing, but I shall never be able to keep her. As they say of all new converts, she runs quite into extremes, and I firmly believe is more of a Catholic than the Pope himself. For instance, there are several masses, at different hours of the day, to suit the various classes of people; and, will you believe it? she insists on going to them all! But this comes of foreign travelling. Well might I wish that I had never left Woodlands.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

This morning I again called on our friend, and found him in company with a little man of such marked features, that between his physiognomy and his London-like pronunciation of English, it was impossible to disconnect him with old clothes, and oranges, Holywell Street, and the Royal Exchange. He was, however, a Prussian, and had simply carried the German pronunciation of W—which is identical with the Cockney way of sounding it—into our own language.

I had scarcely been introduced to this Mr. Isaac Meyer, when another visitor was announced, who was likewise

“extremely proud and happy to make my acquaintance ;” but just in the middle of his pride and happiness, a glance at the little man stopped him short like a stroke of apoplexy. All his blood seemed to mount into his head ; the courteous smile vanished ; his eye glistened ; his lip curled ; his frame trembled ; and with some difficulty he stammered out the rest of his compliment. In anticipation of a scene, I looked with some anxiety towards the other party, but to my surprise he was perfectly calm and cool ; and was either unconscious of the other’s perturbation, or took it as a matter of course. Any general conversation was out of the question ; after a very short and very fidgetty stay, during which he never once addressed the object of his dislike, the uncomfortable gentleman took his leave, and the other soon after concluded his “wisit.” When they were gone, Markham explained the phenomenon. “The little man,” said he, “is of the Hebrew persuasion ; and the big one belongs to a rather numerous class, described by Saphir—whose satirical works, by the bye, I think you would relish,—in short he is a Jew-hater—one of those who wish that the twelve tribes had but a single neck. You saw how he reddened and winced ! As Shakspeare says, ‘some men there are love not a gaping pig, some that are mad if they behold a cat,’ and here is this Herr Brigselbach quite set aghast, and chilled all over into goose-skin, at the sight of a human being with black eyes and a hook nose !”

“But surely,” said I, “such a prejudice is rare, except amongst the most bigoted Catholics and the lower orders !”

“Lower orders and Catholics!—quite the reverse. I presume you heard of a certain freak of Royal authority, forbidding the Hebrews the use of Christian names, and enjoining other degrading distinctions. Such an example in such a country was enough to bring Jew-hating into fashion,

if it had not been the *rage* before. But you must live in Germany to understand the prevalence and intensity of the feeling. You will not rank the editor of a public journal, or his contributors, in the lower and ignorant class : nevertheless my little Isaac the other day lent me a local paper, and the two very first paragraphs that met my eye were sarcastic anecdotes against his race. One of them was laughable enough, indeed I laughed at it myself ; but in this country such stories are circulated more for malice and mischief than for the sake of the fun. It ran thus :—A certain cunning old Jew had lent a large sum of money, and charged interest upon it at nine per cent. instead of six, which was the legal rate. The borrower remonstrated ; and at last asked the usurer if he did not believe in a God, and where he expected to go when he died ?—‘ Ah,’ said the old Hebrew, with a pleased twinkle of the eye and a grin—‘ I have thought of that too—but when God looks down upon it *from above*, the 9 will appear to HIM like a 6.’ ”

“ And what does Mr. Meyer say,” I inquired, “ of such attacks on his brethren ? ”

“ Little or nothing. When I alluded to the paragraphs and expressed my indignation, he merely smiled meekly, and said a few words to the effect that ‘ suffering was the badge of all his tribe.’ In fact they are used to it, as was said of the eels. By the bye, Von Raumer speaks of a Prussian liberal, who abused Prussia, as no better than a beast ;—but he surely forgot this oppressed portion of his countrymen. As to love of country in general, he is right—but has the degraded inhabitant of Juden Gasse a country ? To look for patriotism from such a being, you might as well expect local gratitude and attachment from a pauper without a parish ! No, no,—that word, so dear, so holy, to a German, his Fatherland is to the Jew a bitter mockery. He has all the

duties and burthens, without the common privileges of the relationship—he is as heavily taxed, and hardly drilled, as any member of the family ; but has he an equal share of the benefits—does he even enjoy a fair portion of the affection of his brothers and sisters ? Witness Herr Brigselbach. As for his Fatherland, a Jew may truly say of it as the poor Irishman did of his own hard-hearted relative—‘ Yes, sure enough he’s the parent of me—but he trates me as if I was his Son by another Father and Mother ! ’ ”

By way of drawing out our friend, who, like the melancholy Jaques in his sullen fits, is then fullest of matter, I inquired if the bitterest writers against the country were not of Meyer’s persuasion.

“ Yes—Heine abused Prussia, and he was a Jew. So did Börne, and he was a Jew too, born at Frankfort—the *free* city of Frankfort, whose inhabitants, in the nineteenth century, still amuse themselves occasionally, on Christian high days and holidays, with breaking the windows of their Hebrew townsmen. What wonder if the galled victims of such a pastime feel, think, speak, and write, as citizens of the world ! As Sterne does with his Captive, let us take a single Jew. Imagine him locked up in his dark chamber, pelted with curses and solider missiles, and trembling for his property and his very life, because he will not abandon his ancient faith, or eat pork sausages. Fancy the jingling of the shattered glass—the crashing of the window frames—the guttural howlings of the brutal rabble—and then picture a Prussian Censor breaking into the room, with a flag in each hand, one inscribed Vaterland, the other Bruderschaft—and giving the quaking wretch a double knock over the head with the poles, to remind him that he is a German and a Frankforter ! Was there ever such a tragi-comical picture ! But it is not yet complete. The poor Jew, it may

be supposed, has little heart to sing to such a terrible accompaniment as bellows from without ; nevertheless the patriotic Censor insists on a chaunt, and by way of a prompt-book, sets before the quavering vocalist a translation of Dr. Watts's Hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving for being born in a Christian Land !”

Amused by Markham's *extempore* championship of the twelve tribes, by way of jest I insinuated that during his admitted scarcity of cash, he had perhaps been supplied with moneys by means of his clients. But he took the jest quite in earnest. “Not a shilling, my dear fellow,—not a gros. But I am indebted to them for some kindness and civility : for they certainly hate us far less than some sects of Christians hate each other. It's my firm belief that the Jews possess many good qualities. Why not ? The snubbed children of a family are apt to be better than the spoiled ones. As for their honesty, if they cheat us now in retail, we have plundered them aforetime by wholesale,—and like master like scholar. But there's little Meyer, a Jew every inch of him, and with the peculiar love of petty traffic ascribed to his race. He will sell or barter with you the books in his library, the spoons in his cupboard, the watch in his fob, and yet in all my little dealings he has served me as fairly as if he had flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a common journey-work nose, with a lump, like a make-weight, stuck on the end. The extortions and cheating I have met with were from Christians ; and what is singular, the only time I ever had my money refused in this country, it was by Jews. There are many poor Hebrew families in Bendorf, and other villages on the banks of the Rhine, and it is a pleasant sight to behold, through the windows of their cottages, the seven candles of their religion shining—like the fire-flies of a German night—the only lights in

their darkness, to an outcast people in an alien land. In one of these humble dwellings at Sayn, I once left my hat and coat in exchange for a cap and kittel, preparatory to a broiling hot excursion farther up the country. During my metamorphosis, I happened to take notice of a sickly-looking crippled boy, about nine years old, who was sitting at a table in the corner of the room ; and the mother informed me, with a sigh too easy to interpret, that he was her first-born, and her only son. On my return I resumed my clothes, and offered the poor people a trifle for their trouble, but they had already been overpaid by a common expression of sympathy, and refused my money so pertinaciously, that I could only get rid of the coin by pressing it into the wasted hand of the helpless child. Poor little fellow ! I wish I could hope to give him another,—but he was already marked for death, and his thin, sharp, sallow face, seemed only kept alive by his quick black eyes !”

“In England,” continued Markham, “we have seen a Jewish sheriff of London ; but I verily believe if anything could excite a rebellion in these provinces, it would not be the closing of the coffee-houses, and the suppression of the newspapers, but the making a burgomaster of the race of Israel. However, all other brutal sports and pastimes are falling into decadence with the progress of civilisation : bear-baiting is extinct ; badger-drawing is on the wane ; cock-throwing is gone out ; cock-fighting is going after it ; and bull-running is put down : so put on your hat, my dear fellow, and let us hope, for the sake of Christianity and human nature, that Jew-hating and Jew-running will not be the last of the line !”

Our first stroll was through the market-place, which was crowded with countrywomen, many of them afflicted with *goître*. It has been supposed to arise from drinking snow-

water ; but as this country abounds in excellent springs, such a theory can scarcely be entertained. In Markham's opinion it is caused by the sudden stoppage of perspiration, and contraction of the pores, by keen blasts from the mountains, whilst the women are toiling bare-necked in the heat of the sun. I asked him if the accounts were correct of the unremitting industry and hard labour of the Germans. "In the towns," said he, "perhaps not : the men are either more indolent, or have less physical strength than the English. I have frequently seen three or four fellows carrying or drawing loads that would be a burden for only one or two in London. Sometimes you see a leash harnessed to a small truck of wood ; perhaps there is a woman along with them, and I have remarked that *she* is always in earnest, and, like the willing horse, does more than her fair share of the work. Indeed the softer sex has the harder lot here, for, besides what are with us considered masculine employments, in the fields and on the water, they have all the in-door duties of a woman to perform. As regards the peasantry, great labour is a matter of necessity : by the hardest labour, the land being highly taxed, they only procure the hardest fare ; and there being no poor-rates to fall back upon, they must either work hard or starve. You may read in their faces a story of severe toil and meagre diet. Look at those country girls, poor things—"

"Nay," said I, pointing to a group, "I see round ruddy faces and plump figures, and, thanks to the shortness of their petticoats, that they have very respectable calves to their legs."

"Phoo ! phoo !" replied Markham, "those are nurses or nursery-maids, and come, witness their peculiar dress, from another country ; Saxony, perhaps, or Bavaria. But look at those yonder, with their wrinkled foreheads, and hard

sharp features, more resembling old mothers, than young daughters; observe the absolute flatness of their busts, and the bony squareness of their figures, making them look so like men in women's clothes. And no wonder—the toil they go through for a trifle, is sometimes painful to contemplate. Last summer we purchased a small cask of wine from a woman who owns a little vintage: and when it was delivered, we were shocked to find that she had carried it from her village, a league distant, on her head! In fact, time and trouble, so valuable elsewhere, seem here to go for little or nothing; and the waste in both is occasionally quite surprising. For instance, it is nothing unusual in the streets of Coblenz, to see a big man, a big dog, and a big stick, all engaged in driving a week-old calf.”

Luckily I have seen this illustration of Markham's and made a sketch of it; and will now attempt to describe the toilsome and tedious operation. The Big Man with the Big Stick goes first; then comes Staggering Bob; and lastly, the Big Dog. In a very methodical manner the Big Dog jumps about from side to side of the calf; who with a natural doubt whether these gambols are not meant for its amusement, makes a dead halt, and indulges in an innocent stare at its four-footed companion. As this stops proceedings, the Big Man immediately begins to haul at the rope, as if he wanted to pull the poor creature's head off, which, of course, drags backwards as lustily as it can. Thereupon the Big Man gives up pulling, and going to the rear, begins pushing with all his might; but the only result is, that after tottering a step or two to the right or left, the Calf *jibs*, and suddenly appears with its head where its tail ought to be; namely, towards the place from whence it came. Bob has then to be turned, and put straight again; an operation of considerable difficulty; for during this

manœuvre, the Big Dog sadly embarrasses matters, by jumping about and between both parties. Here, then, the Big Stick comes into play, which the Big Man shakes at the Big Dog, who scampers away some dozen yards—the Calf, in a sportive fit, runs after him—the rope winds round the other two calves, to wit, the Big Man’s—and the whole affair is in a tangle! “Potztausend!” but at last all is clear. Still the perverse Calf, though strictly brought up on Temperance Principles, persists in staggering from one side of the street to the other, and finally refuses to stir a foot at all;—the Big Man gives it a poke with his Big Stick, and down it tumbles! So in despair the Big Man throws the live veal over his shoulder,—carries it till he is dead tired—then puts the Calf on its own legs again—then the Big Dog jumps about as before—and then—*Da Capo!*

To resume—I continued my queries to Markham, as to Prussia and its happy, free, proprietary peasantry. “Free!” said he, “how are they to be free, where no one else is, or can be, under the *Unitarian* rule of a single will? As for their happiness, you may judge yourself. Go into any of the villages that look so picturesque from the Rhine,—look in at an open door, and you will see a dark, dirty, squalid comfortless room, hardly furnished enough to invite an execution. Ask yourself what makes the gaunt, sallow, toil-worn faces, that gaze on you from the window, so gloomily phlegmatic—what renders the children about the streets so stunted, so spiritless, so prematurely old? On the Moselle, the proprietary peasantry are notoriously in a state of distress; and their wines, at a ruinous price, are bought up by the capitalists. But a remedy has been discovered,” said Markham, with a bitter smile, “they are to give up wine-growing, and breed silk-worms! This notable plan has been strongly advocated in the ‘Rhein-und-Mosel-Zeitung,’ with grave cal-

culations of the great value of the raw material, and its still greater value when manufactured into satins, sarcenets, and gros-de-Naples. Only two points have escaped these sages : mulberry trees are not of remarkably rapid growth, and how are the poor peasantry to subsist in the meantime ? But supposing the trees full-grown, the worms hatched, fed, transfigured, and inclosed in myriads of cocoons, is it not probable that the same untoward causes and commercial obstacles which denied them a profitable market in the wine trade will be equally adverse to the sale of their silk ? Besides, Moselle wine is only grown on the Moselle ; whereas in the other article there will be a competition. But the system is in fault, not the commodity ; and when a man does business on a losing principle, it is all one whether he deals in figs or tenpenny nails !”

In our progress from the market, we arrived at a small square, in the midst of which stood an extraordinary vehicle, that, except for the inscription, might have been taken for a Mammoth's travelling caravan. On measurement, it was nine (German) feet wide, and thirty-six long. Markham pointed at it with great glee. “That unwieldy machine,” said he, “was the invention of one of the military contractors, a Mr. Bohne, or Bean, who ought to be called Broad Bean for the future. A fortnight ago it left Berlin, with eleven thousand schakos, two thousand of which it has delivered by the way, at Erfurt and Mayence ; the rest are bound to Luxembourg. The Germans have a proverb, that if you can get over the dog you can get over his tail ; but in the present case the hitch was comparatively at the tail. The Monster Machine had got over the greater part of the journey, when it stuck in the gate of Baccharach, stopping the eil-wagen, the extra-posts and every other carriage in its rear. Next it was two whole days in getting through, or

rather round, Boppard, for it had to be taken to pieces, and to circumvent the town by water—and now here it is, with a few more such difficulties, between itself and its ultimate destination. However, the thing carries a moral. Göethe charged the English with want of reflection, that they did not look backward enough; and here is a proof that the Germans do not sufficiently look a-head:—in short, whilst our object is pace, and our only cry is ‘Hark forward!’ they are perpetually trying back, with a cold scent, towards their great-grandfathers and grandmothers.”

There! You have had a tolerable course of Markham; but you will be interested in the tone of his mind, as well as in the course of his fortunes. He afterwards took me up to Ehrenbreitstein, where we met with a friend of his, Captain Walton, an Englishman by birth, but in the Prussian service. On comparing notes with this gentleman, it came out that I was familiar with several of his friends in Kent; and from what I heard of him it is likely that we shall be intimates. From the Fortress, we proceeded to view an ancient Roman Tower, in the vicinity, where I picked up a hint for the story you will find inclosed. Love to Emily from

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANS.

A TALE OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

THE night was breezy and cloudy, but the moon was at full, and as the opaque vapours flitted across her silver disk, that grand mass of rock and masonry, “the Broad Stone of

Honor," gleamed fitfully or frowned darkly on the valley beneath. On the right, rose the mouldering, slender, round tower, of Roman origin; on the left, the wind moaned through the waving poplars on the height of Pfaffendorf; below, lay the snugly sheltered Thal Ehrenbreitstein, beyond which the broad rapid Rhine reflected the red and yellow lights of the opposite city of Coblenz.

The hour was late, for Germany; and the good Pfarrer Schmidt, aided by the steep descent, was stepping homeward at a good round pace, when suddenly a sound struck on his ear like a groan. He instantly paused to listen, and distinctly heard a rattling, which, to his surprise, seemed to come from the ancient tower, and in another minute a tall stalwart figure came stumbling down the dilapidated steps of the old gray building; and, staggering like a drunken man towards our wayfarer, addressed him with a few words, in one of the dead tongues. The language, however, was not unknown, for it was the same in which the good Pastor repeated the offices of his religion—wherefore, replying to the stranger in Latin, they entered at once into discourse. But the conversation had not gone far, ere, suddenly recoiling three or four steps backward, the Priest began to mutter and cross himself with the utmost fervor. And little wonder; for, by help of a glance of the moon, it was plain that the figure had no kind of clothing on its body, save an old rusty cuirass, which, with the extraordinary tenor of its last question—"And how fares the noble Cæsar?" sufficed to convince the astonished Priest that he was communing with either a resuscitated Roman, or a Roman ghost!

At so awful a discovery it is natural to suppose that the Priest must have immediately taken to flight; but in the first place, he had a strong belief in the efficacy of the exorcisms and other spiritual defences with which he was armed;

and secondly, terror, which acts variously on different individuals, seemed to root him to the spot. In the meantime, the figure, folding its arms, turned from side to side, cast a glance at the dark modern citadel, then at the opposite fort of Pfaffendorf, and then muttering the word "Confluentia," took a long, long look across the glittering river. Again and again the apparition rubbed its eyes as if doubtful of being in a dream. At last, arousing from this reverie, the figure again addressed the Pastor with great earnestness, at the same time laying its hand upon his arm. The action made the Priest start, and tremble excessively; but by a very sensible pressure, it served to convince him that the figure, whatever it might be, was not merely a phantom. Wonder now began to mingle and struggle with fear, and by degrees getting the mastery, the Priest, after a devout inward prayer, took courage, and by a sign invited the stranger to accompany him towards his home. The figure immediately complied,—and walking parallel with each other but with a good space between, they began to descend the steep, the Priest noticing with secret satisfaction, as the moon shone out, that his mysterious companion, like a solid body, threw a distinct shadow across the road.

Arrived at the parsonage, which was not far distant, the Pastor conducted his strange guest into his study, and carefully closed the door. His next concern was to furnish his visitor with decent garments; and with much difficulty and persuasion, the Ancient was induced to put on a modern suit of black. For some considerable time neither of them spoke a word, each being absorbed in the same occupation of gazing and marvelling at the other; and remembering that the host was a Catholic Priest of the nineteenth century, and the guest a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, it is easy to imagine that they mutually found matter enough for admiration

to tie up their tongues. But at last, the stranger breaking the silence, they again engaged in discourse, which was long and earnest, as needs must have been where one party had to be convinced that he had been dead and buried above a thousand years. However, the hasty observations he had made on the altered aspect of Confluentia and its vicinity, helped to confirm the Roman that only a vast lapse of time could have wrought the great changes he had remarked. In reply to the Priest, he said he was a Centurion, by name Paratus Postumus, of the 22d Legion, who had accompanied Julius Cæsar in his second passage across the Rhine to make war on the Catti :—that he was subject to fits, and had once or twice been on the point of premature interment whilst he lay in a trance. Thereupon, as if recollecting himself, he suddenly started up on his feet, and eagerly inquired for the nearest temple, that he might go and offer up his grateful vows for his wondrous revival. Such a question made the pious pastor look extremely grave, and he again crossed himself very fervently, on being thus vividly reminded that the stranger introduced beneath his roof, was in verity a heathen ! However, on reflection he comforted himself with the hope of the glory that would accrue to himself and to his church, by making so miraculous a convert ; and to this end, after giving a rapid sketch of the decline and fall of Paganism, he began to unfold and extol the grand scheme of Christianity, according to the interpretations of the Council of Trent. But to this latter part of his discourse, the Roman listened with impatience, and finally ceased to listen at all. The downfall of his own multifarious faith—the destruction of its temples and altars, under Constantine, alone engrossed his thoughts, and, to judge by the workings of his rugged countenance, gave him singular pain and concern. For some time he remained buried in meditation,

but at length suddenly raising his arms towards heaven, and lifting his eyes in the same direction—"O great Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "it cannot be! There must be some relics of that glorious theogony still left upon earth,—and I will wander the whole wide world through till I discover where they exist!" So saying, he pointed to the door with so stern a look that the trembling Priest, giving up all hope of his miraculous convert, was fain to obey the signal, which was again repeated at the outer gate. For a moment the Figure paused at the threshold, and then, after a gracious expression of thanks, strode forth into the blank darkness and disappeared!

* * * * *

Years had rolled away, and in their course had wrought further changes on the Rhine and on its banks. Shooting past the slow barge, with its long team of horses, toiling against the stream, the gay smoking steam-boat now rushed triumphantly up the arrowy river, freighted with thousands of foreigners, who haunted the healing springs, the vine-clad mountains, the crumbling fastnesses, and romantic valleys of the lovely provinces. The pious Pastor Schmidt, now old and infirm, was one evening sitting dozing in his ample and high-backed elbow chair, when the door of his little study abruptly flew open, and uninvited and unannounced, an unceremonious visitor stepped boldly into the room. The eyes of the good priest were somewhat dimmer than aforesaid, but a single glance sufficed to recognise the unmistakable Roman features of the Centurion. He was clothed, however, in a costume very different to the old suit of black: and his countenance had undergone a still greater alteration than his dress. Instead of the stern settled melancholy that had darkened it at the close of his former visit, the expression

of his countenance was now complacent, and even cheerful. After mutual salutations, being both seated opposite to each other, the Centurion began as follows ; not, however, in Latin, but in passable German :—“ Holy father, congratulate me ! As I predicted, my ancient religion, in some degree, is still extant ! ” The Pastor pricked up his ears. He was a bit of an antiquarian, and a classical scholar to boot, and the announcement of the Pagan Polytheism being still in existence, raised his curiosity to the highest pitch. “ Was it in India, in Persia, or by the Egyptian Pyramids ; in Numidia ; at Timbuctoo ; amongst the savage islands of the Pacific ; or in Peru, the country of the Incas ? ” “ Father,” replied the Centurion very coolly, “ I have not travelled out of Europe.” The Priest was dumbfounded. Except one portion devoted to Mahomet, the whole spiritual empire of that quarter of the world was divided, he knew, between the Greek Patriarch, the Levitical Priesthood, Luther, and the Pope. The Centurion continued—“ You told me, I think, that the people called Christians worship only one God ? ” The Priest nodded an assent. “ But I tell you they have almost or quite as many gods as we had in our ancient mythology.” The Priest stared, and shook his head. “ Yes, I tell you,” said the Centurion, vehemently, “ their altars and rites are as various—their divinities as numerous as our own. Look, for example, at Britain.” “ The English are Protestants and heretics,” said the Priest, making the sign of the Cross. “ But they are Christians,” retorted the Centurion. “ Yes, and as such,” said the Priest, “ they worship the same God that I do,—the one and indivisible,—whatever mortal errors otherwise belong to their doctrines.” “ At least so they profess,” said the Centurion : “ But tell me, is the Deity whom one sect bows to, in reality the very same that is revered by another ? No, verily—with one God

there would be but one worship offered up in the same spirit !”

“ Alas ! alas !” said the pious Pastor, “ it was the accursed schism of Martin Luther that led to such discordances. After separating from the holy Mother Church, the fallers-off became again split and divided amongst themselves !”

The Centurion took no notice of this lamentation, but resumed his discourse. “ I have visited their temples—I have stood before their altars—I have witnessed their rites and listened to their doctrines, and what wide diversities do they all present ! In one temple, I heard groans and yells and female shrieks ; in a second, a full-toned organ, and melodious choristers ; in a third, I heard nothing, not even a word : and was I to blame if I looked round for a statue of Harpocrates ? Then, again, in one temple I saw infant children sparingly sprinkled with water ; in another grown men and women were wading up to their chins in a sort of Frigidarium, or cold bath. Under one sacred roof the votaries leaped and shouted like the Bacchantes and Corybantes ; in a neighbouring fane, they stood, and sate, and knelt, by turns, with the steady uniform precision of soldiers at drill. In one rustic temple, standing amidst the fields, they played upon fiddles, oboes, bassoons, flutes and clarionets ; in another, in North Britain, Euterpe was dethroned, and all musical instruments were accounted profane, except the human larynx and the human nose. Then the sacred buildings themselves, how different ! Here a very Temple of the Muses, adorned with painting and sculpture, and the most gorgeous architecture ; there, a sordid structure, as plain and unadorned as a stable or a barn. Even the priests displayed the same incongruities. One wore an elaborate powdered wig and an apron ; another, the natural hair combed in long lank locks down the forehead and cheeks

Some prayed uncovered, some in a broad-brimmed hat ;— here prayed a minister in a white robe—yonder prayed another in a black one ; a third wore his every-day clothes. In short, there was no end to these varieties.”

“It is even so,” said the priest, shaking his gray head. “So many heresies, so many new modes. Yet these are mostly external matters. Whatever the form may be, the worship of all Christians is offered up to the same one and indivisible God !”

“The same ! one and indivisible !” almost shouted the centurion. “Tell me, and as thou art a religious man and a Christian priest, answer me truly—Is it the same universal God that the parish pauper must only address from a wooden bench, and the proud noble can only praise from an embroidered velvet cushion ? Is it the same Providential Being that the lowly peasant thanks for his scanty hard-earned daily bread, and the rich man asks to bless his riotous luxury and wasteful superabundance ? Is the merciful Father, of whom the weeping child on bended knees begs the life of its sick and declining parent, the same, the very same, as the God of Battles invoked by the ambitious conqueror, on the eve of slaughtering thousands of his fellow-men ? Is the Divine Spirit, who gave his only Son in atonement for the sins of the whole world, the same God of the Gospel, whose name is paraded as the especial patron of exclusive pious factions—of uncharitable bigots and political partisans ? Is there anything in common between the fierce vindictive Creator wrathfully consigning the creatures he has made to everlasting and unutterable torments, as depicted by the gloomiest of fanatical sects, and the beneficent Jehovah, silently adored by the Quaker, as the God of peace and good-will towards men ? Is it the same Divine Author——” “Enough, enough,” interposed

the priest, with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Nay, but answer me," said the centurion. "Have I described one God, or many? In the list I have only partly sketched out, can you find nothing answerable to our plurality—to Plutus, to Mars, to Mercury, and Jupiter Tonans? Is the Christian Deity indeed one and indivisible, or made multiform, like Jove of old, by the separate impersonation and worship of his various attributes?"

"You have at least broached a curious theory," answered the Catholic priest, with great placidity, for his own particular withers were as yet unwrung. "But where," he asked, "would you find your great host of inferior deities, your *Dii Minores*, your demi-gods and demi-goddesses and the like?" "Where!" cried the centurion—"where else but close at hand? They are only disguised under other names. For instance, we had our *Vertumnas* and our *Pomona*, the patron of orchards—our *Bona Dea*; *Hygeia*, the goddess of health; *Fornax*, the goddess of corn and of bakers; *Occator*, the god of harrowing; *Runcina*, the goddess of weeding; *Hippona*, the goddess of stables and horses; and *Bubona*, the goddess of oxen. Now, we need only go into the *Eifel*——"

"*Sancta Maria!*" exclaimed the priest, reddening to his very tonsure—"Do you mean to adduce our blessed saints!"

"Exactly so," replied the calm centurion. "They are your *Dii Minores*—your demi-gods and demi-goddesses, and so forth, answerable to our own, and appointed to much the same petty and temporal offices. Have you not *St. Apollonica* for curing the tooth-ache, *St. Blaize* for sore throats, and *St. Lambert* for fits? Is not *St. Wendelin* retained to take care of the cows and calves, and *St. Gertrude* to drive away rats?"

The indignant priest could bear no more: it was like

being compelled to swallow the beads of a rosary, one by one. "Anathema Maranatha!" he exclaimed in a paroxysm of anger. "Accursed pagan! libellous heathen! Begone! You shall no longer profane my dwelling! Hence, I say!"—and extending his arm to give force to the mandate, the venerable pastor thrust his attenuated fingers into the flame of the candle and started up broad awake!

TO REBECCA PAGE.

DEAR BECKEY,

Thenk hevin the storm I tould you of has blowed over; but I believe I may thank master for it, who was so kind as say I mite turn a Turk or a Hottenpot, if so be it agreed with my consense. As for missus, she looks grumpy enuff at my new devotions—but let her look, I mayn't always be her servent to be tried xperiments on, as was the case this blessed morning. Complaining, as usual, of her weak state of nerves, she was advized by Mrs. Markhum to try the Rine baths, as being verry braceing; and missus was so considerrit as to let poor me make the fust trial. The baths are kep in a floting house, witch is made fast to the Rine Bridge, of boats; and a pretty rushin and rampagin the river makes between them, like a mill race. But there was no help for it, as bathe I must; and was all crudling, and shakin, and shiverin, in the tearing cold water; when before one could say lawk deliver us, a nasty grate barge come spinning down the river, and by sum mismanigement the towin rope hung too low down, and jist ketching the bath house, wipt off the hole roof in a jiffy! There was a hawful crash, you may suppose; and at that very minit I

had duckt my head under, and wen I come up agin, lo and behold ! there was nothin at all up abuv, xcept the bare sky. In course it was skreek upon skreek from the other rooms ; and thinks I, if tops comes off, so may bottoms, and in that case, down sinks the floting baths, and were all drownded cretura^s as sure as rats. So out I run on to the bridge of boats, jist as I was, with nothin on but my newdity ; but decency's won thing, and death's another. The rest of the bathing ladies did the same ; and some of them, pore things, fainted ded away on the boards. Luckily, none of the mail sects was passing by, for xcept won Waterloo blue bonnit, we were all in a naturalized state, like so menny Eves. Most fortunately, it was a hot sunny day, or we mite have kitcht our deths ; howsumever, I was gitting more composed, wen hearing a tramp, tramp, tramp, I turned round my hed, and wat should I see but a hole rignent of Prushian sogers a marching over the bridge. In such an undelicate case, staying was out of the question, so I giv a skreech, and roof or no roof, it was won generil skuttle back into the littel house. Then sich a skramble and hudling on of our close, there wasn't a lady but looked as if her things had been put on, as the saying is, with a pitchfork ! As for the ones in fits, the bath pepel carried them back ! and as the best and shortest way of bringing them to, popped them into the water agin, witch had the effect. Thenk gudness, there was no wus harm done ; but Catshins says, wen the roof was took off, I ought to have crost meself ; and to be sure, so I ought, as well as Sanctus Marius, instead of O Criminy !

So much for bathing afore missus. For my part, I don't admire boat bridges. Give me good iron or stone wons, like Southwurk, or Rochistir. Ony the other day, a grate misguidid raft of wood driv agin the pinted end of an iland called Over Work, witch split the raft in two ; so one half

came down by the rite side of the iland, and the other by the left ; and betwixt them, they broke and carried away both ends of the Rine bridge ; and there was a pore old woman and her cow, witch mite have been me, a dancing about, well ni crazy with frite, on the bit of bridge as was left in the middle of the river ! Yesterday, Catshins took me to visit at her old place ; being twelve o'clock, the fammily was jist going to dinner, and so I saw the hole preparation. First there was soop, and Catshins said, the cook said somebody said as how the English soop was so pore, it was obleeged to be disgized and flavioured up with pepper and spice ; but I tould her, Lord help her, I never see any soop in England, but wat, wen could, was a perfect jelly, as might be chuckt over the house. Howsumever, I tasted the Germin soop, and thinks I, there'd be jist as much taste of the meat if a cow had tumbled into the Rine. Then came the beef, with iled butter and sowr sarce ; and tell cook at home if she wants a new ornamentle dish, I'll be bound she never thort of a bullock's nose in jelly. For vegetables, small fried taters, and something green, as looked like masht duck weed, besides a hole truss of sallet ; and instead of a fruit-pie, a flat cherry-tart, amost as big as a tebord. As for the servents, the best part of their dinner was ould cowcumpers as had crawled on the ground till they was as yeller underneath as a toad's belly—sliced up in winiger and shocking bad ile, along with monstrashious big inguns. To be sure they do feed very queerly. Catshins says, her missis was ill laterly with the morbus ; and the fust thing she begged for in the eating way was a veal cutlit and a lot of bullises stewed in sour wine ! As for desert, they eat plums by the bushell, and pounds upon pounds of cherris ; and wat's more, swallow the stones !

Talkin of dinners, please God if I ever settle in Germiny,

there's three things I'll have out from England, a warmin pan, a plate-warmer and a knife-board ; for the knives here are never sharpt, and as we say of dill-water, are so innocent, you may give them to a new-born babby without the least danger. But lawk, if you was to send them out things, they don't know the rite use of them, and most likely they would fry pan-cakes in the warmin pan, and make a pantry of the plate-warmer, jist as they fetch water for drinkin in a tin pail as is painted red on the inside and green on the out. Nothing's used in its proper way. When we cum to the lodgins, I found in the drawing-room a square painted tin basket, exactly like an English bread-basket, and ever sinse I've put the rolls in it, but wen Catshins come she said it's to hold sand, and to be spit into—wat a forrin idear !

All together I shouldn't like to be a Germin servent ; but I'm sadly afeard I shan't stop long where I am. Missus gets very cross, and seems to think I never do enuff ; but if she was in my shoes she would find I have more work than I can do, what with my new religion and gitting all the he and she saints by heart ; and to be taught nitting ; and practise waltzing and singing, and learn Germin besides, witch is very puzzling, for they say ve for we, and wisy wersy.

The grate Sham Fites is begun, and I've been to the Larger, as it's called, witch is full of shows and booths, and partikly wooden taverns and publick howsis, three to one. But the pitcht wite tents is a bewtiful site in the middle of a wide plane, with the blue mountings all round. I went with a party in a waggin, the same as to Fairlop Fair, and was very cumfittable till the cumming home, wen a Germin tailer, overtook with snaps, went to sleep in the bottom of the waggin with his lighted pipe among the straw. A pretty frite it was ! for the straw flamed up, and we were all

obleeged to bundle out neck and crop. Thenk providens there was no personable axident, xcept to the yung man his self, who, when he sobered, was dreadfully put out to diskiver his faverit curl and all his back hare was singed off his head.

Now I must stop for want of candle, and besides Catshins snores so she puts me out. Give my luv to every boddy in Becknam, not forgetting yourself, and so as the Cathlicks say, Bendicity from

Dear Becky,

Yure luving Friend,

MARTHA PENNY.

P.S.—I've begun to confess a little, namely going to the Germin Ball in Missis's silk stockings. But I couldn't quite unbuzzum. But in course me and the Priest will get more confidential in time.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

You must have wondered at the unusual pause in my correspondence, and I will at once proceed to show cause. Ten days ago, my uncle, after so many false alarms, was taken ill in earnest, without any warning at all. Just after breakfast, he was seized with violent cramp, or spasms, in the chest and stomach, and for some hours was in great pain, and even some peril. Very much against his will, for he persisted that nobody but Truby understands his constitution, we called in medical advice, and as the case was urgent, sent for the Doctor next at hand.

Now that the danger is over and gone, it is curious to recall how much farce was mingled with proceedings that seemed so serious at the time. The Ex-Patient himself laughs heartily whenever he speaks on the subject, and especially of his medical treatment, which he says will be "nuts to Truby, when he gets back to Kent."

The truth is, however the philosophers and professional men of this country relish a despotic government, they are particularly fond of placing themselves under the tyranny of a ruling idea. Hence all kind of extravagance. As Markham says, "A German is not content to take an airing on his Hobby in a steady old gentlemanly sort of way. He gives it a double feed of metaphysical beans, jumps on its bare back, throws the bridle over its ears, applies his lighted pipe to its tail, and does not think he is riding till he is run away with. At last, the horse comes to some obstacle, where there is a great gulf fixed. He naturally refuses to leap; but not so his master. No true German would give a doit for a ditch with a further side to it; so down he gets, takes a mile of a run, swings his arms, springs off with 'one bound that overleaps all bounds,' and alights on his head, quite insensible, somewhere 'beyond beyond.'"

Their physicians afford striking examples of this ultraism. Thus Hahnemann, having hit on the advantage of small doses, never rested till he had reduced them to infinitesimals. In the same manner, Herr Bowinkel, having convinced himself that bleeding, in some cases, is improper, ends by scouting Phlebotomy altogether; whilst Herr Blutigel, in the next street, arrives at quite the opposite extreme, and opens every vein he can come at with his lancet. In short, your German is fond of fiddling, à la Paganini, on one string.

One of these empirical professors it was our fortune to

call in to my uncle, in the person of Doctor Ganswein, who, after a very cursory inquiry into his patient's malady, pronounced at once that it was a case for the Wasser-Kur. How this cure was to be effected you will best understand from a conversation which took place between the Physician and my Aunt. I must premise that my Aunt began the colloquy in French, as it was taught in Chaucer's time at Stratford atte Bowe; but after having puzzled the Doctor with sundry phrases, such as "son habit est si plein," meaning, "he is of such a full habit," she betook herself to her mother-tongue.

Aunt. And as to his eating, Doctor?

Doctor. Nichts; noting at all.

Aunt. And what ought he to drink?

Doctor. Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. Would it be well to bathe his feet?

Doctor. Ja——mit Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. And if he feels a little low?

Doctor. Low?—vat is dat?

Aunt. Out of spirits; a little faint like.

Doctor. Faint—ah!—So?—you shall sprinkle at him viz some Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. And nothing else?

Doctor. Ja—— I shall write something (*he writes*). Dere! you shall send dis papier to de Apotheke in de Leer Strasse, almost to de Rondel. Your broder shall drink some flasks of Kissingen.

Aunt. Kissingen—what's that? Is it any sort of wine?

Doctor. Wein! nein! It is some sort of Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. Oh, from the Baths?

Doctor. Ja! ja!—it shall be goot to bath too—in Kalt Wasser. (*To my Uncle*) Sare, have you read my leetle boke?

Uncle (in pain). What's it—about—Doctor?

Doctor. De Heilsamkeit of de Kaltes Wassers. I have prove de Kalt Wasser is good for every sickness in de world.

Uncle. Humph! What for—water in the head?

Doctor. Ja—and for wasser in de shest. And for wasser in de—what you call him? de abdomen. It is good for every ting. De Kalt Wasser shall sweep away all de Kranken, all de sick peoples from de face of de earth!

Uncle (to himself). Yes—so did—the Great Flood.

Doctor Ganswein had no sooner taken his leave, than my uncle called me to the bed-side. “Frank,—I’ve heard before—of wet-nurses—but never of—a wet Doctor. It’s the old story—of the prescription that was nothing—but aqua pumpy. He musn’t come again. I shall be drowned—before I’m cured. Nothing but watering, watering, watering—Egad! he takes me for a sick Hydrangea!”

Having prevented any *relapse* of Dr. Ganswein, it became necessary to find a successor; and by the advice of our Bankers, I sent for a Doctor Wolf, who was making a temporary stay in Coblenz. This selection, however, was anything but palatable to my aunt: two of the strongest of her prejudices rose up against a physician, who was not only a foreigner, but a Jew; his mere name seemed ominous: and, unfortunately, with a very unprepossessing physiognomy, his manners were abrupt and repulsive. I suspect *he* also had a hobby of his own; for one of his first questions to his patient was, whether he had ever tried a Mud Bath—a boggy remedy, of which you may read in Dr. Granville’s account of the German Spas. “What’s a Mud Bath?” inquired the Patient. “It is,” said Dr. Wolf, “for to be in some black mud up to your middle.” “If that’s it,” replied my uncle, “I’ve had it of a dirty day—in the streets of London. And I can’t say—it was any benefit.”

On our return to the drawing-room, the physician made his report. His patient's disorder, he said, originated in over-fatigue, the disarrangement of ordinary habits, a strange climate, unusual diet, a cold, perhaps, and a want of the necessary quantity of sleep. Knowing, by experience, that such evils are apt to beset travellers on the Rhine, I was quite satisfied; but my aunt was more inquisitive. "Hist!" said the Doctor, significantly laying his forefinger on the side of his nose; and then, with more than common mystery, he drew her aside into a corner. "Good heavens! is my dear brother in any danger?" "He is quite so bad as one can wish," answered the Doctor, with a series of solemn little nods. "Hear to me,"—and he fixed his black eyes on the changing face before him—"is your Broder rishe? Have he mosh moneys?" To my apprehension, this question merely had reference to the recommendation of some expensive baths; but it met with a darker interpretation from my aunt. "It is rather a singular question," said she, "but my brother is what is called an independent gentleman." "Dat is goot,—ferry goot," said Mr. Wolf, nodding, winking, rubbing his hands, and looking very well pleased. "Now hark to me"—and he approached his mouth to her ear—"whilst he is so bad in his bed, you shall rob him." "WHAT!" exclaimed my aunt in such a voice that the ringing monosyllable seemed to echo from every side and corner of the apartment. "You—shall—rob him"—repeated the Doctor, still more distinctly and deliberately—"You shall rob his chest." My aunt looked petrified. "Do not you understand me?" asked the dreadful Doctor, after a pause. "I am afraid I do," said my aunt, giving a sort of gulp, as if to swallow some violent speech, and then hurried into the adjoining room and locked herself in. The Doctor followed this manœuvre with his hawklike eyes, which, when the door closed, he turned

upon me : but before I could attempt any explanation, he snatched up his hat, made me a low bow, and with a shrug that said as plainly as words "those unaccountable English !" he bolted out of the room and down the stairs.

When he was gone I could not resist a laugh, which was hardly suppressed by the reappearance of my aunt, who, after an anxious look round the chamber, to make sure of the absence of the detestable Doctor, cast herself down on the sofa with a fervent "Thank God !"—"Frank !—What a monster !—Wolf by name and wolf by nature ; did you hear what the wretch proposed to me ?"—and she launched off into a tale so ludicrously distorted and coloured by her own extravagant suspicions, that I could hardly preserve my gravity. "But I foretold it," she said, "from the very first glimpse of him ! There was villain stamped in his face. Did you ever before see such horrid cunning eyes, or hear such an artful insinuating voice ? Now I think of it, he is the very picture ——" She was stopped by the entrance of Martha with a bottle of medicine, which her mistress had no sooner inspected than the expression of her countenance changed from indignation and disgust to vexation and mortification. "It's really very provoking !" she exclaimed—"So very absurd !—How uncommonly annoying ! But it's all his own fault for not speaking better English," and handing to me the explanatory phial, I read as follows :—

"Esquier Orchardt,
For to rob him with on the chest."

Thanks, however, to Dr. Wolf and the robbing, or a sound constitution, my uncle recovered, and is now as well as ever. In the meantime, the grand Military Manœuvres commenced under the eye of the Prince Royal. Verily it was playing at soldiers on a royal scale, some 15,000 troops being collected

for the purpose, much to the inconvenience of the town and villages where they quartered, and still more to their own discomfort in camp, where, owing to the heavy rains, there was a considerable mortality from a disorder which led to a police bull of excommunication against all plums. As a military spectacle, taking into account the number of performers, the extent of the theatre, and the magnificent scenery, it was superb. By rotation, it should be represented at Coblenz once in eight years ; and in consequence of the great expense of paying for the damage in a cultivated country, it was said the piece was never to be repeated ; nevertheless the show attracted scarcely any of the natives, excepting the day when the Prince Royal was present : some few travellers from our own country, a half-dozen of English and Hanoverian officers and ourselves were the only spectators. To a novelist, who might have occasion to describe the operations of warfare, even such an experience would have been invaluable, enhanced as the mock battles were by a most picturesque country. For my own part, although a civilian, I took an extreme interest, akin to that of the chess-player, in these Manœuvres, the purport of which I tried to penetrate, but with little success, as might be expected not merely from my ignorance of the science, but from the intricate and difficult nature of the country. The commander-in-chief was the governor of the Rhenish provinces—the veteran General Von Borstell, who, in addition to his high reputation as a cavalry officer, nobly proved his *moral* courage, during the War of Liberation, by refusing to obey the order of Marshal Blucher for the decimation of a Saxon regiment. For such conduct there is no earthly decoration : and therefore, having received all the orders which his country, or rather his sovereign, has to bestow, the brave, able, and humane General Von Borstell must look forward for the

most precious and enduring of rewards, for the best and brightest act of his life, from the King of Kings.

As might be expected, several real casualties occurred during the sham warfare ; and on the last day there happened an accident peculiar to these Manœuvres. As only half charges are allowed, the excited soldier, who wishes to make a little more noise, puts a load of earth or gravel into his musket. Sometimes, probably, a worse motive comes into play : however, we had just turned homewards whilst the victors of the day were firing their *feu de joie*, when on the brow of a hill we saw a poor fellow, sitting under a tree, with his jacket off, and the blood flowing down his arm. He had been shot, a minute before, with a stone, above the elbow, and was in the hands of the regimental surgeon. My aunt immediately insisted on having him into the carriage, a proposition which the doctor embraced with gratitude and avidity, as otherwise his patient must have been jolted two or three leagues in a common cart. So, supplying my aunt with some drops, in case the man should faint, the surgeon ran off to fresh claimants on his services : in fact we saw four or five of the common soldiers drop down from exhaustion, like dead men, by the side of the road. A little damped to reflect that these instances of human suffering had occurred on merely the *play-ground* of the "School of War," we returned to Coblenz, and delivered up our unlucky charge at the Military Hospital. "I do hope," said my uncle, "the King of Prussia will double that poor fellow's smart-money ; for if anything can be galling to a soldier, it must be to have all the pain and disablement of a wound without any of its glory."

You are not aware, perhaps, that *every* Prussian subject must be a soldier, consequently there can be no serving by substitute as in our militia. One morning, whilst listening

to the performance of the capital military band, I was addressed in tolerable English by one of the privates, who inquired how I liked their army. He was a master baker, he told me, in Oxford-street, and at the earnest entreaty of his father had left his rolls for the roll-call, his basket for a musket, and his fancy bread for brown tommy, in order to serve his two years, and avoid the forfeiture of his civil rights. Instances are on record, of individuals (Stulz, the celebrated tailor, I believe, for one) who, having realized fortunes abroad, were seized on their return to Prussia, treated as deserters, or sent into the awkward squad. Even the schoolmasters do not escape, but are compelled to join the march of body with the march of mind. As an *indulgence* they have only a six weeks' drill—how different to the six weeks at Midsummer of our schoolmasters!—but then in that time they are expected to become proficient. What a weary time it must be for the poor pedagogues! Fancy a sedentary usher, summoned from his professional desk, round-shouldered, stooping—shambling—suddenly called upon to unlearn all his scholar-like habits, and learn others quite the reverse—to hold his head very much up, to draw his back very much in, to straighten his arms, stiffen his legs, and step out, instead of his own shuffle, at so many strides to the minute. Imagine him stuck up as a sentry on gusty Ehrenbreitstein, or more likely undergoing an extra drill, in marching order, for wool-gathering, with a problem of Euclid, and wheeling to the wrong-about face instead of the right! Verily it must seem to him like a bad dream, a doleful piece of somnambulism, till convinced of the hard reality by finding himself thrust, instead of his late sober academical coat or gown, into a Prussian blue jacket, with red collar and cuffs, and feeling behind, instead of the flowing philosophical locks, the bald *regulation* nape!

Pray comfort with this outlandish picture your neighbour the graduate of Oxford, who used to complain so bitterly of the irksomeness of drilling little boys in Latin and Greek. A schoolmaster's business in Hampshire may be a sufficient trial of Christian patience : but what is it to the complex duties of these schoolmasters abroad ? Instead of his annual vacation, let him suppose himself, as a respite from teaching, being taught—to drum ! Let him conceive himself planted, with his noisy parchment, and two brass-headed sticks, practising day after day, hour after hour, his monotonous rub dub dub, rub dub dub, under the walls of Ehrenbreitstein ! Even as a listener, I have been so disgusted with this wearisome Tambour-work, that I have quite prayed for a little Flosculous Relievo !

On the parade I met the Captain, who told me that his regiment—an infantry one—was under orders to return to its proper locality, Prussian Poland. Perhaps there was some inspiration in the martial music, but the thought struck me of joining company, at least as far as Berlin. The Captain caught at the idea, and as my uncle makes no objection to my absence, the whim is likely to prove more than a freak of fancy. At least I am seriously on the look out for a horse : so as to have no more foot exercise than may be agreeable. As the marching order has not long to run, my next will probably be dated from quarters, for I shall give you a sketch of my military promenade.

This morning, as usual, I strolled about with Markham, and, Englishman-like, I proposed, on passing the hotel, to walk in and look at the newspapers. “Newspapers !” said he ; “you will find none here but the ‘Rhein-und Mosel Zeitung,’ and I can give you a tolerable idea of the contents beforehand. First, the king has graciously been pleased to confer on Mr. Bridge-toll-taker Bommel, and a dozen other

officials, the 'Adler' order of the fourth class. Messrs. Kessel and Co. have erected a steam-engine of two-horse power ; and the firm of Runkel and Rübén have established a manufactory of beet-root sugar. Then for foreign news, there are half a dozen paragraphs on as many different countries—our own amongst the rest, probably headed 'Distress in Rich England,' and giving an account of a pauper who died in the streets of London. As to local intelligence, the Over-Burgomaster has ordered the substitution of a new post for an old one, in the Clemens Platz, and a fresh handle to the pump near the Haupt Wache. A sentimental poem, a romantic tale, and the advertisements, fill up the dingy sheet." In fact, on entering the saloon of the hotel, such a meagre-looking fog-coloured journal, as he had described, was lying on the dining-table. Markham took it up, and glanced over it. "Yes, here they are, the list of Eagle orders and crosses, and the foreign paragraphs. From Italy, Professor Crampini gives his opinion on an ancient pan. From Spain nothing—for affairs are going against Don Carlos. From Greece, king Otho has displaced a native functionary, and put a German in his place. From Russia—the distinguished reception of Baron Hoggenhausen at the imperial Court. From Austria, that Strauss has composed a new waltz. From Saxony, the price of wool, and a proclamation of some petty Sovereign, who, having no transmarine possessions, ordains that all vagrants, beggars, and vagabonds in his dominions, shall be transported beyond seas. From England—zounds!—is it possible that Englishmen have allowed a namesake of the immortal Shakespeare to go ragged about the streets! To be sure the bard himself has asked 'what is there in a name?'—and, on the principle implied, we ought to hang the very first Patch or Thurtell that came in our way. There is no sentimental poem in this number ; but

there is a romantic story, and it well illustrates the exaggerated notions of English wealth, which, to the natives, serve to justify a dead set at their pockets. What do you think of this? A lady residing in Euston-square, New-road, loses her only child, a little girl. The afflicted mother advertises her in the papers, and offers as a reward—how much do you think? Only £50,000 per annum, a mine in ‘Cornwales, and £200,000 in East India shares.”

“Are you serious?” I asked. “Perfectly; it is here, every word of it. Finally, there are the advertisements, some of which even are characteristic—for instance, Mr. Simon, the notary, offers fifty dollars for the discovery of the parties who last night broke into his garden and stole and mutilated his statue of Napoleon :—and a lady promises a reward to the finder of a bracelet, containing the locks and initials M. J.—P. von F.—R. I. D.—L. A.—C. de G.—P. P.—A. von N.—and J. St. M.”

I forgot to tell you, that on a former visit to the hotel, I found sitting at the table, with as long a face as he could make of a round one, our fellow-traveller the Cockney; being by his own contrivance a *détenu*. Having as usual delivered up his passport at Cologne, he persuaded himself that the printed *Dampfschiff* document he obtained at the packet-office was something equivalent to the police permit; and only discovered the error on arriving at Coblenz. “So here I am,” said he, “kicking my heels, till my passport comes upward from Cologne;” and then added, in a genuine Bow-bell voice, “Well, arter all, there’s no place like Lonnon!” He now told me of a subsequent adventure. By one of those unaccountable mistakes which happen amongst “foreigners on both sides,” he became included in a shooting-party, at a grand battue, in the woods of Nassau. Cockney-like, he provided himself for the occasion with a great dog, of I know

not what breed ; but pointer or mastiff, the animal was equally out of place and rule. However the master was permitted to retain the beast, on condition of keeping him at heel, which he effected by tying Bango with a string to the button-hole of his trousers-pocket. In this order our Cockney was planted, at a convenient post for shooting down an avenue, at whatever game might pass across it. For some time nothing stirred, but at last there was a rustle of the leaves, and a fine hare scampered along the path. Away went Bango after the hare, and away went a huge fragment of kerseymere after Bango, leaving the astonished sportsman in even a worse plight than Sterne, when he treated the starved Ass to a macaroon ! “ If ever I shoot again,” said he, “ it shall be round Lonnon ; they’re up to the thing there, pinters and all.”

Apropos of sporting, the example of Markham and his friend has brought angling into fashion with some of the officers of the garrison. Amongst the rest we found a captain of engineers, making his maiden essay on the banks of the Moselle ; but he complained sadly of the shyness or inappetence of the fish, which had refused even to nibble, although for the two last hours, as he took the trouble to prove to us by pulling up his line : he had been fishing at the bottom with an artificial fly ! The only drawback to the amusement is the fall of large stones, not meteoric, but projected by the first idle Coblenzer of the lower class, who may happen to pass by. To such a pitch was this nuisance carried that the military piscators were obliged to post men to intercept and punish the runaway offenders. “ I can only account for so malicious a practice,” said Markham, “ by supposing that as the amusement is English, the low-born are infected with the same petty jealousy as their betters occasionally exhibit towards our country, from Prince

Pückler Muskau, down to Mr. Aloys Schreiber. But you have not perhaps seen the latter's sketch of the English in Baden? I have entered his description of an Englishman in my pocket-book, for fear of meeting one without knowing it. Here it is :—

“‘If you meet a man in a great-coat that reaches down to his ankles, wide enough to enclose a whole family, and with pockets, in each of which a couple of folios might be concealed, its wearer having a careless gait, and taking notice of nothing so much as of himself, it is, without doubt, an Englishman. If he quarrel with a coachman about his fare, and with an ass-driver about his drink money—be sure it is an Englishman.’

“Now for a companion picture. If you meet a man in a frock-coat as glossy as if it had just come through a shower of rain, with pockets big enough to hold a bale of tobacco in one and a gas-pipe in the other—its wearer strutting with an indescribable swagger, so full of himself that there is no room for sauer kraut, beyond a question he is a German. If he catches up his umbrella and his precious meerschaum, leaving his wife and child to scramble after him as they may—be sure he is a German. If he has a little cross, or a snip of haberdashery at his button-hole, and a huge ring on his ungloved forefinger, you may set him down as an Aulic Counsellor into the bargain. If you see a young lady—but no, I will not imitate Mr. Schreiber in his want of gallantry to the daughters of the haughty ‘*Isle of Shopkeepers*,’ a phrase borrowed from England's bitterest enemy, and therefore sufficiently expressive of the *animus* of the ungrateful Guide-Book-man towards so great a majority of his Courteous Readers.”

As you are a meteorologist, I must not omit to inform you, that during our walk we had an excellent sight of a

water-spout. It came down the Moselle, and at first seemed a whirlwind of dust, in the midst of which some unlucky jackdaws were flapping about in a very bewildered manner. In a few seconds the dust or vapour cleared away, and the water-spout made its appearance, extending from the water to a vast height in the clouds, where it terminated in a ragged funnel-shape, like the untwisting strands of a rope. Against the black sky behind it, the general resemblance was to a long narrow gray ribbon, bellying a little before the wind, with several smaller curves towards the top, as if from different currents of air. In this order it crossed the Rhine, rather deliberately, where, surging against the bank, it caught up a wash of linen—as it had previously carried off some skins from a tannery—and passing to the right of the fortress, was lost to sight behind the hills. It had scarcely disappeared, when, at an exclamation from Markham, “There’s a screw loose in the sky!” I looked up, and saw a long black cloud slowly revolving, parallel with the earth, and pointing with its sharp end—the other was almost flat—to the other course taken by the other phenomenon. We have since heard, that the water-spout dropped the linen and leather, and expended itself, after trifling damage, not far distant from Ems.

And now, as the convolvulus says to the setting sun, it is time for me to close. How I wish, Gerard, you could stand beside me, rod in hand, some fine evening, on the banks of my favorite Lahn! But as it cannot be, I send you a sketch instead.

Dear love to Emily, from

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

THE LAHN.—AN ECLOGUE.

PICTOR AND PISCATOR.

Pis. Stay! here we are, at the likeliest place on the whole water. Come put together your rod.

Pic. O my friend, what a sweet picturesque river is this you have brought me to!—But surely one of the worst for angling in the whole world!

Pis. Nay, you shall find passable sport here, I warrant you. There be good perch herein, and chub of an arm's length, and barbel; and what is better, as you are a Tyro, not shy and suspicious, like the experienced fish in your well-angled English streams, but so greedy and simple as almost to catch themselves. The Germans, however contemplative, are no followers of the gentle art.

Pic. My friend, you mistake me. My speech aimed not at the fish or the water, whereof I have had no trial, but at the beautiful scenery, which will distract me so, I shall never be able to watch my float or my fly. What feudal ruin is that which overlooks us from the top of the bushy hill?"

Pis. It is called Lahneck, and belonged aforetime to a Commandery of Teutonic Knights. But come, make ready your tackle; for here is a notable place at this rapid where the current rushes and eddies amongst the large stones.

Pic. Now I am ready. But by your good leave, being only a beginner, I will use a worm rather than a fly.

Pis. At your own pleasure. For my part, I prefer to fish at the top. Look!—I have one at the first cast!—a huge chub! A rare struggle he makes at the outset, but he hath a faint heart at bottom—anon you shall see him come into the landing-net as tame as a lamb.

Pic. How beautifully it comes out!—

Pis. Aye, doth he not?

Pic. —Against yon dun-coloured sky. Then all those gray tints and verdant stains! And those little feathery flying clouds!

Pis. They run very large here. You may hear them chop at the flies and chafers like a dog! And though they be reckoned elsewhere the very worst of dishes for the table, let me tell you in this country, where they do not get fish from the great deep, a chub is a chub, as the saying is. I make bold to say, I shall obtain store of thanks from some good woman of a house for this same loggerhead.

Pic. Of course there is a tale to it!

Pis. A what?—a tail?—It would be a rare sort of fish without one!

Pic. I cry you mercy! I was thinking of the old feudal castle, and some marvellous legend. There must needs be some romantic story about it, amongst the rude peasantry. How beautifully the light plays upon the crisp fragment! Marry, 'tis quite a picture! I should like prodigiously to take such a one.

Pis. And so you would,—provided you would bait as I do with a live chafer or a white moth. But hist! I have him! A still larger chub than the other!

Pic. It must be many centuries old!

Pis. How? I did not know the chub was so long-lived. But perchance you were thinking of a carp. In the moats at Charlottenburg there be carps so venerable that their age is unknown; and the moss has grown on their backs. But see,—you have a bite; your float is gone half-way across the river!

Pic. Truly, I was gazing another way. Lo! here he comes. It is a fine perch.

Pis. They are caught here of four and five pounds weight, and especially nearer to Ems; for they delight in the warm springs which thereabouts bubble up in the very midst of the Lahn. But here comes an old fisherman from the village. How he stands and stares at our prey, with his mouth in a round O, as if he would take a minnow!

Pic. What is the aged man discoursing of, with such a vehement gesture and emphatic voice, in the German tongue?

Pis. He says he is gospel-sure we have some smell or some spell to our bait beyond the natural—seeing that he hath fished here the two last days all through without a fin! And little marvel, for his tackle is a German hook like a meat-hook, and a line like a clothes-line, wherewith, if he entice a fish, he throws it clean over his head. But, look again to your cork!

Pic. Pish!—'tis only a very young perch.

Pis. Nay—a Pope or Ruff. Some naturalists opine, forsooth, that on being hooked, this same fish is seized with a sort of fit or spasm, which gives him the lock-jaw. But he bites far too boldly to be troubled with such weak nerves. But say they, when he is hooked he shuts up his mouth, which is contrary to the practice of fishes in the like case. And truly, when he hath once gotten the bait, instead of gaping like an idiot, or a chub, or a child with a hot morsel of pudding, he doth indeed shut up his mouth, as much as to say, "What I have got I mean to keep," and so locks up his jaws, and holds on like a bull-dog. But for a fit from fright—not he! Just look at his face, full front, how determined and desperate is his physiognomy! How fiercely he stares with his big black eyes—for his temper is up as well as his back-fin! Verily if he resembles a Pope at all, it is Pope Leo and not Pope Innocent.

Pic. Ay, truly, it is part and parcel of Popery : but it makes a pretty object in the landscape !

Pis. What object ?

Pic. The little Popish chapel yonder, on the crest of the mountain. O, my friend, I thank thee most heartily for bringing me to angle in so fair a scene. How serene it is !—and how much more silent for the presence of that ancient ruin, where so much riot hath been aforetime ! How largely doth an old castle, that hath made a noise in history, enhance the present peace ! Should we feel half so still or so solitary if there had never been those Knight Hospitallers, dwelling aloft, with all the shoutings of warfare and revelry, but presently dumbfounded by time ? Where now is the bold German baron, with his long line of ancestry—

Pis. He's gone—a murrain on him—line and all !

Pic. Eh ! What ?

Pis. The heaviest chuckle-headed fellow, with such a length of gut !

Pic. The bold German baron ?—

Pis. No—a chub, a chub !—but stop ! I see it—he's entangled. If haply I can but leap on to that biggest stone—

Pic. How audibly the fishes are splashing and floundering in their disport ! The sun is sinking beyond the Rhine ! Oh my friend, look at the beautiful cool tone of that gray mountain—then the dark reflection of the village and its trees in the glowing water,—the feudal castle on the other hand—half in shade—and then these rocky stones in the foreground—but—grace be with us !—what hath chanced to you ?

Pis. Chanced—why I have fallen into the Lahn ! And the while you were poetising I have helped myself out again ! Fye, what a watery figure I am !

Pic. Beautiful! Nay, stop—pr'ythee do not stir—pray, pray, pray, stay as you be!

Pis. What for?

Pic. For one mere single minute. There! Just so. With the low setting sun glowing behind—and all those little jets and liquid drops, each catching the golden light—

Pis. A plague on it! Am I standing here, dripping, for a water-colour picture? Come, put up, put up, and let us back to our inn. I must beg of our civil host to befriend me with a dry suit, and to chain up the big dog.

Pic. It will be well. But wherefore dismiss the poor dog? He was very gentle and friendly to us as we came hither. Of all animals I do love a dog!

Pis. And so do I too—in my own proper plumes. But one day a poor piscatory friend of mine fell into this same river, and was so furnished with dry clothes by our host; but after snuffing awhile and growling about his legs, the big dog flew at our unlucky angler, and with much ado was hindered from stripping him of the borrowed garments.

Pic. What marvellous sagacity! How I should like to see it tried! It would be a study for a picture—The staunch Hound springing at Conrade of Montserrat!

Pis. I'faith I thank you heartily. Come, let us be stirring. A frize on it! How the fishes are rising!

Pic. What dainty colours on those changeful clouds! Well, fare thee well, feudal Lahneck! with thy visions of Teutonic Knights—

Pis. There must needs be trout here!—

Pic. With helmeted heads, and gauntlets on their hands!

Pis. In the season, haply, even salmon swim up this river, from the Rhine.

Pic. With an ancient minstrel before them, twanging melodiously on the harp! Nay, but stop—stop—stop!

Pis. What hath miscarried ?

Pic. Nothing—but an it please you to walk a little more slowly—to let us enjoy the scene. How the creeping shadows steal over the prospect, at every moment producing a new effect ! Do look at those sportive swallows dipping into the sober-tinted wave, and producing a coruscation of burning light on ring and ripple ! How soothing this stillness ! How refreshing, after the noon-tide heat, this cool evening zephyr !

Pis. Ay, with a dry shirt, and unducked nether garments ! But here is the ferry-boat ; come, step in. Honest Charon, there is a goodly chub for thy supper, and pr'ythee thrust us speedily to the other side. Gentle, pretty country damsels, wherefore huddle so far away from me, like a flock of timid sheep ? I am but a wet man, not a wicked one. Moreover, if you crowd so to one side of the boat—ah, say I told you so !—

[The ferry-boat heels on one side, fills, and is swamped.

Fortunately the river is low, and nobody is drowned.]

Pic. *[Looking round him, up to his neck in water.]* What a subject for a picture ! What a singular effect !

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ.

MY DEAR PETER,

To prevent more funeral condolences and mistakes, as you may have heard some rumour of my illness, this is to say, I am alive and well. But I have had a very serious attack ; so bad indeed, that I begin to think that my constitution cannot be so sapped and weak as I supposed ; or how could it have held out, not only against the disorder

itself, but the German doctoring of it, which, to my mind, was the most trying and dangerous of the two! But I shall save all the medicals for Truby when I get home to Kent. At any rate, to be candid, as an honest man ought to be, even at my own expense, the notion of my going off in a moment is quite settled, for if anything could bring on sudden death, eight-and-forty hours of pain and fever were quite sufficient for a warning. Whereby you may gather that I have changed my opinion about my case; so let the doctor crack his fingers and cry out that it was all through him and his advice, to go up the river Rhine.

While I am on the subject, I ought to say that poor Kate has derived benefit as well as myself, and is a young girl for spirits compared to what she was; though mayhap she would not own to it herself, being at present in a terrible taking at what she calls a domestic misfortune, which has quite driven poor George out of her head. The same being the sudden conversion of her maid, Martha, into a papist, and such a zealous one, that she crosses her mistress as well as herself a hundred times in a day.

For my part, Peter, setting aside servants and the like, and considering only the poor and destitute orders, instead of blaming their ignorance and superstition for their being Roman Catholics, I almost wonder how they can be anything else. Having had the opportunity of studying the subject abroad by going into foreign churches and cathedrals, as well as the wretched dwellings of the lower people, it's my firm belief that their religion may be laid more to their poverty than to their ignorance. Suppose a poor old German woman in a dark dirty cold room, without fire, without candle, and without even the chirp of a cricket, by way of company. She puts on her ragged cloak, totters fifty yards, and there she is in a comfortable church, well warmed and lighted up

like a general illumination. She sees priests in magnificent brocaded robes, great gold and silver candlesticks, and shrines and chapels shining with jewels, mock or real is all one, rubies, amethysts, topazes, emeralds, sapphires, and so forth ; things which even some of her betters are apt to connect with the treasures of Heaven and the glories of the New Jerusalem. She hears a fine organ, finely played, and chosen singers, with voices like angels, chanting hymns in an unknown tongue. I mean no disrespect to the religion in saying it's as good to her as the Italian Opera in London. Then she enjoys the smell of frankincense, and the sight of grand pictures, and statues, and carvings, and, above all, there is the Virgin Mary in royal robes, with a crown, and pearls, and velvet, and ermine, like a queen of this world, and the poor old woman in her tatters has as free access to her and as long audience as the greatest court lady in the land. Is it any wonder if such a poor creature goes by choice to a church, which, along with the bodily comfort she wants at home, lets her share for a while in those pleasures of sight and hearing and so forth, for which she had senses given to her by the Almighty, as well as the rich and noble of the earth ?

Now in England, old friend, we make the church as unattractive, to such a poor ancient body, as we can. We stick her in a cold aisle, on a hard bench, and take no more pains to please her other senses. We bid her, forsooth, admire the plain unadorned simplicity of the Protestant religion. But the lady in the hat and feathers has been to the Theatre, the Opera, Concerts, Exhibitions, and Balls, or Routs, six days of the week, and instead of any denial, may feel it a relief on the seventh to sit in a quiet church, and listen to its simple service. Not that I wish our temples to be turned into oratorios, or picture galleries, or stages for

showy spectacles—all I want is fair play for the lower classes. If such gratifications as the Catholic churches afford to them, are out of character with our own Protestant places of worship, the poor people ought, in justice, to be allowed to enjoy them elsewhere. But instead of that, what do we do? We shut up our tombs and monuments, set a price on St. Paul's and the Abbey; our saints shake their heads at anything like a public ball or concert in humble life; and our magistrates put down the cheap theatres, as if Tom and Jerry, at a penny a head, was twelve times more immoral than Tom and Jerry at a shilling. To my notion, such a system is more likely to produce Catholics than Protestants; and what is likelier still, to make the lower classes of no religion at all. It's just like learning, which no boy in the world would take to if you sent him to a school without a playground.

Frank, who has made acquaintance with a captain in the Prussian service, went off this morning by diligence to join the regiment on its march to Berlin. He ought to have left Coblenz in company, but was taken ill. He nearly lost his start by the coach, for when the time came, the German maid who ought to have waked him and prepared his breakfast, was snoring comfortably in her bed. But the Germans, both men and women, in such cases, are wonderfully phlegmatic. I have been told of a pig-driver who brought a porker across the Rhine, during a hard frost; the moment the porker got out of the boat, he laid himself quietly down in the snow, and instead of rousing him, the fellow coolly lugged out his flint and steel, lighted his pipe, and patiently smoked over the pig till he chose to rise of his own accord. Kätchen had no pipe; but she had some other source of philosophy, for when told that her young master had almost lost his place, she only shrugged her shoulders; and when

informed that he had quite lost his breakfast, she only shrugged them again.

I have some thoughts of going up the river Rhine, as far as Schaffhausen, to see the famous waterfall ; but much will depend on the weather at Frank's return. This is singing rather a different tune to my former ditties ; but I know, old friend, you will be well pleased that such warnings were fancies and not facts, with

Dear Peter, your old and faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD,

Now for some account of what Mrs. Headrigg would doubtless have called her military "experiences." The most eligible horse I could pick up was one which had carried an engineer officer at the grand manœuvres : which I purchased for about 15*l.*—trappings and all. A Prussian military cloak, with a quiet blue collar instead of a red one, happened to match the saddle-cloth, as regulation, and made me so far complete. But, as the French say, the first step is all the difficulty ; and when I ought to have stepped out of Coblenz with my friend the Captain and his 10th company, I was lying in my bed with a blister on my chest, whilst my nag went without me, like the "chief mourner" at a dragoon's funeral. The Captain left me the route, in case I should be able to join, which at last I effected. My Uncle proposed posting, but, being no disciple of Zimmerman, I preferred the Eilwagen—and, thanks to the insouciance of

our German maid, who lay *dreaming* of making my breakfast, I was literally "sent empty away."

Starting on a fine fresh morning, and ascending the breezy hills in the rear of Ehrenbreitstein, it was not long before I began to feel the cravings so keenly described by the hunger-bitten heroes of Spanish romance. Scenery went for nothing. I could see no prospect but that of a *déjeûner*, which Schreiber's Guide promised me at the end of the stage. German travelling is proverbially "dooms slow," but, compared with my *fast*, it seemed slower than usual; but there is no inducing a royal postilion, for the King is universal coach-owner, to go any quicker to suit his "insides." It appeared an age ere we arrived at Ems, which, like literal M's, seemed to my fancy to stand for Mocha and Muffins. At last, we stopped at the door of some hotel, ample enough to furnish a public dinner. "How long do we stay here?" "Ten minutes, sir." "Good: a roll and a cup of coffee." And to save time, the refreshments were paid for beforehand. Good, again. But five long minutes elapsed, then six, then seven, and, at the eighth, came the roll and the cup of coffee; boiling hot;—with a jug of boiling-hot milk—there ought to have been a boiling hot cup and a red-hot spoon. The roll might be pocketed,—but the coffee could not well be poured in after it, *à la Grimaldi*. In the mean time, the post-horn kept blowing, but without making the beverage any cooler: *pshaw!*—the trick was palpable and provoking, and a few warm words might have fallen naturally from a scalded tongue. But the contrast between the paltriness of the fraud and the magnificent saloon in which it was perpetrated, had something in it so ludicrous that I got into the coupé again in tolerable good humour. I have since heard that such tricks upon travellers are so common, as to have been made the foundation of a German

farce ; and, truly, to a flying visitor they are but fly-bites which he gets rid of with a cursory d—n and a blast of the horn : but, as Markham says, when cheating and extortion come home to you as a resident, and become part of your fixtures, you have occasion to read, on week-days as well as Sundays, in the Book of Job.

Turning my back upon the inhospitable Hôtel (de Russie ?) I beheld my beloved Lahn, and could not help exclaiming, “Oh ! ye Naiads, can the scalding, parboiling springs uprising in the very middle of your native stream, be so repulsive to you, as the presence in this pretty valley—meant for silence, solitude, and sweet thoughts—of pride, pomp, vanity, the frenzy of gambling, and all the hotter passions of human nature ?”

As for Health, if there ever was such a Goddess resident at Ems, she must long since have been scared away by the infraction of sanitary rules. For instance, you are not to eat fruit ; which, by the practice at the Speisesaals, seems interpreted into a gluttonous licence to eat everything else, in any possible quantity. You are to keep your mind calm and unruffled—towards which, you are supplied with public and private gaming tables ; you are not to worry yourself with business—but invited to make a business of pleasure at everlasting assemblies and balls. The whole thing is a profitable hoax on pretended temperance principles. The very preparation for taking the waters (vide Schreiber) ought to prevent your having any occasion for them—namely, exercise, plain diet, abstinence from hot wines, or stimulative drinks—early rising and bedding, and command of your passions : in short, when you are fit to go to Ems, you need not leave Piccadilly. The rules pompously given out for your regimen at any of the great German watering-places are, in the main, quite as applicable to Norton Folgate or Bullock Smithy. If—

“there is much virtue in that if”—if a man could dismiss all thoughts of business that are bothering, all ideas of pleasure but what are innocent—if he could forget that he has a head except for pleasant thoughts, or a stomach except for wholesome things—if he would not over-walk, over-ride, over-watch, over-sleep, over-eat, over-drink, over-work, or over-play himself, to my fancy he would be a fool to leave the blessed spot, wherever he might be, for any watering place but Paradise and the River of Life.

On quitting the Lahn, the beauty of the scenery dwindles like a flower for the want of *watering*, and you enter on a lumpy-bumpy-humpy country, which is the more uninteresting as, in getting over this “ground-swell,” you do it at a walk. German horses object to go up hill at any other pace; and German postilions prevent their trotting or galloping down—by which hearse-like progress we at last looked down on the slated roofs of Langen Schwalbach or “Swallow’s Brook.” Whereby hangs, an’t please you, a swallow tale.

THE FLOWER AND THE WEED.

A LEGEND OF SCHWALBACH.

“YES,” said Mr. Samuel Brown, gently closing the book he had just been reading, and looking up cheerfully at the ceiling, “yes, I will go to Germany!”

Mr. Samuel Brown was an Englishman, middle-aged, and a bachelor; not that the last was his own fault, for he had tried as often to change his state, and had made as many offers, as any man of his years. But he was unlucky. His rejected addresses had gone through nearly as numerous editions as the pleasant work under the same title: his

heart and hand had been declined so frequently that, like the eels under another painful operation, he had become quite used to it. It was even whispered amongst his friends, that he had advertised in the *Herald* for a matrimonial partner, but without success. As he was well to do in the world, the obstacle, most probably, was his person; which, to tell the truth, was as plain and common-place as his name. Be that as it may, he was beginning in despair to make up his mind to a housekeeper and a life of celibacy, when all at once his hopes were revived by the perusal of a certain book of travels.

“Yes,” said Mr. Samuel Brown, again opening the volume wherein he had kept the place with his forefinger, “I will certainly go to Germany!” and once more he read aloud the delightful paragraph, which seemed to him better than the best passage in the *Pleasures of Hope*. It ran thus:—

“It is this,” said one of the ladies, “which makes the society of foreigners so much too agreeable to us. A mouth uncontaminated by a pipe may win with words, which, if scented with tobacco, would be listened to with very different emotions.”*

“So much too agreeable;” repeated Mr. Samuel Brown, briskly rubbing his hands with satisfaction—“an uncontaminated mouth; why I never smoked a pipe in my life, not even a cigar! Yes, I *will* go to Germany!”

A single man, without encumbrance, is moved as easily as an empty hand-barrow. On the Saturday Mr. Samuel Brown locked up his chambers in the Adelphi, procured a passport from Mr. May, got it countersigned by Baron Bülow, engaged a berth in the *Batavier*, sailed on Sunday, and in thirty hours landed at Rotterdam. The very next morning he started up the Rhine for Nimeguen, thence to

* Mrs. Trollope’s “*Western Germany*.”

Cologne, and again by the first boat to Coblenz. To most persons the greater part of this water progress is somewhat wearisome; but to our hero it was very delightful, and chiefly so from a circumstance that is apt to disgust other travellers—the perpetual smoking. But Mr. Brown enjoyed it; and with expanded nostrils greedily inhaled the reeky vapour, as a hungry beggar snuffs up the fumes of roast meat. If anything vexed him, it was to see a pipe standing idle in a corner of the cabin; but he had not often that annoyance. If anything pleased him, it was to see a jolly German, with an ample tobacco-bag gaily embroidered hung at his button-hole, puffing away lustily at his meerschaum. But his ecstasy was at its height when, on entering at night the Speisesaal of the Grand Hôtel de Belle Vue, he found above a score of cloud-compelling Prussians smoking themselves and each other till they could scarcely see or be seen.

The seventh day found Mr. Samuel Brown established at Schwalbach—a selection he had prudently made to avoid any rivalry from his countrymen. In fact he was the only Englishman in the place. It was the height of the season, and the hotels and lodging-houses were full of guests, old and young, sick and well, gay and sober, gentle and simple. What was more to the point, there were shoals of single females, beautiful Fräuleins, German houris, all ready of course to listen to a foreigner so much too agreeable, and with lips never contaminated by a pipe. The only difficulty was, amongst so many, to make a choice. But our Samuel resolved not to be rash. To ask was to have, and he might as well have the best. Accordingly, he frequented the promenades and the rooms, regularly haunted the Weinbrunnen, the Stahlbrunnen and the Pauline; and dined, in succession, at all the public tables. In the meantime he could not help noticing, with inward triumph, how little

chance the natives had of gaining the hearts of their fair countrywomen. A few, indeed, merely whiffed at a cigar, but nine-tenths of them sucked, unweaned, at that "instrument of torture," a pipe. He saw officers, tall, handsome men, with mustachios to drive any civilian to despair—but they had all served at the battle of Rauchen,—and in the Allée often verified the description by Mr. Brown's favourite authoress :—

"The ladies throw their bonnets aside, leaving their faces no other protection but their beautiful and abundant hair. The gentlemen, many of them military, sit near, if a chair can be found ; or if not, stand behind them like courteous cavaliers as they are ; excepting (oh horror of horrors !) they turn aside from the lovely group, and smoke !"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, quoting to himself—*"to expose these delicate sweet-looking females to the real suffering which the vicinity of breath, infected by tobacco, occasions, is positive cruelty !"* It was his topmost pleasure to watch such offenders ; and when the operation was over—when the tobacco-bag was bulging out one coat-pocket, and the end of the tube was projecting like a tail from the other, with what gusto used he to walk round and round the unconscious German, sniffing the stale abomination in his clothes, in his person, in his hair ! Better to him was that vapid odour than all the spicy scents of Araby the Blest : eau de Cologne, otto of roses, jasmin, millefleurs, verbena, nothing came near it. As a baffled fox-hunter once cursed the sweetest of Flora's gifts as "those stinking vi'lets," so did our wife-hunter choose to consider one of the nastiest smells in nature as the very daintiest of perfumes !

At length Mr. Samuel Brown made his election. The Fräulein Von Nasenbeck was of good family, young and pretty (a blonde), with a neat figure, and some twenty thousands of dollars at her own disposal. Why, with such

advantages, she had never married, would have been a mystery, if Samuel's favourite book, which he always carried in his pocket, had not hinted a sufficient reason.

“In the same country, where the enthusiasm of sentiment is carried to the highest pitch, and cherished with the fondest reverence, the young men scruple not to approach the woman they love with sighs, which make her turn her head aside, not to hide the blush of happiness, but the loathing of involuntary disgust.”

“Of course that's it,” soliloquized the exulting Samuel, “but *my* lips have not been sophisticated with tobacco, and she will listen to volumes from me, when she would not hear a single syllable from one of your smoke-jacks!” The difficulty was to get introduced; but even this was accomplished by dint of perseverance; and, fortune still favouring him, one day he found himself *tête-à-tête* with his Love-Elect. Such an opportunity was not to be lost; so thrusting one hand in his pocket, as if to derive inspiration from his book, and gently laying the other on his bosom, he heaved a deep sigh, and then began, partly quoting from memory, in the following words:—“It's a pity, my dear miss, it's really a pity to witness *so glaring a defect in a people so admirable in other respects.*”

“It is how?” said the puzzled Fräulein.

“I allude,” said Samuel, pointing to a group of Germans, “to your young countrymen. *To behold their youthful faces one moment beaming with the finest expression, and the next stultified by that look of ineffable stupidity produced by smoking, is really too vexatious!*”

“Ach!” ejaculated the fair Fräulein, with a slight shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

“Oh,” exclaimed Samuel in a passionate tone, pressing his right hand on his heart, and looking with all the tenderness he could assume at the young lady—“Oh! that indeed is a

face *whose delicacy is better fitted to receive the gales of Eden than the fumes of tobacco!*"

"Did you never smoke yourself?" asked the Fräulein, in her pretty broken English.

"NEVER!" said Samuel, with as much solemn earnestness as if he had been disclaiming a murder.

"Never!—and so help me God! I never will!"

The Fräulein dropped the cloth she was embroidering, and stared at the speaker till her light blue eyes seemed to dilate to twice their natural size. But she did not utter a word.

"No!" resumed Samuel, with increasing energy; "this mouth was never contaminated with pipe-clay, and never shall be! Never will I fumigate the woman I love with sighs that make her turn her head right round with disgust!"

"Do you tink to smoke is so bad?" inquired the Fräulein, with all the innocent simplicity of a child.

"Bad!" echoed Samuel. "I think it a vile, abominable, filthy, dirty practice!—Don't you?"

"I never tink of de matter at all, one way or anoder," replied the placid Fräulein.

"But you consider it a hateful, loathsome, nasty habit?"

"Habit? oh no!—For de Germans to smoke is so natural as to eat, as to drink, as to sleep!"

"At least," said Samuel, now getting desperately alarmed, "you would not allow a smoker to approach very near your person; for instance, to whisper to you, much less to—to—to embrace you, or offer you a salute?"

"Why for not?" inquired the lovely Fräulein, with unusual vivacity. "I have been so accustomed to since I was borned. When I was one leetle child—a bibi—mine dear fader did smoke whiles he holded me on his two knees. Mine dear broder did take his pipe from out his mouth to give me one kiss. Mine cousin, Albrecht,—do you see dis

piece of work I am making?" and she held up the embroidered cloth—"dis shall be one tobacco-bag for mine good cousin!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Samuel, his voice quivering with agitation—"Born in smoke! nursed in smoke! bred in smoke!"

"It is all so, everywhere," said the quiet Fräulein.

"Once more!" cried the trembling Samuel. "Excuse me, but, if I may ask, would you bestow your hand—your heart—your lovely person, on—on—on—on a fellow that smoked?"

"I am verlobt," murmured the pretty Fräulein, blushing and casting down her light blue eyes. "That means to say, I am one half married to my cousin Albrecht."

"Betrothed, I suppose," muttered the disappointed Samuel. "And—and, other German young ladies"—he asked in a croaking voice—"are they of the same opinions?—the same tolerant opinions as to smoking?"

"Ja wohl!—yes, certainly—so I believe."

Poor Samuel could bear no more. Taking a hurried leave of the adorable Fräulein, he jumped up from his chair, dashed along the Allée, climbed the hill, plunged into the woods, and never halted till he was stopped by the stream. Then taking a hasty glance around to make sure that he was alone, he plucked the fatal book from his pocket, and repeated aloud the following passage:—

"Could these young men be fully aware of the effect this habit produces upon their charming countrywomen, I am greatly tempted to believe that it would soon get out of fashion."

The next moment the leaf he had been reading from was plucked out, torn into a hundred fragments and scattered to the winds. Another, and another, and another followed, till the whole volume was completely gutted; and then,

with an oath too dreadful to be repeated, he tossed the empty cover into the Schwalbach !

In five days afterwards Mr. Samuel Brown was back in his old chambers in the Adelphi, and in five more he had engaged a housekeeper and set in for an Old Bachelor.

At Schwalbach I dined with a solitary companion, who was carried into the room like a child, and seated at the table. By his physiognomy he was a Jew, and in spite of his helpless, crippled condition, so good-humoured and so cheerful, that I felt a blush of self-reproach and shame to think that, with good health and the use of all my limbs, I could be accessible to spleen or impatience. Ere re-entering the coach, which by rights should carry no outside passengers, I saw our merry cripple carried up a ladder and deposited in a low chair of peculiar construction, which was fastened on the roof, and not a few jokes were bandied between him and the spectators on his usual elevation. As soon as he was secured, the little fat postilion raised his horn with its huge tassels to his lips, and after blowing till his red face turned purple and the whites of his eyes to pink, there came out of the tube a squeak so thin, so poor, and so pig-like, that I involuntarily looked round for the Schwein-General, his huge whip, and its victim. Few persons would believe, on hearsay, from such an instrument, that the Germans are a musical people, or that there is a Royal prize or pool of a silver watch, or the like, for the performer who "plays the best trump." To hear a postilion taking advantage of the long Rhine bridge, where, by law, he must walk his horses, to play a solo on this impracticable instrument to the *mocking* echoes from the neighbouring mountains, you not only think that he must be a crazy Fanatico in music, but that his trumpet is *cracked* too.

Our postilion, however, whatever his merits on the horn, was a good, kind-hearted fellow, and paid great attention to his paralyzed passenger, repeatedly turning round in the saddle to point out to him what was worthy of notice on the road : at last, with a very justifiable pride in his country, he fairly pulled up on the summit of a hill called the Hohe Wurzel, which I presume to translate the Turnip Top—commanding a superb view over the Rheingau, in all the glory of its autumnal colouring, and, like other beauties, greatly enhanced by its meandering blue veins, the Rhine and the Maine. I will only say of the view, that five minutes of it justified the whole tediousness of the journey. It was still glowing in my mind's eye when we entered Wiesbaden, where we suddenly passed under an archway, like those that admit you into the yard of some of our London inns. I was struck, on turning into the gateway, by the very hilarious faces of the bystanders ; and finding, on alighting, a similar circle of grinning men, women, and boys, with their eyes cast upwards to the roof of the coach, I looked in the same direction, and saw our merry Cripple laughing, as heartily as any of them, and re-adjusting himself in his lofty chair. It appeared that his good friend the postilion, unaccustomed to outside passengers, and doubly engaged in guiding his vehicle into the town, and blowing a flourish on his horn, had totally forgotten his lame charge on the roof, who only saved himself from destruction in the archway by an extraordinary activity in prostration ! We left the *patient* Patient at Wiesbaden, most probably to make trial of the baths ; and he had so won my heart by his sweet, cheerful resignation, that I could not help wishing an angel might come down and trouble the waters, like those of Bethesda, for his sake.

The mere glimpse I had of Wiesbaden produced in me a

feeling the reverse of love at first sight. It looked to my taste too like an inland Brighton ; and I was not sorry to get away from it by even an uninteresting road, lined with fruit trees on each side. It was dusk when I arrived at Frankfort ; so, having supped, I booked myself onward, by the night coach. The Prince of Thurm and Taxis, a sort of Postmaster-general, has here his head-quarters, and nothing could be better than his travelling regulations, if they were only enforced. Thus by one article it is forbidden to smoke in the public vehicles, without the consent of the whole company, whereas, instead of regularly publishing the banns between himself and his pipe, I never yet knew a German proceed even so far as the first time of asking. Imagine, then, the discomfort of sitting all night with both windows up, and five smoking, or smoked fellow-travellers in an un-Rumfordized Eilwagen ! Nothing, indeed, seems so obnoxious to German lungs as the pure ether, and I can quite believe the story of a Prussian doctor, who recommended to a consumptive countryman to smoke Virginian tobacco instead of the native sort, just as an English physician in the like case would advise a change of air.

I suppose it was the effect of the narcotic, but though I certainly breakfasted bodily at Saalmünster, my mind did not properly wake up till we arrived at Fulda, an ecclesiastical city with a Bishop's palace, a cathedral, and a great many beggars. The old religious establishments, like our old Poor Laws, indubitably relieved a great number of mendicants, but made quite as many more—as witness, Fulda and Cologne. One little beggar had planted himself with his flute by the road-side, and, with a complimentary anticipation of English charity and loyalty, was blowing with all his might at “God Save the King.”

And now for a little episode. One of our wheelers chose

to run restive, if such a phrase may be applied to standing as stock-still as if you had said "Burr-r-r-r-r!" to him; which, by the way, is a full stop to any horse in Germany. The postilion could make nothing of him, for the Germans are peculiarly and praiseworthily tender of their cattle; so out jumped the conducteur, a little, florid, punchy man, and first taking a run backward, made a rush at the obstinate horse, at the same time roaring like a bear. That failing, he tried all the noises of which the human organs are capable; he hooted at the obstinate beast; he howled, growled, hissed, screamed, and grunted at him. He danced at him, anticked at him, shook his fist at his head, and made faces at him. Then he talked to him, and chirped to him. But the horse was not to be bullied or cajoled. So the little man, losing patience, made a kick at him; but owing to the shortness of his own legs, came a foot short. Finally he stood and looked at the brute, which unexpectedly answered; for when he had looked long enough, the horse began to move of his own accord. But the conducteur bore the matter in mind. The next stage, having a steep ascent to face, we had six horses to our team, and several persons alighted to walk up the hill; amongst the rest a Russian Baron and the conducteur. The latter, with the obstinate brute in his head, went straight up to the hedge, knife in hand, to cut a cudgel against the next stoppage,—but whether, wearing no blinkers, the six horses saw the operation, or whether, the German being a horse language, they overheard and understood his threatenings—before the little man could cut his stick the animals cut theirs, and took the heavy Eilwagen up the hill at a gallop. Luckily they stopped near the top of the ascent, and allowed the Russian to run up, "thawed and dissolved into a dew," followed by the panting, puffing conducteur, but without his unnecessary bludgeon.

On reaching the crest of the hill, we had a fine view across a woody ravine, of the castle of Wartburg ; and then descending to the left, came under banks of such a ruddy soil, that I could not help exclaiming mentally, "Heaven shield us from the Vehm Gericht !" a secret tribunal, whose jurisdiction, you know, extended over the "Red Earth." Excuse the haberdashery phrases, but it was really maroon-coloured, trimmed with the richest dark-green velvet turfs. In a short time we entered Eisenach, one of the most clean-looking and quiet of towns ; yet it was a poor scholar of its free school, who had begged from door to door for his maintenance, that was doomed to out-bellow the Pope's bulls, and out-preach the thunders of the Vatican ! From Eisenach, passing some of the neatest, cleanest, and cosiest brick-built cottages I have ever seen out of England, we rattled into Gotha, which verily seemed the German for Gandercleugh ! It was market-day, and the whole town was in a hiss and a scream with St. Michael's poultry. Everybody was buying or selling, or trying to buy or sell, a goose. Here was a living snow-white bargain being thrust into a basket ;—yonder was another being carried off by the legs ; a third housewife was satisfying herself and a flapping grey gander of his weight *avoirdupois*, by hanging him by the neck.—Saxon peasant girls were thronging in from all quarters, with baskets, like our old mail-coaches, at their backs ; in which dickey one or two long-lecked anserine passengers were sitting and looking about them like other travellers in a strange place. The females were generally fair, fresh-coloured, and good-looking ; and the variety of their head-gear, in caps, toques, and turbans, was as pleasant as picturesque. Some of them were quite Oriental ; and even a plain straw bonnet was made characteristic, by a large black cockade on each side.

I dined at Gotha, at a *table-d'hôte*. Just before the soup,

a young Saxon girl came in, and modestly and silently placed a little bunch of flowers beside each plate. It seemed to me the prettiest mode of begging in the world; nevertheless, one ugly fellow churlishly threw the humble bouquet on the floor; an act the more repulsive, as great kindness to children is an amiable trait in the German character. How I wished to lay before him the chapter of Sterne and the Mendicant Monk!

A circumstance which occurred here caused me some speculation. Mine host, during the dinner, was at great pains to converse with me in my own language, but with little success. In the meantime the guests successively departed, save one, who, directly we were tête-à-tête, addressed me, to my surprise, in very good English. The same evening another gentleman who had allowed me to stammer away to him in very bad German, was no sooner seated snugly by me in the coupé of the diligence than he opened in good Lindley Murray sentences, and we discoursed for some hours on London society and literature. Perhaps the Police had on them a fit of "fly-catching," as subsequently we were detained for two hours by a very rigorous examination of passports. From some informality my own was refused the visé; but I took the matter as the German doctor treated my uncle's symptoms,—“Has he any appetite?”—None at all. “*Bon!*—Does he sleep?”—Not a wink. “*Bon!*—Has he any pain?”—A good deal. “*Bon!*” again. So I said *Bon*, too, and beg to recommend it to travellers as a very serviceable word on most occasions. Thenceforward, however, my conversable companion fought very shy of me; for he had been a refugee in England on account of his opinions, and had only just made submission, and been reconciled to the Prussian government. For my own part, I did not hear a single word on politics, from Erfurt to Halle, but a great

many on the famous hoax of Sir John Herschel's discovery of Lunar Angels ; a subject which, like any other, with plenty of moonshine in it, took amazingly with the speculative Germans.

On alighting at Halle, I found my friend the captain at the coach door, who speedily introduced me at the regimental head-quarters. The officers welcomed me with great warmth and friendliness ; and I soon found myself seated beside a jovial bowl of Cardinale, and for the first time in my life in an agreeable mess. On inquiry, I was quartered, where many a sheep and bullock had been, in Butcher street,—where for sixpence, in a very decent bed, I had five hours of remarkably cheap, deep sleep. At four the next morning I rose, by trumpet-call ; breakfasted, mounted, and between the tail of the 9th and the head of the 10th company of the 19th Infantry Regiment, was crossing part of that immense plain which surrounds Leipzig. Ere we had gone far, one of our longest-legged Lieutenants suddenly ran out of the road and brought captive a boy with a tinful of hot sausages. In a few minutes, his whole stock in hand was purchased off and paid for at his own price ; and I was simple enough to be rejoicing in the poor fellow's lucky hit, and to take the glistening in his eyes for tears of joy, when all at once he burst into a roar of grief and blubbering, and sobbed out that he wished, he did, instead of a tinful of his commodity, he had brought a cartload !—

“Man never is, but always to be, blest.”

If one could suspect Nature of being so unnatural, the vast flat we were traversing seemed intentionally laid out for nations to fight out their quarrels in ; some idea of the extent of the plain may be formed from the fact, that at the great Battle of Leipzig in 1813 the cannon fired on one wing could

not be heard at the other. As we passed through the villages, my civilian's round hat caused some curiosity and speculation amongst the natives, all practically acquainted with what was the correct costume. One man called out, "There goes the Doctor!" but from a certain gravity of countenance and the absence of moustachios, the majority set me down as the Chaplain. At all events, so much of the military character was attributed to me, that the toll-keepers forbore to make any demand, and allowed me to decide that disputed problem whether cavalry can successfully cope with the *'pike*. The foot marched on merrily, occasionally singing, some fifty or so in chorus, in excellent time and tune; and about noon, at the little town of Brenha, near Bitterfeld, the regiment halted—dismiss—and in ten minutes not a soldier was visible in the streets. They were all dining or enjoying a sleep. Not being fatigued, I amused myself with a volume presented to the Captain by a clergyman at whose house he was quartered in Nassau. The worthy pastor had, no doubt, served in his youth, and, with a lingering affection for the "sogering" (a pattern rubbed in with gunpowder is not easily rubbed out again), had made a Collection of German War Songs. The following, of which I give a literal translation, may, I believe, be attributed to his own pen. It smacks of the very spirit of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and seems written with the point of a bayonet on the parchment of a drum!

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER.

"Ach, Gretchen, mein täubchen."

O GRETTEL, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,
 My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,
 O hear me, my mild little Dove,
 In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword ;
Your picture is always going the rounds,
My Gretel, I call at every hour !

My heart's knapsack is always full of you ;
My looks, they are quartered with you ;
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,
Yea, my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms !"
Then I think you say "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades ;
As black as gunpowder is your hair,
Your hand as white as Parading breeches !

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon ;
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,
And give the word of command, "Wheel round
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."

In the evening I joined a party of officers, and played Whisk, and then more cheap deep sleep—I fear it will cause a run upon the place to quote my bill ; but dinner, supper, bed, and breakfast, seven groschen !!!

Trumpet at four. Rose and dressed in the dark ; my own fault entirely, for giving the Captain a little bottle of cayenne pepper, wherein his servant, unacquainted with the red condiment, groped with his matches for half an hour in the vain hope of an instantaneous light. After a longish walk, arrived at Kremnitz, a village near Grafenhainchen, where I found my dinner waiting for me at a country inn : the Captain quartered at Burg Kremnitz, three or four hundred yards distant. I soon had an invitation to the château.

The baron was absent, but his major-domo or castellan treated us with great hospitality. It was a large country-house, with a farm attached to it : the first living object I met being a pig afflicted, poor fellow, with rheumatism, which I am apt to have myself, only I do not walk about on three legs, with my head stuck on one side. There was something in the plan and aspect of the whole place that vividly reminded me of mansions familiar to me in Scotland, and the impression was confirmed by the appearance of the Castellan and Land Steward, who looked quite Scotch enough to have figured in a picture of Wilkie's. It seemed to me as if even their unintelligible language was only a broader Scotch than I was accustomed to. But the illusion was dispelled by another personage quite foreign to the picture, and I lost some of my pity for the stiff-necked pig in looking at a female who had voluntarily fixed her head in almost as irksome a position. In honour of the strange guests, she had donned a large Elizabethan ruff, which being fastened behind to the back of her cap, forbade her to look to right or left, without a corresponding wheel of the whole body. As she wore this pillory during the two days of our visit, it must have been a tolerable sacrifice of comfort to appearance. We supped on poultry, carp, and jack, and drank a very fair wine, produced on the estate. The next day being a rest, we devoted to fishing ; and having had but indifferent success at the mill, the castellan, after a shrewd inspection of our flimsy-looking tackle, gave us leave to fish in a piece of water in the garden. But his face very comically lengthened between wonder and anxiety, as he saw jack after jack hoisted out of his preserve, and was evidently relieved when we gave over the sport : indeed, he told us, half in earnest, that if we came again, he should set a guard over the ponds. He then went to fish himself, in a wooden box or lock, through which

passed a small running stream ; in this receptacle, having little room for exercise, the huge carp thrive and fatten like pigs in a sty. As a sample of an ill wind, the land-steward told us of a gale that blew down no less than forty thousand trees on the estate,—stopped all the roads in the vicinity, which took fourteen days in clearing ; and the whole of the wreck is not yet removed ! More deep cheap sleep, and a bill. What a difference between the charges of the byewaymen and the highwaymen of Germany !—amounting to “almost nothing.” The villagers here very generally returned to the private soldiers the five groschen per day allowed by the king, and gave them a glass of schnaps into the bargain. .

At four o'clock, blown out of bed again ; breakfasted and stumbled through the dark towards a certain spot, where, by dint of flint and steel, the soldiers of the 10th company were sparkling like so many glow-worms. This early starting was generally necessary to enable us to join the main body on the high road. About noon we crossed the Elbe, by a thousand feet of wooden bridge, and entered Wittenberg. A friend of the Captain's here met us, and by his invitation, we dined with the officers of the garrison at the Casino ; the same courteous gentleman kindly undertook to show me what was best worth seeing in the place. Of course my first local association was with Hamlet, whom Shakspeare most skilfully and happily sent to school at Wittenberg—for the Prince-Philosopher, musing and metaphysical, living more in thought than in action, is far more of a German than a Dane. I suspect that Hamlet is, for this very reason, a favourite in Germany. My next thoughts settled upon Luther, to whom, perhaps, Wittenberg owed the jovial size of the very article I had been drinking from, a right Lutheran beer-glass, at least a foot high, with a glass cover.

In the market-place, under a cast-iron Gothic canopy,

stands a metal statue of the Great Reformer, with a motto I heartily wish some of the reformed would adopt, instead of dandling and whining over Protestantism, as if it had been a sickly rickety bantling from its birth :—

“If it be God’s work it will stand,
If it be man’s it will fall.”

The statue itself represents a sturdy brawny friar, with a two-storey chin, and a neck and throat like a bull’s. To the reader of Rabelais there cannot be a truer effigy of his jolly fighting, toping, praying Friar John; a personage who, I have little doubt, was intended by the author for Luther. Motteux suggests as much in his preface, but abandons the idea for a more favourite theory. Rabelais and Luther, both born in the same year, were equally anti-catholic in their hearts, and attacked the abuses of Popery precisely according to their national temperaments—the witty Frenchman with banter, raillery, and persiflage, the German with all the honest dogged earnestness of his countrymen. Just turn to the memoirs of Luther compiled from his own letters, and compare the man with Friar John, the warm advocate of marriage, in his counsel to Panurge, and described as “an honest heart,—plain, resolute, good fellow; he travels, he labours, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey.”

Luther’s residence in Wittenberg is now a theological college, much given, I was told, to mysticism.

In the evening, accompanied by Lieut. Von J., we drove for an hour through deep sand to our quarters, passing by the way a well, miraculously discovered by Luther when he was thirsty, by a scratch on the ground with his staff; a miracle akin to that at the marriage at Cana, in Galilee, would have been more characteristic. At Prühlitz, a very

little village, the Captain found his appointed lodging in a room used as the church ; my own dormitory was the ball-room. To my infinite surprise, I found in it a four-posted bedstead ! —however, by way of making it un-English, the bed was made at an angle of about thirty degrees, so that I enjoyed all night much the same exercise and amusement in slipping down and climbing up again as are afforded by what are called Russian Mountains.

Our next day's march was across country, often through deep sand, and over such a desolate "blasted heath," that at every ascent I expected to see some forlorn sea-coast. We halted at the general rendezvous and breakfasted à la champêtre, in the Mark of Brandenburg. No wonder the Mark-graves fought so stoutly for a better territory ! To judge by the sketches produced by the officers, there had been but sorry quartering over night. One officer had such a tumble-down hut assigned to him, that his very dog put his tail between his legs and howled at it ; a second had slept in a pigeon-house, and was obliged to have the birds driven out before he could dress in the morning ; and our friend Von C., by some mistake, was billeted on the whole wide world ! Our march lasted eight hours with a grand parade, as a rehearsal, for Potsdam, by the way ; but the country being thinly peopled and the villages few and far between, the actual walk was enormously added-to by digressions on either side of the main road. Thus having arrived at a vast heath, the tenth and eleventh companies were recommended to the accommodations of a village at an hour's distance,—whilst the unlucky twelfth had to go to another as much beyond. So we started on our own steeple chase, and at last marched into Nichol, through a gazing population of married women in red toques, single women in black ones, and benedicts and bachelors in sheepskin pelisses with the wool inwards. Our

host, a sort of Dorfmeister, or village mayor, was in a robe of the same fashion. The mayoress had a round head, round forehead, round chin, two round cheeks as red as Dutch apples, a round bust that seemed inclosed in a bolster, and a round body in a superfluity of blue petticoats. The captain of the eleventh called very politely to see how I was off for quarters, before he visited his own, and in a short time after his departure I saw him walking up and down outside like a chafing lion: having been billeted by our host to sleep in the same room with a man, his wife, and their seven children. Unluckily there were no more lodgings to let in the place, and the captain was fain to occupy a shake-down on the forms in the village school-room.

I doubt if Captain Cook's first appearance amongst the Sandwiches caused more curiosity than mine did amongst the Nicholites, a party of whom kept watch in front of the house, and stared at me through the window, as if they had actually been sheep all through, instead of only in their skins. However, I contrived to give them the slip towards evening, and took a walk in the village, where I witnessed a sight akin to some so admirably described by the Blower of the Bubbles. Possibly some Schwein General had dismissed his army at the outskirts, but one long-legged pig after another came cantering or trotting into the village, and went with military regularity to his own quarters. If the door of the yard or garden was open, in he went; if not he stood and grunted and at last whined for admittance. For there is a sense of "no place like home" even in a pig. Number one, at whose gate he waited, was only a mean hovel, whereas number two was comparatively "a cottage of gentility," and the yard door stood invitingly open; but piggy stood true to the humbler tenement. Better bred swine I have certainly seen in England, but none so well taught. I almost thought

the Prussian system of universal education had been extended to the lower animals. After the pigs came the geese, and behaved in the same orderly way.

On leaving Nichol I had a hearty shake of the hand from our Host and Hostess, with a hope I had been satisfied with my entertainment and the charge for it. If I had not, I must have been an Elwes. On the point of starting, his Worship begged to avail himself of my extended knowledge as a traveller, to set him at rest as to a word he had read or heard of, namely, Flanders,—“whether they were a sort of money, like Florins?” So I briefly explained to him a matter which, as travellers seldom visit such an out-of-the-world village, had perhaps puzzled its worthy chief magistrate for the last twenty years.

From the specimen I had seen, during the last march, of the country of the Mark, it seemed rather surprising how such a territory as the present Kingdom had accumulated round such a nucleus. But has Prussia done growing? In the various petty states I had previously passed through, each had its peculiar money, its public liveries, and its striped boundary posts of its proper colours. But at the same time they had all embraced the Prussian commercial system; in some cases even enforced by Prussian douaniers; they were all traversed by royal mails, bearing the arms of Frederick William, and his coinage was current throughout. In short, a process of amalgamation is quietly going on, founded, it is quite possible, with ulterior views, for the Black Eagle has never shown any disinclination to become a Roc.

Another march, with another grand rehearsal by the way, brought us to Belitz, a garrison town, into which I had the honour of helping to lead the regiment. The truth is, in attempting “to go ahead” to the post-office, my horse refused to pass the big drum, and the road narrowing over a little

wooden bridge, I had no alternative but to charge through a crowd of children of all ages, or ride behind the band, cheek by jowl with the major in command, for the day. My humanity preferred the last, at the expense, I suspect, of a grand breach of military etiquette. Quarters at Schlunkendorf, a village to the left, at a miller's, whose parlour floor, by its undulations, plainly reminded us, that it was a house built upon the sand. The moment, indeed, you stepped abroad, you were in sand up to the ankles, and some two hundred yards distant stood the mill, in an Arabian waste, as remote from corn as the traditionary mill of Buccleugh.

Here ended my marching ; for next day being a rest, and the country being so unattractive,—moreover, not having been regularly sworn to the colours, I deserted, and made the best of my way to Potzdam. I should be grossly ungrateful not to mention the uniform urbanity and friendliness of all the officers with whom I came in contact—howbeit we were seldom on speaking terms (some who had even “been to Paris” did not speak French)—nay, a large proportion being Poles, I could not always call my best friends by their names. Of the men they commanded, common justice bids me say, that not a single complaint was made against them, nor a punishment inflicted throughout the route. It is true that in Prussia, where every mother's son and husband must be a soldier, and every man's father or brother was, is, or will be, in the army, a kindness and fellow-feeling will naturally prevail between the troops and those on whom they are quartered ; but independent of this consideration, the good conduct of the men seemed in a great degree to be the result of their temperament and disposition. They bore their long and fatiguing marches with exemplary patience ; none the less that every step brought them nearer to their homes in Poland and Silesia. One poor fellow, who had not been

under the domestic roof during nineteen years, was agitated by very conceivable feelings, and quite touched me by his recurring apprehensions that "he should not know his own good mother from any other woman!"

The fusileer who had acted *pro tempore* as my servant, with a manly frankness offered me his hand at parting, and respectfully expressed his good wishes for my future health and prosperity. Of course I gave him a solid acknowledgment of his services, but took especial care not to bid him "drink my health," having witnessed a whimsical proof of the force of discipline. The captain, then living at Ehrenbreitstein, one day made his servant a present of a dollar, at the same time saying metaphorically, "There's a bottle of wine for you." The soldier, however, took the words as a literal command—saluted, wheeled, marched off straight to the nearest wine-house, and in double quick time drank off a bottle, at a dollar—which, as he was of particularly temperate habits, took unusual effect, and sent home the obedient soldier to his astonished master as blind and staggering as Drunken Barnaby!

Thus ended my practical connection with the gallant Nineteenth. But I shall often recall my chance quarters—my provident morning foragings against a *jour maigre*—when a *searching* wind might have found a roll of bread-and-butter in one pocket, and mayhap a brace of cold pigeons in the other—the cheerful rendezvous—the friendly greetings—and the pic-nic by the road-side:—I shall often hear in fancy the national "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" chorused by a hundred voices—the exciting charge, beaten at the steep hill or deep ground—and the spirit-stirring bugle ringing amidst the vast pine-woods of Germany!

Neither shall I forget the people, at whose tables I had eaten, in whose dwellings had lodged. Perhaps the force

of blood had something to do with the matter, however distant the relationship, but my liking inclined particularly to the Saxons. Yet were the others good creatures to remember. Even in the desolate country I had lately passed through, the absence of all loveliness in the scenery had been atoned for by this moral beauty. Nature, scarcely kinder than a step-mother, had allotted to them a sterile soil and a harsh climate—the pecuniary dust was as much too scarce as other sorts of dirt were over plentiful—spoons were often deficient—occasionally even knives and forks—and at times their household wants were of a very primitive character—but the people were kind, honest, hearty, humble, well-disposed, anxious to please, and easily pleased in return. Their best cheer and accommodations were offered with pleasant looks and civil words, and I cannot recall a single instance of churlishness or cupidity.

As to Potzdam—it vividly reminded me of that city in the Arabian Nights, whereof the inhabitants were all turned into marble: at least, I am sure, that on entering it I saw far more statues than living figures. On my left, in the Palace garden, was a Neptune, with his suite, without even the apology of a pond: farther off, a white figure, and a Prussian sentry, jointly mounting guard over a couple of cannon—on my right a dome, surmounted by a flying Mercury. But the grand muster was on the top of the palace, where a whole row of figures occupied the parapet, like a large family at a fire waiting for the ladders. To my taste the effect is execrable. Silence, stillness and solitude are the attributes of a statue. Except where engaged in the same action, like Laocoön and his sons, I never care to see even two together. And why should they be forced into each other's company, poor things, blind, deaf, and dumb, as they are, and incapable of the pleasures of society?

Possibly, in the absence of living generations, the great Frederick, like Deucalion, peopled his city with stones *ad interim*; for you cannot walk through its handsome streets so silent, and with so little stir of life, without feeling that it is a city built for posterity. Of course I visited its shows; and first the Royal Palace, in which, next to the literary traces of Frederick, I was most interested by a portrait over a door of Napoleon when consul, in which methought I traced the expression of an originally kind nature, and which the devotion and attachment he inspired in those immediately about him seemed to justify. But power is a frightful ossifier, and in many other instances has made a *Bony part* of the human heart. Sans Souci pleased me little, and the conceit of a statue of Justice so placed in the garden that Frederick at his writing-table "might always have justice in view," pleased me still less. His four-footed favourites lie near the figure; but whether the dogs were brought to Justice, or Justice went to the dogs, is not upon record. In short, Sans Souci inspired me with an appropriate feeling; for I left it without caring for it—and disappointed by even the famous statue of the Queen. The spirit of the place had infected it too. With much sweetness and some beauty in the countenance, the face was so placid, the limbs so round, with such a Sans-Souci-ism in the crossed legs—an attitude a lady only adopts when most particularly at her ease—that instead of any remembrance of the wrongs and sufferings of the heart-broken and royal Louisa, my only sentiment was of regret that so amiable, fair, and gentle a being had been called so prematurely (if, indeed, she were dead, and not merely asleep) from the enjoyment of youth, health and happiness. The New Palace I shall like better when it is a very old one. You will think me fastidious, perhaps; but I saw nothing *very* extraordinary in the Pea-

cock Island ; nor yet in the Prince Royal's country-seat, except the boldness of attempting, in such a soil and such a climate, to imitate, or rather to parody—with pumpkins *pro* melons—an Italian villa.

The Garrison church is hung with sculptured helmets, flags and military trophies, appropriate enough for an arsenal, but hardly fit “visible and outward signs of an inward and spiritual grace.” The interior is well furnished, too, with captured flags, and eagles, and graven lists of slain warriors ; but it contains one very striking ratification of peace. Frederick the Great and his most rumbustical royal father, who could never live together in the same house, are here tranquilly sleeping side-by-side under one roof ! Somehow I could not help thinking of the grasshopper of the Royal Exchange coming to lie with the dragon of Bow church !

The king reviewed the 19th on its arrival in front of the Old Palace. He stooped a little under his years ; and, remembering his age, I could not help wishing that he would make a solemn gift to his people of their long overdue constitution. No monarch has been so practically taught the vicissitudes and uncertainty of human affairs ; and his experience ought to urge him as far as possible to “make assurance doubly sure and take a bond of fate.” The benefits he has conferred on his subjects he ought to secure to them by placing them in their own keeping : whereas, should he delay such an act of common prudence and common justice till too late, the world may reasonably infer that he was less anxious to perpetuate a system, said to be marked by profound wisdom and paternal benevolence, than to transmit his absolute authority unimpaired to his successor.

There have been so many journals, ledgers and waste-books written on Germany, that a description of the Prussian capital would relish as flat and stale as a Berlin fresh oyster.

I shall, therefore, get over the ground a little quicker than a Droski, which is a peculiar vehicle, with a peculiar horse, with a peculiar pace. The truth is, that, contrary to the principle of our trotting-matches, he is backed at 20 groschen an hour to go as few miles as possible in sixty minutes. In consequence, with as much apparent action as the second hand, he goes no faster than the short hand of the dial. The other day a butcher hired a Droski to take him to a distant part of the city, for which he was charged 20 groschen by the driver, who appealed to his watch at the same time, owning that it perhaps went a little too fast. "In that case, then," replied the butcher, "I'll thank you, my friend, the next time you drive me, to put your watch in the shafts and your horse in your pocket."

A judicious valet-de-place would first take a stranger in Berlin to the Old Bridge, whereon stands the bronze equestrian statue of the Great Elector. Of which statue, by the way, it is told that the Jews, with their peculiar turn for speculation, offered to cover the court-yard of the Old Palace with dollars in exchange for the verdigris on the figure: but, perhaps, fearing that they would scrape down the Great Elector into a little one, the bargain was declined. A judicious guide, I say, would place a stranger on the aforesaid bridge, and then ask the gentleman which of the two Berlins he pleased to wish to see; for, in reality, there are two of them, the old and the new. Knowing your taste, Gerard, I should take you across an elegant iron bridge to show you the beautiful front of the museum: but I should be careful of taking you within it, lest we should not come out again, for it contains an almost matchless collection of the early Flemish school of painting—such Van Eycks and Hemlincks!—to say nothing of a Titian's daughter, not merely herself but the whole picture such an eye-bewitching

brunette, that it still haunts me! Perhaps, in turning round to have another look at the façade of the museum, you will run against an immense utensil, scooped out of a rock of granite; and, if you ask me what is its history, all I can say is, I believe it was the wash-hand basin of the giant in the Castle of Otranto.

That modest-looking house, too small for the great stone helmets stuck along its front, is the private residence of the Soldier-King, who thence sees a little to the right his Arsenal, and to the left his Guard-house. The horse-shoe, nailed up at one of the first-floor windows, is not, as you might suppose, for luck, but in commemoration of being cast up through that very window at his Majesty—not by a two-legged regicide, but by an officer's charger—with what design, even Monsieur Rochow, and all his police, could never unriddle.

I have a ticket of admission for you to the Arsenal—but stop!—look up at those two-and-twenty hideous colossal masks, representing the human face in all the various convulsions and agonies of a violent death! Was there ever devised a series of decorations, remembering the place, in such bad taste,—nay, to speak mildly, in such unchristian, inhuman feeling? Why, Jack Ketch, out of respect to our flesh-and-blood sympathies, draws a cap over the face of his victims to hide their last writhings—and what is War, disguise it as we may under all its “pride, pomp, and circumstance,” but a great wholesale executioner? Its horrors would be unendurable but for the dazzling Bengal Light called Glory that we cast on its deluge of blood and tears: but for the gorgeous flags we wave, like veils, before its grim and ferocious features—and the triumphant clangour of martial music with which we drown its shrieks and groans. But here we are disgustingly reminded of what we would willingly forget, that a Battle is a Butchery. Faugh! the place smells

of the shambles! As yet we are only in the inner court, but we will go no farther. Those frightful masks shockingly illustrate that "War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art"—and who would care to see its murderous tools, however well-polished or tastefully arranged?

A cool walk under the fragrant Lindens is quite necessary to sweeten such associations. We will admire the Brandenburg Gate as much as you please; but the street, wide, and long, and handsome as it is, does not satisfy me. The houses want character—in short, as a picture, Prout could make nothing of it. But look, off with your hat!—no, not to that white-headed good old General,—but to yonder carriage. It is not the king's, but contains a personage so in love with Absolutism, that one cannot help wishing him such a pure Despotism as was enjoyed by Alexander Selkirk :—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute—
Not a creature objects to my sway—
I am lord of the fowl and the brute!"

The persons of all ranks thronging up those steps are going to the Exhibition, and if you went with them you would see some Historical pictures, by German artists, well worthy of your admiration. In landscape they are not so strong: their views are deficient in what the moon wants, an atmosphere: to be sure the painters never saw one for the smoke; and, between ourselves, they have as little eye for colour as nose for smells. Finally, instead of a catalogue raisonné, or consulting Dr. Waagen, you may go to any pipe-shop to know which are the best, or at any rate the most popular pictures, by the miniature copies on the bowls. Painting is fashionable in Berlin; and has both royal and plebeian patrons. Look at the shutter, or flap, over that

victualling cellar (akin to our London Shades) with a loaf, a bottle of beer, a glass, a cheese, and a dish of oysters, all painted to the still life! My heart leaps at it—and oh, would that I could make my voice reach to England and ring throughout its metropolis! Come hither, I would cry, all ye still-life portrait daubers—ye would-be painters and would-not-be glaziers—ye Unfine Artists

“Come hither, come hither, come hither!”

for here are Unfine Arts for you and Unfine Patrons! Here you may get bread and cheese for painting them; and beer and wine by drawing them. You need not speak German. Ye shall make *signs* for sausages, and they shall be put in your plates. Come hither! In England you are nobodies and nothings to nobodies—but here you shall be all Van Eycks and Hemlincks; at least you shall paint as they did, on shutters. Impartial hangers shall hang your works upon hinges, and not too high up, but full in the public gaze, in a good light, and when that is gone they shall show you “fiery off, indeed” with lamplight and candle. Instead of neglect and omissions, here you shall have plentiful commissions. You shall take off hats, brush at boots and coats, and do perukes in oil; and whereas in England you would scarcely get one face to copy, you shall here take the portraits of a score of mugs!

One sight more, and we will finish our stroll. It is the Fish-market. Look at those great oval tubs, like the cooling-tubs in a brewery. They contain the living fish. What monstrous jack and carp!—and species strange to us,—and one grown almost out of knowledge—prodigious bream! You may look at them, but beware what you say of them, to that old woman, who sits near them in an immense shiny black bonnet, very like a common coal-skuttle, for if you provoke

her, no scold on the banks of Thames can be more fluently abusive and vulgarly sarcastic! Strange it is, and worthy of philosophical investigation; but so surely as horse-dealing and dishonesty go together, so do fish-fagging and vituperative eloquence. It would seem as if the powers of speech, denied to her mute commodity, were added to the natural gifts of the female dealer therein;—however, from Billingsgate to Berlin, every fishmonger in petticoats is as rough-tongued as a buffalo!

But farewell to the capital of Prussia. A letter of recall from my uncle has just come to hand;—and I am booked again by the Eilwagen. Considering the distance, you will own that I have had a miraculously cheap ride hither, when I tell you that beside paying no turnpikes, I have disposed of my nag, at twenty shillings' loss to a timid invalid, recommended to take horse exercise. I honestly warranted the animal sound, quiet, and free from vice; and have no doubt it will carry the old gentleman very pleasantly, provided he is not too particular as to the way he goes; for I shrewdly suspect, wherever soldiers may be marching, my late horse will be sure to follow in the same direction.

I have bought some black iron Berlin-ware for Emily, and with love to you both, am,

My dear Gerard,

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

EXTRACTS

FROM A LETTER TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

THIS is simply to announce my safe return to the banks of the Rhine. The rest of the family party met me at Mayence, and we returned together to Coblenz, quite enchanted with the scenery of one of the finest portions of the renowned river. The alleged reason for my recall was the lateness of the season ; but I rather suspect my worthy uncle is impatient to relate his observations and adventures to his old friends Bagshaw and the Doctor,—as my aunt is eager to impart her wanderings to Miss Wilmot. Like other travellers, they are longing to publish—and no doubt will talk quartos and folios when they return to Woodlands.

The changes I found in the family on my return, were almost as strange as those which so astonished Rip Van Winkle on awaking from his supernatural sleep. My Uncle was literally a new man. His warnings had had warning, and gone off for good : and he has now no more idea of dying than a man of twice his age : a paradox in sound, but a philosophical truth. My aunt, instead of perpetually reminding us that she is a disconsolate widow, has almost forgotten it herself : and it is only on a dull and very wet day that we hear of “poor George.” Even Martha is altered for the better, for she is reconciled to her mistress, to herself, and to her old religion. The truth is, that her zeal in the new one was so hot, that, like a fire with the blower on, it soon burnt itself out. Her mistress says, the re-conversion was much hastened by a very long procession, on a very warm day, which Martha accompanied, and returned dusty, dry,

famished, and foot-sore, and rather sorry, no doubt, that she had ever given up her seat under the Rev. Mr. Groger.

* * * * *

You will be glad to hear that poor Markham has so won my uncle's esteem, that the latter promises, between himself and Bagster, to take his affairs in hand and set them to rights. Markham, of course, is delighted; and the change in his own prospects makes him take much pleasanter views both of men and things.

* * * * *

In short, Gerard, if you, or any of your friends ever suffer from hypochondriasis, weak nerves,—melancholy—morbid sensibility—or mere ennui—let me advise you 'and them, as you value your lives, health and spirits—your bodies and your minds—to do as we have done, and go UP THE RHINE.

[During this year my father began to write for the "New Monthly," then edited by Hook. His principal contributions were poems entitled "Rhymes for the Times and Reasons for the Seasons." Of these the first two were "An Open Question," and "A Tale of a Trumpet," followed by "Miss Kilmansegg"—the publication of which continued until the middle of the next year. "The Friend in Need" also appeared in the "New Monthly" this year. The medical knowledge displayed in it here and there (for which my father was probably indebted to his intimate friend Dr. Elliot), led to his being deluged with publications by medical men, who imagined him deeply versed in professional learning, of which he was "physically" incapable.]

AN OPEN QUESTION.



"It is the king's highway that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions."—BUNYAN.

WHAT! shut the gardens! lock the latticed gate!

Refuse the shilling and the fellow's ticket!

And hang a wooden notice up to state,

"On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!"

The birds, the beasts, and all the reptile race

Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!

Now, really, this appears the common case

Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Gardens,—so unlike the ones we dub

Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses,—

Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub,—

Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses?

No ale is vended at the wild Deer's Head,—

Nor rum—nor gin—not even of a Monday—

The Lion is not carved—or gilt—or red,

And does not send out porter of a Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The bear denied ! the leopard under locks !
 As if his spots would give contagious fevers ;
 The beaver close as hat within its box ;
 So different from other Sunday beavers !
 The birds invisible—the gnaw-way rats—
 The seal hermetically seal'd till Monday—
 The monkey tribe—the family of cats,—
 We visit other families on Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What is the brute profanity that shocks
 The super-sensitively serious feeling ?
 The kangaroo—is he not orthodox
 To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling ?
 Was strict Sir Andrew, in his sabbath coat,
 Struck all a heap to see a *Coati Mundi* ?
 Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note
 The pelicans presenting bills on Sunday ?—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What feature has repulsed the serious set ?
 What error in the bestial birth or breeding,
 To put their tender fancies on the fret ?
 One thing is plain—it is not in the feeding !
 Some stiffish people think that smoking joints
 Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday—
 But then the beasts are pious on these points,
 For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,
 As if transmuted by some spell organic ?

Turns fell hyæna of the ghoulish race ?
 The snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic ?
 Do Irish minds,—(whose theory allows
 That now and then Good Friday falls on Monday)—
 Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows
 Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

There are some moody fellows, not a few,
 Who, turn'd by Nature with a gloomy bias,
 Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,
 And think when they are dismal they are pious :
 Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun
 Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—
 Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one,
 Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What dire offence have serious fellows found
 To raise their spleen against the Regent's spinney ?
 Were charitable boxes handed round,
 And would not guinea pigs subscribe their guinea ?
 Perchance the Demoiselle refused to moult
 The feathers in her head—at least till Monday ;
 Or did the elephant unseemly, bolt
 A tract presented to be read on Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose ?
 Who mourns through monkey tricks his damaged clothing ?
 Who has been hiss'd by the Canadian goose ?
 On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing ?

Some Smithfield saint did jealous feelings tell
 To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,
 Because he prey'd extempore as well
 As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

To me it seems that in the oddest way
 (Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)
 Our would-be keepers of the Sabbath-day
 Are like the keepers of the brutes ferocious—
 As soon the tiger might expect to stalk
 About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,
 As any harmless man to take a walk,
 If saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,
 As surely as I am a Christian scion,
 I cannot think it is a mortal sin—
 (Unless he's loose) to look upon a lion.
 I really think that one may go, perchance,
 To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday—
 (That is, provided that he did not dance)
 Bruin's no worse than baking on a Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all the fanatic compiles,
 I cannot think the day a bit diviner,
 Because no children, with forestalling smiles,
 Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor—
 It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,
 That what we christen "Natural" on Monday,
 The wondrous History of bird and beast,

Can be unnatural because it's Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work ?
The dove, the wing'd Columbus of man's haven ?
The tender love-bird—or the filial stork ?
The punctual crane—the providential raven ?
The pelican whose bosom feeds her young ?
Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday
That feather'd marvel with a human tongue,
Because she does not preach upon a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The busy beaver—that sagacious beast !
The sheep that own'd an Oriental Shepherd—
That desert-ship the camel of the East,
The horn'd rhinoceros—the spotted leopard—
The creatures of the Great Creator's hand
Are surely sights for better days than Monday—
The elephant, although he wears no band,
Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a-week their spirits to assoil,
And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature ?"
Better it were if, in his best of suits,
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour amongst the brutes,
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

Why, zounds ! what raised so Protestant a fuss
 (Omit the zounds ! for which I make apology)
 But that the Papists, like some fellows, thus
 Had somehow mixed up *Dens* with their theology ?
 Is Brahma's bull—a Hindoo god at home—
 A papal bull to be tied up till Monday—
 Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,
 That there is such a dread of them on Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

Spirit of Kant ! have we not had enough
 To make religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,
 But saints zoological must cant their stuff,
 As vessels cant their ballast—rattling rubbish !
 Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,
 Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,
 And sure as fate they will deny us next
 To see the dandelions on a Sunday—
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

NOTE.

THERE is an anecdote of a Scotch Professor who happened during a Sunday walk to be hammering at a geological specimen which he had picked up, when a peasant gravely accosted him, and said, very seriously, "Eh ! Sir, you think you are only breaking a stone, but you are breaking the Sabbath."

In a similar spirit, some of our over-righteous sectarians are fond of attributing all breakage to the same cause—from the smashing of a parish lamp, up to the fracture of a human skull ;—the "breaking into the bloody house of life," or the

breaking into a brick-built dwelling. They all originate in the breaking of the Sabbath. It is the source of every crime in the county—the parent of every illegitimate child in the parish. The picking of a pocket is ascribed to the picking of a daisy—the robbery on the highway to a stroll in the fields—the incendiary fire to a hot dinner—on Sunday. All other causes—the want of education—the want of moral culture—the want of bread itself, are totally repudiated. The criminal himself is made to confess at the gallows that he owes his appearance on the scaffold to a walk with “Sally in our alley” on the “day that comes between a Saturday and Monday.”

Supposing this theory to be correct, and made like the law “for every degree,” the wonder of Captain Macheath that we haven’t “better company at Tyburn tree” (now the New Drop) must be fully shared by everybody who has visited the Ring in Hyde Park on the day in question. But how much greater must be the wonder of any person who has happened to reside, like myself, for a year or two in a Continental city, inhabited, according to the strict construction of our Maw-worms, by some fifteen or twenty thousands of habitual Sabbath-breakers, and yet, without hearing of murder and robbery as often as of blood-sausages and dollars! A city where the Burgomaster himself must have come to a bad end, if a dance upon Sunday led so inevitably to a dance upon nothing!

The “saints” having set up this absolute dependence of crime on Sabbath-breaking, their relative proportions become a fair statistical question; and, as such, the inquiry is seriously recommended to the rigid legislator, who acknowledges, indeed, that the Sabbath was “made for man,” but, by a singular interpretation, conceives that the man for whom it was made is himself!

A TALE OF A TRUMPET.



“Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
 Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing.”
Old Ballad.

OF all old women hard of hearing,
 The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
 On her head, it is true,
 Two flaps there grew,
 That served for a pair of gold rings to go through,
 But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
 They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.
 You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:
 From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
 Each queer feature asked a query;
 A look that said in a silent way,
 “Who? and What? and How? and Eh?
 I'd give my ears to know what you say!”

And well she might! for each auricular
 Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
 That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,
 And never hears a word of a row!
 Ears that might serve her now and then
 As extempore racks for an idle pen;
 Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
 With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
 Or, provided the owner so inclined,
 Ears to stick a blister behind;

But as for hearing wisdom, or wit,
 Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
 Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
 Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
 Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
 They might as well, for any such wish,
 Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish !

She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
 And as deaf as twenty similes more,
 Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
 Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
 Of language would call as deaf as bricks—
 For her all human kind were dumb,
 Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
 That none could get a sound to come,
 Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks !
 She was deaf as a stone—say, one of the stones
 Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones ;
 And surely deafness no further could reach
 Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech !

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
 Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—
 As deaf, alas ! as the dead and forgotten—
 (Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
 In addressing the “dull, cold ear of death”),
 Or the Felon's ear that was stuff'd with Cotton—
 Or Charles the First *in statue quo* ;
 Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
 With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,

That only stare whatever you "ax,"
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears :
And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one !
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker !

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy ;
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer !
So formed to worry
Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar !

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in !

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's work,

Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
 Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
 To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex—whatever her station—
And none the less that the Dame had a turn
For making all families one concern,
And learning whatever there was to learn
In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham—
As who wore silk ? and who wore gingham ?
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em ?
How the Smiths contrived to live ? and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigg'd together ?
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners ?
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf ?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady ?
Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle ?
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle ?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown ?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown ?
If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope ?
And how the Grubbs were off for soap ?
If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up-stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares ?
 And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows ?
In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies

Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,
 By courtesy called Statistical Fellows—
 A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
 Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,
 Jotting the Labouring Class's riches ;
 And after poking in pot and pan,
 And routing garments in want of stitches,
 Have ascertained that a working man
 Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches !

But this alas ! from her loss of hearing,
 Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spearing ;
 And often her tears would rise to their founts—
 Supposing a little scandal at play
 'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait—
 That she couldn't audit the Gossips' accounts.
 'Tis true, to her cottage still they came,
 And ate her muffins just the same,
 And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,
 And never swallow'd a thimble the less
 Of something the Reader is left to guess,
 For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,
 Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,
 But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
 She might as well have lived, you know,
 In one of the houses in Owen's Row,
 Near the New River Head, with its water cut off !

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,
 And fifty infallible things beside,
 Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,
 Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in :
 But all remedies fail'd ; and though some it was clear

Like the brandy and salt
(We now exalt)
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear !

At last—one very fine day in June—
Suppose her sitting,
Busily knitting,
And humming she didn't quite know what tune ;
For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which, unless the sound of the circulation,
Or of Thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,
It's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her Mistress heard no more of that
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat ;
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch ;
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch ;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door ;
Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor—
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turn'd its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo ! a man ! a Pedlar ! ay, marry,
With the little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,
Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings ;

A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,
 Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,
 But deem'd a piratical sort of invader
 By him we dub the "regular trader,"
 Who—luring the passengers in as they pass
 By lamps gay panels, and mouldings of brass,
 And windows with only one huge pane of glass,
 And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman,—
 If he isn't a Pedlar, at least he's a Showman !

However, in the stranger came,
 And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,
 Threw her as knowing a nod as though
 He had known her fifty long years ago ;
 And presto ! before she could utter " Jack "—
 Much less " Robinson "—open'd his pack—
 And then from amongst his portable gear,
 With even more than a Pedlar's tact,—
 (Slick himself might have envied the act)—
 Before she had time to be deaf, in fact—
 Popp'd a Trumpet into her ear.

 " There, Ma'am ! try it !

 You needn't buy it—

 The last New Patent—and nothing comes nigh it
 For affording the Deaf, at a little expense,
 The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense !
 A Real Blessing—and no mistake,
 Invented for poor Humanity's sake ;
 For what can be a greater privation
 Than playing Dumby to all creation,
 And only looking at conversation—

Great Philosophers talking like Platos,
 And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
 And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes !
 Not to name the mischievous quizzers,
 Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,
 Who get you to answer quite by guess
 Yes for No, and No for Yes.”
 (“That’s very true,” says Dame Eleanor S.)

“Try it again ! No harm in trying—
 I’m sure you’ll find it worth your buying,
 A little practice—that is all—
 And you’ll hear a whisper, however small,
 Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—
 Every syllable clear as day,
 And even what people are going to say—
 I wouldn’t tell a lie, I wouldn’t,
 But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon’s couldn’t ;
 And as for Scott he promises fine,
 But can he warrant his horns like mine
 Never to hear what a Lady shouldn’t—
 Only a guinea—and can’t take less.”
 (“That’s very dear,” says Dame Eleanor S.)

“Dear !—Oh dear, to call it dear !
 Why it isn’t a horn you buy, but an ear ;
 Only think, and you’ll find on reflection
 You’re bargaining, Ma’am, for the Voice of Affection ;
 For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,
 And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth :
 Not to mention the striking of clocks—
 Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—
 Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—

Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—
 Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
 Every sound that Echo mocks—
 Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—
 And zounds ! to call such a concert dear !
 But I mustn't "swear with my horn in your ear."
 Why in buying that Trumpet you buy all those
 That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows
 At the Queen's Levees or the Lord Mayor's Shows,
 At least as far as the music goes,
 Including the wonderful lively sound,
 Of the Guards' key-bugles all the year round :
 Come—suppose we call it a pound !

"Come," said the talkative Man of the Pack,
 "Before I put my box on my back,
 For this elegant, useful Conductor of Sound,
 Come—suppose we call it a pound !

"Only a pound ! it's only the price
 Of hearing a Concert once or twice,
 It's only the fee
 You might give Mr. C.
 And after all not hear his advice,
 But common prudence would bid you stump it ;
 For, not to enlarge,
 It's the regular charge
 At a Fancy Fair for a penny trumpet.
 Lord ! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing !"
 ("A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

"Try it again ! no harm in trying !
 A pound's a pound there's no denying ;

But think what thousands and thousands of pounds
 We pay for nothing but hearing sounds :
 Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,
 Parliamentary jabber and jaw,
 Pious cant and moral saw,
 Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,
 And empty sounds not worth a straw ;
 Why it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,
 To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner !
 One pound one thrown into the puddle,
 To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle !
 Not to forget the sounds we buy
 From those who sell their sounds so high,
 That, unless the Managers pitch it strong,
 To get a Signora to warble a song,
 You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's prong !

"It's not the thing for me—I know it,
 To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it ;
 But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs. F.

So very deaf,
 That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
 And been knock'd on the head without hearing it snap,
 Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
 She heard from her husband at Botany Bay !
 Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,
 You'll save the money as shillings go,
 And I never knew so bad a lot,
 By hearing whether they ring or not !

"Eighteen shillings ! it's worth the price,
 Supposing you're delicate-minded and nice,

To have the medical man of your choice,
 Instead of the one with the strongest voice—
 Who comes and asks you, how's your liver,
 And where you ache, and whether you shiver,
 And as to your nerves, so apt to quiver,
 As if he was hailing a boat on the river !
 And then, with a shout, like Pat in a riot,
 Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet !

“Or a tradesman comes—as tradesmen will—
 Short and crusty about his bill,
 Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,
 And because you're deaf and unable to pay,
 Shouts whatever he has to say,
 In a vulgar voice, that goes over the way,
 Down the street and round the corner !
 Come—speak your mind—it's ‘ No or Yes ’ ”
 (“ I've half a mind,” said Dame Eleanor S.)

“Try it again—no harm in trying,
 Of course you hear me, as easy as lying ;
 No pain at all, like a surgical trick,
 To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,
 Like Juno, or Rose,
 Whose ear undergoes
 Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,
 For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle !

“ You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,
 Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,
 Or cut your tonsils right away,
 As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-day ;

And after all a matter of doubt,
 Whether you ever would hear the shout
 Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
 ‘There you go with your tonsils out!’

Why I knew a deaf Welshman, who came from Glamorgan
 On purpose to try a surgical spell,
 And paid a guinea, and might as well

Have call’d a monkey into his organ!
 For the Aurist only took a mug,
 And pour’d in his ear some acoustical drug,
 That, instead of curing, deafen’d him rather,
 As Hamlet’s uncle served Hamlet’s father!
 That’s the way with your surgical gentry!

And happy your luck
 If you don’t get stuck
 Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,
 Because you never answer’d the sentry!

“Try it again, dear Madam, try it!
 Many would sell their beds to buy it.
 I warrant you often wake up in the night,
 Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,
 And up you must get to strike a light,
 And down you go, in you know what,
 Whether the weather is chilly or hot,—
 That’s the way a cold is got,—
 To see if you heard a noise or not!

“Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours
 Is hardly safe to step out of doors!
 Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,
 But as quiet as if he was ‘shod with felt,’

Till he rushes against you with all his force,
 And then I needn't describe the course,
 While he kicks you about without remorse,
 How awkward it is to be groom'd by a horse !
 Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
 And you never dream that the brute is near,
 Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,
 Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
 And all for want of buying a trumpet !

“ I'm not a female to fret and vex,
 But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,
 Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,
 I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.

Lord ! only think of chucking a copper
 To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,
 Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,
 Instead of a song that's very improper !
 Or just suppose in a public place
 You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,
 With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—
 And how is a poor deaf lady to know,—
 The lower orders are up to such games—
 If he's calling ' Green Peas,' or calling her names ?”
 (“ They're tenpence a peck !” said the deafest of Dames.)

“ 'Tis strange what very strong advising,
 By word of mouth, or advertising,
 By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
 With fifty other different plans,
 The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,
 It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing !

Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
 A Safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,—
 Infallible Pills for the human frame,
 Or Rowland's O-don't-o (an ominous name) !
 A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits
 That it beats all others into *fits* ;
 A Mechi's razor for beards unshorn,
 Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn !

“ Try it again, Ma'am, only try ! ”
 Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry ;
 “ It's a great privation, there's no dispute,
 To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
 And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,
 And how Society's going on,
 Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
 And all for want of this *sine quâ non* ;
 Whereas, with a horn that never offends,
 You may join the genteelest party that is,
 And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,
 And be certain to hear of your absent friends ;—
 Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
 In genteel society ever detract,
 Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,—
 At least as a mere malicious act,—
 But only talk scandal for fear some fool
 Should think they were bred at *charity* school.
 Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,
 Which even the most Don Juanish rake
 Would surely object to undertake
 At the same high pitch as an altercation.
 It's not for me, of course, to judge
 How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge ;

But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
 Letting alone more rational patter—
 Only to hear a parrot chatter :
 Not to mention that feather'd wit,
 The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit ;
 The Pies and Jays that utter words,
 And other Dicky Gossips of birds,
 That talk with as much good sense and decorum,
 As many *Beaks* who belong to the quorum.

“ Try it—buy it—say ten and six,
 The lowest price a miser could fix :
 I don't pretend with horns of mine,
 Like some in the advertising line,
 To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales,
 That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's ;
 But popular rumours, right or wrong,—
 Charity sermons, short or long,—
 Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,
 All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
 From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
 This tube will deliver distinct and clear ;

Or, supposing by chance

You wish to dance,

Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear !

Try it—buy it !

Buy it—try it !

The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it,

For guiding sounds to their proper tunnel :

Only try till the end of June,

And if you and the Trumpet are out of tune

I'll turn it gratis into a funnel !”

In short, the pedlar so beset her,—
 Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,—
 With flatteries plump and indirect,
 And plied his tongue with such effect,—
 A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—
 The deaf old woman bought the Trumpet.

* * * * *

The pedlar was gone. With the horn's assistance,
 She heard his steps die away in the distance ;
 And then she heard the tick of the clock,
 The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock ;
 And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,
 And heard it fall as plain as a skittle !

'Twas a wonderful horn, to be but just !
 Nor meant to gather dust, must and rust ;
 So in half a jiffy, or less than that,
 In her scarlet cloak and her steeple-hat,
 Like old Dame Trot, but without her cat,
 The gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,
 As if she meant to canvass the borough,
 Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity ;—
 And, sure, had the horn been one of those
 The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose,
 It couldn't have ripped up more depravity !

Depravity ! mercy shield her ears !
 'Twas plain enough that her village peers
 In the ways of vice were no raw beginners ;
 For whenever she raised the tube to her drum

Such sounds were transmitted as only come
 From the very Brass Band of human sinners !
 Ribald jest and blasphemous curse
 (Bunyan never vented worse),
 With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
 Which the Seven Dialecticians teach ;
 Filthy Conjunctions, and Dissolute Nouns,
 And Particles pick'd from the kennels of towns,
 With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
 Chiefly active in rows and mobs,
 Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs,
 And Interjections as bad as a blight,
 Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight ;
 Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
 And smacking of vulgar lips where Gin,
 Garlic, Tobacco, and offals go in—
 A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
 To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
 So fit for the brute with the human shape,
 Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
 From their ugly mouths it will certainly come
 Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb !

Alas ! for the Voice of Virtue and Truth,
 And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth !
 The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
 Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
 Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang ;
 While the charity chap,
 With his muffin cap,
 His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
 Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,

Cursed his eyes, limbs, body and soul,
As if they didn't belong to the Parish !

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,
The wicked words of the popular song ;
Or supposing she listen'd—as gossips will—
At a door ajar, or a window agape,
To catch the sounds they allow'd to escape,
Those sounds belonged to Depravity still !
The dark allusion, or bolder brag
Of the dexterous “dodge,” and the lots of “swag,”
The plunder'd house—or the stolen nag—
The blazing rick, or the darker crime,
That quench'd the spark before its time—
The wanton speech of the wife immoral—
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,
With savage menace, which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop “for the knife ;”
The human liver, no better than that,
Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat ;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like “a shocking bad hat,”
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding !

In short, wherever she turn'd the horn,
To the highly bred, or the lowly born,
The working man, who look'd over the hedge,
Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,
The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,
Or the Governess pacing the village through,
With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,
Looking, as such young ladies do,
Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with morals—

Whether she listen'd to Hob or Bob,
 Nob or Snob,
 The Squire on his cob,
 Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,
 To the "Saint" who expounded at "Little Zion"—
 Or the "Sinner" who kept "the Golden Lion"—
 The man teetotally wean'd from liquor—
 The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverend Vicar—
 Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicker—
 She gather'd such meanings, double or single,
 That like the bell
 With muffins to sell,
 Her ear was kept in a constant tingle !

But this was nought to the tales of shame,
 The constant runnings of evil fame,
 Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
 That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,
 Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink :
 While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,
 With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,
 And not a little of feline spleen
 Lapp'd up in "Catty packages," too,
 To give a zest to the sipping and supping ;
 For still by some invisible tether,
 Scandal and Tea are link'd together,
 As surely as Scarification and Cupping ;
 Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea—
 Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,
 For some grocerly thieves
 Turn over new leaves,
 Without much amending their lives or their tea —

No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd
 Were such wild and horrible anecdotes heard,
 As blacken'd their neighbours of either gender,
 Especially that, which is call'd the Tender,
 But, instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
 Was harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women ! the wretches ! had soil'd and marr'd
 Whatever to womanly nature belongs ;
 For the marriage tie they had no regard,
 Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,
 (Like Madam Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches
 Kept cutting off her L by inches)—
 And as for drinking, they drank so hard
 That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs !

The men—they fought and gambled at fairs ;
 And poach'd—and didn't respect grey hairs—
 Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses ;
 And broke in houses as well as horses ;
 Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,—
 And would their own mothers and wiyes for a button :
 But not to repeat the deeds they did,
 Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,
 If all were true that fell from the tongue,
 There was not a villager, old or young,
 But deserved to be whipp'd, imprison'd, or hung,
 Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries,
 To publish at Colburn's, or Longman's, or Murray's.

Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,
 Transmitted each vile diabolical story ;

And gave the least whisper of slips and falls,
 As that Gallery does in the Dome of St. Paul's,
 Which, as all the world knows, by practice or print,
 Is famous for making the most of a hint.

Not a murmur of shame,

Or buzz of blame,

Not a flying report that flew at a name,
 Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,
 Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat,
 Of a beam in the eye, or diminutive mote,
 But vortex-like that tube of tin
 Suck'd the censorious particle in ;

And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ
 As ever listen'd to serpent's hiss,
 Nor took the viperous sound amiss,

On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon !

The Dame, it is true, would mutter "shocking !"
 And give her head a sorrowful rocking,
 And make a clucking with palate and tongue,
 Like the call of Partlet to gather her young,
 A sound, when human, that always proclaims
 At least a thousand pities and shames ;

But still the darker the tale of sin,
 Like certain folks, when calamities burst,
 Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst,"

The farther she poked the Trumpet in.
 Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread
 East and West, and North and South,
 Like the ball which, according to Captain Z,
 Went in at his ear, and came out at his mouth.

What wonder between the Horn and the Dame,
Such mischief was made wherever they came,
That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame !

For although it required such loud discharges,
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,
To turn the smallest of table-beer,
A little whisper breathed into the ear

Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."

In fact such very ill blood there grew,

From this private circulation of stories,
That the nearest neighbours the village through,
Look'd at each other as yellow and blue,
As any electioneering crew

Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah ! well the Poet said, in sooth,
That "whispering tongues can poison Truth,"—
Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,
And rack dear Love with internal fuel,
Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,
Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel,—
At least such torments began to wring 'em

From the very morn

When that mischievous Horn
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs.
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,
While feuds arose and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals,
For screws were loose between brother and brother,
While sisters fasten'd their nails on each other ;

Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,
 And spar, and jar—and breezes as stiff
 As ever upset a friendship—or skiff !
 The plighted lovers, who used to walk,
 Refused to meet, and declined to talk ;
 And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun,
 That they mightn't look together on one ;
 While wedded affection ran so low,
 That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo—
 And instead of the toddle adown the hill,
 Hand in hand,
 As the song has planned,
 Scratch'd her, penniless, out of his will !

In short, to describe what came to pass
 In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,
 Instead of "Love in a Village"—alas !
 The piece they perform'd was "The Devil to Pay !"

However, as secrets are brought to light,
 And mischief comes home like chickens at night ;
 And rivers are track'd throughout their course,
 And forgeries traced to their proper source ;—
 And the sow that ought
 By the ear is caught,—
 And the sin to the sinful door is brought ;
 And the cat at last escapes from the bag—
 And the saddle is placed on the proper nag ;
 And the fog blows off, and the key is found—
 And the faulty scent is pick'd out by the hound—
 And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground—
 And the matter gets wind to waft it about ;
 And a hint goes abroad, and the murder is out—

And the riddle is guess'd—and the puzzle is known—
So the truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was *blown!*

* * * * *

'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—
But the Tringham people are all agog ;
Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,—
With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns,—
As if in pursuit of a rabid dog ;
But their voices—raised to the highest pitch—
Declare that the game is “a Witch!—a Witch!”

Over the Green, and along by The George—
Past the Stocks, and the Church, and the Forge,
And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,
Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage beyond,
And there at the door they muster and cluster,
And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster—
Enough to put Old Nick in a fluster!
A noise, indeed, so loud and long,
And mix'd with expressions so very strong,
That supposing, according to popular fame,
“Wise Woman” and Witch to be the same,
No hag with a broom would unwisely stop,
But up and away through the chimney-top ;
Whereas, the moment they burst the door,
Planted fast on her sanded floor,
With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,
Lo and behold!—Dame Eleanor Spearing!

Oh! then arises the fearful shout—
Bawl'd and scream'd, and bandied about—
“Seize her!—Drag the old Jezebel out!”

While the Beadle—the foremost of all the band,
Snatches the Horn from her trembling hand—
And after a pause of doubt and fear,
Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

“ Now silence—silence—one and all ! ”

For the Clerk is quoting from Holy Paul !

But before he rehearses

A couple of verses,

The Beadle lets the Trumpet fall :

For instead of the words so pious and humble,
He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough ! and more than enough ;—
Twenty impatient hands and rough,
By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,
Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff—
Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff—
Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,
With the spite of Woman and fury of Man ;
And then—but first they kill her cat,
And murder her dog on the very mat—
And crush the infernal Trumpet flat ;—
And then they hurry her through the door
She never, never will enter more !

Away ! away ! down the dusty lane
They pull her, and haul her, with might and main ;
And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry,
Dandy, or Sandy, Jerry, or Larry,
Who happens to get “ a leg to carry ! ”
And happy the foot that can give her a kick,
And happy the hand that can find a brick—

And happy the fingers that hold a stick—
 Knife to cut, or pin to prick—
 And happy the Boy who can lend her a lick ;—
 Nay, happy the urchin—Charity-bred,—
 Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head !

Alas ! to think how people's creeds
 Are contradicted by people's deeds !
 But though the wishes that Witches utter
 Can play the most diabolical rigs—
 Send styes in the eye—and measle the pigs—
 Grease horses' heels—and spoil the butter ;
 Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk—
 And turn new milk to water and chalk,—
 Blight apples—and give the chickens the pip—
 And cramp the stomach—and cripple the hip—
 And waste the body—and addle the eggs—
 And give a baby bandy legs ;
 Though in common belief a Witch's curse
 Involves all these horrible things, and worse—
 As ignorant bumpkins all profess,
 No bumpkin makes a poke the less
 At the back or ribs of old Eleanor S. !

As if she were only a sack of barley !
 Or gives her credit for greater might
 Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night
 On that other old woman, the parish Charley !

Ay, now's the time for a Witch to call
 On her Imps and Sucklings one and all—
 Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,
 (As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)
 Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,

Greedy Grizel, Jarmara the Black,
 Vinegar Tom and the rest of the pack—
 Ay, now's the nick for her friend Old Harry
 To come "with his tail" like the bold Glengarry,
 And drive her foes from their savage job
 As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob :—

 But no such matter is down in the bond ;
 And spite of her cries that never cease,
 But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,
 The dame is dragg'd to the fatal pond !

And now they come to the water's brim—
 And in they bundle her—sink or swim ;
 Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,
 With twenty sticks to hold her down ;
 Including the help to the self-same end,
 Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.
 A Pedlar !—Yes !—The same !—the same !
 Who sold the Horn to the drowning Dame !
 And now is foremost amid the stir,
 With a token only reveal'd to her ;
 A token that makes her shudder and shriek,
 And point with her finger, and strive to speak—
 But before she can utter the name of the Devil,
 Her head is under the water level !

MORAL.

There are folks about town—to name no names—
 Who much resemble that deafest of Dames !
 And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,
 Circulate many a scandalous word,
 And whisper tales they could only have heard
 Through some such Diabolical Trumpets !

NOTE.

THE following curious passage is quoted for the benefit of such Readers as are afflicted, like Dame Spearing, with Deafness, and one of its concomitants, a singing or ringing in the head. The extract is taken from "Quid Pro Quo; or a Theory of Compensations. By P. S." (perhaps Peter Shard), folio edition.

"Soe tenderly kind and gracious is Nature, our Mother, that She seldom or never puts upon us any Grievance without making Us some Amends, which, if not a full and perfect Equivalent, is yet a great Solace or Salve to the Sore. As is notably displaid in the Case of such of our Fellow Creatures as undergoe the Loss of Heering, and are thereby deprived of the Comfort and Entertainment of Natural Sounds. In lew whereof the Deaf Man, as testified by mine own Experience, is regaled with an inward Musick that is not vouchsafed unto a Person who hath the compleet Usage of his Ears. For note, that the selfsame Condition of Boddy which is most apt to bring on a Surdity,—namely, a general Relaxing of the delicate and subtile Fibres of the Human Nerves, and mainly such as belong and propinque to the Auricular Organ, this very Unbracing which silences the Tympanum, or drum, is the most instrumental Cause in producing a Consort in the Head. And, in particular, that affection which the Physitians have called Tinnitus, by reason of its Resemblance to a Ring of Bells. The Absence of which, as a National Musick, would be a sore Loss and Discomfort to any Native of the Low Countryes, where the Steeples and Church-Towers with their Carillons maintain an allmost endlesse Tingle; seeing that before one quarterly Chime of the Cloke hath well ended,

another must by Time's Command strike up its Tune. On which Account, together with its manye waterish Swamps and Marshes, the Land of Flandres is said by the Wits to be Ringing Wet. Such campanulary Noises would alsoe be heavily mist and lamented by the Inhabitants of that Ringing Island described in Rabelais his works, as a Place constantly filled with a Corybantick Jingle Jangle of great, middle-sized, and little Bells : wherewith the People seem to be as much charmed as a Swarm of Bees with the Clanking of brazen Kettles and Pans. And which Ringing Island cannot of a surety be Barbadoes, as certain Authors have supposed, but rather our own tintinnabulary Island of Brittain, where formerly a Saxon could not soe much as quench a Fire or a Candle but to the tune of a Bell. And even to this day, next to the Mother Tongue, the one mostly used is in a Mouth of Mettal, and withal so loosely hung, that it must needs wag at all Times and on all Topicks. For your English Man is a mighty Ringer, and besides furnishing Bells to a Bellfry, doth hang them at the Head of his Horse, and at the Neck of his Sheep—on the Cap of his Fool, and on the Heels of his Hawk. And truly I have known more than one amongst my Country Men, who would undertake more Travel, and Cost besides, to hear a Peal of Grandsires, than they would bestow to look upon a Generation of Grandchildren. But alake ! all these Bells with the huge Muscovite, and Great Tom of Lincoln to boot, be but as Dumb Bells to the Deaf Man : wherefore, as I said, Nature kindly steps in with a Compensation, to wit a Tinnitus, and converts his own Head into a Bellfry, whence he hath Peals enow, and what is more, without having to pay the Ringers."

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.



“What is here?
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold?”
Timon of Athens.

HER PEDIGREE.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree
To the very root of the family tree
Were a task as rash as ridiculous:
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle old Nick,—
Not to name Sir Harris Nicolas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain;
But, waiving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feather'd his nest
Through an Agricultural Interest
In the Golden Age of Farming;
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,
And golden pippins—the sterling kind
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—
Made Horticulture quite charming!

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,
He lived at a very lively rate,
But his income would bear carousing ;
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,
The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth
Were turn'd into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift
To each son of his loins, or daughter :
And his debts—if debts he had—at will
He liquidated by giving each bill
A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even his pigs of lead,
By crossing with some by Midas bred,
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.
And as for cattle, one yearling bull
Was worth all Smithfield-market full
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,
Like human creatures of birth and blood,
Had their Golden Cups and flagons :
And as for the common husbandry nags,
Their noses were tied in money-bags,
When they stopp'd with the carts and waggons.

Moreover, he had a Golden Ass,
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,
That was worth his own weight in money—

And a golden hive, on a Golden Bank,
 Where golden bees, by alchemical prank,
 Gather'd gold instead of honey.

Gold ! and gold ! and gold without end !
 He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
 Gold to give, and gold to lend,
 And reversions of gold *in futuro*.
 In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd,
 Himself and wife and sons so bold ;—
 And his daughters sang to their harps of gold
 “ O bella eta del' oro ! ”

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg Kin,
 In golden text on a vellum skin,
 Though certain people would wink and grin,
 And declare the whole story a parable—
 That the Ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghrimes,
 Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,
 Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money, his golden bees
 Were the Five per Cents., or which you please,
 When his cash was more than plenty—
 That the golden cups were racing affairs ;
 And his daughters, who sang Italian airs,
 Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the Golden Ass, or Golden Bull,
 Was English John, with his pockets full,
 Then at war by land and water :
 While beef, and mutton, and other meat,

Were almost as dear as money to eat,
 And Farmers reaped Golden Harvests of wheat
 At the Lord knows what per quarter !

HER BIRTH.

What different dooms our birthdays bring !
 For instance, one little manikin thing
 Survives to wear many a wrinkle ;
 While Death forbids another to wake,
 And a son that it took nine moons to make
 Expires without even a twinkle !

Into this world we come like ships,
 Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
 For fortune fair or fatal ;
 And one little craft is cast away
 In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
 While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord !
 This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord !
 And that to be shunn'd like a leper !
 One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
 Another, like Colchester native, born
 To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof
 Neither wind nor water proof—
 That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
 A puny, naked, shivering wretch,

The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
 Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,
 The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
 Another comes tenderly ushered in
 To a prospect all bright and burnish'd :
 No tenant he for life's back slums—
 He comes to the world, as a gentleman comes
 To a lodging ready furnish'd.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
 What wide reverses of fate are there !
 Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
 In a garden of Gul reposes—
 Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street
 Till—think of that, who find life so sweet !—
 She hates the smell of roses !

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg !
 She was not born to steal or beg,
 Or gather cresses in ditches ;
 To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,
 Or sit all day to hem and sew,
 As females must—and not a few—
 To fill their insides with stitches !

She was not doom'd, for bread to eat,
 To be put to her hands as well as her feet—
 To carry home linen from mangles—
 Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limb'd,
 To dance on a rope in a jacket trimm'd
 With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
 In her mouth, not a wooden ladle :
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
 And Midas rock'd the cradle.

At her first *debut* she found her head
On a pillar of down, in a downy bed,
 With a damask canopy over.
For although, by the vulgar popular saw,
All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"
 Some children are born in clover.

Her very first draught of vital air,
It was not the common chameleon fare
 Of plebeian lungs and noses,—
 No—her earliest sniff
 Of this world was a whiff
 Of the genuine Otto of Roses !

When she saw the light, it was no mere ray
Of that light so common—so everyday—
 That the sun each morning launches—
But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,
From a thing—a gooseberry bush for size—
 With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,
As witness'd a time-piece in or-molu
 That stood on a marble table—
Showing at once the time of day,
And a team of *Gildings* running away

As fast as they were able,
With a golden God, with a golden Star,
And a golden Spear, in a golden Car,
According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried ;
Which made a sensation far and wide—
Ay, for twenty miles around her :
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder !
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, " Confound her ! "

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,
Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth,
Or the advent of other great people :
Two bullocks dropp'd dead,
As if knock'd on the head,
And barrels of stout
And ale ran about,
And the village-bells such a peal rang out,
That they crack'd the village-steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,
Tables sprang up all over the lawn ;
Not furnish'd scantily or shabbily,
But on scale as vast
As that huge repast,
With its loads and cargoes
Of drink and botargoes,
At the Birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turn'd into beasts,
Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,
By the magic of ale and cider :
And each country lass, and each country lad,
Began to caper and dance like mad,
And ev'n some old ones appear'd to have had
A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,
It had scared King John
Who considered such signs not risible,
To have seen the maroons,
And the whirling moons,
And the serpents of flame,
And wheels of the same,
That according to some were "whizzable."

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs !
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,
That her parents had such full pockets !
For had she been born of Want and Thrift,
For care and nursing all adrift,
It's ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets !

And how was the precious baby drest ?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Croesus's issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of rich gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,
By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,
Of notions so exalted,
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,
And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The babe was fed night, morning, and noon ;
And altho' the tale seems fabulous,
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built
For the horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick—
For pain will wring, and pins will prick,
E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter—
They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet,—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor—
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babes are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spencer.

HER CHRISTENING.

Though Shakspeare asks us, "What's in a name?"
 (As if cognomens were much the same),

There's really a very great scope in it.

A name?—why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,
 That servant at once of Mammon and God,
 Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
 A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?

A name?—if the party had a voice,
 What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
 As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?

Or any such nauseous blazon?

Not to mention many a vulgar name,
 That would make a door-plate blush for shame,
 If door-plates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,
 And belongs to good or bad luck at birth—
 As dames of a certain degree know.

In spite of his Page's hat and hose,
 His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows,
 Bob only sounds like a page in prose
 Till turn'd into Rupertino.

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,
 For days and days it was quite a plague,
 To hunt the list in the Lexicon:
 And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring,
 Ere names were found just the proper thing
 For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent the presence to beg
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,

White, yellow, and brown relations :
Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,
And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,
Rising in life like rockets—
Nieces, whose doweries knew no hitch—
Aunts, as certain of dying rich
As candles in golden sockets—
Cousins German and Cousin's sons,
All thriving and opulent—some had tons
Of Kentish hops in their pockets !

For money had stuck to the race through life
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife
Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—

And down to the Cousins and Coz-lings,
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,
As if they had come out of golden eggs,
Were all as wealthy as "Goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity :
The lofty Lord, and the titled Dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity :
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,

Nine foreign Counts, and other great men
 With their orders and stars, to help "M. or N."
 To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg
 The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
 And need an elaborate sonnet ;
 How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
 And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
 And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
 Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
 And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
 To think of his heiress and daughter—
 And then in his pockets he made a grope,
 And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
 Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap
 In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
 Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
 By some occult projection :
 And his cheeks instead of a healthy hue,
 As yellow as any guinea grew,
 Making the common phrase seem true,
 About a rich complexion.

And now came the nurse, and during a pause,
 Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause
 A very autumnal rustle—
 So full of figure, so full of fuss,

As she carried about the babe to buss,
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—
And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
In spite of Spanish bravado ;
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun
Like a copy—a presentation one—
Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold ! and gold ! and nothing but gold !
The same auriferous shine behold
Wherever the eye could settle !
On the walls—the sideboard—the ceiling-sky—
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a miner's eye
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold ! and gold ! and besides the gold,
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold,
It lapp'd her like a vapour !
So fine ! so thin ! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing except a cross
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect sight, forsooth,
To see them, like "the dew of her youth,"

In such a plentiful sprinkle.

Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the form,
And gave her another, not overwarm,

That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd and bless'd amain !

But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,

Which the humbler female endorses—

Instead of one name, as some people prefix,

Kilmansegg, went at the tails of six,

Like a carriage of state with its horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs !

The golden mugs and the golden jugs

That lent fresh rays to the midges !

The golden knives, and the golden spoons,

The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,

It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,

But look'd like Rundell and Bridge's !

Gold ! and gold ! the new and the old !

The company ate and drank from gold,

They revell'd, they sang, and were merry ;

And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,

And toasted "the Lass with the golden hair"

In a bumper of Golden Sherry.

Gold ! still gold ! it rain'd on the nurse,

Who—un-like Danæ—was none the worse !

There was nothing but guineas glistening !

Fifty were given to Doctor James,
For calling the little Baby names,
And for saying, Amen !
The Clerk had ten,
And that was the end of the Christening.

HER CHILDHOOD.

Our youth ! our childhood ! that spring of springs !
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things
That nature ever invented !
When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,
And all with their lots contented !

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt—
But what cares Phelim ? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
(That's the Irish linen for shirt)
And a slice of bread with a taste of dirt,
(That's Poverty's Irish butter)
And what does he lack to make him blest ?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end, and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,
 Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,
 For which no dog would quarrel—
 Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,
 Cutting her first little toothy-peg
 With a fifty-guinea coral—
 A peg upon which
 About poor and rich
 Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,
 Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd, and lapp'd from the first
 On the knees of Prodigality,
 Her childhood was one eternal round
 Of the game of going on Tickler's ground
 Picking up gold—in reality.

With extempore carts she never play'd,
 Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,
 Or little dirt pies and puddings made,
 Like children happy and squalid ;
 The very puppet she had to pet,
 Like a bait for the " Nix my Dolly " set,
 Was a Dolly of gold—and solid !

Gold ! and gold ! 'twas the burden still !
 To gain the Heiress's early goodwill
 There was much corruption and bribery—
 The yearly cost of her golden toys
 Would have given half London's Charity Boys
 And Charity Girls the annual joys
 Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt *cornet* ;
 And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day ;
 Till her fancy was tinged by her presents—
 And first a Goldfinch excited her wish,
 Then a spherical bowl with its Golden fish,
 And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squall'd and scream'd like wild—
 And it shows how the bias we give to a child
 Is a thing most weighty and solemn :—
 But whence was wonder or blame to spring
 If little Miss K.,—after such a swing—
 Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing
 On the top of the Fish Street column ?

HER EDUCATION.

According to metaphysical creed,
 To the earliest books that children read
 For much good or much bad they are debtors—
 But before with their A B C they start,
 There are things in morals, as well as art,
 That play a very important part—
 “ Impressions before the letters.”

Dame Education begins the pile,
 Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,
 But alas for the elevation !
 If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse
 With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
 Have made a rotten foundation,

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,
 Before she learnt her E for egg,
 Ere her Governess came, or her masters—
 Teachers of quite a different kind
 Had “cramm’d” her beforehand, and put her mind
 In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,
 They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.
 And as how she was born a great Heiress ;
 And as sure as London is built of bricks,
 My Lord would ask her the day to fix,
 To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,
 Like Her Worship the Lady May’ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth’s page,
 The true golden lore for our golden age,
 Or lessons from Barbould and Trimmer,
 Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,
 All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,
 Provided by vulgar nursery stealth
 With a Book of Leaf Gold for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,
 And praised her for being as “good as gold !”
 Till she grew as a peacock haughty ;
 Of money they talk’d the whole day round,
 And weigh’d desert, like grapes, by the pound,
 Till she had an idea from the very sound
 That people with nought were naughty.

They praised—poor children with nothing at all !
 Lord ! how you twaddle and waddle and squall

Like common-bred geese and ganders !
 What sad little bad little figures you make
 To the rich Miss K., whose plainest seed-cake
 Was stuff'd with corianders !

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,
 Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,
 They praised—how they praised—her very small talk,
 As if it fell from a Solon ;
 Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
 A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,
 Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then
 The Nurse brought her own little " nevy " Ben,
 To play with the future May'ress,
 And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
 Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,
 As if from a Tigress, or Bearess,
 They told him how Lords would court that hand,
 And always gave him to understand,
 While he rubb'd, poor soul,
 His carroty poll,
 That his hair had been pull'd by " a *Hairess*."

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,
 A Governess help'd to make still worse,
 Giving an appetite so perverse
 Fresh diet whereon to batten—
 Beginning with A B C to hold
 Like a royal playbill printed in gold
 On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,
 And those about countries, cities, and towns,
 Instead of their sober drabs and browns,
 Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges ;—
 Her Butler, and Enfield, and Entick—in short
 Her “Early Lessons” of every sort,
 Look’d like Souvenirs, Keepsakes, and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array
 As he did one night when he went to the play ;
 Chambaud like a beau of King Charles’s day—
 Lindley Murray in like conditions—
 Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,
 Appear’d in a fancy dress and a mask ;—
 If you wish for similar copies, ask
 For Howell and James’s Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,
 But always the affluent match-making kind
 That ends with Promessi Sposi,
 And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,
 He could give cheque-mate to Coutts in the Strand ;
 So, along with a ring and posy,
 He endows the Bride with Golconda off hand,
 And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused—but she liked the best
 Those comedy gentlefolks always possess’d
 Of fortunes so truly romantic—
 Of money so ready that right or wrong
 It always is ready to go for a song,
 Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong—

They ought to have purses as green and long
As the cucumber call'd the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the sake
Of the Purse of Oriental make,
And the thousand pieces they put in it—
But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,
For Nature with her had lost its hold,
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold
Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more? She learnt to sing, and dance,
To sit on a horse, although he should prance,
And to speak a French not spoken in France
Any more than at Babel's building—
And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,
But her great delight was in Fancy Works
That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold! still gold!—the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread
She work'd in gold, as if for her bread;

The metal had so undermined her,
Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
With which he walk'd behind her.

HER ACCIDENT.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
 And a better never lifted leg,
 Was a very rich bay, call'd Banker—
 A horse of a breed and a mettle so rare,—
 By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—
 That for action, the best of figures, and air,
 It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,
 Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
 Was thrown in an amorous fever,
 To see the Heiress how well she sat,
 With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
 In green, half smother'd with gold, and a hat
 With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtain'd a pat,
 To see how he arch'd his neck at that !
 He snorted with pride and pleasure !
 Like the Steed in the fable so lofty and grand,
 Who gave the poor Ass to understand,
 That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,
 But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure ?—alas ! alas !
 Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,
 And shelter'd in Yorkshire spinneys,
 Had he scour'd the sand with the Desert Ass,
 Or where the American whinnies—

But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,
 With a girl worth her weight in guineas !

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,—
 But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,—
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
 Or only the skirt of her habit ?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,
 When Hymen himself is the starter,
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,
Riding, striding, as if for her life,
While the Lover rides after to catch him a wife,
 Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering hat !
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—
Alas ! his horse is a tit for Tat
 To sell to a very low bidder—
His wind is ruin'd, his shoulder is sprung,
Things, though a horse be handsome and young,
 A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the Heiress through stones and dust,
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,
 On the gentle lap of Flora !

But still, thank Heaven ! she clings to her seat—
 Away ! away ! she could ride a dead heat
 With the Dead who ride so fast and fleet,
 In the Ballad of Leonora !

Away she gallops !—it's awful work !
 It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,
 On Bess that notable clipper !
 She has circled the Ring !—she crosses the Park !
 Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,
 Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her !

The fields seem running away with the folks !
 The Elms are having a race for the Oaks
 At a pace that all Jockeys disparages !
 All, all is racing ! the Serpentine
 Seems rushing past like the " arrowy Rhine,"
 The houses have got on a railway line,
 And are off like the first-class carriages !

She'll lose her life ! she is losing her breath !
 A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,
 As female shriekings forewarn her :
 And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—
 She clears that gate, which has clear'd itself
 Since then, at Hyde Park Corner !

Alas ! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs !
 For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
 Her life's not worth a copper !
 Willy-nilly,
 In Piccadilly,
 A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,

A hundred voices cry, "Stop her!"
 And one old gentleman stares and stands,
 Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
 And says, "How very improper!"

On and on!—what a perilous run!
 The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
 To shut out the Green Park scenery!
 And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
 She shudders—she shrieks—she's doom'd, she feels,
 To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,
 Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,
 But the very stones seem uttering cries,
 As they did to that Persian daughter,
 When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,
 Her little silver flagon to fill
 With the magical Golden Water!

"Batter her! shatter her!
 Throw and scatter her!"
 Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer!
 "Dash at the heavy Dover!
 Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!
 Smash her! crash her!" (the stones didn't flatter her!)
 "Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!
 Roll on her over and over!"

For so she gather'd the awful sense
 Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,
 As the wild horse overran it,—

His four heels making the clatter of six,
 Like a Devil's tattoo, play'd with iron sticks
 On a kettle-drum of granite !

On ! still on ! she's dazzled with hints
 Of oranges, ribbons, and colour'd prints,
 A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,
 And human faces all flashing,
 Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,
 That the desperate hoof keeps dashing !

On and on ! still frightfully fast !
 Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past !
 But—yes—no—yes !—they're down at last !
 The Furies and Fates have found them !
 Down they go with sparkle and crash,
 Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—
 There's a shriek—and a sob—
 And the dense dark mob
 Like a billow closes around them !

* * * * *

“ She breathes ! ”

“ She don't ! ”

“ She'll recover ! ”

“ She won't ! ”

“ She's stirring ! she's living, by Nemesis ! ”
 Gold, still gold ! on counter and shelf !
 Golden dishes as plenty as delf ;
 Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to herself
 On an opulent Goldsmith's premises !

Gold ! fine gold !—both yellow and red,
 Beaten, and molten—polish'd, and dead—
 To see the gold with profusion spread
 In all forms of its manufacture !
 But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
 When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
 Has met with a compound fracture ?

Gold may soothe Adversity's smart ;
 Nay, help to bind up a broken heart ;
 But to try it on any other part
 Were as certain a disappointment,
 As if one should rub the dish and plate,
 Taken out of a Staffordshire crate—
 In the hope of a Golden Service of State—
 With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

 HER PRECIOUS LEG.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"
 Is an adage often recall'd to mind,
 Referring to juvenile bias :
 And never so well is the verity seen,
 As when to the weak, warp'd side we lean,
 While Life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb :
 By a very, very remarkable whim,
 She show'd her early tuition :
 While the buds of character came into blow
 With a certain tinge that served to show

The nursery culture long ago,
 As the graft is known by fruition !

For the King's Physician, who nursed the case,
 His verdict gave with an awful face,
 And three others concurr'd to egg it ;
 That the Patient to give old Death the slip,
 Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,
 Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doom'd—it couldn't be saved !
 And like other people the patient behaved,
 Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,
 Which makes some persons so falter,
 They rather would part, without a groan,
 With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,
 They obtain'd at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump
 With a proxy limb—then flatly and plump
 She spoke, in the spirit olden ;
 She couldn't—she shouldn't—she wouldn't have wood !
 Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,
 And she swore an oath, or something as good,
 The proxy limb should be golden !

A wooden leg ! what, a sort of peg,
 For your common Jockeys and Jennies !
 No, no, her mother might worry and plague—
 Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,
 But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg !
 She could—she would have a Golden Leg,
 If it cost ten thousand guineas !

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,
 With its sylvan honours and feudal bark,
 Is an aristocratic article :
 But split and sawn, and hack'd about town,
 Serving all needs of pauper or clown,
 Trod on ! stagger'd on ! Wood cut down
 Is vulgar—fibre and particle !

And Cork !—when the noble Cork Tree shades
 A lovely group of Castilian maids,
 'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet !—
 But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
 Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer—in,
 It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,
 To think of standing upon it !

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,
 Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
 Should ever support her, God willing !
 She must—she could—she would have her whim,
 Her father, she turn'd a deaf ear to him—
 He might kill her—she didn't mind killing !
 He was welcome to cut off her other limb—
 He might cut her all off with a shilling !

All other promised gifts were in vain,
 Golden Girdle, or Golden Chain,
 She writhed with impatience more than pain,
 And utter'd “pshaws !” and “pishes !”
 But a Leg of Gold as she lay in bed,
 It danced before her—it ran in her head !
 It jump'd with her dearest wishes !

“Gold—gold—gold! Oh, let it be gold!”
 Asleep or awake that tale she told,
 And when she grew delirious :
 Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,
 If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,
 The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,
 Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,
 As solid as man could make it—
 Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,
 A prodigious sum of money it sank ;
 In fact 'twas a Branch of the family Bank,
 And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal—not half-and-half,
 The Goldsmith's mark was stamp'd on the calf—
 'Twas pure as from Mexican barter !
 And to make it more costly, just over the knee,
 Where another ligature used to be,
 Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings to see,
 A new-fangled Badge of the Garter !

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,
 Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,
 That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg !
 For, thanks to parental bounty,
 Secure from Mortification's touch,
 She stood on a Member that cost as much
 As a Member for all the County !

HER FAME.

To gratify stern ambition's whims,
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs
 On a field of battle we scatter !
Sever'd by sword, or bullet, or saw,
Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—
But the public seems to get the lock-jaw,
 So little is said on the matter !

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,
The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the green,
 Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover ;
Shatter'd, scatter'd, cut, and bowl'd down,
Off they go, worse off for renown,
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,
 Than the leg that a fly runs over !

But the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,
 Was the theme of all conversation !
Had it been a Pillar of Church and State,
Or a prop to support the whole Dead Weight,
It could not have furnish'd more debate
 To the heads and tails of the nation !

East and west, and north and south,
Though useless for either hunger or drouth,—
The Leg was in everybody's mouth,
 To use a poetical figure,

Rumour, in taking her ravenous swim,
 Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,
 Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead ;
 Debates in the House were hardly read ;
 In vain the Police Reports were fed
 With Irish riots and *rumpuses*—
 The Leg ! the Leg ! was the great event,
 Through every circle in life it went,
 Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new Novel seem'd tame and flat,
 The Leg, a novelty newer than that,
 Had tripp'd up the heels of Fiction !
 It Burked the very essays of Burke,
 And, alas ! how Wealth over Wit plays the Turk !
 As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,
 Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

“ A leg of gold ! what of solid gold ? ”
 Cried rich and poor, and young and old,—
 And Master and Miss and Madam—
 'Twas the talk of 'Change—the Alley—the Bank—
 And with men of scientific rank,
 It made as much stir as the fossil shank
 Of a Lizard coeval with Adam !

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,
 Men who had lost a limb themselves,
 Its interest did not dwindle—
 But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom

Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom,
If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,
Through Exaggeration's touches,
The Heiress and Hope of the Kilmanseggs
Was propp'd on *two* fine Golden Legs,
And a pair of Golden Crutches!

Never had Leg so great a run!
'Twas the "go" and the "Kick" thrown into one!
The mode—the new thing under the sun,
The rage—the fancy—the passion!
Bonnets were named, and hats were worn,
A la Golden Leg instead of Leghorn,
And stockings and shoes,
Of golden hues,
Took the lead in the walks of fashion!

The Golden Leg had a vast career,
It was sung and danced—and to show how near
Low Folly to lofty approaches,
Down to society's very dregs,
The Belles of Wapping wore "Kilmanseggs,"
And St. Giles's Beaux sported Golden Legs
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches!

HER FIRST STEP.

Supposing the Trunk and Limbs of Man
 Shared, on the allegorical plan,
 By the Passions that mark Humanity,
 Whichever might claim the head, or heart,
 The stomach, or any other part,
 The Legs would be seized by Vanity.

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,
 A lighthouse without any light atop,
 Whose height would attract beholders,
 If he had not lost some inches clear
 By looking down at his kerseymere,
 Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,
 Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of Art, of Science, or Books,
 And down go the everlasting looks,
 To his crural beauties so wedded !
 Try him, wherever you will, you find
 His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,
 All prongs and folly—in short a kind
 Of fork—that is Fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,
 With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
 Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,
 Disdain'd to hide it like Joan or Meg,
 In petticoats stuff'd or quilted ?
 Not she ! 'twas her convalescent whim

To dazzle the world with her precious limb,—
 Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob
 Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,
 And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob
 To Polish or Lapland lovers—
 Cards like that hieroglyphical call
 To a geographical Fancy Ball
 On the recent Post-Office covers.*

For if Lion-hunters—and great ones too—
 Would mob a savage from Latakoo,
 Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Le Boo,
 That unfortunate Sandwich scion—
 Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,
 Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,
 That promised a Golden Lion!

HER FANCY BALL.

Of all the spirits of evil fame,
 That hurt the soul or injure the frame,
 And poison what's honest and hearty,
 There's none more needs a Matthew to preach
 A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,
 To praise and enforce
 A temperate course,
 Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

* The one designed by Maclise, but never, I believe, used.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,
 And they seem to be busy with simple words
 In their popular sense or pedantic—
 But, alas ! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,
 They're really busy, whatever appears,
 Putting peas in each other's ears,
 To drive their enemies frantic !

Thus Tories like to worry the Whigs,
 Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,
 Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,
 With their writhing and pain delighted—
 But after all that's said, and more,
 The malice and spite of Party are poor
 To the malice and spite of a party next door,
 To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,
 Weariness bids the world good night,
 At least for the usual season ;
 But hark ! a clatter of horses' heels ;
 And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,
 Like Wilful Murder and Treason !

Another crash—and the carriage goes—
 Again poor Weariness seeks the repose
 That Nature demands, imperious ;
 But Echo takes up the burden now,
 With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,
 Till Silence herself seems making a row,
 Like a Quaker gone delirious !*

* Did this idea suggest the story of "The Friend in Need," p. 261 ?

'Tis night—a winter night—and the stars
 Are shining like winkin'—Venus and Mars
 Are rolling along in their golden cars
 Through the sky's serene expansion—
 But vainly the stars dispense their rays,
 Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze
 Of the Kilmanseggs' luminous mansion !

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright !
 His bedchamber windows look so bright,—
 With light all the Square is glutted !
 Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,
 And a tremor sickens his inward man,
 For he feels as only a gentleman can,
 Who thinks he's being "guttled."

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm ;
 But only to dream of a dreadful storm
 From Autumn's sulphurous locker ;
 But the only electrical body that falls,
 Wears a negative coat, and positive smalls,
 And draws the peal that so appals
 From the Kilmanseggs' brazen knocker !

'Tis Curiosity's Benefit night—
 And perchance 'tis the English-Second-Sight,
 But whatever it be, so be it—
 As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg
 Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,
 As many more
 Mob round the door,
 To see them going to see it !

In they go—in jackets, and cloaks,
 Plumes, and bonnets, turbans, and toques,
 As if to a Congress of Nations :
 Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,
 Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks—
 Some like original foreign works,
 But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,
 Juan, Moses, and Shacabac,
 Tom, and Jerry, and Springheel'd Jack,—
 For some of low Fancy are lovers—
 Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,
 Here and there, and in and out,
 With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout
 In one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,
 Open mouth'd like chub and trout,
 And some with the upper lip thrust out,
 Like that fish for routing, a barbel—
 While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,
 And rubb'd his hands, and smiled aloud,
 And bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd,
 Like a man who is sawing marble.

For Princes were there, and Noble Peers ;
 Dukes descended from Norman spears ;
 Earls that dated from early years ;
 And Lords in vast variety—
 Besides the Gentry both new and old—
 For people who stand on legs of gold,
 Are sure to stand well with society.

“ But where—where—where ? ” with one accord,
Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,
Wang-Fong and Il Bondocani—
When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,
They heard a foot begin to stump,
Thump ! lump !
Lump ! thump !
Like the Spectre in “ Don Giovanni ! ”

And lo ! the Heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,
With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
In the garb of a Goddess olden—
Like chaste Diana going to hunt,
With a golden spear—which of course was blunt,
And a tunic loop'd up to a gem in front,
To show the Leg that was Golden !

Gold ! still gold ; her Crescent behold,
That should be silver, but would be gold ;
And her robe's auriferous spangles !
Her golden stomacher—how she would melt !
Her golden quiver, and golden belt,
Where a golden bugle dangles !

And her jewell'd Garter ! Oh, Sin, oh, Shame !
Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,
That bring such blots on female fame !
But to be a true recorder,
Besides its thin transparent stuff,
The tunic was loop'd quite high enough
To give a glimpse of the Order !

But what have sin or shame to do
 With a Golden Leg—and a stout one too?
 Away with all Prudery's panics!
 That the precious metal, by thick and thin,
 Will cover square acres of land or sin,
 Is a fact made plain
 Again and again,
 In Morals as well as Mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,
 Who seem'd to feel her foot on their necks,
 And fear'd their charms would meet with checks
 From so rare and splendid a blazon—
 A few cried "fie!"—and "forward"—and "bold!"
 And said of the Leg it might be gold,
 But to them it look'd like brazen!

'Twas hard they hinted for flesh and blood,
 Virtue and Beauty, and all that's good,
 To strike to mere dross their topgallants—
 But what were Beauty, or Virtue, or Worth,
 Gentle manners, or gentle birth,
 Nay, what the most talented head on earth
 To a Leg worth fifty Talents!

But the men sang quite another hymn
 Of glory and praise to the precious Limb—
 Age, sordid Age, admired the whim,
 And its indecorum pardon'd—
 While half of the young—ay, more than half—
 Bow'd down and worshipp'd the Golden Calf,
 Like the Jews when their hearts were harden'd.

A Golden Leg!—what fancies it fired!
 What golden wishes and hopes inspired!
 To give but a mere abridgment—
 What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf!
 What a leg for a Leg to take on the turf!
 What a leg for a marching regiment!

A golden Leg!—whatever Love sings,
 'Twas worth a bushel of "Plain Gold Rings"
 With which the Romantic wheedles.
 'Twas worth all the legs in stockings and socks—
 'Twas a leg that might be put in the Stocks,
 N.B.—Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. nid-nodded her head,
 Lapp'd in a turban fancy-bred,
 Just like a love-apple, huge and red,
 Some Mussul-womanish mystery;
 But whatever she meant
 To represent,
 She talk'd like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;
 And then how much the gold one cost;
 With its weight to a Trojan fraction:
 And how it took off, and how it put on;
 And call'd on Devil, Duke, and Don,
 Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,
 To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;
 And led it where the light was best;
 And made it lay itself up to rest

In postures for painter's studies :
 It cost more tricks and trouble by half,
 Than it takes to exhibit a six-legg'd Calf
 To a boothful of country Cuddies.

Nor yet did the Heiress herself omit
 The arts that help to make a hit,
 And preserve a prominent station,
 She talk'd and laugh'd far more than her share ;
 And took a part in " Rich and Rare
 Were the gems she wore "—and the gems were there,
 Like a Song with an Illustration.

She even stood up with a Count of France
 To dance—alas ! the measures we dance
 When Vanity plays the Piper !
 Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,
 And lead all sorts of legs astray,
 Wood, or metal, or human clay,—
 Since Satan first play'd the Viper !

But first she doff'd her hunting gear,
 And fayour'd Tom Tug with her golden spear
 To row with down the river—
 A Bonze had her golden bow to hold ;
 A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold ;
 And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was clear'd on the floor,
 And she walk'd the Minuet de la Cour.
 With all the pomp of a Pompadour,
 But although she began *andante*,

Conceive the faces of all the Rout,
 When she finished off with a whirligig bout,
 And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out
 Like the leg of a *Figuranté*.

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,
 And golden opinions, of course, it won
 From all different sorts of people—
 Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,
 In one vociferous peal of praise,
 Like the peal that rings on Royal days
 From Loyalty's parish-steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those
 That danced for bread in flesh-colour'd hose,
 With Rosina's pastoral bevy,
 The jeers it had met,—the shouts! the scoff!
 The cutting advice to "take itself off,"
 For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,
 That teach little girls and boys to dance,
 To set, poussette, recede, and advance,
 With the steps and figures most proper,—
 Had it hopp'd for a weekly or quarterly sum,
 How little of praise or grist would have come
 To a mill with such a hopper!

But the Leg was none of those limbs forlorn—
 Bartering capers and hops for corn—
 That meet with public hisses and scorn,
 Or the morning journal denounces—
 Had it pleased to caper from morn till dusk,

There was all the music of "Money Musk"
 In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But hark ;—as slow as the strokes of a pump,
 Lump, thump !
 Thump, lump !
 As the Giant of Castle Otranto might stump,
 To a lower room from an upper—
 Down she goes with a noisy dint,
 For taking the crimson turban's hint,
 A noble Lord at the Head of the Mint
 Is leading the Leg to supper !

But the supper, alas ! must rest untold,
 With its blaze of light and its glitter of gold,
 For to paint that scene of glamour,
 It would need the Great Enchanter's charm,
 Who waves over Palace, and Cot, and Farm,
 An arm like the Goldbeater's Golden Arm
 That wields a Golden Hammer.

He—only HE—could fitly state
THE MASSIVE SERVICE OF GOLDEN PLATE,
 With the proper phrase and expansion—
The Rare Selection of FOREIGN WINES—
The ALPS OF ICE and MOUNTAINS OF PINES,
 The punch in **OCEANS** and sugary shrines,
The TEMPLE OF TASTE from GUNTER'S DESIGNS—
 In short, all that **WEALTH** with **A FEAST** combines,
 In a **SPLENDID FAMILY MANSION.**

Suffice it each mask'd outlandish guest
 Ate and drank of the very best,

According to critical conners—
 And then they pledged the Hostess and Host,
 But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,
 And as somebody swore,
 Walk'd off with more
 Than its share of the "Hips!" and honours!

 "Miss Kilmansegg!—
 Full glasses I beg!—
 Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg!"
 And away went the bottle careering!
 Wine in bumpers! and shouts in peals!
 Till the Clown didn't know his head from his heels,
 The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,
 And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering!

HER DREAM.

Miss Kilmansegg took off her leg,
 • And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,
 For the Rout was done and the riot:
 The Square was hush'd; not a sound was heard;
 The sky was gray, and no creature stirr'd,
 Except one little precocious bird,
 That chirp'd—and then was quiet.

So still without,—so still within;—
 It had been a sin
 To drop a pin—
 So intense is silence after a din,

It seem'd like Death's rehearsal !
 To stir the air no eddy came ;
 And the taper burnt with as still a flame,
 As to flicker had been a burning shame,
 In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come at last ;
 And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,
 Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover ;
 Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,
 From the piece of work just ravell'd out,
 For one of the pleasures of having a rout
 Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,
 Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean ;
 But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,
 That was fit for a Royal Chamber.
 On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath ;
 And the damask curtains hung beneath,
 Like clouds of crimson and amber ;

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,
 With golden bodies and golden wings,—
 Mere fins for such solidities—
 Two Cupids, in short,
 Of the regular sort,
 But the housemaid call'd them "Cupidities."

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,
 But velvet, powder'd with golden stars,
 A fit mantle for *Night-Commanders* !
 And the pillow, as white as snow undimm'd

And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimm'd,
Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimm'd
With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed—of the Eider's softest down,
'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown
In a bliss inferr'd by the Poet ;
For if Ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep—and not to know it ?

Oh, bed ! oh, bed ! delicious bed !
That heaven upon earth to the weary head ;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'Tis held by such a different lease !
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble !

To one, a perfect Halcyon nest,
All calm, and balm and quiet, and rest,
And soft as the fur of the cony—
To another, so restless for body and head,
That the bed seems borrow'd from Nettlebed,
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony !

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,
To the Land of Nod, or where you please ;
But alas ! for the watchers and weepers,
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,

With an anxious brain,
 And thoughts in a train,
 That does not run upon *sleepers* !

Wide awake as the mousing owl,
 Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—
 But more profitless vigils keeping,—
 Wide awake in the dark they stare,
 Filling with phantoms the vacant air,
 As if that Crook-back'd Tyrant Care
 Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh ! when the blessed diurnal light
 Is quench'd by the providential night,
 To render our slumber more certain !
 Pity, pity the wretches that weep,
 For they must be wretched, who cannot sleep
 When God himself draws the curtain !

The careful Betty the pillow beats,
 And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,
 And gives the mattress a shaking—
 But vainly Betty performs her part,
 If a ruffled head and a rumped heart,
 As well as the couch, want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,
 Where other people would make preserves,
 He turns his fruits into pickles :
 Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
 At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,
 He lies like a hedgehog roll'd up the wrong way,
 Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child—that bids the world good night,
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—

A Cherub no Art can copy,—
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supp'd on a dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish, by the by)
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, bed ! bed ! bed ! delicious bed !
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,
Whether lofty or low its condition !
But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,
Or are toss'd by such allegorical elves
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition !

The independent Miss Kilmansegg
Took off her independent Leg
And laid it beneath her pillow,
And then on the bed her frame she cast,
The time for repose had come at last,
But long, long, after the storm is past
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares
That belong to common household affairs—
Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs,
Who lie with a shrewd surmising,
That while they are couchant (a bitter cup !)
Their bread and butter are getting up,
And the coals, confound them, are rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,
Like the crippled Widow who weeps alone,
And cannot make a doze her own,
 For the dread that mayhap on the morrow,
The true and Christian reading to baulk,
A broker will take up her bed and walk,
 By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail :
But the breath of applause had blown a gale,
And winds from that quarter seldom fail
 To cause some human commotion ;
But whenever such breezes coincide
 With the very spring-tide
 Of human pride,
There's no such swell on the ocean !

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,
She turn'd, and roll'd, and tumbled and toss'd,
 With a tumult that would not settle :
A common case, indeed, with such
As have too little, or think too much,
 Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold !—she saw at her golden foot
The Peer whose tree had an olden root,
The Proud, the Great, the Learned to boot,
 The handsome, the gay, and the witty—
The Man of Science—of Arms—of Art,
The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart,
 And the man who deals in the City.

Gold, still gold—and true to the mould !
 In the very scheme of her dream it told ;
 For, by magical transmutation,
 From her Leg through her body it seem'd to go,
 Till, gold above, and gold below,
 She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe
 To her organ of Veneration !

And still she retain'd through Fancy's art,
 The Golden Bow, and Golden Dart,
 With which she had play'd a Goddess's part
 In her recent glorification :
 And still, like one of the self-same brood,
 On a Plinth of the self-same metal she stood
 For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns and incense around her roll'd,
 From Golden Harps and Censers of Gold,—
 For Fancy in dreams is as uncontroll'd
 As a horse without a bridle :
 What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,
 If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt
 She was turn'd to a Golden Idol ?

HER COURTSHIP.

When leaving Eden's happy land
 The grieving Angel led by the hand
 Our banish'd Father and Mother,
 Forgotten amid their awful doom,

The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,
 On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,
 That our Parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,
 For the grieving Angel had skyward flown,
 As they sat, those Two in the world alone,
 With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,
 That scenting the gust of happier hours,
 They look'd around for the precious flow'rs,
 And lo!—a last relic of Eden's dear bow'rs—
 The chaplet that Love had woven!

And still, when a pair of Lovers meet,
 There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
 That savours still of that happy retreat
 Where Eve by Adam was courted:
 Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the gentle Dove,
 Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
 And the Serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
 A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
 A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,
 When young hearts yearn together?
 All sweets below, and all sunny above,
 Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,
 Save making hay in fine weather!

Who hath not found amongst his flow'rs
 A blossom too bright for this world of ours,
 Like a rose among snows of Sweden?
 But to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,

Where must Love have gone to beg,
If such a thing as a Golden Leg
Had put its foot in Eden !

And yet—to tell the rigid truth—
Her favour was sought by Age and Youth—
For the prey will find a prowler !
She was follow'd, flatter'd, courted, address'd,
Woo'd, and coo'd, and wheedled, and press'd,
By suitors from North, South, East, and West,
Like that Heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler !

But, alas ! alas ! for the Woman's fate,
Who has from a mob to choose a mate !
'Tis a strange and painful mystery !
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch ;
The more the fish, the worse the catch ;
The more the sparks, the worse the match ;
Is a fact in Woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,
And, mayhap, with luck to help the trick,
She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick—
But her future bliss to baffle,
Amongst a score let her have a voice,
And she'll have as little cause to rejoice,
As if she had won the "Man of her choice"
In a matrimonial raffle !

Thus, even thus, with the Heiress and Hope,
Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,
With so ample a competition,
She chose the least worthy of all the group,

Just as the vulture makes a stoop,
 And singles out from the herd or troop
 The beast of the worst condition.

A Foreign Count—who came incog.,
 Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
 In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,
 To charm some lady British-born,
 With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
 And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
 Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the Sex confess a charm
 In the man who has slash'd a head or arm,
 Or has been a throat's undoing,
 He was dress'd like one of the glorious trade,
 At least when glory is off parade,
 With a stock, and a frock, well trimm'd with braid,
 And frogs—that went a-wooing.

Moreover, as Counts are apt to do,
 On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,
 At one of those holes that buttons go through,
 (To be a precise recorder,
 A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,
 About an inch of ribbon mayhap,
 That one of his rivals, a whimsical chap,
 Described as his "Retail Order.")

And then—and much it help'd his chance—
 He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,
 Perform charades, and Proverbs of France—
 Act the tender, and do the cruel ;

For amongst his other killing parts,
He had broken a brace of female hearts,
And murder'd three men in duel !

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,
Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
Who came to court that Heiress rich,
And knelt at her foot—one needn't say which—
Besieging her castle of *Sterling*.

With pray'rs and vows he open'd his trench,
And plied her with English, Spanish, and French
In phrases the most sentimental :
And quoted poems in High and Low Dutch,
With now and then an Italian touch,
Till she yielded, without resisting much,
To homage so continental.

And then—the sordid bargain to close—
With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,
And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,
And his beard and whiskers as black as those,
The lady's consent he requited—
And instead of the lock that lovers beg,
The Count received from Miss Kilmansegg
A model, in small, of her Precious Leg—
And so the couple were plighted !

But, oh ! the love that gold must crown !
Better—better, the love of the clown,
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,

As if all the fairies had dress'd her !
 Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,
 Except that he never will part on earth
 With his true love's crooked tester !

Alas ! for the love that's link'd with gold !
 Better—better a thousand times told—
 More honest, happy, and laudable,
 The downright loving of pretty Cis,
 Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,
 And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,
 In which her heart is audible !

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,
 Who loves—as she labours—with all her might,
 And without any sordid leaven !
 Who blushes as red as haws and hips,
 Down to her very finger-tips,
 For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips
 Cut out of the azure of Heaven !

HER MARRIAGE.

'Twas morn—a most auspicious one !
 From the Golden East, the Golden Sun
 Came forth his glorious race to run,
 Through clouds of most splendid tinges ;
 Clouds that lately slept in shade,
 But now seem'd made
 Of gold brocade,
 With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,
 The earth reflected the golden glow,
 From river, and hill, and valley ;
 Gilt by the golden light of morn,
 The Thames—it look'd like the Golden Horn,
 And the Barge, that carried coal or corn.
 Like Cleopatra's Galley !

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod,
 Suburban poplars began to nod,
 With extempore splendour furnish'd ;
 While London was bright with glittering clocks,
 Golden dragons, and Golden cocks,
 And above them all,
 The dome of St. Paul,
 With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,
 Shone out as if newly burnish'd !

And lo ! for Golden Hours and Joys,
 Troops of glittering Golden Boys
 Danced along with a jocund noise,
 And their gilded emblems carried !
 In short, 'twas the year's most Golden Day,
 By mortals call'd the First of May,
 When Miss Kilmansegg,
 Of the Golden Leg,
 With a Golden Ring was married !

And thousands of children, women, and men,
 Counted the clock from eight till ten.
 From St. James's sonorous steeple ;
 For next to that interesting job,
 The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,

There's nothing so draws a London mob
As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for the mob to behold
The Bridal Carriage that blazed with gold !
And the Footmen tall and the Coachman bold,
In liveries so resplendent—
Coats you wonder'd to see in place,
They seem'd so rich with golden lace,
That they might have been independent.

Coats, that made those menials proud
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,
From their gilded elevations ;
Not to forget that saucy lad
(Ostentation's favourite cad),
The Page, who look'd, so splendidly clad,
Like a Page of the "Wealth of Nations."

But the Coachman carried off the state,
With what was a Lancashire body of late
Turn'd into a Dresden Figure ;
With a bridal Nosegay of early bloom,
About the size of a birchen broom,
And so huge a White Favour, had Gog been Groom
He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the Groom ! the Count !
With Foreign Orders to such an amount,
And whiskers so wild—nay, bestial ;
He seem'd to have borrow'd the shaggy hair
As well as the Stars of the Polar Bear.
To make him look celestial !

And then—Great Jove !—the struggle, the crush,
The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,
 The swearing, the tearing, and fighting,—
The hats and bonnets smash'd like an egg—
To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,
Which, between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg,
 Was fully display'd in alighting !

From the Golden Ankle up to the Knee
There it was for the mob to see !
A shocking act had it chanced to be
 A crooked leg or a skinny :
But although a magnificent veil she wore,
Such as never was seen before,
In case of blushes, she blush'd no more
 Than George the First on a guinea !

Another step, and lo ! she was launched !
All in white, as Brides are *blanched*,
 With a wreath of most wonderful splendour—
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,
That, according to calculation nice,
Her head was worth as royal a price,
 As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more
As she sail'd through the crowd of squalid and poor
 Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion—
Led by the Count, with his sloe-black eyes
Bright with triumph, and some surprise,
Like Anson on making sure of his prize
 The famous Mexican Galleon !

Anon came Lady K., with her face
Quite made up to act with grace,
 But she cut the performance shorter ;
For instead of pacing stately and stiff,
At the stare of the vulgar she took a miff,
And ran, full speed, into Church, as if
 To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walk'd more slowly, and bow'd
Right and left to the gaping crowd,
 Wherever a glance was seizable ;
For Sir Jacob thought he bow'd like a Guelph,
And therefore bow'd to imp and elf,
And would gladly have made a bow to himself,
 Had such a bow been feasible.

And last—and not the least of the sight,
Six “ Handsome Fortunes,” all in white,
Came to help in the marriage rite,—
 And rehearse their own hymeneals ;
And then the bright procession to close,
They were followed by just as many Beaux
 Quite fine enough for Ideals.

Glittering men, and splendid dames,
Thus they enter'd the porch of St. James',
 Pursued by a thunder of laughter ;
For the Beadle was forced to intervene,
For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday Queen,
With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the Green,
 Would fain have follow'd after !

Beadle-like he hush'd the shout ;
 But the temple was full "inside and out,"
 And a buzz kept buzzing all round about
 Like bees when the day is sunny—
 A buzz universal, that interfered
 With the rite that ought to have been revered,
 As if the couple already were smear'd
 With Wedlock's treacle and honey !

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing !
 'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
 Which requires good nerve to do it—
 When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"
 Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
 Not certain at all
 Of what may befall
 After his getting through it !

But the count he felt the nervous work
 No more than any polygamous Turk,
 Or bold piratical skipper,
 Who, during his buccaneering search,
 Would as soon engage a hand in church
 As a hand on board his clipper !

And how did the Bride perform her part ?
 Like any bride who is cold at heart.
 Mere snow with the ice's glitter ;
 What but a life of winter for her !
 Bright but chilly, alive without stir,
 So splendidly comfortless,—just like a Fir
 When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife !
 Whose bale or bliss to the end of life
 A few short words were to settle—
 “ Wilt thou have this woman ? ”
 “ I will ”—and then,
 “ Wilt thou have this man ? ”
 “ I will,” and “ Amen ”—
 And those Two were one Flesh, in the Angels’ ken
 Except one Leg—that was metal.

Then the names were sign’d—and kiss’d the kiss :
 And the Bride, who came from her coach a Miss,
 As a Countess walk’d to her carriage—
 Whilst Hymen preen’d his plumes like a dove,
 And Cupid flutter’d his wings above,
 In the shape of a fly—as little a Love
 As ever look’d in at a marriage !

Another crash—and away they dash’d,
 And the gilded carriage and footmen flash’d
 From the eyes of the gaping people—
 Who turn’d to gaze at the toe-and-heel
 Of the Golden Boys beginning a reel,
 To the merry sound of a wedding-peal
 From St. James’s musical steeple.

Those wedding-bells ! those wedding-bells !
 How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells
 From a tow’r in an ivy-green jacket !
 But town-made joys how dearly they cost ;
 And after all are tumbled and tost,
 Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost
 In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals
 With grass or heather beneath our heels,—
 For bells are Music's laughter!—
 But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,
 With vulgar noises and voices impure,—
 What a harsh and discordant overture
 To the Harmony meant to come after!

But hence with Discord—perchance, too soon
 To cloud the face of the honeymoon
 With a dismal occultation!—
 Whatever Fate's concerted trick,
 The Countess and Count, at the present nick,
 Have a chicken, and not a crow, to pick
 At a sumptuous Cold Collation.

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,
 But one in the style of Good Queen Bess,
 Who,—hearty as hippocampus,—
 Broke her fast with ale and beef,
 Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,
 And—in lieu of anchovy—grampus.

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,
 Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh ;
 With wines the most rare and curious—
 Wines, of the richest flavour and hue ;
 With fruits from the worlds both Old and New ;
 And fruits obtain'd before they were due
 At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that scout
 What is *in* season, for what is *out*,

And prefer all precocious savour :
 For instance, early green peas, of the sort
 That costs some four or five guineas a quart ;
 Where the *Mint* is the principal flavour.

And many a wealthy man was there,
 Such as the wealthy City could spare,
 To put in a portly appearance—
 Men, whom their fathers had help'd to gild :
 And men, who had had their fortunes to build
 And—much to their credit—had richly fill'd
 Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumour at least,
 Not the last to enjoy a feast !
 And truly they were not idle !
 Luckier far than the chesnut tits,
 Which, down at the door, stood champing their bits,
 At a different sort of bridle.

For the time was come—and the whisker'd Count
 Help'd his Bride in the carriage to mount,
 And fain would the Muse deny it,
 But the crowd, including two butchers in blue,
 (The regular killing Whitechapel hue,)
 Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view,
 As if they had come to buy it !

Then away ! away ! with all the speed
 That golden spurs can give to the steed,—
 Both Yellow Boys and Guineas, indeed,
 Concurr'd to urge the cattle—

Away they went, with favours white,
 Yellow jackets, and panels bright,
 And left the mob, like a mob at night,
 Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away ! away ! they rattled and roll'd,
 The Count, and his Bride, and her Leg of Gold—
 That faded charm to the charmer !
 Away, through old Brentford rang the din,
 Of wheels and heels, on their way to win
 That hill, named after one of her kin,
 The Hill of the Golden Farmer !

Gold, still gold—it flew like dust !
 It tipp'd the post-boy, and paid the trust ;
 In each open palm it was freely thrust ;
 There was nothing but giving and taking !
 And if gold could insure the future hour,
 What hopes attended that Bride to her bow'r,
 But alas ! even hearts with a four-horse pow'r
 Of opulence end in breaking !

HER HONEYMOON.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
 Her fickle temper has oft been told,
 Now shady—now bright and sunny—
 But of all the lunar things that change,
 The one that shows most fickle and strange,
 And takes the most eccentric range
 Is the moon—so call'd—of honey !

To some a full-grown orb reveal'd,
 As big and as round as Norval's shield,
 And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted ;
 To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,
 As any oleaginous lamp,
 Of the regular old parochial stamp,
 In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
 That makes earth's commonest things appear
 All poetic, romantic, and tender :
 Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
 And investing a common post, or a pump,
 A currant-bush, or a gooseberry clump,
 With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,
 In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,
 Tipping trees with its argent braveries—
 And to couples not favour'd with Fortune's boons
 One of the most delightful of moons,
 For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons
 Like a silver service of Savory's !

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
 And the meanest thing most precious and dear
 When the magic of love is present :
 Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
 To the humblest spot and the plainest face—
 That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
 And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant !

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
 And makes contentment and joy agree
 With the coarsest boarding and bedding :
 Love, that no golden ties can attach,
 But nestles under the humblest thatch,
 And will fly away from an Emperor's match
 To dance at a Penny Wedding !

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
 When such a bright Planet governs the fate
 Of a pair of united lovers !
 'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
 To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
 With as much of the old original bliss
 As mortality ever recovers !

There's strength in double joints, no doubt,
 In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
 That the single sorts know nothing about—
 And a fist is strongest when doubled—
 And double aqua-fortis, of course,
 And double soda-water, perforce,
 Are the strongest that ever bubbled !

There's double beauty whenever a Swan
 Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon ;
 And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
 Of the beauty of double-blowing—
 A double dahlia delights the eye ;
 And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky
 When a double rainbow is glowing !

There's warmth in a pair of double soles ;
 As well as a double allowance of coals—
 In a coat that is double-breasted—
 In double windows and double doors ;
 And a double U wind is blest by scores
 For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's a twofold sweetness in double pipes ;
 And a double barrel and double snipes
 Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure :
 There's double safety in double locks ;
 And double letters bring cash for the box ;
 And all the world knows that double knocks
 Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
 And a double at Whist and a double Times
 In profit are certainly double—
 By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape ;
 And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
 And a double-reef'd topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,
 And of course there's a double pleasure therein,
 If the parties were brought to telling :
 And however our Dennises take offence,
 A double meaning shows double sense ;
 And if proverbs tell truth,
 A double tooth
 Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling !

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
 Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence

Through whatever the list discovers,
They are all in the double blessedness summ'd,
Of what was formerly double-drumm'd,
The Marriage of two true Lovers !

Now the Kilmansegg Moon, it must be told—
Though instead of silver it tipp'd with gold—
Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold,
And before its days were at thirty,
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,
With an ominous ring of ill effect,
As gave but too much cause to expect
Such weather as seamen call dirty !

And yet the moon was the "Young May Moon,"
And the scented hawthorn had blossom'd soon,
And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—
The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,
And the bee was humming a tune all day
To flowers, as welcome as flowers in May,
And the trout in the stream was springing !

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,
Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth
Of its furr'd or its feather'd creatures,
To a Pair in the world's last sordid stage,
Who had never look'd into Nature's page,
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,
Without any Arcadian features ?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and a mind
With simplicity ever at battle ?

A bride of an ostentatious race,
 Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,
 Would have trimm'd her shepherds with golden lace,
 And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,
 And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb
 For which she had been such a martyr :
 The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,
 And the cows unheeded let it pass ;
 And the ass on the common was such an ass,
 That he wouldn't have swapp'd
 The thistle he cropp'd
 For her Leg, including the Garter !

She hated lanes and she hated fields—
 She hated all that the country yields—
 And barely knew turnips from clover ;
 She hated walking in any shape,
 And a country stile was an awkward scrape,
 Without the bribe of a mob to gape
 At the Leg in clambering over !

O blessed nature, " O rus ! O rus !"
 Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
 Absorb'd in a worldly torpor—
 Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
 Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
 And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
 That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper !

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,
 And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,

She was far too pamper'd a madam—
 Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,
 While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,
 The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,
 And all the woes that to man belong,
 The Lark still carols the self-same song
 That he did to the uncurst Adam !

The Lark ! she had given all Leipsic's flocks
 For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box ;
 And as for the birds in the thicket,
 Thrush or ousel in leafy niche,
 The linnet or finch, she was far too rich
 To care for a Morning Concert, to which
 She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,
 All pastoral joys were tried by gold,
 Or by fancies golden and crural—
 Till ere she had pass'd one week unblest,
 As her agricultural Uncle's guest,
 Her mind was made up, and fully imprest,
 That felicity could not be rural !

And the Count ?—to the snow-white lambs at play,
 And all the scents and the sights of May,
 And the birds that warbled their passion,
 His ears and dark eyes, and decided nose,
 Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those
 That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,
 The Huile Antique,
 And Parfum Unique,
 In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent
 Of his rural bias so far it went
 As to covet estates in ring fences—
 And for rural lore he had learn'd in town
 That the country was green, turn'd up with brown,
 And garnish'd with trees that a man might cut down
 Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only one,
 The Pair might have had few quarrels or none,
 For their tastes thus far were in common ;
 But faults he had that a haughty bride
 With a Golden Leg could hardly abide—
 Faults that would even have roused the pride
 Of a far less metalsome woman !

It was early days indeed for a wife,
 In the very spring of her married life,
 To be chill'd by its wintry weather—
 But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,
 On Hymen's turtles that bill and coo—
 Enjoying their "moon and honey for two"
 They were scarcely seen together !

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg
 A little exposed, *à la* Kilmansegg,
 And roll'd her eyes in their sockets !
 He left her in spite of her tender regards,
 And those loving murmurs described by bards,
 For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,
 And the poking of balls into pockets !

Moreover he loved the deepest stake
And the heaviest bets the players would make ;
 And he drank—the reverse of sparely,—
And he used strange curses that made her fret ;
And when he play'd with herself at piquet,
 She found, to her cost,
 For she always lost,
That the Count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,
Gather'd by worming his secrets out,
 And slips in his conversations—
Fears, which all her peace destroy'd,
That his title was null—his coffers were void—
And his French Château was in Spain, or enjoy'd
 The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a part—
She—only she—might possess his heart,
 And hold his affections in fetters—
Alas ! that hope, like a crazy ship,
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip
 In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues ;
And notes that hinted as many intrigues
 As the Count's in the " Barber of Seville "—
In short such mysteries came to light,
That the Countess-Bride, on the thirtieth night,
Woke and started up in affright,

And kick'd and scream'd with all her might,
 And finally fainted away outright,
 For she dreamt she had married the Devil!

HER MISERY.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
 A heavy compound of putty and lead—
 And home-made wines that rack the head,
 And home-made liqueurs and waters?
 Home-made pop that will not foam,
 And home-made dishes that drive one from home,
 Not to name each mess,
 For the face or dress,
 Home-made by the homely daughters?

Home-made physic that sickens the sick;
 Thick for thin and thin for thick;—
 In short each homogeneous trick
 For poisoning domesticity?
 And since our Parents, call'd the First,
 A little family squabble nurst,
 Of all our evils the worst of the worst
 Is home-made infelicity.

There's a Golden Bird that claps its wings,
 And dances for joy on its perch, and sings
 With a Persian exultation:
 For the Sun is shining into the room,
 And brightens up the carpet-bloom,

As if it were new, bran new, from the loom,
Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames
On pictures in massy gilded frames—
Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,
But portraits of colts and fillies—
Pictures hanging on walls, which shine,
In spite of the bard's familiar line,
With clusters of "Gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,
That shine as if freshly burnish'd—
And gilded tables, with glittering stocks
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,
That Peace and Paris have furnish'd.

And lo! with the brightest gleam of all
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall
On an object as rare as splendid—
The golden foot of the Golden Leg
Of the Countess—once Miss Kilmansegg—
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,
Once the centre of all speculation ;
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth—
Whence human sorrows derive their birth—
By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,
 And her sighs betray the gloomy shades
 That her evil planet revolves in—
 And tears are falling that catch a gleam
 So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,
 That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,
 The water that gold dissolves in ;

Yet, not in filial grief were shed
 Those tears for a mother's insanity ;
 Nor yet because her father was dead,
 For the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head
 To Death—with his usual urbanity ;
 The waters that down her visage rill'd
 Were drops of unrectified spirit distill'd
 From the limbeck of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and uncheckt,
 Without relief, and without respect,
 Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,
 When pigs have that opportunity—
 And of all the griefs that mortals share,
 The one that seems the hardest to bear
 Is the grief without community.

How bless'd the heart that has a friend
 A sympathising ear to lend
 To troubles too great t^o smother !
 For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored
 Till a sparkling bubbling head they afford,
 So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
 From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one
 To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done,
 How night after night he rambled ;
 And how she had learn'd by sad degrees
 That he drank, and smoked, and worse than these,
 That he "swindled, intrigued, and gambled."

How he kiss'd the maids, and sparr'd with John ;
 And came to bed with his garments on ;
 With other offences as heinous—
 And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,
 That he said were in the Fancy Line,
 And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
 And call'd her lap-dog "Wenus."

Of "making a book" how he made a stir,
 But never had written a line to her,
 Once his idol and Cara Sposa :
 And how he had storm'd, and treated her ill,
 Because she refused to go down to a mill,
 She didn't know where, but remember'd still
 That the Miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he waked her up at night,
 And oftener still by the morning light,
 Reeling home from his haunts unlawful ;
 Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,
 Except by beggars and thieves unhung—
 Or volleying oaths, that a foreign tongue
 Made still more horrid and awful !

How oft, instead of otto of rose,
 With vulgar smells he offended her nose,

From gin, tobacco, and onion !
 And then how wildly he used to stare !
 And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—
 And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,
 Till he look'd like a study of Giant Despair
 For a new Edition of Bunyan !

For dice will run the contrary way,
 As well is known to all who play,
 And cards will conspire as in treason :
 And what with keeping a hunting-box,
 Following fox—
 Friends in flocks,
 Burgundies, Hocks,
 From London Docks ;
 Stultz's frocks,
 Manton and Nock's
 Barrels and locks,
 Shooting blue rocks,
 Trainers and jocks,
 Buskins and socks,
 Pugilistical knocks,
 And fighting-cocks,
 If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
 These rhymes will furnish the reason !

His friends, indeed, were falling away—
 Friends who insist on play or pay—
 And he fear'd at no very distant day
 To be cut by Lord and by cadger,
 As one, who has gone, or is going, to smash,
 For his checks no longer drew the cash,

Because, as his comrades explain'd in flash,
 "He had overdrawn his badger."

Gold, gold—alas! for the gold
 Spent where souls are bought and sold,
 In Vice's Walpurgis revel!
 Alas! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,
 The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,—
 All real evils, though Fancy ones,
 When they lead to debt, dishonour, and duns,
 Nay, to death, and perchance the devil!

Alas! for the last of a Golden race!
 Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,
 She had warrant for all her clamour—
 For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,
 Was breaking her heart by constant aches,
 With as little remorse as the Pauper, who breaks
 A flint with a parish hammer!

HER LAST WILL.

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,
 Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,
 Had never excited dissension;
 But no sooner the stocks began to fall,
 Than, without any ossification at all,
 The limb became what people call
 A perfect bone of contention.

For alter'd days brought alter'd ways,
 And instead of the complimentary phrase,
 So current before her bridal—
 The Countess, heard, in language low,
 That her Precious Leg was precious slow,
 A good 'un to look at but bad to go,
 And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,
 Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs—
 As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—
 It made an infernal stumping.
 Whereas a member of cork, or wood,
 Would be lighter and cheaper and quite as good,
 Without the unbearable thumping.

P'raps she thought it a decent thing
 To show her calf to cobbler and king,
 But nothing could be absurder—
 While none but the crazy would advertise
 Their gold before their servants' eyes,
 Who of course some night would make it a prize,
 By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,
 The Leg kept its situation :
 For legs are not to be taken off
 By a verbal amputation.
 And mortals when they take a whim,
 The greater the folly the stiffer the limb
 That stand upon it or by it—
 So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,

At her marriage refused to stir a peg,
Till the Lawyers had fasten'd on her Leg
As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,
The Proud One confronted the Cruel :
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,
Fierce and merciless—one of those,
With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,
In all but the bloodshed a duel !

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,
Were the words that came from Weak and Strong,
Till madden'd for desperate matters,
Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,
She flew to her desk—'twas open'd—and then,
In the time it takes to try a pen,
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,
Her Will was in fifty tatters !

But the Count, instead of curses wild,
Only nodded his head and smiled,
As if at the spleen of an angry child ;
But the calm was deceitful and sinister !
A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea—
For Hate in that moment had sworn to be
The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,
And that very night to administer !

HER DEATH.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
 Of its grave without any misgiving :
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
 Is dying, and Death is living !

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,
Bright as they are with hope and joy,
 How their souls would sadden instanter,
To remember that one of those wedding bells,
Which ring so merrily through the dells,
 Is the same that knells
 Our last farewells,
 Only broken into a canter !

But breath and blood set doom at nought—
How little the wretched Countess thought,
 When at night she unloosed her sandal,
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head Moth,
 Was fluttering round her candle !

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,
For the hours she had gone so wearily through
 At the end of a day of trial—
How little she saw in her pride of prime

The dart of Death in the Hand of Time—
That hand which moved on the dial !

As she went with her taper up the stair,
How little her swollen eye was aware
That the Shadow which follow'd was double !
Or when she closed her chamber door,
It was shutting out, and for evermore,
The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—
They were solemn bequests to Vanity—
Or when her robes she began to doff,
That she stood so near to the putting off
Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quench'd the taper's light,
How little she thought as the smoke took flight,
That her day was done—and merged in a night
Of dreams and duration uncertain—
Or along with her own,
That a Hand of Bone
Was closing mortality's curtain !

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind
In concealing the day of sorrow ;
And enough is the present tense of toil—
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly
And bid its daily cares good-bye,
 Along with its daily clothing ?
Just as the felon condemn'd to die—
 With a very natural loathing—
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes
To a caper on sunny gleams and slopes,
 Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,
 Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—
But her mind was busy with early joys,
Her golden treasures and golden toys;
 That flash'd a bright
 And golden light
Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug !
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug !
 Her godfather's golden presents !
The golden service she had at her meals,
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,
 And her golden fishes and pheasants !

The golden guineas in silken purse—
And the Golden Legends she heard from her nurse
 Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—
And London streets that were paved with gold—
And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—

With each golden thing
 To the golden ring
 At her own auriferous Marriage !

And still the golden light of the sun
 Through her golden dream appear'd to run,
 Though the night, that roared without, was one
 To terrify seamen or gipsies—
 While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,
 Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,
 As though she enjoy'd the tempest's birth,
 In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,
 For the soul of the Sleeper was under a spell
 That time had lately embitter'd—
 The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—
 That foot, which now he wanted to melt !
 But—hush !—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—
 And some object before her glitter'd.

'Twas the Golden Leg !—she knew its gleam !
 And up she started and tried to scream,—
 But ev'n in the moment she started—
 Down came the limb with a frightful smash,
 And, lost in the universal flash
 That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,
 The Spark, call'd Vital, departed !

* * * * *

Gold, still gold ! hard, yellow, and cold,
 For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—
 By a golden weapon—not oaken ;

In the morning they found her all alone—
 Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—
 But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,
 And the “Golden Bowl was broken!”

Gold—still gold! it haunted her yet—
 At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—
 Its foreman, a carver and gilder—
 And the Jury debated from twelve till three
 What the Verdict ought to be,
 And they brought it in as Felo de Se,
 “Because her own Leg had kill’d her!”

HER MORAL.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammer’d and roll’d;
 Heavy to get, and light to hold;
 Hoarded, barter’d, bought, and sold,
 Stolen, borrow’d, squander’d, doled:
 Spurn’d by the young, but hugg’d by the old
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
 Price of many a crime untold;
 Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold:
 Good or bad a thousand-fold!
 How widely its agencies vary—
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
 As even its minted coins express,
 Now stamp’d with the image of Good Queen Bess,
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, *after* STERNE.

“He gain’d from Heav’n, ’twas all he ask’d—‘a Friend!’”

GRAY'S *Elegy*.

CHAPTER I.

“A FRIEND in need,” murmurs the Courteous Reader, “is a friend indeed.”

“There’s no such person,” shouts Need himself, in a thread-bare black coat, with white metal buttons. “If there were, he would accept this bill for me—only fifty pounds—at six months,—and sure to be renewed!”

“The only Friend in Need that I have met with,” observes Viator, “is a green one, and runs from Paddington to the Bank.”

“Need or no need,” cries Honoria, the spinster yonder, with the flesh-coloured ribands and cherry-coloured face, “a true friend is a nonentity! Friendship, indeed! It’s a mere form of speech—a word invented to figure in poetry with a capital F!”

“To be sure,” chimes in Ignoramus, “a Friend and a Phoenix both begin with the same letter; and one is as great a *raris avis* as the other.”

“There might be such fellows amongst the Greeks and Romans,” says Minor, “but the breed is lost. Why your own Pal,—hand and glove with you in the ring—leg and stocking on the turf,—will sell you any day for a pony!”

“Yes—*I* had a Friend once, as he called himself,” grumbles a seventh malcontent. “And so had I—and I—and I—and

I—I, I, I, I, I,”—chorus a thousand voices, male and female, base and treble, sound and cracked.

My dear creatures!—dear deluded, deceived, betrayed, bubbled, forgotten, slighted, cast-off, dropped, shirked, cut, and ill-used fellow-creatures—give me leave. I agree to all you have said—to all you are going to say—about false friends. Heaven knows that too many of such counterfeits are abroad—that unprincipled imitations are daily palmed off on the unwary. They are as common, my dear madam, as false hair, false eyebrows, and false teeth—as current, my good sir, as false whiskers, false oaths, and false dice. I admit that the “Friend of my Soul” is nothing better than an old song (and the author of it deserves to receive the freedom of Coventry in a base metal box, for inviting a friend to only a sip of his goblet). I allow that even a long-standing friend is too apt to get weary of that position. I admit that half of the world’s private friends are rank impostors, and all its public ones. The Friend to Truth, the Friend to Justice, and the Friend to the Constitution, in the political journals;—the Friend to the Brute Creation, and the Friend to Fair Play, in the sporting ones;—the Friend to Art, and the Friend to Impartiality, in the critical ones;—take them all, and welcome, and the *Amis du Peuple* into the bargain. But a stand must be made somewhere for the second best (some think best) of our social ties.

Shade of Achates! Ghosts of Pylades and Orestes! Shall we moderns renounce the ancient bond between man and man, because “Yours very truly” cools occasionally into a “Very humble servant?” Shall we reject all advances, and discredit all assurances from Amicus, because Coleridge gave up his “Friend?” Shall we decline all grasping and shaking of hands, because the act is sometimes followed by blows on the organs of vision and smelling, by hits in the wind, cross-

buttocks, and punches in the epigastrium? Is Alcander, forsooth, but a name, for not signing it to an accommodation bill; or my friend with the pitcher only a poetical image, because he will not take long odds against a dead horse? Must dear Tom of the brown jug be hard or hollow at the core, because Philip's heart, on grating, was a wooden nutmeg? Or is Sextus a false friend, because Septimus cut Octavius, one cutting day, when he was too cold to speak, and too stiff to nod? Must the whole friendly brotherhood be thus tarred and feathered, because Eugenius was once pigeoned?

Are all female attachments mere fables, because Honoria's "other self" chose to marry a drysalter, and to have eleven girls and three boys? Is Albina no true friend to Brunilda, because she will not be gown'd from the same piece of geranium-coloured silk,—the first being a blonde, and the last a Nut-Brown Maid? Must the whole friendly sisterhood be thus branded, because Maria Della Crusca was fobbed off with a German metal keepsake instead of a silver one?

Shame on such wholesale indictments! Fie on such sweeping condemnations! They are moral massacres—Fusillades and Noyades!

Look with a right spirit, at the right time, and in the right place, and Friends are plenty, swarming like the brown shrimps on the Belgian sands. Methinks I see one now, in my mind's eye, a true, a good, a great—nay, a big Friend—like Damon and Pythias rolled into one! And is that substantial figure, sixteen stone of heart and heartiness, a mere figure of speech? Is that comely, friendly face, so Saxon in its roundness, but florid enough for Gothic—only a word with a capital F! And *he* is only a sample. There are dozens extant of such fat Friends—and hundreds—thousands—of more slender ones! Friends through thick and thin—Friends

like the tar, for all weathers, cloud or shine, rich or poor, well or sick—Friends that you may cut, and they will still be Friends—in a word, Friends unto death !

“ But where are they ? ” inquires the Courteous Reader. And the famous Arabian Echo cries “ Where ? ” in as good English as if it had never answered advertisements in any other language.

Where !—Only go down Bishopsgate at Whitsuntide, or through Tottenham at any tide—

“ Pshaw ! poo ! pish !—what, Quakers ? ”

Yes—Quakers. The Society of Friends. That great Firm of them, with thousands of partners, active and passive, sleeping and wide-awake,—dealers in friendship, wholesale, retail, and for exportation,—for it keeps its virtue in any climate—in Africa, where the dirt-eating Negro is done black ; and in Asia, where the opium-chewing Chinese is done brown ; in the close fixed air of Newgate, or in the free wind that whistles for want of thought round a Bohemian tent. Friends to the friendless, to the houseless, to the graceless, wherever there is a philanthropic action to be performed, there is the Quaker foremost to do good——

“ Hollo, master,—come—belay that ! In the action with the Fill-and-drop-it, as you call her, the carronades played blood and blazes with the Mounseers, and sent nine-and-forty on 'em, in no time, to Old Nick : but I'm blest if the Quakers did any good at all ! ”

CHAPTER II.

THAT rum-sodden Trincolo!—Verily, the marine zoology already possessed a sea-urchin, a sea-cow, a sea-bear, a sea-dog, a sea-horse, and now there is a sea-ass!

To confound friend M. or N., an active benefactor to the human race, with —— a wooden cannon!

And yet, after all, Sir Thomas Overbury's "pitcht Peece of Reason calkt and tackled" was not so unreasonable. For, seeing how the Rewards of Merit in this world are distributed—how this Great Gun is loaded with honours, and how splendidly that other one is mounted, even a shoregoing philosopher might fancy, with Jack Junk, that the greatest good to the species is done by the carronades!

CHAPTER III.

Now Jasper Duffle was a Friend, and moreover, a Friend in Need, for he was in need of a doctor. The disease—some sort of fever: for, in one hour from his seizure, he was like a Dutch plaice—all drab and red spots. Accordingly—but stop, some gentleman cries "Walker!"

'Tis the Courteous Reader!

Now, by ferret-eyed Nemesis! if the subject were not a Quaker, and myself—as an Author always ought to be—completely identified with my subject, I would steel-penetrate the offender with the weapon next at hand! But no, no, no. My nature is subdued to what it works in—a vat of Barclay's entire. Not the brewing Barclay, but the Apologising. And

kick me, and I will apologise, too, for my kerseymeres are no longer black, but of a weak teetotal green. Nay, tweak me by the Roman feature, and fear not. I am no longer one of those who wear a nose like the knob of a surgeon's night-bell, and must rouse up whenever it is pulled.

Twelve Courteous Readers, were they all householders of Middlesex, and all in a jury-box, and all sworn to do it, could not try my temper. There is nothing spicy in it—no more pepper than in Bedreddin Hassan's cream-tarts. If I ever had any spirit, it has taken the long pledge not to show itself again. Anger! You might as well hope to obtain a spark from a non-electrical eel! Retaliation! You may as soon expect it from the slate-coloured thing that the charity-boy spits upon and then cuffs. Pride, envy, malice, hatred—the very blackest of my passions, are turned of a mouse-colour, like the black horse that is clipped.

Ever since I have been writing in this brown study I have been taking on Quakerism—silently and insensibly, as the swine take on fat. My whole nature is changed—the acids have become saccharine—the hard fibre more soft—the rough, sleek—whilst the milk of human kindness has thickened into a rich cream. I am no longer Mister, or Esquire, but plain Friend—a friend to everybody in the world, including myself. Henceforth I have done with all mundane and carnal vanities, and redundant discourse, and profane expletives. My garments shall be olive—my beaver, brown, with a broad brim, and like unto the hat of Gulliver, which required a team of six horses to draw it off. I will say *thee* and *thou* to Kings, and Pluralists, and Editors—and *yea* and *nay* to Magistrates and to Judges. As to the act of violence, the more I am called out, the more I will stay in—and before I will pay one copper farthing to the Queen's rates, I'll be d—d!

“Friend! thee hast sworn!”

Not a bit of it, fair Rachel. The word is—*distrained*.

CHAPTER IV.

To return to Jasper Duffle and his fever ——

“All gammon!” exclaims a medical student from Lant Street—a disciple of Æsculapius in a pilot-coat, and with a head not unlike Galen’s over the apothecary’s door—only brazen, not gilt.

“All gammon and humbug—won’t pass the œsophagus! What! a Quaker have a fever? I wish you may get it! It ain’t on the cards. Ask Guy—ask St. Thomas—ask St. Bartholomew—ask Bob Smith. A palsy if you like, or an ague, or dropsy, or atrophy, or lethargy, or consumption, provided it don’t gallop—anything chronic; but as for a fever, or anything red-spotted, they can’t come it. There is no such case in the ‘Lancet,’ nor in all the curiosities of Dr. Millingen’s ‘Medical Experience.’ You won’t find a Quaker of any kind in Bright—and it’s long odds agin Aristotle. The same agin Celsus, and Mithridates, and Æsculapius, and Hippocrates; but no—he was a horse-doctor. It’s all my eye! What’s a fever to hang on by? They’ve no nervous irritability—no peccant humours—no nothing to ferment with—all cold and phlegmatic. You might as soon expect inflammatory action from a fire engine, or spontaneous combustion in a salt cod, or a flare-up from a temperance snap-dragon, made with raisins and water. It’s no go, old fellow! Lushing might do it, but they don’t drink, and they won’t fight—always train off. • They can’t breed anything malignant, it ain’t in their system, and if you were to give it ’em, they’d

take all the spite out of it, as a cow does the small-pox, till it's as mild as my Havanna. Why, a Quaker's pulse never goes above thirty in a minute, best pace, I've timed lots of 'em; and besides, they've no red blood, like our claret, it's all buffy coat, and you can't get it up to fever heat—no, not if you boiled it!”

Indeed! Now, if this were correct, what an organisation to sound and auscultate, about the region of the heart, with a moral stethoscope!

“Moral! morals be hanged—all twaddle. I've sounded a Quaker, my boy, with the real instrument—a capital tool, made by Weiss himself—and there's hardly more noise than in a stiff 'un. Only a gentle hum, like a top going to sleep, no *râle*, no *bruit de sifflet*, no *bruit de diable*—catch a Quaker rattling or whistling, or making a devil of a noise! By the bye, I recollect a case, it is in Boerhaave's Dogmas, or Reed's, or Murray's, or Bill Gibbons's—blister me if I know which—of a Broadbrim with the hydrophobia. Bit in nine places, and wouldn't have one of them cauterised or cut out, and yet never ran mad!”

No, sir?

“No, sir. Walked it, and never gave tongue. Only bit one little child, and that was a baby in arms, and then not through the skin. Shook his head at water, but lapped loo'-warm milk, went home, got into bed of his own accord to be smothered, and died like a lamb. So you see what likelihood there is of a fever. Not the ghost of a chance! Ask the patentee of James's Powders. Why, the Quakers never have the morbus—won't turn blue. If you think I'm cramming you, go to Doctor Bumpus, or Doctor Arne, or Doctor Billing, or Doctor Lushington, or Doctor Swift, or Doctor Faustus, any of 'em will back me up. Ask Bell, if he's Handy, or go to the surgeons, Seddon, or Cubitt, or Carpenter, any

of our top-sawyers. Or have a spell at the medical books ; there's Phillips on Febriles, Perceval on Typhus, Macculloch on Marsh, Pym on the Bulam, Coutts on the Remittent, Dickinson on the Yellow ; try all the fevers, and if you find a Quaker in any one of 'em I'll be pounded, and find my own pestle and mortar."

All of which, Mr. What-'ye-call, may sound very logical to you, who study the pathological, and nosological, and physiological, and necrological. But it is true, nevertheless, that friend Duffle had a fever,—and what is more, not a slow fever, but a fast one,—and what is still more, it was scarlet—as fast and scarlet as the old Royal Mails.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD put down my pen at "Royal Mails," in order to frame some extra-strong asseveration, when Prudence plucked me by the sleeve, and advised me, before pledging my honour, to be certain that I could identify Truth in a mob. "Thou hast been mistaken in her," said Prudence, "a score of times. The naked Truth—was Lady Godiva on a Coventry token. The plain Truth—was Mrs. Conrady. And as for thy seeing Veritas in Puteo, didn't the old bricklayer go down to the very bottom of the well, where he was found lying till he was black in the face ?

"Then again, the other day, the Marquis of Fitz-Adam, in spite of his high office, and his vast wealth, and his nobility, and his ancient name, was publicly called a 'fool !' That, at least, saidst thou, was the voice of Truth—honest, manly Truth. But the lie in thy throat !—'Twas a parrot talking Pollytics to herself.

“Truth,” continued Prudence, “the terrestrial truth, at least, is as subject to modification as our mortal selves ;—for instance,

GEOGRAPHICALLY

AND

CHRONOLOGICALLY.

“And first of the first. There is the Great American Sea Serpent, which, at New York, is a Truth as real and as long as the cable that the Great Western hangs by at her hawse-hole. But embark it for London. In three days, with a fair wind, thou couldst not sound with it twenty fathoms ; in six days, scarcely the deep nine ; in nine days, hardly the mark seven ; in twelve, barely a quarter less five ; and off Greenwich, the snake would have no longitude at all.

“Then, again, there is the monstrous Kraken, which, for all its multitudinous arms, has no hold of belief, so long as belief lies rolling in the Humber. But what is a Lie in the Firths becomes a Truth in the Fiords. With every degree north, the Fiction acquires consistency—the colder the plainer ; till, with the mercury somewhere about zero, the abstract becomes concrete, and you may see the Gigantic Polypus as distinctly as did Bishop Pontoppidan. Wherein the Kraken resembles the Miraculous Water described by Father Johannes Frigidarius, which was so ineffably pure and transparent as to be invisible till it froze.

“And of the said Aqua Mirabilis, there is to this day a phialful in the secret drawer of a private cabinet, in a certain chamber of a certain building at Cologne ; where you may see the phial, any time, for a fee of three rix-dollars, and convince yourself, with your own eyes, that it looks, as it ought to do in only fifty degrees north, like a mere empty bottle.”

And the Mermaid ?

“I would not have thee,” said Prudence, “believe in more than one-half of it at a time. But credit whichever moiety may please thee most. There is certainly such a thing in nature as a woman’s head, and also a fish’s tail; the falsity arises from *putting this and that together*, which, by the way, gives birth to nine-tenths of the mischievous scandalous fables that, like the ominous Syren, produce tempests and dirty weather in society.

“But, to my secondly—how Truth is affected Chronologically.

“Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him testy enough. Scores of ancient authorities he has exploded, like Rupert’s Drops, by a blow upon their tales; but at the same time he has bleached many black-looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous Bouncers into what the French call ‘accomplished facts.’ Look at the Megatherium or Mastodon, which a century ago even credulity would have scouted, and now we have Mantell-pieces of their bones. The headstrong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as a mere ‘Allegory on the banks of the Nile’ is now the Iguanodon! To venture a prophecy, there are more such prodigies to come true!”

Suppose it a fine morning, *Anno Domini* 2000, and the royal geologists—with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, Trappists, greywachers, Carbonari, feldsparrers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well, to work they go, hammer and tongs, mallets and threeman beetles, banging, picking, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviours, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith’s bellows, hot as his forge, dusty as millers, muddy as eels, what with sandstone, and gritstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog earth; now

unsextonising a petrified bachelors-button, now a stone tom-tit, now a marble gooseberry-bush, now a hap'orth of Barcelona nuts geologised into two-penn'orth of marbles, now a couple of Kentish cherries—all stone—turned into Scotch pebbles—and a fossil red-herring, with a hard roe of flint. But those are geological bagatelles. They want the organic remains of one of Og's bulls, or Gog's hogs (that's the Mastodon), or Magog's pet lizard (that's the Iguanodon), or Polyphemus's elephant (that's the Megatherium). So in they go again, with a crash like that of Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and a greater Bony Part to exhume! "Huzza!" shouts Feldsparrer, who will spar with any one—and give him a stone. "Hold on," cries one; "Let go," shouts another; "Here he comes," said a third; "No he don't," says a fourth. "Where's his head?—where's his mouth?—here's his caudal!"

"What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There—there now, easy does it! Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more. Zounds! pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they're very friable."—"Never you fear, zur; if he be friable I'll eat 'un."

"Bravo! there's his cranium. Is that brain, I wonder, or mud? Now for the cervical vertebræ. Stop. Somebody hold his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now then dig, boys; dig into his ribs. Work away, lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer and mountains of bread and cheese, when you've got him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail!

"Huzza! there's his femur! I wish I could shout from here to London! There's his tarsus! Work away, my good fellows, never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first Lord-knows-what that has been discovered in the world!"

“Here, lend me a spade and I’ll help! So,—I’ll tell you what, we’re all Columbuses, every man-jack of us; but—I can’t dig. It breaks my back. Never mind; there he is, and his tail with a broad arrow at the end! What terrible spines on his back! what claws? It’s a Hylæosaurus!—but no—that scapula’s a wing—by Saint George, it’s a Dragon!”

“Huzza!” shouts Boniface, who has the monster on his own sign.

“Huzza!” echoes every Knight of the Garter.

“Huzza!” cries each schoolboy who has read the “Seven Champions.”

“Huzza!” roars the illustrator of Schiller’s “Kampf mit dem Drachen!”

“Huzza! huzza! huzza!” chorus the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall.

“The legends are true, then?”

“Not a bit of it,” says a stony-hearted Professor of Fossil Osteology. “Look at the teeth—all molar. That Dragon ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor tough pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys. He lived on——

“What?—what?—what the deuce what?”

“Why, on undressed salads.”

CHAPTER VI.

“THOU seest, then,” said Prudence, “how dangerous it is to vouch for either the truth or the falsehood of a thing—even a romance of one’s own making—whilst Time and Space are extant. Most stories have some foundation (or who would live, thought I, in first floors?), but the plainest matters of

fact may be transmuted into the most absurd and improbable fictions. Who knows, then, what thy Friend in Need might become in some foreign translation, or a future edition with additions? As thus:—

“In England, ever since it was England, it has been the custom on the Feast of St. Michael to dine upon roast goose—green, or stubble, or the tame sort if possible, but at any rate goose. With the tailors, the rite is absolutely sacramental; a duty wherein the pleasure of commission exalts the sin of omission to a pitch of moral turpitude, that a tailor cannot contemplate without his knees knocking together. It is considered in that trade as equivalent to a fraudulent failure. Imagine, then, the horror of Schneiderius, a petty member of the fraternity, when, on the Vigil of the Saint, he found himself without the means for purchasing even giblets! His last shilling had gone to buy sage and onions for the stuffing, and apples for the sauce; but, alas for the bird! a customer had failed at the eleventh hour in settling his little bill. Schneiderius was in despair—all the colours in his pattern-book seemed darkening into black. He could not borrow, for only one person would lend, who asked for security. His irons were already pledged—his watch was in pawn. To be sure, he might—no, he could not—spare the dripping-pan, or the dish, or the two plates (for he was married), or the two black-handled knives, the green-handled fork, or the one iron spoon. In this dilemma, happening to raise his hand to his head, as all men do in any perplexity, he knocked off his glasses, which had been his grandfather’s, and were solidly mounted with silver rims. A blessed accident! for it made Schneiderius a happy man. The object was obtained; it was chosen, haggled for, bought, picked, trussed, stuffed, basted, roasted, dished, carved, eaten, and digested.

“The next day Schneiderius told Hans in confidence that *his spectacles had furnished his Michaelmas Day's dinner!*”

“Hans enclosed the story, *verbatim*, to Kohlkopf of Dusseldorf, who told Nadel, who told Faden, who told Knopf, who told De Lobel the Fleming, who told it in print to Izaak Walton, and he told his disciples that—*Barnacles produce Geese!*”

CHAPTER VII.

IN the evening Jasper Duffle was delirious. The heat of the fever had melted his brains like butter and they began to run.

Such, at least, is De Beurre's theory of Mental Deliquescence; but other matters must have melted besides the Quaker's brains—for example, his taciturnity. To hear how he talked! It was not a flow of language, but a flood of it, like the rush of the Rhenish waters after a sudden thaw. Verbs, adverbs, substantives, adjectives, nouns, pronouns, prepositions, interjections—all the parts of speech came mobbing out of his mouth, like the boys at noon from the grammar-school door. It was as if, after a long minority, he had come into his mother-tongue, and was spending,—nay chucking it away as fast he could!

Then, too, the subjects of his discourse! for his mind having a mind to wander, his thoughts rambled exactly as a boy does when he rambles without leave.

Now, when a young micher plays truant, it is not for a lounge about the homestead, but to roam in forbidden paths, or to visit places that are tabooed, the poacher's hut or the gipsy's tent. At “one bound he overleaps all bounds,” and,

like a dog that means to range, takes care to get beyond a whistle. The Rubicon once passed, away he goes, deaf to everything but the Wandering Voice from the forest. Cuckoo! Away he goes, up the fallow, across the wet meadow, along the green lane. Whurr flies the partridge,—up jumps puss,—and the startled blackbird gives a whistle as if his bill chattered with fright. Cuckoo! A fig for the Passive Voice! Could a Verb Active leap that ditch? On he scampers, splash through the brook, crash through the spinney, slap-dash through the hedge,—the stile is too easy. What sweet snatches and catches of music, as the brambles rasp across his fluted corderoys! Hollo! there's a weazel! Away bolts a rabbit! Screech! cries the jay—it's J for Joy, not Jography—and yonder is a magpie, all in black and white, like a child's undertaker. But what boy ever thinks of death? Why he forgets it even while pelting the frogs. But hush! a bird's-nest, with five eggs in it. Now, then, for an *omelette soufflée*; and could Ude make a better one with the same means? There, the shells are threaded on the boy's rosary, and he makes for the river. What a prime place for fishing! what a shoal of tittlebats! Plump! that's a water-rat, and crikey, how nearly he is stoned! But hark!—cuckoo!—the voice comes from some private plantation. And now the truant's learning stands him in some stead, for it enables him to read the notice on the board—"TRESPASSERS BEWARE!" That's irresistible—so in he goes!

The ramblings of Friend Jasper in his delirium were after the same fashion. His mind wandered into all sorts of forbidden places, and none the less that it had escaped from a very strict school. The first trespass, however, was determined by accident; for the Cambridge coach happening to pass through Tottenham, with the guard playing on his keyed bugle, the delirious Fancy instantly caught up an

imaginary instrument of the same kind, and in a twinkling the sick quaker was trumpeting away, not very musically indeed, but quite as much in time and tune as could be expected from one who had never taken lessons on even the Jew's Harp.

“Now, a plague take you!” cries the Courteous Reader; “do you call it a delirium to trump with your lips in imitation of a French Horn?”

“Delirious, indeed!” says Miss Strummell, at her grand piano. “Why, if the man had only just acquired a taste for music—dear, delightful music! it was more like coming into his senses than going out of them!”

To which I only reply in the words of a celebrated Friend, on another occasion, “*Thereafter as may be.*”

And, in the meantime, pray take so much trouble for me, good Eugenius, as to repair into the Kitchen-Garden,—the bed to the left hand, where the cabbages grow,—and pick me a cigar. For, look you, every living animal smokes nowadays, down to the puppies.

CHAPTER VIII.

“DON'T tell me,” said Jasper, sitting upright in his bed, and looking at one of the mahogany bed-posts, as if it had been one of the Primitive Founders of the Sect,—“don't tell me of the vanity of crotchets and the abomination of quavers! If a Man was not meant to be musical, why had he drums in his ears? why a pipe in his throat? Why, I say, if I was not intended for a singing creature, and to warble like a lark, or a cock nightingale, why was I gifted with any notes beyond G, A, B? which would have sufficed

for all talkative purposes, from the prices of indigo even unto the fluctuations in corn?"

"Jasper Duffle, thee art beside thyself," said a feminine voice behind the bed-curtain.

"Had I this harmonious voice," continued Jasper (and he chanted a bar or two of some undiscovered tune), "with a natural shake in it (here he quaked a little on B flat), and a range as if it were from the cockloft to the kitchen (here he sounded some octaves), now as soft and low as a purling brook (this example was inaudible), and now loud enough to fill the rotunda at the Bank (a *sostenuto* in C), was I endowed with this musical, comprehensive, flexible, powerful organ, only to say Yea and Nay with, and then hold my peace!"

"I wish thee would!" said the Voice.

"O Catalani!" continued the delirious Quaker, "O divine Catalani! for I heard thee once upon a time, when I was disguised in a blue coat and black nether garments—O ravishing Catalani! hadst thee that wonderful astounding wind instrument only to scream withal at a mouse or a Naples spider? Nay, if Nature had not meant thee and thy fair countrywomen for her own singing-birds, would she not have clapped the Swiss goitres on the Italian throats?"

The Voice behind the curtain gave a groan.

"There again," said the bewildered Jasper,—“there is the instrumental! If man was not meant to flute, and to harp, and to fiddle, why were strings made to twang, and metals to ring, and the wind to whistle through a hole? Why were earth, and air, and water, made conductors of sounds, if Nature did not intend to give concerts? Why, Nature was an accomplice before the act. Don't talk to me of scraping the entrails of cats with the tails of horses, but tell Paganini to bring his fiddle,—or stop, I'll do it myself;” and, suiting

the action to the word, to work he went, elbow and wrist, as if he had been sawing and filing for dear life at bars of iron instead of bars of music, and withal making more grimaces than Le Brun's Passions or Lavater's Physiognomy, for there is no such face-maker through a horse's collar, as a fiddler at his chromatics. Nor would fiddling serve him, for by and by, inflating his cheeks like Boreas, he came in crash ! with a trumpet, and then with a trombone, and then with a bassoon, and then with a flute, and then with postboys' whips, and tavern-bells, and great guns, and musketry, for the sounds which enraged Hogarth's Musician now compose a composer. No wonder that after such a scena he fell back quite exhausted on his pillow.

"Now," said he, "I'll compose."

"Thee had better," said the veiled Voice.

"I'll compose an Oratorio," said Jasper, again sitting up in his bed. "I have all the singing for it in my head, and only want a worthy subject. Let me see. Yea, verily, I have it ! Penn's Treaty with the Indians ! And now, friend West, my picture against thine for a thousand pounds !"

"I wish the man Brumby would come," murmured the Voice.

"Hark !" said Jasper, nodding with his head, as if listening to music, and beating time with his right arm. "That harmonious prelude represents the Smoke of the Pipe of Peace. Yonder come the Indians. Those ornamental appoggiaturas are the feathers in the savage men's heads, and that roll of the double drum is their squatting down on their hams. Now thee shalt hear their taciturnity."

"Jasper Duffle !" said the Voice, "thee cannot work miracles."

"Silence !" cried Jasper, "I am playing Friend William Penn. That slide from A to G is the length of his outer

man, and the other slide from C to F is the breadth. That *affectuoso* movement expresses his benovolent smile, and the little twiddling notes are his two thumbs. The long *sostenuto* on B means that he keeps on his beaver. Now then for the solo on the bassoon,—that's the reading of the Treaty, all properly engrossed on vellum,—and there's a flourish of trumpets for the red wax. The *pastorale* describes the beauty of the ceded country. The low notes are the valleys, the high notes are the hills, and those very high notes are the blue sky."

"Thee cannot fiddle blue," muttered the Voice.

"Bravo! I have almost finished," said Jasper, who was getting out of breath. "There! that grand crash of all the instruments is the amicable execution of the treaty, and the long *cadenza*, which seems twenty times to have come to an end, but always begins again, is the Genius of Christian civilisation presiding over Pennsylvania to the end of time?"

"Pshaw! it's a quiz," says the Courteous Reader.

"What! compose an Historical Picture," cries a Royal Academician, "in crochets and quavers? *Chiaroscuro!* effect! Figures, and colours, red, blue, green, yellow."

"To be sure; why else had sir Joshua Reynolds an ear-trumpet, but to hear what colour he painted?"

"Nay, but,—fiddle yellow?"

"Exactly so; and varnish and frame the picture into the bargain. Fiddle yellow! Why the most fiddling little fiddler that ever fiddled, will fiddle you 'a Landscape and Cattle, with a Rainbow in the corner,' on one string; and what is more, he will tell you that if you have any music in you at all, you will hear the light falling on the cream-coloured cow!"

CHAPTER IX.

“AND pray, sare, do you not know,” squeaks a little swarthy gentleman, just bolted, like Sir Jeffery Hudson, from a fiddle-case,—“do you not know dat de great Haydn in his ‘Creation’ have made music of de light falling on every ting in de world?”

“Yes: as audibly as the ‘light up! light up!’ at a General Illumination. As if, forsooth, the Instantaneous Radiance burst forth with a crash and a splutter, like the flame of a lucifer match! As if the magnificent Phenomenon, described by the sublime passage in Genesis, could be represented by a sort of Instrumental Flare-up!”

“Flare-up!—Donner and blitzen!—and do you mean to say, sare, dat dare is no such ting as de picture-music?”

“Quite the reverse. There is the overture to ‘Der Freyschütz.’ It is Music telling us of a Bad Dream she had after ‘supping full of horrors,’ on the Brocken: Her wild unearthly tones, descriptive of fiendish howlings, and laughter, and mockery, produce, in the mind’s eye, a parallel Vision of infernal Phantoms engaged in the Mystery of Iniquity. You recognise the Night Mare and her neighings. But when some Fanatico, with his hollow drum before him, and his fiddle behind him, comes forward vapouring, and pretends, like Flute, the Bellowsmender, to ‘see a voice,’ and ‘hear his Thisby’s face,’ when he professes to detect, in any crochetty combination whatever, the sound of the sun shining, or the noise of the grass growing, and such like musical and moral impossibilities; when he would persuade me that by the miraculous magic of music,—with a mere hey-diddle-diddle, a cat and a fiddle—a cow can jump over the moon——”

“Dat dam Cow again !”

“Then I say that she cannot—and all the Semiquavering Friars in Rabelais shall not quaver me into any other opinion.”

“Potztausend !”

“Fair play, Mein Herr, is a jewel, the diamond that does not cut diamond, and all I want is fair play for the whole Family of Art. Her divine Daughters are each of them worthy of a man’s love for life. But when Cecilia gives herself more than her legitimate airs—snatches the Brush from one Sister, and the Pen from the other, and sets herself up as First Fiddle in Painting and Poetry, as well as in Music ; when she calls herself the All-Accomplished, and All-Eloquent, and so forth, it is time to tell her that her Universal Language would not serve her in Dordrecht to ask for a Dutch cheese ; and that with all her playing, and she plays morning, noon, and night, she cannot play me a ‘Pictorial Shakspeare.’”

“Ah ! you have no musical entoosiasm ! you do not know what it is !”

“Excuse me ; but I do. Musical Enthusiasm is like Turtle Soup. For every quart of Real there are ninety-nine gallons of Mock, and calves’ heads in proportion !”

* * * * *

Bless me ! what a shriek !—I did not know that Prudence had such a note in her compass ! It must have waked up all the little Campbells at Lochow !

“You have done it now,” says Prudence, with a natural shake in her voice that would make Fear’s fortune, if she were not too great a fright for the Opera—“You have done it with a vengeance ! To talk disrespectfully of Music, with a street band playing under the very window ! Yes—there they

come—Big Drum, Serpent, Trombone, Bassoon, Clarionet, and Triangle—and, mercy on me ! more—more ! more ! and still more, swarming down ‘all sorts of streets,’ and Il Fanatico himself amongst the foremost, and flourishing a great drumstick over his head like a Donnybrook shillelagh ! What awful faces they turn up, with their eyes flashing like theatrical rosin ! What a frightful hubbub ! They are scolding and cursing you in English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh ; in French, Spanish, and Italian ; in High and Low Dutch, and Dog Latin. What will you,—what can you say to them ? They are abusing you in every living language !”

“Why then, my dear Prudence, I must e’en say to them what the Master-Builder of Babel said to his polyglott workmen.”

“And what was that ?”

“Hold your *Confounded Tongues !*”

CHAPTER X.

Apropos——

There is no music in “Robinson Crusoe.” Not a semitone. Perhaps the Solitary reflected that there was nobody to listen to his performance ; a consideration, my dear Miss Strummel, which would put a stop to half the musicals that are musicked in this musicky metropolis. However, amongst all his contrivances for cheering his solitude, or employing his leisure the Sailor Hermit never wishes for, or attempts a tune. He scoops a canoe, makes chairs, tables, pans, pipkins, baskets, a lamp, an umbrella, and a tobacco-pipe, and yet never tries his hand at a violin. Not even at Pan’s pipes, or an oaten fife.

“No music, sir?”

“No, Miss, not a Jew’s Harp.”

“Then, as sure as you are there, sir,” cries Miss Strummel, “that’s why Queen Anne ordered the author to be put in the pillory, and to lose his ears!”

CHAPTER XI.

“Now then I will paint,” said the delirious Quaker, still sitting up in bed, but inclining his head to the right shoulder; whereas, in fiddling it had leaned towards the left. An observation of some phrenological importance, as shewing that Painting and Music preponderate on opposite sides of the cranium.

“Don’t tell me,” said Jasper, again addressing the mahogany bed-post, “of the sinfulness and vanity of gay colours. If the old Adam was intended to wear drab garments, why was the Primitive Man supplied with seven Primitive Colours, being one for every day in the week? Verily, drab is plain, and slate is neat, and olive is sad, and chocolate is sober, and puce is grave, and white is pure, and pepper-and-salt is seasonable—why then was the refractory light allowed to refract blue, red, green, and yellow, except that the World might be Beautiful as well as Good? Why else did Nature paint and enamel the universe with all the bright and gay colours,—aye, and fast colours to boot, or else they would all have been washed at the Great Flood! Nay, why was the Arch of Promise itself composed of all those prismatical tints, instead of a plain stone-colour like the arch of a bridge? If the rainbow hues were vanities, would the dying dolphin be decked out in them in his last moments?”

Or, if they were sinful, would Nature lavish them, as she doth, on birds, beasts, flowers, and fishes ; sometimes many colours at once, like the peacock ; or changeable, like the chameleon ; or successive, like the blackberries, which are first green, and then red, and then purple ? Surely there be objects for ornament, as well as things for use ; or wherefore the gay birds and butterflies—nay, why the crested humming-birds, which seem to have butterflies growing out of their heads ? Why the precious stones, topazes, amethysts, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, garnets, and the brilliant diamond, which flashes with all their tints at once ! Then again there is Woman, lovely Woman, with her bewitching blue eyes, and ruddy cheeks, and red lips, and her yellow hair——”

“That is Hester Primrose,” muttered the Voice behind the curtain.

“Why had she those blue eyes, like plums with the bloom on, instead of gooseberries—and those cheeks like red-streak apples, instead of russetings ; and those lips like ripe cherries, instead of olives ; and that hair like golden thread, instead of flaxen string ? And why doth she not blush of a puce-colour, or a lead-colour, instead of that lively crimson ? Why, I say, hath Nature painted all these beautiful objects and lovely creatures in such fair tints, but for the delight of the Sense of Vision ? Why else had I these bow-windows in my head ?”

“Thee had better shut them,” said the Voice.

“Why were these two eyes ever furnished with optical nerves to transmit the prismatical tints to the inner man ? Or why was not the crystalline lens suffused with some grave humour or fluid, to show me the whole creation as through a glass that is smoked ? But nay, nay, nay. The glorious Sun was ordained to dispense light and gay colours—and which I

must see even against my own will ; for the more I shut my eyes and thrust my face into the pillow, the more the motley tinges seethe and bubble up in the darkness, like a rainbow being boiled into a diet-drink for a blind man. But why do I name the Sun ? If thee had thy way ” (here he shook his head at the bed-post), “ thee would put the Sun, as the West-End woman puts her Glass Lustre of Gaiety, in a brown-holland bag ! ”

“ As for Painting,” continued Jasper, vigorously sweeping at a Fancy Piece with an imaginary brush, “ if Painting be a Vanity, why was Rubens endowed from above with the pictorial Genius, or Vandyck with the artistical organ ? Had Claude de Lorraine that wonderful eye for colour, only to distinguish an orange from a lemon ? Had Rembrandt that marvellous knowledge of light and shade merely that he might say, ‘ Friend, it is a dull day,’ or ‘ Friend this is a bright morning ? ’ Nay, have I myself such an exquisite sense of the beautiful in form, only that I may know Hester Primrose, behind backs, from her mother ? ”

“ Thee wilt overtalk thyself,” said the Voice.

“ There is Raphael,” said Jasper : “ do not his dumb painted faces discourse as eloquently of Love, and Faith, and Piety, by mere looks, as any speechless Elder at our own Meetings ? Is not the expressive silence, which museth praise, embodied in the Angels and uplooking Cherubs of the Painter of Urbino ? Yea, is there not a whole hymn of adoration in the figure of an Infant St. John—the religious sentiment expressed in painted hieroglyphics instead of printed words ? Then, again, there are the Cartoons. Is not the picture of Ananias as powerful a Warning to the man who saith, ‘ I will not have some pudding,’ and then ‘ I will have some pudding,’ as a written Tract against Lying ? And is there not as much profit in the painted Preachment of Paul at Athens, as in the

feeble holding forth of Dorcas Fish, which no man heareth, or woman either ? ”

“ Because she is ancient,” said the Voice, “ and hath lost her gifts.”

“ And I will paint too,” cried the delirious Quaker, flourishing his ideal tool with increased fervour. “ So bring me that long-legged thing like a cameleopard ; and set thereon a wide canvas like a ship’s sail ; and give me my maul-stick and my brushes, and my palette, with a hole in it for my thumb. Now, then, for my paint-pots and my oil-cans, for whale and sperm, and my bladders of pigments, and mind that there be plenty of scarlet——”

“ It is the colour of the Woman of Babylon,” said the Voice.

“ It is a warm colour,” said Jasper ; “ and why not warm colours for the eyes as well as warm woollens for the legs ? So let me have abundance of Vermilion, and Dutch Pink, and Light Green, and Bright Green, and Prussian Blue, and Sky-Blue, and King’s Yellow, and Queen’s Yellow, and Royal Purple. I have promised the Friends to paint only a Scripture Subject, and so it shall be—namely, Joseph and his Brethren ; but never trust me if I don’t squeeze every bladder there is in oil paints into the Coat of Many Colours.”

“ The Artful Dodger ! ” exclaims the Candid Reader.

“ It is all a mistake,” says a great Periodical Pluralist. “ In our opinion, I think that the work we have just read is to my mind, as it appears to us, a mere absurdity. According to all principles of Art—Christian or Pagan, Catholic or Lutheran, Ancient or Modern, Fine or Plain—a Quaker laying such a palette is totally out of keeping ! ”

The Capital Critic ! As if a mind off its hinges would act as regularly in its accustomed direction as a well-hung door !

Moreover, extremes breed extremes as naturally as dogs beget dogs; and the Quaker, from being over rigidly denied the pigments, was the very man to go the whole hogments. And besides, he fancied that he was painting for the Exhibition.

CHAPTER XII.

“AND do you mean to say, sir,” cries a doughty little champion of the Academy, with badger’s-hair whiskers, a maul-stick fit for a tilting spear, and a palette big enough for a buckler,—“do you intend to insinuate that we sacrifice too freely to Iris?”

“I do: that you would sink Sentiment and Expression, give up Drawing, and surrender Design, rather than strike your Colours. Just allow me to step into your painting-room. Aye, there they are—your accomplices before the Fact, a damask drapery, a pot of tulips, a peacock’s tail, and a porcelain vase. You only want a stuffed Harlequin for a lay figure! Sacrifice to Iris?—Yes. There is Daubeny’s grand Illustration of Romeo—‘*I do remember an Apothecary, &c.*’—a splendid piece of colouring, but how did he obtain it?”

“Pray how, sir?”

“Why, he has made it a night-piece, and, thanks to the Apothecary’s show-bottles, Romeo has not only a yellow plume, and a pink mantle, but a grass-green face and a sky-blue right hand.”

“A grass-green face?”

“And pr’ythee, why not—for the sake of colour—as well as a grass-green horse? There is a verdant charger, you know, under William the Conqueror, in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. But hark! there is a riot at this very moment

in a certain great Gallery ; and about nothing in the world but a bit of colour. Did you ever hear a more angry buzz from a swarm of wasps ? It's too bad !—it's a burning shame !—Scandalous !—Diabolical !—It ought to be shown up in the papers !—It's a subject for Parliament !”

“It has killed all my carnations,” cries one—not a gardener, but a painter.

“And my Two Children !” says another.

“And my Roan Horse !” exclaims a third.

“It has taken all the shine out of my Sunset,” declares a fourth.

“And all the warmth,” says a fifth, “out of my Fire of London.”

“I should like,” growls a sixth, “to slash it all into ribands !”

“I'll scratch the eyes out !” mutters a seventh between his teeth.

“And pray, sir, what is it all about ?”

“Why it is all about my picture,” replies a Royal Academician ; “a portrait of a Monk in a brown frock. After the thing was hung up by the Committee, I happened to find out that the Monk was made a Cardinal, and all this pretty row is because I have painted him into scarlet !”

CHAPTER XIII.

“WHERE am I ?” whispered Jasper, *pianissimo*, and looking round him in a sort of bewilderment,—“where am I, and what am I called ?”

“Jasper Duffle,” answered the Voice ; “and thee art in thy own chamber, in thy own dwelling house.”

“It’s a lie!” cried Jasper, *fortissimo*. “I am King Richard the Third! Give me a bowl of wine, and a watch, and tell Geziah to saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.”

But stop!—halt!—avast!—woh!—pull up!—Here is the old boggle. The Courteous Reader objects to a Theatrical Quaker; as if the delirious fancy would care any more than a mad bull whether it ran down Long-Acre or into Drury Lane.

“Aye, but then, to quote Shakspeare, Friend Duffle must either have read play books, or have visited the theatre.” And why not? According to sacred and profane authorities, the most powerful Tempter that ever assailed Human Nature was Curiosity. It was the ruin of Eve and of Pandora, of Blue Beard’s wives and of Doctor Faustus. And will any one venture to say that the same Power which drew so many people into the wrong box, could not drag a single Quaker into a box at Covent Garden?

“That’s very true—well, go on.”

“I am Richard the Third,” shouted Jasper, “and I’ve lost my horse! And between thee and me, friend (here his tone dropped again), as precious a screw as ever went on three legs.”

“*A horse goeth upon four legs,*” said the Voice.

“I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,” spouted Jasper, with an attempt to suit the action to the word. “He was swallowing a tailor’s news, and there were five moons!”

“*There is only one moon,*” said the Voice, “*and it is in the last quarter.*”

“Put out the light,” muttered Jasper, “and then put out the light.”

“*There is no light in the chamber.*”

“Alas! poor Ghost!”

“*There be no ghosts.*”

O Truth! Truth! Truth! if ever thou hadst a true

Friend in this world, she was sitting in a russet gown and white kerchief behind that curtain! What a pity that the Romancing Traveller, and the Rhodomontading Captain, and the Imaginative Counsel, and the Equivocating Witness, and the Bouncing Tradesman, were not within hearing of the oracle! What a thousand pities that the tall Bully who "lifts his head and lies" was not within earshot of her voice—that conscientious Voice which would not allow even Delirium to wander from the fact!

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR some minutes the Quaker had lain dormant, quite still and silent, when suddenly he started up with glittering eyes, and began talking in a much louder tone.

"I should like to know," said he, "whether I am an animal or a vegetable?"

"Thee art a rational creature," said the Voice,—“at least when thee art in thy senses.”

"Because if I was a vegetable," continued Jasper, "I should be green. But I'm up to a thing or two, and know the time of day. Broad-brims be hanged!" and he plucked off his nightcap and threw it at the bed-post. "If I'll be a Quaker any longer, call me pump, and hang an iron ladle to my nose. No—no, I've too much blood for that—warm, red, boiling hot blood, and muscles as springy as whalebone, and as much spin in me as a top. So, between you and me (here he grew confidential with the bed-post), I've dropped the Society, and cut away down the other road. Ask Old Barney—we've had a deal for the brown togs. They never fitted me, never; always cut under the arm, or somewhere,

and wouldn't sit easy to human nature. No more larking in 'em than a strait-jacket—I've tried lot o' times, and they always pulled me up before I could over a post. If a Jumper ever jumped in such a dress I will eat him with my cheese. No—no! no more Quakerism! It's a slow coach, with the skid on. I'll tell you what,—I'll have a new drag. The roan shall be clipped, and I'll turn Geziah into a tiger. (*A groan from the bedroom door.*) I've been a precious long time in the coop. But my mother shall know I'm out, and no mistake. Here goes for a screech!"

And, making a tunnel for the voice with his hands, he set up a yell like a wild Indian. Then putting his finger into his cheek, he attempted a drover's whistle—then he tried imitations of fox and bullock hunters, sheep-drivers, and hackney-watermen—and then he gave "Sprats!" for two voices, "Mackarel!" with variations, and "Old Clo's!"

"Thee wilt scandalise us all," said the Voice.

"It's a jolly good lark!" said Jasper, laughing boisterously till he fell backward on his pillow, "fourteen knockers twisted off, and Tottenham Cross done all over in red lead."

The Voice gave a groan.

"To-night," said Jasper, "we're to smash the lamps, and let off a maroon at Bruce Castle. That's your sort! Go it, my coveys!" and lifting up his voice, he chaunted the burden of the slang song, "Nix my dolly, pals, fake away!"

"That is Latin," exclaimed the Voice. "He singeth a Popish hymn."

"Latin, indeed!" cries an indignant Classical Master; "yes, Thieves' Latin,—and your Quaker utters it as glibly as if he had learned his Accidence in Newgate!"

And why not? Did you never hear, Doctor, of the kitchen-maid, who, in her crazy fits, could talk Greek with Porson, and Hebrew with Hyman Hurwitz? It is a psycho-

logical fact, well known to physicians, that a man or woman in a delirium will prove to be acquainted with matters whereof they were supposed to be as ignorant as our First Parents ; and, moreover, they will discourse of such mysteries in the very language of the adepts. Thus the Master of a Poor-House was found during a frenzy to be a perfect master of French Cookery ; and gave directions, *secundum artem*, for above a score of made-dishes. On the same authority, a school-girl discoursed very fluently, throughout a fever, in the jargon of the Judicial Astrologers : whilst an old Lady, of decidedly religious habits, was overheard, when light-headed, to go through the whole performance of Punch and Judy, the dog Toby included.

This was precisely the Quaker's case. In the course of his daily business, which led him through bye-streets, lanes, and alleys, to markets, wharfs, and barges, amongst coachmen, carmen, cabmen, watermen, lightermen, cads, porters, jobbers, and vagabonds of all descriptions, it was inevitable that he must hear, willy-nilly, a monstrous variety of profane oaths, as well as a prodigious abundance of vulgar slang—why he should have hoarded up these tropes and figures in his memory, instead of letting them pass by him like the idle wind, is beyond a guess—unless he saved them, as some careful people lay by old button-tops, rags, bones, and similar oddments, under the common notion that they will all come into use some day or other. However, there they were, cant, curses, flash songs, and the points of some practical jokes besides ; and the heat and hurry of his brains allowing no time for selection or decent clothing, out they all came, or were pitched, naked and higgledy-piggledy, like the inmates and utensils of a burning house !

In short, he talked like a costermonger, and was so abusive, that you would have thought he carried pebbles in

his mouth, like Demosthenes, to accustom it to hard words. The mildest names he used were * * * * and * * * * ; and, as to oaths, he swore so many, that if he had been fined for them at the legal rate, the dollars placed edge to edge would have reached from Bow Street to any place you please, that is a five-shilling fare !

“He is possessed with a Devil !” exclaimed the Voice, alias Rachel Duffle ; and jumping up from her chair, as if to fetch an Exorcist, she ran—yes, for the first time in her life, ran down-stairs, and would, perhaps, have jumped the two steps at the bottom, if they had not been occupied at the moment by Jonathan Brumby.

CHAPTER XV.

“AND who in the world was Jonathan Brumby ?”

Patience, Miss, patience. I was about to inform you, but now I must give you, instead, a lecture on that prying, meddling, impertinent passion, called Curiosity. But, I beg pardon : it is intended also for your Father, and Brothers, and Uncles, and your male Cousins ; for it is no more a female complaint than the influenza.

Some years ago the modern Babylon was thrown into consternation by the mysterious assassination of a female mendicant, one Judith Trant. It was a time of profound peace. There was no Eastern or Western Question to occupy the public mind, so that the subject had fair play.

“Shocking and Barbarous Murder !” bawled the News-men.

“Shocking and barbarous, indeed !” cried a million of human echoes. The perpetrator had owned to the act—but

why did he do it? Not for love, for Judith was an old woman. Not for money, for she was a beggar. Not for revenge, for there was no quarrel. Not for political ends, for she was nobody. It was a perfect puzzle! The motive-mongers were completely at fault!

Curiosity is like the Crocodile, which never leaves off growing till its death. The Constable who seized the Murderer, the Magistrate who examined him, the Clerk who made out his mittimus, the Jailor who received his body, the Turnkey who locked it up, and the Under-Turnkey, were all dying to know "Why he did it?"

"He couldn't tell," he said. "It was sudden impulse—a sort of whisper—Satan put it in his head—he had no reason for doing it,—in short, the why and wherefore of it were more than he knew himself."

Such an account was, of course, very unsatisfactory to the gossips. Curiosity ran to and fro, with her tongue out like a hound, to pick up the scent.

"Where was he born! Who were his father and mother? Were they lawfully married? Who baptized him? Who nursed him? Had he been vaccinated? Where schooled? Where apprenticed? Did he ever keep rabbits? Did he go to church or chapel? Could he sing or whistle, and what tunes? Could he play on anything, or was he ever at the theatre? Did he wear his hat on one side; What was his exact height? Was he in the habit of killing old women?"

The Jailor made his prisoner drunk; but the secret did not transpire. The Jailor's wife made toast for the Murderer, and invited herself to tea with him; but she got nothing from him except a lock of his red hair. His fellow-prisoners advised him, in vain, to make a clean breast of it. His Counsel declared the whole truth to be indispensable to his defence. Ministers of all persuasions tried to persuade him

to unbosom. Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, and Lutherans,—staunch Protestants though they were,—all preached in favour of Auricular Confession. Ladies brought fruit, flowers, cakes, and tracts, to the wretch, and invited his confidence. “Why—why—why did he do it?” But Woman herself could only obtain from him the woman’s reason,—he did it, because he did.

Curiosity was ready to burst. Like a crocodile, she had shed tears, and pretended to sympathise with human suffering, in order to gratify her own appetite ; but all she caught was a little hair. She could not eat, drink, or sleep, for thinking of it ; and in the impatience of her own torments, declared loudly that the Rack, for such obstinate cases, ought never to have been abolished.

In the meantime, the Trial came on. The Court was crammed. The Clerk read the indictment, and the prisoner pleaded. The witnesses proved the crime, but wondered why he did it. The Counsel hunted for a motive. The Jury fished for it. The Judge speculated on it in his charge; and, finally, the Foreman brought in a Verdict of “Guilty!” with a recommendation to mercy, “provided he gave his reason.” The Convict swore that he had none to give : he had killed the old woman off-hand—it was a sudden start—the same as a frisk—he couldn’t account for it—’twas done in a dream, like.”

Curiosity was rampant. A Duchess, two Marchionesses, and as many Countesses, honoured the Murderer with a visit, and engaged to use their interest with the King, for a pardon—on one condition. A noble Lord promised to make the prisoner a Superintendent of Police in exchange for the secret. A patriotic County Member declared the disclosure was due to the country, but pledged his honour to confine the least hint of the matter to his own bosom. A public

Journalist generously offered the use of his columns for the Felon's last words, without charging for them as an advertisement. The Chaplain himself could not refrain from wondering, in the Condemned Sermon, at a crime committed without malice, without profit, without necessity, without motive.

The wretched Culprit sobbed, groaned, wrung his hands, and expressed, by the convulsions of his features, the utmost remorse and contrition.

"Why did ye do it, then?" whispered the pew-opener.

"Lord knows," replied the Culprit.

Monday came—his last Monday. The sun rose brightly—the cold cell grew lighter and lighter—but Curiosity was as much in the dark as ever. The men who had sat up all night with the Convict declared that he had talked a wonderful deal in his sleep about green fields, and Berkshire, and a game of cricket. And not a word about the old woman? Yes, he said, he had killed her because—(Ah!—yes,—well,—what,—go on, why did he kill her?)—Why, because she didn't get more notches!

Crash! What a blow Curiosity seemed to have received plump in the ear! The hardest cricket-ball ever pitched could not have hit her more severely! Her head rang with it for a week after. However, she was able to follow the doomed man into the Press-Room, where the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs, with their respective friends, the Ordinary, and the Extraordinary Clergy, the Reporters, and other official or officious persons, were assembled. The Convict's irons were knocked off.

"If you have anything to say," stammered the Senior Sheriff, "now is the time."

"To cleanse the bosom of the perilous stuff," put in a celebrated Tragedian.

"It is not yet too late," began the Ordinary.

"Come, let's have it," said a Penny-a-liner.

"Now then," muttered the Jailor.

But the Convict shook his head and repeated the old story.

A Phrenologist, who recollected that "Murder will speak with a most miraculous organ," now felt the devoted head, but was none the wiser. Nothing remained, therefore, but to beg for keepsakes ; but as the Turnkey, and his Wife, and the Ladies of Quality, and the Peers, and the M.P., and the Editor, and the exhorters of all denominations, had already received a lock of his hair apiece, the last comers were obliged to put up with a few carroty clippings.

[And all the while there thou wast, poor old Honesty, toiling for a shilling a-day, wet or shine, in the fields, and not one Christian Man or Woman to ask thee for so much as one white hair of thy head !]

—The last comers, I say, had but a few carroty clippings, so closely the Murderer had been cropped. And in this plight he was led forth to the scaffold, in the gaze of ten thousand Sons and Daughters of Curiosity in the street, at the windows, and on the house-tops. And a wonderful strange sight it was ! For every Son and Daughter of Curiosity had on a pair of Solomon's famous Spectacles ; and in each ear one of Dr. Scott's renowned Cornets, which catch even the ghost of a whisper at a public meeting !

And now the last hope rested on Jack Ketch, who took his opportunity while he adjusted the rope. But, after a whisper, even that Functionary shook his head and intimated to the company in two brief syllables that it was "No go." The Criminal, like the Weary Knife-Grinder, had no tale to tell. So, in despair, the Ordinary at last began to read the Burial-Service ; when, lo ! just as the fatal bolt was about to

be drawn, a desperate individual, in a straw hat, a light-blue jacket, striped trousers, and Hessian boots, with an umbrella under his arm, dashed in before the Clergyman, and, in hurried accents, put the old question.

“Now or never! Why did you do it?”

“Why then,” said the Convict, with an impatient motion of his cropped head, “I did it—to get my hair cut!”

CHAPTER XVI.

Now when the serving-man Geziah went to fetch the medical man Brumby, he found him in his odoriferous shop, very busily helping his Assistant to make up prescriptions with fidelity and dispatch. The Apothecary was what is called a Parish Doctor, and a tall, raw-boned woman, some sort of Nurse in the parochial Infirmary, was waiting for the poor people's medicaments.

“Friend Brumby,” said Geziah, “thee must come directly to Jasper Duffle.”

“I will,” said the Doctor. “What is the matter with him?”

“That is for thee to tell,” answered Geziah.

“Is it the epidemic?”

“Peradventure it is,” said Geziah.

“Well, say I am coming.”

“I will say that thee said so,” answered Geziah, and then departed.

“And how is Gaffin?” inquired the Apothecary, addressing himself to the tall, raw-boned female.

“He can't be wus,” said the Woman. “We've tried everything, solids and slops, and nothing will sit on his

stomach. Nothing," shaking her head, "nothing except the Crowner."

There must either be a forty-judge power of gravity peculiar to the medical profession, or else such ignorance and absurdity were so common as to have lost all power over the risible muscles—for those of the Apothecary never even quivered. The Assistant seemed equally unperturbable.

"What's the matter with Nixon?"

"Why, Doctor Barlow says as how he's got a scurrilous liver."

"Scirrhous, Scirrhous," muttered Brumby, as if to himself, but for the benefit of his associate. "And what about Gosling?"

"Ah, there's been a terrible to-do about him!" said the Woman. "The other sick paupers objected agin his coming into the Ward. He's consumptionous, you know—and consumption is hereditary if you sleep in the same room."

"And Bird?"

"He complains a good deal of the indigestibles," said the Woman. "But that's along of the bullets. He's very abusive, but couldn't swear for the hiccups, and so he swallowed the bullets to prevent the risin' of his lights. Cobb's goin' very fast."

"Is he rational?"

"All over," said the Woman, "as thick as it can stick. I never see such a rash afore in my days."

"And Gunn?"

"That's the old sailor," said the Nurse. "Ah! men in his line of life oughtn't to come into Infirmaries. Nothin' goes down with 'em. You may as soon argufy a brute beast into taking physic of his own accord as a sailor. Not he—though it's life or death with him—and his mouth parched as dry as a stick, and his skin so hot, I thought he would

scorch his pattern on the sheets. Howsomever, at long and last, I managed him, for I went with a glass in each hand. 'Now, Gunn,' says I, 'yes or no—here's your coolin'-draff, and here's a glass of rum—both or none.' 'Why then it's both,' says he,—and he continnys every three hours."

"Humph!—And what about Bradley?"

"Why somebody said as how at his last pint he'd begin to tell fortunes."

"You allude," said the Doctor, "to the supposed gift of prophecy *in articulo mortis*."

"Maybe I do," said the Woman. "Howsomever, we all crowded round his bed to ketch his last words,—and, sure enough, after a long insensible fit, his lips begun to move. 'Never say die,' says he, 'I shall get over all this.' But before he could prophecy any more, down dropped his poor jaw, and he was as dead as a house."

"And how's Poulter?" asked the Doctor, taking up another order at sight for nasty stuff.

"His cut thumb is mendin'," said the Woman. "But he's dreadful overloaded—for stomach or no stomach he forces hisself to eat, mornin', noon, and night, to prevent his jaw lockin'."

"And What's-his-name—the man with the Cholera?"

"There's no hopes of him," said the Woman,—"none whatever. He's in the state of collops."

"In what?" exclaimed the Assistant.

"Collapse—collapse," whispered the Doctor, who, having compounded his share of the prescriptions, hastily put on his broad-brimmed hat, and prepared to pay the desired visit to Jasper Duffle. Before he went, however, he looked into a book which had been lying open with its face to the counter. His intention was merely to make a mental note of the part where he had left off reading; but in seeking for the passage

he fell in with another, which excited him so violently, that with an angry "Pish!" he sent the pamphlet fluttering to the other end of the shop.

"Make it penal, indeed!" muttered the Apothecary, as he flung out of the door; "I should like to see it!"

CHAPTER XVII.

JONATHAN BRUMBY was the principal Apothecary, &c., at Tottenham, and in homage to the genius of the locality he always wore sad-coloured clothes of the same formal cut. He was therefore a favourite with the Friends, but enjoyed an extensive practice besides; and, as before noticed, held an official appointment in the parish. He dealt in Metaphysics as well as Pharmacy, on which account he was reckoned an extremely clever man; howbeit, nine-tenths of his panegyrists imagined that he kept his metaphysics in the labelled drawers and stoppered bottles; and that his *pharmacy* consisted in keeping a horse, a cow, a few head of poultry, and a pig. There are many reputations in the world that are built on as strange foundations.

In person he was a stunted figure, with a face as puckered as a monkey's, and moreover as pale (pray note this) as an untoasted crumpet. Many a sick man, woman and child, had to rue the hour which first confronted them with that wan wrinkled visage!

The truth was, that seeing his own face in the glass every morning during the operation of shaving, and having dipped into the speculations of Monsieur Quetelet, the Apothecary took it into his head that his usual pallor was the average complexion of an Average Man. This was the true secret of

his practice, as, indeed, it is of all our practices, when we mete by our own ell, weigh by our own pound, and measure by our own bushel. When Jonathan Brumby said, therefore, that a patient "looked charmingly," he meant that the party looked something like a marble bust or a plaster cast.

"To obtain this desirable complexion in his patients, the most obvious means was to extract the colouring matter by blood-letting, to which Jonathan had recourse so frequently and so freely, that the obsolete term for a Physician might have been justly revived for him, for he was emphatically a Leech. Indeed, he rather excelled the *Hirudo*, which sometimes requires to be bribed with milk, sugar, or beer; whereas, the Apothecary wanted no coaxing, but at the mere sight of a bare arm, went directly to the vein. Gout, palsy, dropsy, measles, mumps, chicken-pox, whatever the complaint, hot or cold, high or low, fast or slow, he had recourse to venesection. He bled for everything,—and, above all, in the Influenza, and as everybody had the Influenza, his Lancet beat Wakley's hollow—as to the numbers who took it in. The truth is, a man rides and drives his horses with discretion—his hobbies never. I verily believe, if our Leech had lived in the days of Seneca, he would have tried to bleed the Philosopher to life again, after he had bled to death in the bath.

There are two poles, however, to every human extravagance; and supposing Jonathan Brumby to point due North as to Phlebotomy, in the South, as his antipodes, stood the Author of the Treatise "*De l'Influence Pernicieuse des Saignées.*" It was this very work that the Apothecary took up from the counter before he went out; and the passage which so stirred his spleen contained a proposition to make the shedding of "one drop of Christian blood" as criminal an offence as it was by the laws of Venice.

“I should like to see it made penal !” said the Phlebotomist, by which, of course, he meant quite the reverse ; and thanks to this heresy of Dr. Wiesécké, when he arrived at Jasper Duffle’s, he was in the humour to let blood with a dirk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“I AM glad thee art come, Friend Brumby,” said the delirious Quaker, with a twilight consciousness of his own condition. “I hope thee hast brought thy shears. This growing weather, a man cut in yew-tree is sure to get out of order ; and I’ve straggled sadly in my top twigs.”

The Apothecary made no answer, but groped instinctively in his pocket. His patient was naturally florid, and by help of the scarlet-fever and a good fire, looked not only as red as the York Mail, but shewed an inclination to turn (as the York Mail afterwards did) to a rich claret colour. There needed no other symptom to decide the treatment ; in a few minutes poor Jasper was bleeding like a calf, whose veal must be blanched for the London market. On—on—on, poured the crimson stream, as if it had been water from an Artesian well. And on—on—on, it might have spouted much longer, if Nature had not interfered, by producing syncope, whereupon the blood stopped of itself. The Apothecary would rather have had a few ounces more, but there was no help for it, so he applied restoratives to the patient, and then bound up his arm.

“There !” said the Phlebotomist, quite delighted with the pallor he had produced in Jasper’s countenance, “we’ve taken out the *scarlet*, and now we’ll attack the *Fever* !”

Whether the complaint be curable by such instalments is a question for the Faculty. In the meantime, the notion had the sound of soundness, and kept the "word of promise to the ear." It had just that sort of plausibility which satisfies a passive mind; and the intellects of Rachel Duffle being of that quiet order, she took it for granted that all was right, and concurred with the popular opinion of Jonathan Brumby, the "extremely clever man."

Of what followed, the blame must lie between the Doctor, the Delirium and the Disease. It is certain that a man in a fever is more restless than common; and if he be light-headed besides, the mischief might happen by design as well as accident. It is equally sure that the Phlebotomist had been somewhat disappointed in his most sanguinary aspirations, and might, therefore, be rather careless in securing the vein; however, between one cause and another, the bandage came off in the night, and before the mishap was discovered and remedied, the unlucky Jasper had lost an unknown quantity of the vital fluid!

"That accounts for my strange vision," said the Quaker, whom the depletion had restored to his senses. "Verily, I dreamt that I had been vaccinated over again by Edward Jenner; and lo! instead of this blood, the lying fancy told me that it was warm milk from the cow which kept flowing from my arm!"

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER twitch at my sleeve: and Prudence, holding up her warning finger, is again lecturing at my elbow.

"Beware," quoth Prudence—"pray beware. You are on dangerous ground, where a single false step may be fatal.

Are you sure that you are qualified to practise even at Hot-tentottenham, and to treat a Black Fever, let alone a Scarlet? —Have you read Armstrong on the subject?"

No.

"Or Cooke?"

No.

"Or Buchan's 'Domestic Medicine?'"

No.

"Or 'The Doctor?'"

No.

"Have you had the Scarlet Fever yourself!"

Never to my knowledge.

"Mercy on us!" cries Prudence; "then you know nothing at all of the matter! Have you ever possessed a Family Medicine Chest?"

No.

"Did you ever prescribe brimstone and treacle?"

Never.

"Did you ever carry out 'Doctor's stuff' in a covered basket?"

Never.

"Did you ever sell Morison's Pills?"

Heaven forbid!

"Have you read Arnott's Physics?"

No.

"Why then, you are ignorant even of the Materia Medica! And now," says Prudence, "as to Anatomy and Physiology. Did you ever see any body cut up?"

Never, except metaphorically or critically.

"Have you ever studied the skeleton?"

Only the living one—Claude Seurat.

"Have you ever made any anatomical preparations?"

Not even a wooden leg, or a nose of wax.

“But possibly,” says Prudence, “you are a Somnambulist. Did you ever fall asleep with your eyes turned inward, and, by the light of your own lights, obtain an insight into the mechanism and operations of the human frame?”

What! look into my own stomach! never! even with daylight and a tablespoon!

“Of course not,” says Prudence. “And you never, by Magnetic Clairvoyance, looked through and through your sick neighbours, till, like Dr. Hornbook, you could name and prescribe for every disease in the parish?”

Never, I'll take my oath!

“In short,” says Prudence, “you have no medical knowledge whatever, innate or acquired, natural or revealed. And yet you will tamper! A Scarlet Fever, too—and I'll be bound you do not even know when to expect the crisis! Pray, pray, pray take care. Life and death are in your hands—a sentence or paragraph from your pen may be as mortal as the Recorder's warrant! One powder for another—the wrong mixture—a table-spoon instead of a tea-spoon,—a single error in treatment may make Jasper Duffle a corpse, and Rachel Duffle—the meek, truth-telling Rachel—a forlorn widow!

“Here then you have a respectable Quaker, a husband—perhaps a father—laid up in his bed, with a dangerous disease, and totally dependent on your skill and knowledge for his recovery; whereas, through sheer ignorance, but with the best intentions in the world, you may do for him as effectually as if you had stirred arsenic with his gruel. At the very best, you must make him survive by a miracle, and live on preposterously hearty and active, when according to all Medical Jurisprudence he ought to be dead and buried, and his estate in the possession of the Next of Kin.

“I will give you a case in point,” says Prudence. “An Author, and one of the most popular that ever lived, who had

his Hero on his hands very ill with an Ague. And how did he treat the complaint? Not as Dr. Elliotson would advise, by large doses of quinine, ten grains at a time, and twice, if not three times a day—to be candid, quinine was not then invented—but with a strong infusion of tobacco, and moreover, ‘strong and green’ tobacco, steeped for an hour or two in old rum. In fact, the Patient found the mixture ‘so strong and rank of the tobacco,’ that, to use his own words, he could ‘scarcely get it down.’ Now such a composing draught ought to have composed the poor fellow for ever; but if not, he must have been killed to a dead certainty a day or two afterwards when he repeated the ‘mixture as before,’ but ‘doubled the quantity.’ *That* must have settled him—and then what becomes of Man Friday and his Poll Parrot?”

What! our old friend Robinson Crusoe?

“Yes,—the ‘Monarch of all he surveyed’—and who must have died after a short reign of six months—instead of twenty-eight years, two months, and nineteen days, during which De Foe pretends that he governed his Desert Island!”

Zounds! a monstrous cantle! And must we then give up the land-logged canoe—and the dear suit of goatskin—and the mysterious footmark, and the Caribbee man-cooks, and Man Friday, and Friday senior, and the Spaniards, and Will Atkins? Must we really renounce the China voyage and the Overland Journey? The delicious Bear-dance and the terrible Battle with the Wolves?

“Yes, all, every thing must be cancelled subsequent to the date of July the 2nd, in the ‘Journal;’ that unfortunate day when the Solitary completed his infallible cure for the Ague! Indeed, so strongly is Doctor Spearman impressed with the necessity of this catastrophe, that he has written a circumstantial Narrative of the Discovery of the Corpse of Robinson Crusoe by a Party of Buccaneers, who landed for wood

and water on the Island of Juan Fernandez. The ship's surgeon opens the body and analyses the contents of the stomach, and the *New Version* concludes with a professional Report of the Post-Mortem Examination."

"From the *Sectio Cadaveris*," says this imaginary document, "the fact is clearly established that the deceased was poisoned by a narcotic herb, called *Nicotiana*; the same having, apparently, been macerated in a saccharine spirit."

CHAPTER XX.

"It is dangerous work, you see," continued Prudence, "for a Non-Medical Author to meddle with a disease. Even with professional men, practice does not make so perfect, but that first-rate physicians will take the wrong path in Pathology, and commit errors in Therapeutics, which end often in Tragedy, and sometimes in Comedy, or Farce. For instance, there was Doctor Seaward, who conceived the notion, during his residence at Brighton, that all complaints of the head, including mental aberration, were to be cured by Sea-Sickness. He was cock-sure of his theory: it was whispered to him by every hollow shell; he smelt it in the seaweed; he heard it in the rattle of the shingles, and in the roar of the billows. Nay, he would prove it practically; and, accordingly, he made up a snug party of his Patients, for an Experimental Cruise."

Well, suppose the day fixed, and the vessel selected and hired—a Dutch-built pleasure-boat, that would be sure to roll and tumble like a porpoise. Imagine the party embarked—Messrs. Black, White, Brown, and Green, the patients, the theoretical Doctor, and his practical assistant, Mr. Murphy.

There is little wind, but a desirable swell, of which the Lovely Polly takes her full swing the moment she leaves the Pier. As might be expected from her figure, she climbs as clumsily over each wave as a clodpole scrambles over a country stile; and then rolls in the trough of the sea, like a colt that is "winning his shoes."

"Now, Murphy," says the Doctor, "you must carefully note down the order in which the gentlemen are taken ill."

"With all the pleasure in life," says Murphy, preparing his tablets, whilst the Physician rolls himself up in his cloak, and ensconces himself in a snug corner at the stern of the boat.

In the meantime the helmsman, by prescription, is a perfect lubber in his steering of the Lovely Polly. Sometimes he keeps her full, and sometimes leaves her empty. Now making her take the wave on her nose, then on her bow, then on her quarter, and occasionally on her broadside, so that not one of the landsmen can keep his legs.

"Murphy!" says the Doctor,—“Murphy, how is Mr. White?”

"Quite charming, thankee, Doctor," answers White for himself.

"And Mr. Black?"

"Why hearty, Doctor, hearty, only I'm a little peckish."

"And so am I, and I," echo Messrs. Brown and Green.

"Then it's more than I am," mutters the Doctor, putting his head again under his mantle.

The Lovely Polly seems determined that the theory shall have a fair chance. If she had shipped neat brandy, instead of so much salt water, she could not stagger more abominably. The Doctor, full of hope, repeats the old summons.

"Murphy!"

"Here I am, sir?"

“Do they look pale at all?”

“Divil a bit,—all as red as the flag.”

“And are they eating and drinking?”

“I believe they *are*, it would do you good to see them!”

“No it wouldn’t,” says the Doctor to himself.

The Skipper, who has had a hint of the theory, now takes the helm, and throws the Lovely Polly into the hollow of the sea, where she rocks like a cradle. Then he puts her full before the wind, and contrives to give her a circular reel, so that at every wave the vane at the masthead makes a complete circuit.

“Murphy, how are they now?”

“As well as ever, sir.”

“What! not one of them squeamish?”

“Not the least taste in life of it.”

“What are they doing?”

“They’re drinking bottled porter and smoking cigars.”

“That ought to do it,” says the Doctor.

“But it don’t,” says Murphy.

It blows squalls. The sea rises, and the Lovely Polly goes to work like a schoolmistress; for why?—the more unruly the waves are, the more she pitches into them. There is motion enough to churn cream into butter.

“Well, Murphy, what news?”

“Why, they’ve eaten up the pork-pie and the pickled salmon, and drunk all the port wine, and now they’re at the cold milk punch.”

“Well?”

“Quite well.”

“What! nobody ill with all that eating and drinking?”

“Yes, *I* am,” says Murphy.

“What shall I do now, your Honour?” inquired the Skipper.

“Do!” cries the Doctor, turning suddenly ugly, as if he

had the cramp in his face, "dó ! why turn round the bo—bo—bo—boat, to be sure, and put us ashore as fast as pos—pos—pos——"

"Oh, I'm murdered entirely," cries Murphy.

The helm is put down, and the Lovely Polly goes round till her wooden head is set directly at the Chain Pier. There at last the Experimental Party is relanded—the speculative Physician and his Assistant as pale and peaking as starved tailors—the patients as ruddy and vigorous as Welsh farmers in winter.

"Confound them !" mutters the Doctor, "they must have the stomachs of horses ! But my theory is correct, for all that ! I am as certain as ever that they would be cured by sea-sickness."

"That's true for you," says Murphy in his sleeve, "only you can't make them sick."

"Now that is a true story," said Prudence ; "indeed some French Physicians failed exactly in the same way. Here is the report."

"Nous avons, malheureusement, nous et le domestique qui nous accompagnait, été horriblement tourmentés du mal de mer ; et les monomaniaques confiés à nos soins n'ont point éprouvé le plus léger malaise. Monsieur le Docteur Lachaise a éprouvé le même désappointement."

CHAPTER XXI.

ALAS for poor Jasper ! After his double loss of blood the reaction was rapid. The fever seemed to have assumed a typhus character, and under its depression the Patient sank lower and lower—deeper and deeper still. Never was there

such an illustration of the Quaker doctrine of Non-Resistance ! He did not struggle even for dear life. He made no more fight for it than an oyster. He never rallied ; but submitted to be cut off as passively as a cabbage. The more he was smitten, the more he gave in ; and Death seemed only to delay the final blow, from shame to strike so very unresisting a victim.

In vain the Apothecary "threw in" his tonics ; as vainly Rachel poured in her broths ; they had lost, apparently, all power of stimulus or nutriment, and might as well have been thrown into a cart or poured down a gutter. Jasper still kept sinking : down, down, down he went like a plummet—down, down like Mexican Stock—down like the mercury of the barometer before a hurricane—down, quietly down, like a leaky ship in a dead calm !

What was to be done ? A Homœopathist would have exhibited an infinitesimal dose of hyoscyamus to lower the pulse still further. A German Wasserkurist would have drenched and drowned the animal spirits with cold water. A Counter-Irritator would have aggravated the outside with Spanish Fly and mustard, or whipped it with stinging nettles. One Doctor would have sent the Patient to Madeira, another to Port and Sherry. Dr. * * * * * would have supplied him with a tube, and advised a good blow-out : and Jonathan Brumby would have taken a little more blood from the arm. The course was indicated, he said, by the spontaneous hemorrhage in the night, which was evidently an "effort of Nature."

There was something, however, in this proposition, which alarmed even the quiescent nature of Rachel Duffle, who did not fail to remember the Mosaic canon, that "the life of all flesh is the blood thereof." The operation itself was rather like a process which is particularly distasteful to the Sect,

—to wit, distraining on the premises,—and the inference naturally occurred, that, like the legal bleeding, it might be practised too often to be beneficial. Besides, two heads are better than one, and for these several reasons, the Quakeress decided on calling in the assistance of a regular Physician. The serving man Geziah was therefore despatched on this new errand, and as the case was somewhat urgent, he set off running at the usual rate of running footmen in serious families, namely, about three miles an hour. But a Physician is not so easily found as a fiddler who haunts public-houses instead of private ones ; and Geziah had to hunt from Row to Place, and from Place to Terrace, and from Terrace to Street, and from the Street up a Court, before he could say to himself “Lo, here he is.” It was a mean house of one story, with a broken pane in the dingy front window, through which the Quaker took a peep into a small, miserable room : there was a wretched truckle-bed in it, whereon lay a sick man, with his face as yellow as a guinea. The poor man’s wife was sitting on the foot of the bed ; and at the near side of it, with his back to the light, in an old-fashioned, high-backed chair, was the Doctor.

“I wonder,” said the Doctor, suddenly clapping his hand to the nape of his neck, “that you don’t mend that window.”

Geziah instantly withdrew his face from the pane, but was able to hear the woman’s answer.

“It’s been so for months and months,” said she. “Our poor Billy broke it only two days before he died, and his father won’t have it mended.” And then Geziah heard a deep groan !

The Quaker looked again at the fractured glass, and observed for the first time that it was studded with watery globules—a minute before he would have called them rain-drops, but now they looked like human tears.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE door was ajar, and Geziah stood and listened awhile before he rapped.

“What do you think, Doctor,” said the female voice, “if so be he was to try the Brandy and Salt?”

“Why, I think,” said the Doctor, “that provided he tried enough of them, he might find himself in a *drunken pickle*.”

“People say it’s good for every thing,” remarked the woman.

“Which, as extremes meet,” said the Doctor, “is the same as good for nothing. Brandy and Salt, indeed! But that is one of the signs of the times! Fifty years ago, when your grandmother sent for a Doctor, he was obliged to come in black, and a wig, and could no more practise without a gold-headed cane than a conjurer without his wand. He talked to you in gibberish, and the more mystery he made of his art, the more you put faith in it. He told you to shut your eyes and open your mouth, which you did most devoutly; and then he put into it you didn’t know what, from you didn’t know where, that was to act you didn’t know how, and to cure you didn’t know why, except that the stuff came out of bottles, inscribed with cabalistical signs.

“There was not a man, woman, or child in those days, who would have believed that the Grand Catholicon could come out of a brandy-bottle and salt-box. But that comes of your cheap Encyclopedias and Penny Magazines! Now you shut your mouth and open your eyes, and won’t take a powder till you know, *seriatim*, all its ingredients. Yes, you swill and swallow without inquiry all sorts of draughts and mixtures, by the quart and gallon, under the names of porter and port

wine, and so forth ; but insist, forsooth, on analysing your physic, because that shows you're scientific ! Formerly you were all for mystery, and now you are all for history. Your Doctor now comes in a brown frock-coat and a fancy waist-coat, and, for any outward sign to the contrary, may be an architect or a stock-broker. He tells you your disease by its popular name, and says, in plain English, that he is going to give you some Epsom salts in pump water. And that's the secret of the popularity of Brandy and Salt,—because there's such a General Diffusion of Knowledge as to both articles. I say it's a Sign of the Times. People must know the Why and Because of everything. For instance, if I want you to take a little calomel, I must tell you beforehand that it is intended to promote the secretion of the bile by the absorption of the gastric juice. To be sure it is, says you, and now I know all about it, here goes !”

At this point Geziah introduced himself into the apartment, and briefly delivered his message to the Physician.

“A fever, eh ?” said the Doctor, turning round on his seat, and taking a deliberate survey of the demure serving-man from top to toe. “Is your Master's head gone ?”

“Nay, but his wits be,” answered the precise Geziah.

“Ha ! Are you sure of that ?” cried the Doctor, rather sharply. “Will you swear,”—(here he got on his feet, and “stood up to his man”)—“will you really take your oath that your Master is *non compos* ?”

“Oaths are profane,” said Geziah ; “I will not swear at all.”

“Why, man,” continued the Doctor, “the line between sanity and insanity is as difficult to settle as the American Boundary. It's the puzzle of the Profession,—the Sampson's Riddle of the Faculty : so hard a matter, that some of us have cracked our own skulls against it. And here you come,

without Diploma or Licence, and declare as plumply that your Master's head is turned ——”

“Nay, friend, I said his wits.”

“Well, then, his wits—as plainly as if you had seen him jump out of them. Now, I should like to know, my friend, when you consider a man to be out of his senses?”

“Friend,” answered Geziah, with perfect good faith, and an appropriate ignorance of the tropes and vanities of the gay world, “I conceive that a fellow-creature must needs be beside his reason, when he saith, like Jasper Duffie, that he will turn his serving-man into a tiger!”

“Egad then!” exclaimed the Doctor; “it is a very prevailing mania! And yet, after all, I have known a poor eccentric gentleman before now to be voted out of his reason on quite as irrational evidence. Well, friend, I will come to your mad Master, and, as the Americans say, like greased lightning.”

“It is never greased,” said Geziah; “I will say thee wilt come speedily.”

“Very good,” said the Doctor, and being something of a humourist, he added, “That he would be at the appointed place before the Quaker could whistle ‘Nancy Dawson.’”

CHAPTER XXIII.

“I AM just in time,” said the Physician, looking at his golden stop-watch, by which he timed the performance of Jasper's languid pulse,—“just in time (*sotto voce*) to be too late.”

He then asked a few questions of the Apothecary, who went into a technical description of the course of treatment

which had been pursued : touching by the way on Monsieur Quetelet and average complexions, Phlebotomy, Dr. Wiesécké, and the Merchant of Venice.

“It was a serious case,” said he ; “however, I have pretty well taken out the scarlet, and have nearly subdued the fever.”

“You have indeed,” said the Physician. “Do you kill your own pigs ?”

“Pigs !” thought Jonathan Brumby ; “how did he know that I keep pigs ?”

“Because, in that case,” whispered the Physician, “it would be a good way of doing it.”

The Apothecary started and stared, as if uncertain whether he had not met bodily with the Arch Enemy of Mankind, or the Author of the Treatise against Phlebotomy. However, he kept down his anger, and silently followed the Doctor to the parlour, where Rachel was calmly awaiting their report ; with her placid face, and her hands demurely clasped, and her finger-ends peeping out of her dark mittens like rabbits from their burrows. “Well, Friend,” said the meek Voice, “what dost thee think of Jasper ?”

“I am sorry, ma’am—to think, ma’am—(the face of the Quakeress mechanically puckered up at these appellations)—in short, ma’am,” said the Physician, reassured by the self-possession of his auditor, “he is going very fast.”

Poor Rachel ! There was a momentary struggle between Nature and Formality, but Nature triumphed, and the afflicted wife expressed her grief in a style older than Quakerism.

“O these are cruel and heavy tidings !” she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and writhing like any other woman ; “but is there no hope,—does thee mean to say there is no hope for my dear, dear Jasper ?”

“There is only one thing,” said the Physician, “that can save him.”

“And what is that?”

The answer was a single word, and not a hard one either ; but if it had been the most horrid blasphemy, the grossest personality that could be put into such a compass, it could not more have shocked and offended Jonathan Brumby. It seemed akin to those magical words in the Arabian Tales, which have the power to transform the hearer into a dumb brute beast. The Apothecary, indeed, could hardly have stood more aghast if he had actually felt some such spell at work in his frame—his head sprouting into horns, and his feet hardening into hoofs. The awful syllables, however, had no influence over the Quakeress, who even ventured to repeat them.

“What dost thee mean by *Transfusion*?”

“It is a surgical operation,” replied the Physician.

“It’s an invention of Satan!” cried Jonathan Brumby ; “and before I’ll have any thing to do with it—” here he paused for an alternative—“before I’ll have any hand in it, I’ll lose the last drop of blood in my body!”

Bang! went the parlour-door, like a musket ; and then bang! went the street-door, like a cannon!

“Transfusion!” muttered the Phlebotomist, as he stamped along the Terrace, “it’s downright Atheism! It ought to be made a penal offence—and as to that pragmatical Doctor, I’d transfuse him to Botany Bay!”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE idea of Transfusion was so bran new to the Quakeress, that it took her some time to get it into shape. Her first mental sketch was of Jasper being supplied with the vital fluid in the ordinary manner with other fluids, that is to say as he would have been refreshed with a pint of stout. But she soon painted that image out again, and began another more in the style of Retsch's Outlines of Hamlet, with the blood, in lieu of Hellebore, being poured in at her husband's ear. Her next rough draught seemed founded on the tale of the Vampyre,—but, not to go through all her successive designs, she at last, by help of the Physician, formed a tolerable picture of the operation. She was, however, a little abroad again, when, in answer to her inquiry as to its being painful, the Doctor replied,

“No—provided you don't give him his *claret* in too great a hurry.”

“But, peradventure, it is sinful,” suggested the conscientious Rachel.

“No more than a Bank transfer,” said the Doctor. “It is surely as lawful to replenish the empty veins as to fill a hungry stomach.”

“But art thee sure, friend, that it will answer the purpose?”

“Perfectly,” said the Doctor. “It has been proved by experiment. For instance, a rabbit was drained of its blood till it lay apparently as dead as if it had been smothered in onions. A quantity of blood from a living rabbit was then injected into the veins of the dead one, when lo! up jumped Bunny in good health and spirits, and began hopping about the room.”

“But Jasper is not a rabbit,” objected the literal Rachel.

“No, Genus Homo,” said the Doctor, “therefore must have homogeneous fluid.”

“But Jasper may object to it.”

“I’ll answer for him,” said the Doctor. “Only let me once give him over, and he’ll call for a parish engine, let alone a syringe.”

“But where will thee obtain the fluid?”

“Where, ma’am?” said the Doctor; “the first that comes: and we have no time to lose. There’s your man-servant, he’s fresh-coloured and healthy, and will serve our turn as well as if he had his blood from the Conqueror.”

“Thee shall put it to Geziah thyself,” said Rachel, and she rang the bell for the serving-man, who soon put in an appearance. He was an old servant, and reasonably attached to his master; but the proposition was no sooner made to him, than all his blood seemed to retreat inward, as far from the surface as possible. That fount, therefore, was hopeless. He did not, indeed, utter a dissenting syllable; but his face said, as plainly as face could speak, “Friend, I pray thee remember that I am one of the people called Quakers, and as such have objected to shed my blood even for my country, which containeth, peradventure, twenty millions, more or less, of men, women, and children.”

“Then you will not part,” said the Doctor, “with half-a-pint or so of your entire?”

“Not for gold,” answered Geziah. “Nevertheless, I may find some one who is better suited to thy purpose.” And he proceeded to describe a certain comely young man who lodged at the inn called the Angel—a model of manly strength, and besides, remarkable for the regularity of his habits and the extraordinary care which he bestowed on his bodily health. He rose and went to bed betimes: took a

great deal of exercise in walking, as well as with the dumb-bells within doors; dined constantly on mutton-chops or boiled chickens; and drank moderately of malt liquor and sherry, but strictly eschewed all spirits.

“It is but a little way to the Angel,” added Geziah; “and if thee please, friend, I will just step and fetch the young man hither, who, perchance, will be willing to part with the fluid of life without my own scruples of conscience.”

“Do so,” replied the Doctor: and in about ten minutes the comely sober young man stood before him, stroking down his forelock with one hand and swinging his hat with the other. He was really a fine athletic young fellow, as fresh as a daisy, as sound as a roach, and as willing as you please. So the bargain was struck—an appointment was made for the operation—and the Doctor went home for his instruments. Geziah returned to the kitchen and Rachel ascended to the bed-room, where she thus forewarned the Patient—

“Jasper, thee art to be transposed.”

CHAPTER XXV.

ALL was ready: Doctor—Assistant—nice Young Man—Laundry's Syringe—tube—scalpel—large conical tumbler—hot water, &c., &c.

“Mercy on us!” cries the Gentle Reader, “you do not mean to treat us with the operation?” (and last night she was at a Melodrama!)

“I cannot bear the very idea of blood-letting,” lisps Affectation (and she is engaged to a bold Dragoon!)

“Anything surgical quite gives me a turn,” says another fine Lady (and she is the wife of a Butcher!)

“I will never read it! I never can!” declares a fourth Sensibility (and she spells over the Accidents in “The Times”!)

Faugh! what an age it is for Cant and Pseudo-Humanity! And yet who leaves off animal food? But hark!—what says that French Classical Master?

“Mon Dieu! to let him blood on de stage! Fi donc! Quel goût horrible! Vraiment, les Auteurs Anglais sont des Barbares! Non, non, non,—sare, so many true, real, veritable assassinats as you shall please to choose in front of de curtain; but all de mock murders must be done behind de back of de scenes!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Now then,” said the Doctor. “Be attentive and steady. I hope we are not too late—the Patient has little or no Pulse—but he breathes. There—you see he doesn’t seem to feel the cut. Now Martins, the probe—just slide it under the vein—now the tube—and now, my man, it’s your turn. That’s right—arm all ready—egad, there’s muscle! it’s like an arm of marble! There—now steady—let it flow into the tumbler. Martins—just touch the Quaker’s arm with the sponge—now the syringe—all right. I don’t think any air has got in—look, he rallies already—but we mustn’t drive too fast. He isn’t winking, is he?”

“No.”

“Well and good—pulse better—he gets stronger at every

stroke of the piston—capital claret, no doubt! Martins, put your ear down, and tell me what he is whispering.”

“I can’t make it out, sir—it is only a buzz.”

“Never mind, then—don’t repeat it. I should think we’ve got in about four ounces—as much more, and we’re safe. Hark! can you make out that?”

“He says he feels warmer.”

“Of course he does. Courage, my friend, summer’s a-coming. We’re going on swimmingly—no flicker of the eye—no quiver of the lip. Now I think he has got enough—if he wants more he will make it. Here, take the syringe and the probe. I’ll bind up this, and do you stop the other tap. Bravo!—no blunder—no bungle—and the Patient, thanks to Transfusion, quite a new man! Look how he throws out his arms right and left, as much as to say he’s good for another round!”

In fact the Quaker seemed aroused from the dead, and Rachel, who was introduced, could scarcely believe her eyes and ears.

“How dost thee now, Jasper?” said the Quakeress.

“Verily,” said Jasper, thrusting out with his right arm, “I feel as if I could smite down a strong man.”

“Aye, but mind,” said the Doctor, holding up a warning finger to his Patient, “you must keep yourself as still and silent as if you were at Meeting. If you can sleep to order, take a good six hours’ nap, and by that time I will look at you again.”

“As for you,” said the Doctor, addressing himself to the Purveyor of the fluid, “you are a regular trump. There’s your money, and you and the Quaker must settle your consanguinity between yourselves. I don’t pretend to know what relations by blood you are now to each other; or whether you will have any claim on his heritable property.

That's a point for the lawyers: perhaps, he will not even have a right to be blooded without your concurrence, but the long robes must settle that too.

"Egad!" continued the Doctor, still addressing the young man, but in reality only thinking aloud, "I could pick a thousand pretty speculations out of this same Transfusion, each growing out of the other like the leaves of the Cactus. Rare nuts to crack for the Casuists! Famous logs for the Logic-Choppers! Why, the Thesis-Mongers of Göttingen and St. Omer have talked and written volumes on worse arguments!

"But why do I talk of only the Germans and the Jesuits? There's debate in it for the Heralds' College—the College of Physicians, and the Inner Temple. Matter for Metaphysicians, Moral Philosophers and Mystics; Chemists, Romancers, Historians and Conveyancers. Talk of the quantity of soil carried down by the Rhine or the Ganges, what is that to the millions of acres conveyed by the vital current from one generation to another? Then, how many other things run, as it is called, in the blood! Honour and shame—privilege—legislative *nous*—High treason and slavery—small feet and hands, according to Lord Byron, and gouty ones, according to the Faculty.

"There's our old friend in history, Perkin Warbeck—as much blood of the right sort, as I have just transferred, would have made a Prince Royal of a Pretender! And then there's the old Doctrine of Sympathy—if the young fellow should die first, odds blood! what's to become of the Quaker!"

How much farther the humorous Physician might have carried these sanguinary speculations is uncertain, for the Young Man having put on his coat again, stroked his foretop to the Doctor, made a scrape with his right leg, and took his

leave with an assurance that he would be ready and willing to find as much more claret as they pleased on the same terms, provided it was not wanted till after the Thirty-First. And thereupon, after exchanging congratulations with the placid Rachel, the Doctor, Martins, and the instruments, in the nautical phrase, "took a new departure."

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN a fortnight Jasper was so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad ; and the first use he made of this ability was to seek out the Young Man whom he called his "Life-Preserver."

The Quaker was naturally of a grateful disposition, and beyond the pecuniary recompense, felt himself under an obligation to express personally his thankfulness to the Individual from whose arteries he had derived the means of his own revivification.

"Verily, under Providence," he would say, "it is through that sober discreet young man that I am enabled to do thus ;" and then he would flourish about his arms to show their agility, and with an evident enjoyment in the power and play of his muscles.

To his infinite disappointment, therefore, he was informed by the landlady of the Angel that her late lodger had removed the week before to another part of the country—she thought towards Hampton—but she promised to inquire of her husband, who was gone to London, and let the gentleman know the nice Young Man's address.

"I will thank thee to do so," said the Quaker ; "for my

heart yearns towards him, and I cannot rest satisfied till I have used kindly speech to my preserver."

A Roscicrucian Philosopher would perhaps have detected some other influence than mere gratitude in these yearnings, some mysterious attraction between the sanguineous molecules, or magnetical sympathy—instead of an impulse, half moral and half commercial, for the Quaker was going about with blood in his body, which, according to his conscientious reckoning, he had not paid for. It was worse than being in debt for his coat—every pulse reminded him that the amount added to his circulation had been subtracted from that of a friendly fellow-creature, but for whom he must have given up even the twiddling of his thumbs.

"Whereas, now," he said, making a very tolerable imitation of the necessary motion, "I could knock down Geziah."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ACCORDING to all Meteorological Prognostics, the Thirty-First of May, to be seasonable weather, ought to be a very fine day—and so it is.

The clock has struck nine. The Quaker's brown-bodied chaise is at the door; and Geziah, in his best drab suit, is standing at the head of the sleek roan horse. Jasper himself is on the steps of the house, taking a last look at a scrap of paper, and getting by rote the address of his Life-Preserver, before he puts the document into his extra large pocket-book. Part of the staid figure and the whole of the placid face of Rachel Duffle are visible in the rear of her stout partner, whose complexion has regained a tint, a full blush rosier than that of an average man.

The Quaker gets steadily into the roomy vehicle—cautiously pilots the roan horse down the bright gravel, between the crisp olive-green shrubs, and steers carefully through the iron gates, which the serving-man deliberately closes, and then climbs in beside his master. A chirrup, and off they go at a gentle trot—the Quaker apparently dapping for chub with his whip on the hind quarters of his horse.

How fresh is the morning air! producing a delightful mixed sensation between breathing and drinking. How fragrant the hedge! how green the fields! how bright and warm the sun! The Quaker feels the genial influence throughout his inner man: and he is so cheerful, by sympathy, that he cannot help smiling at a post or rail, and could find in his heart to nod to a pig or a duck. The errand he is upon, no doubt, has a share in the feeling: for he enjoys in anticipation his friendly meeting and greeting with the Samaritan Young Man.

“Verily,” says he, “I think the Transfusion hath made me more alive than before: methinks I feel the blood tingling from my toes even unto the very tips of my ears!”

“Yea,” answers Geziah, “and from his free-going, I think that Tobias (the roan horse) hath been transfused also!”

On they go, quakerly and shakerly, at the rate of seven words to the hour, and as many miles to the hour—over Lea Bridge—past Whip’s Cross—skirting Wanstead Park—across the Flats—making right for the Essex Marshes, and in a fair way for the Ferry House, which stands over against Woolwich. But stop—what are the human creatures about in yonder meadow?

The roan horse is pulled up, and the Quaker and Quaker’s Quaker endeavour with all their might and sight to dis-

cover the meaning of the assemblage. The people are clustered in a dark living ring, and something—no, two somethings are moving to and fro in the middle. It's a Mill, by gosh!

Now a prize-fight between two human beings is one of the very last spectacles that ought to attract a member of the Society of Friends to behold any nearer than he could help. Jasper, indeed, had never witnessed such a thing in all his days—not even from a distance: but that very circumstance might inflame his curiosity; or perhaps he intended to remonstrate with the peace-breakers—however, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach the ring. This unseemingly desire he nevertheless struggled with as became a Friend, and for some time with success, till all at once there arose a wild shout from the mob, and before it had done ringing, the roan horse felt the rein drop on his tail, the astounded Geziah found the whip in his own hand, and the excited Jasper was running like a madman to the scene of action.

The conflict had recommenced ere the Quaker arrived at the ring, and when he obtained a first glimpse of the men, they were engaged in a sharp rally. And now, alas! for the influence of bad example! the corruption of evil company! Had Jasper been allowed a single moment for reflection, his conduct might have been different; but when he came the battle was raging at its height—his blood heated by running, had no time to cool—above all, everybody around him was half frantic, and nothing is so contagious as popular excitement. To confess the truth, the Quaker was soon as noisy and excited as any of his neighbours—pushing, elbowing, and jumping, on his tip-toes. His fists were clenched—he squared with them mechanically, as others did—and echoed most emphatically the war-cries of both factions:

“Go it, Old 'Un!” “Well done, Young 'Un!” “Jack for ever!”—and “Huzza for Jim!”

“My eyes, what a floorer!” shouted a delighted costermonger.

And “My eyes, what a floorer!” repeated the Quaker, as the Young 'Un went down.

Round the 157th was at an end.

The Young 'Un, his face covered with blood, was picked up and seated on his second's knee. His bottle-holder briskly sponged away the claret from his disfigured features, when lo!—could it be? Yes, Jasper knew the pattern of the mug in a moment—it was that of the steady, sober, well-trained lodger of the Angel at Tottenham!

An indescribable tremor ran through the Quaker's every vein! His heart fluttered like a bird—every muscle in his body, and especially those of his arms, began to stiffen—he set his teeth, and fairly broke into a sort of savage war-dance as the battle recommenced. But it was nearly over—after counter-hitting, to the unutterable agitation of the Quaker, the head of his benefactor was caught under the left-arm of the enemy, where it was squeezed and punched, with as little mercy as if it had been a lemon!

The partisans of the Old 'Un were uproarious! but the blood of Jasper (*if it were the blood of Jasper*) was at boiling heat. In an instant, with a yell like a wild Indian, he burst through the ring—his beaver, his Quaker's beaver, went whirling into the air—and before it came down again, he had received one blow and had given two!

The thing was so sudden—the apparition of a Fighting Quaker so extraordinary (equal to supernatural), that before the Seconds, Bottle-holders, or Time-keepers, could interfere, the account was settled. A terrific smashing blow, straight from the shoulder—flush in the face—the fellow-hit to that

with which the Gas-man finished Cooper—sent the Old 'Un down like a shot—deaf, dumb, blind, and *pro tempore* dead—and that hit was the gammon.

* * * * *

“Vell! I've heard of such coves,” said a misanthropical costermonger, “but I never believed in 'em, never till I seed that ere Quaker! It's common enuff in this vurld for to side and go along with the vinner; but to cut in and stick up, as he did, for a beaten man, that's vot *I* calls a '*Friend in Need!*'”

NOTE.

THE notion of transferring the vital fluid from the veins of one human individual into those of another, is two centuries old. It occurs in a comedy called “The Asparagus Garden,” by Richard Brome, dated 1634. This sanguinary scheme was, probably, consequent on the great discovery of the Circulation of the Blood, which had been made public by Harvey some few years before, and might have attracted the attention of the dramatist. The operation of Transfusion, as now practised by Dr. Blundell, is, however, for a purpose very different to the one proposed in the old Play:—

Hoyden. But must I bleed?

Moneylack. Yes, you must bleed: your Father's blood must out. He was but a Yeoman, was he?

Hoyden. As rank a Clown (none dispraised) as any in Somersetshire.

Moneylack. His foul rank blood of bacon and pease-porritch must out of you to the last dram.

Springe. Fear nothing, sir. Your blood shall be taken out by degrees: and your veins replenished with pure blood still, as you lose the puddle.”

[My father was devoted to the contemplative man's recreation. The two ensuing Fishing Sketches appeared in the "New Sporting Magazine"—consisting principally of his own experience of the exercise of the "gentle art in Germany"—with some information gathered from his friend and quondam brother-of-the-rod—Franck.]

FISHING IN GERMANY.

SCENE—*The Brake, near Bromberg: VON PISCATOR, in the uniform of a Lieutenant of Prussian Infantry, is spinning a live minnow. FRITZ, his regimental servant, also in blue faced with red, is in waiting in the attitude of "Attention."*

Von P. FRITZ!

Fritz. Here, Mr. Lieutenant, Sir,—what's your pleasure?

Von P. Have you polished my best epaulettes, and put those large worms, as I told you, in the box of mould?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant.

Von P. Did you take the reel to the armourers to be mended, and have you brushed my clothes, and laid out my cocked-hat and gloves—and did you bespeak another liver at the butcher's?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant—and, Sir, the white maggots that were in the brown dish with the sand, are all gone of a sudden, and the old woman grumbles, and says her whole house is of a buzz with blue-bottles.

Von P. Ah! I thought the old lady would rise at them. Have you cleaned your musket?

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Lieutenant, the inspection is at twelve o'clock, and I have gathered plenty of moss. The hooks you told me to look for were sticking round your cap; and I took your note to Miss Von Koser, and I filled the tin box with May chafers for the afternoon; and I have cleaned out all your pipes.

Von P. Good—you may stop here—and be ready with the landing-net. Who is that gentleman coming yonder?

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, I do not know.

Enter AMICUS.

Amicus. Here he is! At the old sport—though not at the old place!

Von P. Eh! What! Himmel! It cannot be! Yes it is—what, Amicus!

Amicus. Exactly so—But stop—avast there! Fain kissing!

Von P. True. I forgot! your hand then, old fellow, a thousand times welcome to Bromberg! You must excuse my not knowing you at sight; but I should as soon have looked for the man in the moon!

Amicus. Phoo! phoo! We are not all such slow tops, as in your Prussian parish here, where your best pace is a quick march of so many steps to a minute. To us of the great Movement Party, thanks to rail-roads and steamers, such a visit as this is only a drop-in.

Von P. I am as happy as if I had been made a Captain! Well, and how—

Amicus. She is very well, and sends her kind regards.

Von P. And little—

Amicus. Is now a big one—and goes to boarding-school. But if you please, we will postpone all questions of domestic interest, and speak, as the Quakers say, to the matter in hand.

Von P. Confound the fishing and the fishes too! They shall have a whole holiday, as the boys do when a visitor comes to the school.

Amicus. Nonsense, man, take up your rod, I hate to spoil sport—so just fancy that we are at our old haunt on the Lahn, and go on with your fishing.

Von P. So be it. But remember, I must and will talk, in spite of all the rules of the silent art. To think of seeing you here! Phew! how warm it has made me! Fritz, do you see any of our officers about?

Fritz. No, Mr. Lieutenant, not one.

Von P. Then I may relax a little. One of our superiors here, is a bit of a martinet, and expects us to eat, drink, sing, dance, and fish, buttoned up to the chin.

Amicus. But you used to dress more in character. Where is the old sporting-jacket, as full of pockets as an old country house is of cupboards?

Von P. At home, on its own peg. I have a turn of duty at twelve and must be in uniform.

Amicus. True; as an officer of the 19th, and a fisherman, you belong in a double sense to the line; and I wish you many a rise with them both. But zounds! look to your craft! Steady, steady—why Fritz does credit to your drilling, and handles the landing net like an adept! Aye, there you have him—a handsome fish enough; but what has he got on his nose, a pistol bullet or a force-meat ball?

Von P. Neither. That blue nob is as much his own, as the nubble you see at the end of some human noses—like a work with a supplement. Barring that awkward excrescence, it is, as you see, a handsome fish, with red fins, and fine silvery and golden scales. The German name for it is Zoerte. They come from the sea up this river to spawn—grow to about a pound and a-half in weight, and from twelve to fourteen inches long. In flavour they resemble the trout, and are probably of the same family.

Amicus. Herr Zoerte, I shall be happy to be more intimately acquainted with you! Have you any other strange fish in this water?

Von P. Yes, several. The Zander, which you saw and

tasted at Berlin ; and then there is the Geuse, which grows to a large size and much resembles Carp. The natives bait for it with boiled peas, but it will rise freely at the fly, like the chub. Moreover, we have, I think, every sort of fish enumerated in Walton or Salter.

Amicus. Egad ! you are well supplied, then !

Von P. As any Cheapside cockney, with Hungerford on his right hand, and Billingsgate on his left. Now, the Brake is but a detachment from the Netze, a river which communicates at one end with the Vistula, at the other with the Oder, and through both with the Baltic ; thus the finny tribes, as you say of water, are abundantly laid on ; the Vistula, nearest Bromberg, is more than two miles broad, and when the frost breaks up—which, by the way, is an awful sight, for the ice rushes down the river in mountains—the fish then swarm into the Brake to spawn, and are taken with German tackle of all descriptions.

Amicus. Is it a free fishery ?

Von P. Nearly so—a permission for rod and line costing only a dollar and a half, or four shillings and sixpence per annum. Grayling are plentiful, and I have killed a great many trout, of from four to seven pounds. Ho ! Now then, Fritz. Another bullet-nose !—No—it is a perch.

Amicus. And a fine hog-backed fellow he is. He must weigh at least three pounds.

Von P. The Brake is renowned for the size of its fish : so much so, that I have been puzzled by some of the common sorts, which had literally grown out of knowledge. For instance, immense bream and gudgeon, so unusually large, that they really seemed trying to be barbel.

Amicus. You make me long to be among 'em ! It was always a fancy of mine in reading Gulliver, that I should have liked a day's fishing in Brobdignag.

Von P. Yes—but not with Lilliputian tackle. You remember the tool bequeathed to me by an English Colone when he left the Rhine to become a Consul in the East—a rod originally of a delicate constitution, and which did not get stouter and stronger as it grew older. Add to this the internal consciousness of sundry weak lengths in my gut—a short assortment of tackle in general—above all, the knowledge that a thousand miles, wet and dry, lay between myself and Bond & Son of Crooked Lane; and you may form some idea of my nervousness, on finding myself in presence of monsters of twenty and thirty pounds' weight. I never looked so foolish in my life!

Amicus. Except once,—at Antonin,—when, a certain Lieutenant, having only snipe-shot in his single-barrel, a certain English spaniel named Dash, put up a certain Wild Boar!

Von P. Yes, that caused something of the same feeling. You may judge how very scarce was my tackle, when I tell you that one day I walked back to the Netze, a distance of five English miles, after a gorge hook I thought I had left behind!

Amicus. And did you recover it?

Von P. Yes—but not till after I returned dog-tired and
* had thrown myself into a chair.

Amicus. O, I understand—where Gaffer Gurton found his needle.

Von P. However, I got over my fears in course of time; and especially when a good friend in London sent me over a stout rod-of-all-work, and a reinforcement of tackle. To these premises he considerably added what he called inferences—namely a family bottle of Burgess's Anchovy Sauce, another of real East India Soy, and a ditto of cayenne.

Amicus. A very logical deduction,—and as a corollary I conclude that you have salmon.

Von P. Yes—of two sorts : one of which I suspect is also strange to you. It is called here the Hook salmon ; not, as I at first supposed, from the mode of taking it, but because the under jaw hooks up at the end, from one to two and a half inches, and fits into a deep groove in the upper one, so as not to be seen when the mouth is shut.

Amicus. Well, I have heard before that all fishes were dumb, but your Hook salmon seems to have a peculiar mode of holding his jaw !

Von P. The safest plan, sometimes, with other creatures than salmon.

Amicus. Now I think of it, there are the talkative fishes of four colours in the Arabian Nights ; and the only end of their loquacity is to get themselves tilted out of the frying-pan into the fire. But, *revenons à nos moutons*—how are the salmon caught by the natives ?

Von P. A great many are taken as in our own country. There is a waterfall near the mill, which the fish strive to ascend, and those which miss their leap fall back and are caught in the Lachsfang or salmon-trap at the bottom. The natives have also another mode of their own, which they practise near the fall.

Amicus. By spearing or leistering, perhaps, in the Scotch fashion ?

Von P. Not exactly. The weapon is a long pole, with a huge hook, as big as a wine bottle, fitting into a groove at one end. To this hook is also attached a line half an inch thick, which, passing loosely along the pole, is held securely in the hand. When the Bromberger spies a fish, he slowly thrusts the pole into the water, and striking strongly, hooks the prey in the thick part of the body. The hook is soon disengaged

from the pole by the struggles of the fish—the slack rope becomes a tight one—and the salmon, vaulting and tumbling, is hauled by main force into the boat.

Amicus. It is a curious coincidence—but, in lieu of the great hook, suppose a moveable spear-head, made of elk-horn, and you have precisely the *modus operandi* of the Shoshonie Indians, in their salmon-fishing, as described by Washington Irving. And what sport have you had yourself with royal fish?

Von P. Very fair. The first one I captured rather unexpectedly, for I was fishing for chub, with a common gut line, a small hook, and our favourite evening bait on the Moselle—a natural white moth. He was very violent; however, in about thirty minutes I contrived to land him—and he weighed eleven pounds, without the sauce.

Amicus. I am getting envious, and unless by this time tomorrow—snap! there you are in him again!—a salmon by Jove!

Von P. No—it is only a big chub; they take a live minnow here like the rest.

Amicus. A chub!—zounds; what a plunge! When did you ever see a chub so game? It's a salmon, by all that's boilable.—I'll lay you the fishmongers' odds—lobsters to shrimps!

Von P. Done!—here he is. We are both wrong—it's a bass—a May-fish, as it's called on the Rhine, from the season of its annual visits. They are very plentiful here, but extremely cunning and shy; for which reason I am the only person who ever pulls one out, to the great wonder of the Bromberg fishermen.

Amicus. Let me reckon—Perch, Bream, Chub, Bullet-nose, Zauder, Zoerte, Geuse, Trout, Grayling, Salmon, Bass,—really for a Piscator you are in most clover-like quarters!

And then—whatever other smoking nuisances you may have here, you are not threatened with steamboats, which scare the best fish out of our rivers—for instance the Upper Rhine. As for the salmon, they are evidently on the look out for quieter neighbourhoods—and as I was informed by a gentleman from Spain, a great number, unexpectedly, made their appearance last year in the river at Bayonne.

Von P. It seems to be naturally a capricious fish. An old chronicle of Bromberg lately fell into my hands, from which it appeared that in the seventeenth century the Bernardine monks here took from one hundred to one hundred and seventy salmon, in twenty-four hours, whereas, it is now reckoned good sport if as many are caught in the whole season.

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, sir,—it is half-past eleven o'clock.

Von P. The devil it is! then I must give over at once. Amicus, I must crave an hour's leave of absence. Fritz will show you to my quarters.

Amicus. I must first go to my own, at the Hotel de Berlin.

Von P. Adieu, then, for the present—I will call for you at one, and we will dine together *tête à tête*, as in the days of Lang Syne. I cannot answer for "humble Port" but you shall have "imperial Tokay."

Amicus. I am not particular, and would as soon have that as gooseberry or cape. So good-bye till one.

FISHING IN GERMANY.

(Continued.)

SCENE—*The Netze.* VON PISCATOR : AMICUS : FRITZ *in attendance.*

Amicus. So this is the Netze !

Von P. Yes ! it is not so rapid as the Brake, and is, therefore, more congenial to the pike, and fish of similar habits.

Amicus. Ergo, the order of the day is trolling. By the way, in coming hither, methought I detected some traces of that arch-enemy of anglers, the otter.

Von P. No doubt you did, there are enough here of the base vermin, as he calls them, to have regularly badgered old Izaak Walton. I have often thought he would have relished my piscatory quarters in the Water-mill—but how he would have fretted of a moonlight night to see the villanous otter taking a walk in the garden !

Amicus. Why not hunt them ?

Von P. Only from the want of huntsmen and dogs. Our German cousins are anything but sporting men, in the English sense of the term ; and rarely or never will you find one who goes, except with his fore-finger, “at all in the ring.” Then, as for dogs, the game amphibious might defy our whole muster of mongrels, and curs of low degree.

Amicus. Well, I always said your German beavers would turn out to be otters.

Von P. Ah ! our old argument, which ran so long upon castors. But you are decidedly wrong. The beaver is at this very time to be found in Germany.

Amicus. Yes ! “all round my hat.”

Von P. No ! in the Elbe, I lately read in the newspaper from Torgau, a paragraph, not only proving that the animal in question is indigenous, but affording a singular illustration of its instinctive sagacity. It stated that the river had been higher than within the memory of man, but that the circumstance had been expected from a sure sign of spring floods in the Elbe, viz., that the beavers had built such unusually high dams. This is what I call proof positive.

Amicus. Yes ; and waterproof into the bargain. I wonder if the builders of that unusually lofty edifice, the Tower of Babel, had received a hint, from the beavers, of the great deluge.

Von P. Probably the shrewd aquatic beast can foretaste a flood in the quality of the element ; for instance, whether it contains an unusual proportion of snow-water from the mountains. But yonder is Herr Von Muckelback, who is going, by appointment, to make his first essay in the gentle craft.

Amicus. What is his quality ?

Von P. A Bromberg official ; he is the Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel-Grease-Over-Comptroller.

Amicus. Mercy on us ! I shall never learn it ! Mr. Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel Contractor all over Grease ! Does Mr. Von Huckelback speak English ?

Von P. You shall hear. Herr Von Muckelback, this is my friend Amicus, an Englishman, and a fisherman, of whom you have heard me speak.

Von M. Sare, I am mush happy for to make acquaintance at you. [*Amicus bows.*] Company is a great plaisir. Ve vill all togeder catch vun fish.

Amicus. Sir, I shall be proud to have the honour of wetting a line with Mr. Royal-Mail-New-fast-Post-Coach.

Von P. Come, come—a truce to compliments—and let

us fall to work ; Fritz—the tackle. Mr. Over-Comptroller, please to watch how I put together your rod. There ; now I fit it with a line, thus : next the hook must be baited.

Von M. Ya, yes, mit von wurm, and von fly, and von little live fish, and von frog.

Von P. As a Tyro, I would recommend your beginning with only one of them at a time—and when you are more advanced in the art you can try them altogether—if you like. Here is a large worm, almost a serpent, fit to tempt a big chub. There ; your tackle is all ready.

Von M. Nein ! nein !—stop—halt ! I must first set fire to mine pipe—so—

Von P. There's your rod then. Remember the instructions I gave you beforehand, and no doubt you will soon have a bite.

Von M. May be so, and may be not so. To-day I shall catch someting, and to-day I shall catch no-ting. It is all de same as von. I vill be glad dis way, and I vill be glad dat way. Ven I do not have a bite at a shub-fish I shall be full of contemplations, and make a smoke.

[*The Tyro removes to a distance. VON PISCATOR looks after him, and shrugs his shoulders.*]

Von P. There's a sample for you, of German phlegm ! I wish to Heaven he may hook a Wels !

Amicus. A Wels ! what is that ?

Von P. A very ugly customer in any sense ; I am ignorant of his name in English, and suspect, indeed, that he is a great Unknown in our British rivers. There are none in the Brake, for they delight in muddy sluggish streams—but they are plentiful in the Netze, and are common in the Elbe, and the Oder. I remember reading in the newspapers, some years ago, that two immense Wels had been taken at Berlin and Stettin, and being fastened to the shore with chains, were

publicly exhibited on account of their great size. As a full grown one will weigh about a hundredweight, you may suppose the chance you have against such a monster with a rod and line.

Amicus. Yes; it must be very much like catching a Tartar.

Von P. Then, for your comfort, he will take any bait, for he is as voracious as a shark, and includes fish, flesh, and fowl in his bill of fare. The natives take him with strong sea-tackle, baited with a piece of meat, or a large fish, and as to fowl, he will rise at ducks or young geese and swallow them with ease.

Amicus. A sort of check upon Goslings. Have you ever had the misfortune to take such a freshwater Leviathan?

Von P. I incline to think so, for one day, on trolling in the Netze, I hooked an enormous fish, which I could not get to show himself on the surface. By dint of sheer strength and weight he kept at the bottom, till he fairly wore out the wire-gimp and made off; they are very strong. An old Netze fisherman told me—

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, sir, look at Herr von Muckelback!

Von P. Eh, what? ha! ha! ha! Yes, he has caught his first fish!

Amicus. How he capers! It is like St. Vitus's dance!

Fritz. Mr. Lieutenant, sir, he is calling for help.

Von P. So he is! *Amicus*, let us go to the rescue. *Fritz*, run forward with the landing net.

Von M. Hola! help! mine good friend! Gleich! quick! One great fish has caught me, and he shall pull me in!

Von P. Steady, my dear sir! don't be alarmed. It's only a chub, give him plenty of line—but, zounds! your reel is foul. You had better let me have the rod.

Von M. Wit all mine heart, and wit all mine soul! Ach! Potztausend!

Von P. Amicus, did you see that? The chub was seized by a bigger fish—'twas a Wels!

Amicus. Yes, but look at the Royal-Mail-Post-Coach-Man!

[*The Over-Comptroller, alarmed by the struggles of the huge fish, sets off running crab-wise, but encounters a stump. The rod snaps in two, and HERR VON M. falls on the broad of his back with his mouth wide open—meerschaum flying a yard two or beyond his head.*]

Von P. My dear sir, I am very sorry; give me your hand; I hope you are not hurt?

Von M. Ach Gott! I am all shook and broke into little crumbs! and de rod is broke also, and, tousand devils! here is mine pipe all smattered to little bits!

Von P. Accidents will happen, my dear sir, and especially to anglers in their noviciate.

Amicus. Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.

Von M. Ja wohl! but it cost so much! vierzehn dollars, and dirty dollars,—no, de fishes shall not catch me any more!

Amicus. If you would like to try my tackle —

Von M. Sar, I tank you very much. But it shall be better for me to go home where I have mine wife and some more pipes. Adieu, Herr von Piscator. Herr von Amicus, I am your servant, very humble. [*Exit.*

Von P. Adieu, Mr. Over-Comptroller. Fritz, gather up the wreck, and now, Amicus, let us try our own luck in the Netze.

Amicus. As trollers, not as Comptrollers. Your German friend was not born under Aquarius or Pisces. By-the-bye, did you ever read Robinson Crusoe?

Von P. What! was I English born? Have I ever been a boy? Did I ever get beyond my A B C?

Amicus. Well, well, don't curl your moustachios. Of course you have the whole history of the mariner of York by heart, from his first running away to sea to his acquaintance with Manfredi and Don Juan.

Von P. Don what ?

Amicus. I beg pardon, I meant Man Friday and Juan Fernandez.

Von P. Come, no bantering.

Amicus. Well, then, you have read that first and best of historical novels, and now in the course of the narrative did it never occur to you as extraordinary, that, as one of the most natural modes for his support, Crusoe availed himself so little of fishing.

Von P. I cannot say that it ever occurred to me. I was too much interested in his domestic dilemmas and contrivances.

Amicus. Nevertheless, it was one of his most obvious resources for getting a dinner. Here is a fact in illustration : some years back two of those metropolitan scholars, whose lower bodies and nether limbs seemed covered with sinapisms put on the wrong side outwards—in short, two boys of Christ's Hospital took it into their neither covered nor uncovered heads to dock their blue coats into blue jackets, make up their sheets into white trousers, and set off Crusoe-mad after adventures by the seaside. They were retaken at Brighton or Margate, and when asked how they had proposed to subsist, they replied that they meant to catch fish.

Von P. A case in point, but Robinson was not so very destitute either as to victualling or sporting. He had shooting, with various kinds of wild fowl ; then he had hunting, or rather coursing, in running down the wild goats ; a course, by the way, I rather wonder at, as he mentions "an animal like a hare." Then, for eatables, he had goat venison and kid, and birds, and he made cakes.

Amicus. True. But recollect it was the fear of running short in powder and shot, that set him trapping, and running down, and breeding goats. Now, the hook and line would have helped quite as much in saving his ammunition. But, perhaps, you think that a man who could always have fine lively turtle for the turning over, might dispense with cod and haddock.

Von P. No, I would not have even green fat always, any more than *toujours perdrix*. But, possibly, Crusoe had no tackle.

Amicus. No, not from Ustonson's or Crooked Lane. But you cannot be serious in such an objection; why, the merest savages get over such a difficulty, and are never at a loss for nets, lines, or hooks.

Von P. Then, mayhap, there were no fish to catch.

Amicus. On the contrary, it appears from the testimony of Penrose and the old Buccaneers, who frequented Juan Fernandez, that fish swarmed round the island, and were so willing to be caught as to be taken almost with a bare hook.

Von P. But Crusoe did fish! I have not the work to refer to, yet if my memory serves me truly —

Amicus. I have searched the book on purpose. Fishing is mentioned only once throughout the narrative, and Crusoe, or Defoe, was rather given to recapitulation. Now, if not for his actual sustenance, yet considering the leisure he had for meditation, and the positive turn for it visible in his reflections, it is surely very strange that Crusoe did not betake himself, *con amore*, to what has been emphatically called the "Contemplative Man's Recreation."

Von P. It is certainly an unaccountable circumstance, and as a true piscator, I must needs confess it to be a weak length in my favourite work. But, possibly Defoe, although so very

English in other respects, was no lover of the angle, and though born in the metropolis, had never tried for a traditional gudgeon in the New River or a roach at London Bridge.

Amicus. We have no evidence either way, except that, witness his controversial tracts, he was fond, speaking allegorically, of fishing in troubled waters. But if not a practitioner of the gentle craft, at any rate as a Londoner he must have been constantly reminded of fish and fishing.

Von P. Perhaps he did not like fish, and unconsciously attributed his own distaste to the hero of his story.

Amicus. Your last shot is nearer the mark : in the solitary paragraph on the subject, Crusoe states expressly that he did not care to eat much fish, because it disagreed with him.

Von P. Exactly as I thought,—so Defoe not liking fish, and Robinson Crusoe being a Protestant, and not obliged to eat it twice a week, the whole thing is explained.

Amicus. Not yet. You think you have hooked him, but it's only a weed. The man who disliked such food was not Defoe but Alexander Selkirk, from whose life we learn that if he wanted a fish to rise, he had only to put it in his stomach. Now, as the same physical peculiarity is ascribed to Robinson Crusoe, we have evidence circumstantial of the source whence the author derived his delightful "Romance of real life."

Von P. If it was not all an Allegory.

Amicus. A what ?

Von P. An Allegory like John Bunyan's. For instance—Juan Fernandez was Paradise, Robinson Crusoe was Adam, Black Friday was the Devil.

Amicus. And Eve ?

Von P. The cat, maybe, or the poll-parrot. But hush ! we're come to the pike.

Amicus. Then pay threepence, and ask for a ticket.

Von P. A pun—a wretched pun—and most villanously out of season! What has a turnpike to do with fishing?

Amicus. A good deal, in Germany. Have I not travelled on your high roads, and seen the toll-man sitting in his toll-house, and with a trolling-rod—I beg pardon—a tolling-rod thrust out of the window fishing for groschen and pfennings?

Von P. A true picture I admit.

Amicus. And, by the way, just the very sort of fishing for your Mail friend, Mr. Shackaback—Pickaback—Hickleback.

Von P. No, Muckelback, and pray remember the prefix.

Amicus. True. Only give him his Von, and I may cough or sneeze for the surname.

Von P. So here we are! Now let us fall to work.

Amicus. And fortune send us a Wels!

Von P. So wished, so fished! It misgives me that I am now into one. Just feel my rod.

Amicus. Phoo! you are fast to a great stone or stump!

Von P. Nay, look at the line—it moves!

Amicus. Give him time to pouch! It's a heavy pike!

Von P. Long odds on a Wels! I am sure of it by his weight, and his style of going down like a sinking barge. Now then for the fisherman's first virtue, patience, for of course I am at anchor here for half a day.*

Amicus. Keep a steady pull upon him, and try to raise him.

Von P. So I do; but it's like trying to pull up the bed of the river.

Amicus. How lucky there are two of us!

Von P. Why?

Amicus. Let's lift up the bed of the river by the four corners, and we may have him in it—perhaps fast asleep!

Von P. Nonsense! Stop—he gives a little!—No he don't! What a sulky hulk it is. It's full twenty minutes since he took the bait. What's to be done?

Amicus. Why, as he will not come up to us, we must go down to him. Can you dive?

Von P. What!—blow him up like the Royal George!

Amicus. Stay—I have an idea. Did you ever hear of scratching for barbel?

Von P. Yes, amongst the pot-fishers on the Thames.

Amicus. No matter. When a Wels will not be caught fairly, he must be hooked foully:—if he will lie at the bottom like a drowned body, he must be dragged for, which is the gist of my plot. This stout cork, and a lead, and some of our double eel-hooks, will make capital grappling tackle. Only hold on warily till I am ready. Now then—look to your own line. I know exactly where he lies. There—huzza! I've got hold of him!

Von P. Bravo! at the very first cast!—but hollo!—Murder!—Fire!—Water! Zounds, man, hold him in!—hold him in!—hold him in, or he'll run me out! Fritz, lend a hand.

Amicus. Aye, do; for he's pulling like a horse. Now then,—haul, boys, haul,—yes, there he comes, tail foremost, for the grapple has hitched him at that end. Another heave, —so—and there he flounders on the bank, by all that's ugly!

Von P. I did not promise you a beauty. His great flat head, his enormous wide mouth and thick lips, are fatal to any pretensions of the kind.

Amicus. Humph! let me see. He has no teeth, a body fringed with fin, and tapering from the head to the tail, and a slimy skin like an eel's. I think I recognise the species of your Wels.

Von P. Indeed! Pray enlighten me.

Amicus. It is the Silurus, sive Glanis—the Sly Silurus, alias Sheet Fish, which is figured in Yarrel's work. It is said to be found in the Nile, as well as in some of the great American rivers; and I am so well content with having helped to capture one in the Netze, that with your consent, like the Royal-Mail-Coach-Wheel-Grease-Over-Comptrolling gentleman, we will postpone all meaner fishing for to-day.

Von P. Agreed, especially as it is about to rain cats and dogs. Fritz shall present the Sly Silurus to my landlady, the miller's wife, in revenge for the loss of her ducklings.

Amicus. And so ends what a London cockney would call our "performance at the Wels with real water."

[The remainder of this year is taken up by "Reviews" reprinted from the "Athenæum."]

REVIEW.

THE HISTORY OF JIM CROW. By JOHN BRIGGS. London: Smallfield & Son. 1840.

THIS book is one of the signs of the times. A few years since, the most romantic authoress connected with the Minerva press, would never have dreamt of choosing a black man for the hero of a tale.

She would never have thought of him, but as Lady Somebody's footman, or a cymbal-player in the Guards. Now, however, the case is altered. Twenty millions have been paid on Sambo's account, and on a parallel principle with Desdemona's affection for the Moor, loving him for the dangers he had passed, we like him for the money he has cost.

He has not only served to talk, and write, and spout about, but has been found worthy of "egregious ransom."

We have purchased him into freedom, as the planters bought him into slavery; he is ours by dint of pounds, shillings, and pence, and we are as proud of the acquisition, as of a picture by one of the "Black Masters."

He is no longer a nigger, but a gentleman of colour, a favourite low comedian, the hero of a novel, and a jet ornament to society.

The plot of this novel is, in any sense, extremely simple; and the principal adventure, like one of Æsop's, seems to take place amongst the birds and beasts. A couple of Chickens, whilst enjoying a rural walk, are suddenly assaulted by a savage Bull. Mr. C., the reverse of a game chicken, immediately runs off to fetch a certain great Dog, ungallantly leaving his pullet to be plucked, spitted, and basted, in the meantime, by the horned beast. Jim Crow, however, instead of wheeling about after the example of his namesake, or the craven husband, rushes to the rescue, like the grateful black in Sandford or Merton, or like Mrs. Trollope's Factory Boy, and like one of Madame de Genlis's heroes, drops the wicked brute by a dexterous stab in the spinal marrow.

Thereafter the chicken-hearted Mr. C., retreating from a brace of terriers, falls backward, and mortally injures his own spine in a gravel pit. The widowed Chicken gratefully regards the valiant Crow as a *rara avis*, and preferring his sable suit to her suit of sables, appears one blessed day in a plaid silk morning dress, and tacitly invites her preserver to a piebald marriage. The hint is taken, the favours are prepared, the ring is bought, and our Chicken and Crow go the way of all turtle doves.

MORAL—That a good-for-everything black is better than a good-for-nothing white.

From internal evidence this book is by an American, and an Abolitionist. The style is quite Transatlantic, magniloquent, and mercantile. Here is a specimen :—

“Mr. Ledger replied, ‘Oh, the debt, whatever your fervid imagination may have swollen it up to, has been sponged out by that Niagara cataract you just now threw over it. I know how to appreciate the man whose heart exposes itself in a flood, through smiles labouring to conceal it. My life, or even the honour of my wife, I would trust to his word for keeping unstained, sooner than I would a dollar-note of a stopping bank to one of the common herd of mankind, without legal security.’”

The scenes and sentiments have a touch of the Kentuckian—for instance :—in the leading “notion,” and its illustrations, that physical and moral courage are as inseparable as the Siamese twins. Mere animal bravery is, according to our author, the parent of humanity, sobriety, and especially truth,—cowardice being “consequentially the father of lies.”

To give his sentiment on it, in the style of Joseph Surface, the man who cannot whip his weight in wild cats, will never speak his mind in society, but fib, tell white lies, and prevaricate, and like the unfortunate Mr. Chicken, greatly grieve the sensitive mind of his dear wife, by occasional deviations from truth in occasional conversation. Indeed, for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the author stickles like a quaker, but, very unlike a quaker, with murderous weapons in his hands.

To our mind it is a suspicious sort of moral courage that must back its verbal bluntness with the sword of sharpness, and cannot trust itself abroad without a loaded pistol in one pocket and a bowie-knife in the other. But Mr. Jim Crow is a true physical-force man; and even a female character cannot please him, without a dash of the Amazon to the maidenly Mississippi—witness a sketch of his heroine.

A Mr. Stuart, a sort of pet of the petticoats, is supposed

to be in bodily peril in a feud, and before his friends can get ready their rifles, their wives and daughters rush out to the rescue, literally with poker and tongs. Amongst the foremost races Rosetta, alias Moral Courage, "with her father's bowie-knife firmly grasped round the middle by her fingers, her thumb crossing the extreme hilt, the blade lying flat along her lower arm, with the point extending an inch below her elbow." The leading Thalestris, armed with "a toasting fork," unfortunately trips, and falls just in the path, but Moral Courage clears her at a leap, and exhibits a phenomenon quite as new as the one that Faraday extracted from the electrical eel. It is vouched for by the tumble-down Thalestris.

"The latter frequently declared that it was not only apparent but real fire that Rosetta's eyes emitted in her rage; for as she turned her face in awe, when she found the girl would fly over her, *a real spark alighted on the back of her neck and had raised a blister.*"

 REVIEW.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. By "Boz." Vol. I. London :
Chapman & Hall. 1840.

THE first volume of "Master Humphrey's Clock" is now complete; and in the absence of any professional criticism on the work by that Prince of Clockmakers, Sam Slick, we will venture to give our own opinion of the performance.

The main fault of the work is in its construction. The parts are not well put together; and some of the figures, however ornamental, tend seriously to complicate and embarrass the movements of the machine. We allude to Master Humphrey and his leash of friends. They were

never intended, as the author states in his preface, to be active agents in the stories they are supposed to relate ; but it was assumed that the Reader would be interested in the interest taken by those shadowy personages in the narratives brought forward at their club-meetings. This was a mistake. In the "Arabian Nights," indeed, we take an interest in the interest excited in the Sultan by each of the Thousand and One Tales, because a yawn from Shayrigar would be the story-teller's death warrant ; but the auditors of Master Humphrey possess no such despotic power—his head does not hang by its tale ; and accordingly, whilst interested ourselves at first hand—say by the history of the "Old Curiosity Shop" and its inmates—we think no more of the gentle Hunchback, his friends and the Old Clock, than of as many printing-house readers and an editor's box.

The truth is, the Author is rather too partial to one of the most unmanageable things in life and literature, a Club. The Pickwick began with one which soon dispersed itself ; and the character of its namefather and President was infinitely better for the dissolution. In the present work there are two,—the Clock Club above stairs, and the Watch Club below ; and between them they lead to so many difficulties and discrepancies that it becomes necessary to get rid of them by something like a *coup-d'état*. For instance, Master Humphrey, from reading his stories to his private friends, is found addressing them, direct, to his public ones. Jack Redburn gives an account of the proceedings of the Watch Club, of which he could be cognizant only by intuition ; whilst Mr. Pickwick has such a foreknowledge of how his contribution will print out, that he recommences in a following number with "we left Will Marks standing under the gallows." In point of fact—and we confidently appeal to Mr. Weller, Senior—what literary new, fast, post coach could

make a more hockerder start than with four insides, professedly booked to nowheres at all, and with such a wery illconvenient time-keeper as an old, venerable, antiquated eight-day clock on the roof of the vehicle? Vy, none-somever. The inconveniences of such an arrangement soon manifest themselves; and accordingly, whilst the two Clubs are snugly housed—the one in the kitchen and the other in the parlour, and, as the frontispiece hints, all fast asleep—the author quietly gives them the slip and drives off to take up characters, who really have business down the road.

The revival of some of the Pickwickians supplies its own excuse. It affords us an agreeable glimpse of our old favourites; and moreover the re-introduction of Old Weller—the same, but with a difference—in a new title, that had long “laid dormouse in the family,” is strictly legitimate.

His fears of “inadwertent captivation,” and his wish that he knew how to make himself ugly or disagreeable, are pleasantly characteristic; so is also his graphic description of railway travelling, and who can read his inimitable comparison of the screech of the steam-whistle without exclaiming with one of our Uneducated Poets,

“Arn’t that ere Boz a tip-top feller!
Lots writes well, but he writes Weller!”

Sam shines out a trifle less vividly than his parent, the fault perhaps of his marriage; for there certainly is an “oh-no-we-never-mention-her” reserve on the subject of his help-mate which we hope will admit of a favourable explanation in the next edition.

In the meantime we have a crow to pluck with the author, which is a very black one indeed. We allude to Mr. Pickwick’s contribution to the Clock Case. Now, a genuine story from that dear worthy creature—one out of his own

head and heart—would have been a literary jewel ; but a tale of Witchcraft of the times of James the First—poo, poo!—we for one will never believe that he wrote it ; but that it was written for him, and, at a guess, by the clever Authoress of London in the Olden Time.

To turn from the old loves to the new, we do not know where we have met in fiction with a more striking and picturesque combination of images than is presented by the simple childish figure of Little Nelly amidst a chaos of such obsolete, grotesque, old-world commodities as form the stock-in-trade of the “ Old Curiosity Shop.” Look at the Artist’s picture of the Child asleep in her little bed, surrounded, or rather mobbed, by ancient armour and arms, antique furniture, and relics sacred and profane, hideous or grotesque ; it is like an allegory of the peace and innocence of childhood in the midst of violence, superstition, and all the hateful or hurtful passions of the world. How sweet and fresh the youthful figure ! How much sweeter and fresher for the rusty, musty, fusty atmosphere of such accessories and their associations ! How soothing the moral, that gentleness, purity and truth, sometimes dormant but never dead, have survived, and will outlive fraud and force though backed by gold and encased in steel !

As a companion picture we would select the Mending of the Puppets in the Churchyard, with the mocking figure of Punch perched on a gravestone, “ a touch quite Hogarthian in its satirical significance.”

As for Little Nelly herself, we should say that she thinks, speaks, and acts, in a style beyond her years, if we did not know how poverty and misfortune are apt to make advances of worldly knowledge to the young at a most ruinous discount—a painful sacrifice of the very capital of childhood. Like some of the patent sharpeners that give a hasty edge

to the knife, at the expense of a rapid waste of metal, so does care act on the juvenile spirit ; and the observer may daily see but too many of such blades, precociously worn thin, and so unnaturally keen, that like our over-sharpened knives, they could almost cut with their backs.

In strong contrast to Nelly we have the Old Man, her grandfather,—so old, that he seems never to have been young. His very vice is one of those which outlive most others. A gambler at heart, but persuading himself that, whilst gambling for money, he is only playing for love ; that he speculates in dice and cards merely for the sake of his grandchild,—nay, that he robs her for her enrichment,—he affords a striking illustration of the assertion in “Hudibras” about the pleasure of being cheated, a pleasure so congenial to human nature, that in the absence of any other swindler, we cheat ourselves. No one ever played, as a practice, except for the sake of play ; and the old man’s gambling has just as much to do with his love of Nelly, as gambling on the turf with the love of horses, or on the Stock Exchange with the love of country.

Of a lighter sort are the vices of Mr. Richard Swiveller ; the representative of a very numerous class, plenty as weeds, and though not so noxious as some orders, quite as useless and worthless as any of the tribes. There are thousands of Swivellers growing, or grown up, about town ; neglected, ill-conditioned profligates, who owe their misconduct not to a bad bringing up, but to having no bringing up at all. Human hulks cast loose on the world with no more pilotage than belongs to mere brute intelligence, like the abandoned hulls that are found adrift at sea with only a monkey on board.* Such an estray is Dick Swiveller, a fellow of easy

* This figure was suggested no doubt by a wreck brought into Ostend with only a small monkey and some love-birds on board.—Ed.

virtue and easy vice—lax, lounging, and low in morals and habits, and living on from day to day by a series of shifts and shabbinesses. Here are some of them most topographically described : they read like truths, and suggest quite a new mode of colouring Mogg's Map of London. He is making an entry in a greasy memorandum book :

“ ‘Is that a reminder in case you should forget to call ?’ said Trant with a sneer.—‘Not exactly, Fred,’ replied the imperturbable Richard, continuing to write with a business-like air, ‘I enter in this little book the names of the streets that I can't go down while the shops are open. This dinner to-day closes Long Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen Street last week, and made that no thoroughfare too. There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop up that to-night with a pair of gloves. The roads are closing so fast in every direction, that in about a month's time, unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way.’ ”

Still there is more of folly than of absolute vice about Richard Swiveller. For instance, he might have thought of a mistress, and he dreams of a wife ; and he might have been a ruffianly Spring-heeled Jack, instead of a “Perpetual Grand of the Glorious Appollers.” He is rather weak than wicked ; and, indeed, seems to have an impression of his own, to which he gives utterance in a maudlin fit, that his errors and mishaps are attributable to the want of early guidance.

“ ‘Left an infant at an early age,’ said Mr. Swiveller, bewailing his hard lot ; ‘cast abroad upon the world in my tenderest period, and thrown upon the mercies of a deluding dwarf, who can wonder at my weakness ? Here's a miserable orphan for you !—here,’ said Mr. Swiveller, raising his voice to a high pitch and looking sleepily round, ‘here is a miserable orphan !’ ”

The deluding Dwarf, just referred to—a Mr. Daniel Quilp, Ship-breaker and Heart-breaker, is one of the most highly-wrought characters of the work. Stunted in body and limbs, but with a head fit for a giant, and rough coarse hands, furnished with long, crooked, and yellow nails, he is described

as a sort of human Caliban, who plots mischief and misery with the restless malignity of a fiend, and fights, bites, and pinches with the wanton malice of a monkey. For his size he is as disproportionately savage and vicious as the Norway Rat in the Regent's Park, what Winifred Jenkins calls a perfect "devil in garnet," one of those same devils perhaps, who, according to Milton, compressed themselves into pigmies to make room in Pandemonium, and who had remained a Dwarf ever since. We are not partial to this association of moral with physical deformity, which the commonalty is but too apt to regard rather as a necessary connection than a coincidence. Thus, according to the popular notion, the young Princes smothered in the Tower, were not so much the victims of ambition as of a Crooked Back,—a prejudice palpably embodied in the prodigious hump of that most popular of our histrionic delinquents, Punch. To a certain extent, perhaps, the neglect of the infant frame, which produces rickets, being extended to the moral and intellectual nursing of the individual, might induce a corresponding defeature, but beyond this, there is no reason why the most distorted figure should not be joined to the most amiable or noble of spirits—even as Daniel Quilp himself is married to a pretty little mild-spoken woman with blue eyes. Of this truth indeed, the author gives us an example in the gentle and benevolent Master Humphrey, whilst his Quilp is a horrible impersonation of the more vulgar theory. An evil spirit lodged in a repulsive shape, he seems determined to retaliate upon Nature herself for placing him in what the Americans would call so unhandsome a fix. Conscious, like Richard of Gloster, that he is not "formed to engage all hearts and charm all eyes," he resolves to drain these and break those, to tower in wickedness if not in stature, and to retort an hundredfold on human kind the scorn and loath-

ing which he supposes to dog his heels. Even in better natures we have sometimes seen instances of the self-torment occasioned by a sensitive consciousness of personal defects, till the morbid poison became virulent, and the milk of human kindness was turned into verjuice, and the bile into double aquafortis ; but the virus fermenting with an original complication of the vilest passions in the Dwarf he comes forth, cursed and curst, a perfect Lycanthrope.

According to this reading of the part the character of the wharfinger and dwarfinger, Daniel Quilp, is strikingly brought out : not to forget some clever, though rather melodramatic bye-play, such as where he "eats hard eggs, shells and all ; devours gigantic prawns, with heads and tails on ; chews tobacco and water-cresses most voraciously at the same time ; drinks boiling tea without winking ; and bites his fork and spoon till they bend again." In fact, he lays himself out for, and is, a "Little Enormity." Whether such beings exist in real life, may appear, at first sight, somewhat questionable ; but in fairness, before deciding in the negative, one ought to go and view the wilderness assigned as his haunt, and then to ask whether there may not be for such scenery fit actors and appropriate dramas ? It has been said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives ; an ignorance, by the way, which Boz has essentially helped to enlighten ; it is quite as certain that one half of London is not aware of even the topographical existence of the other ; and although remote from our personal experience, there may be such persons as Quilp about the purlieus and back slums of human nature, as surely as there are such places as the Almonry and Rats' Castle.

After senna comes the sugar ; and should the malice of the Diabolical Dwarf taste too bitter, let the reader turn to the episode of the Schoolmaster and his beloved Scholar,

who wrote so good a hand with such a "very little one." The story is simple, touching, and unaffectedly told ; one of those stories which can only come from a well-toned head and heart working in harmony with each other ; one of those that, whilst they recommend the book, endear the author—and no writer's personal character seems more identified with his writings than that of Boz. We invariably rise from the perusal of his volumes in better humour with the world, for he gives us a cheerful view of human nature, and paints good people with a relish which proves that he has himself a belief in, and sympathy with, their goodness.

Moreover, he shows them to us (the Garlands for instance) shining in clusters, as if he would fain have a milky way of them ; whereas he puts forward the bad as rarities or exceptions, and Quilp as unique. Above all, in distributing the virtues, he bestows a full proportion of them amongst a class of our fellow-creatures who are favoured in Life's Grand State Lotteries with nothing but the declared blanks, and even in its Little Goes, with nothing but a moderate share of the undrawn tickets.

The poor are his especial clients. He delights to show Worth in low places—living up a court, for example, with Kit and the industrious washerwoman, his mother. To exhibit Honesty holding a gentleman's horse, or Poverty bestowing alms. Of this compensating principle there is a striking instance in the Wax-work Woman, Mrs. Jarley, a personage who in many or most hands would have been a mere mass of tawdry finery and unmitigated vulgarity. Vulgar and fine she undoubtedly is ; but there is a generous and kindly nature beneath, and she is truly a Christian in her charity, and a lady in her hospitality, although the last has no better sphere than a house upon wheels. An unfailing appetite is one of her attributes ; and her heart is as good as

her stomach, as you feel sure from her first introduction. It is easy for the empty to feel for the hungry, for the fasting to sympathise with the famishing ; but it is on the very back of a full meal—after bread and butter, knuckle of ham, and tea and brandy—that Mrs. Jarley recognises the aspect and the claims of Want, and invites the wayfaring Old Man and Nelly to a welcome repast. The people of this world may be divided into two great classes, the Monopolisers and the Sympathisers, and Mrs. Jarley is one of the last mentioned.

Witness her amiable and earnest inquiries of her man George as to how he enjoyed the cold pie and the beer, and her liberal hope that she had not hurried him in his meal. It was surely not by chance, but by artistical design, that the author set such a substantial, warm-hearted, living, breathing, talking, eating and drinking creature in high relief amidst such cold inanimate effigies of humanity as her Wax-work Figures.

The rest of the Clock-work Figures, the Wachlesses excepted (poison the Wachlesses ! as Quilp would say), are all good in their several ways. The selfish, discontented Tom Codlin, the contented Short *alias* Trotters, and Mr. Vuffin with his theory about shaky giants, wrinkled dwarfs, and wooden legs. The Law List, we have little doubt, can furnish a power of attorneys akin to Sampson Brass, of Bevis Marks.

His sister, a sort of Office Copy of himself—a pettifogger in petticoats, is more of a phenomenon—a real Law Cat ; and Richard Swiveller ought hardly to have found courage to borrow her cap off her head to wipe the window. The following scene between Miss Brass and her diminutive maid-of-all-work at feeding-time seems intended, Boz-like, to warn us that the most ill-used children are not to be found in factories.*

And now a few words of Boz himself. We are rejoiced to

* Here is quoted the never-to-be-forgotten scene wherein Sally Brass gives the Marchioness her scanty dinner.

learn, from so good an authority as his own preface, that in spite of certain crazy rumours to the contrary, he has never been "raving mad," and we sincerely and seriously trust that he never will be "off his head," except when, like Quilp's urchin, he chooses to be on his feet.

We have given our reasons for liking his last work : it is life-like and bustling, and therefore good for one's amusement ; it comes from a sound head and heart, and it is therefore fitted for one's amusement ; and accordingly, as "Master Humphrey's Clock" has already its thousands upon thousands of readers, we beg cordially to recommend it to the Million.

 REVIEW.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT, &c. By J. J. LOWNDES, Esq. SPEECHES IN FAVOUR OF AN EXTENSION OF COPYRIGHT. By J. N. TALFOURD, Serjeant-at-Law ; with the Petitions in favour of the Bill, &c.

IF no other benefit had been derived from the discussion of the Copyright question, the public would be indebted to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd for showing practically how indifferently any measure, not of immediate interest to some political party, is likely to be treated in Parliament. To a simple Utopian no subject would have promised more fairly. Honourable members had not been bored with it ; it was not stale and flat, but as new as Socialism. It was not one-sided, but lustrous with as many facets as a cut diamond, shining equally on Whig and Tory, Independent and Radical. It belonged to no particular school, but generally concerned Oxford and Cambridge, the London University, and King's Colleges, Eton, Harrow, Rugby,

Christ's, Paul's, and Merchant Tailors'. It was of no decided complexion,—blue, orange, or green,—but a true neutral tint. And hence, alas! its miserable failure! Had authors' heads been stuffed with mud instead of brains, the matter might have been made an agricultural question, and the dirty acres would have been as carefully dammed and dyked by law as the slimy soil in the fens of Lincolnshire. Every grubby particle would have been as vigilantly protected from removal and appropriation, as the drift of the road is preserved from piracy; and each ear of corn it served to support or manure would have been assigned to its proper owner to the end of time. But for want of this more than dramatic interest, the piece failed. There was no Jack Sheppardism in it; the bill did not draw; there was never a full house; and in spite of the exertions of the member for Reading and writing, the one act was damned by some three hisses, as many groans, and the stamping of that big *stick* to it, Mr. Warburton. Mr. Wakley, the coroner, too, helped to burke the subject he had to sit upon; and the finding of the jury—that the authors should be shorn by the publishers for the benefit of the public—no doubt astounded numberless persons who had heretofore held that the many should always be sacrificed to the few. The Sketch of Mr. Lowndes is historical, and tends to prove that the laws intended to preserve copyright in its integrity have only laid it open to all sorts Tegg-rity.* To use a marine figure, the legislators of old finding a vessel in danger from *pirates*, sent on board for its protection a party of *wreckers*. The absurdity of such a course is self-evident, and yet we find parties as indifferent on the subject as if *authorship* had not done as much for the national glory as any ship in the British navy! In the meantime, it is somewhat humiliating to observe from Mr. Lowndes's

* For the meaning of this new word consult Peter Parley.

statement, that even the petty continental states have gone ahead of us on this question. In some countries literary property is treated as real and perpetual, in others the author is allowed a very long lease. Of the motives for these arrangements, and their intrinsic value, there may be various opinions; but England is all the more engaged by her character, to openly and liberally adopt measures for good reasons, that are elsewhere pursued for bad ones, and establish by the independence of her authors the Freedom of her Press.

[The following Petition from my father was presented to Parliament at the time when Talfourd was agitating for a new Copyright Law, and was included in the volume of Talfourd's Speeches, mentioned in the last notice.]

PETITION OF THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



The Humble Petition of the undersigned THOMAS HOOD,
Sheweth,

That your Petitioner is the proprietor of certain copyrights which the law treats as copyhold, but which in justice and equity, should be his freeholds. He cannot conceive how "Hood's Own," without a change in the title-deeds as well as the title, can become "Everybody's Own" hereafter.

That your Petitioner may burn or publish his manuscripts at his own option, and enjoys a right in and control over his own productions which no press, now or hereafter, can justly press out of him.

That as a landed proprietor does not lose his right to his estate, in perpetuity, by throwing open his grounds for the convenience or gratification of the public, neither ought the property of an author in his works to be taken from him, unless all parks become commons.

That your Petitioner, having sundry snug little estates in view, would not object, after a term, to contribute his private share to a general scramble, provided the landed and monied interests, as well as the literary interest, were thrown into the heap ; but that, in the meantime, the fruits of his brain ought no more to be cast amongst the public than a Christian woman's apples or a Jewess's oranges.

That cheap bread is as desirable and necessary as cheap books, but it hath not yet been thought just or expedient to ordain that, after a certain number of crops, all corn-fields shall become public property.

That whereas in other cases long possession is held to affirm a right to property, it is inconsistent and unjust that a mere lapse of twenty-eight, or any other term of, years, should deprive an author at once of principal and interest in his own Literary Fund. To be robbed by Time is a sorry encouragement to write for Futurity.

That a work, which endures for many years, must be of a sterling character, and ought to become national property ; but at the expense of the public, or at any expense save that of the author, or his descendants. It must be an ungrateful generation that, in its love of cheap copies, can lose all regard for "the dear originals."

That whereas your Petitioner has sold sundry of his copyrights to certain publishers for a sum of money, he does not see how the public, which is only a larger firm, can justly acquire even a share in copyright except by similar means, namely, by purchase or assignment.

That the public, having constituted itself by law the executor and legatee of the author, ought, in justice, and according to practice in other cases, to take to his debts, as well as his literary assets.

That when your Petitioner shall be dead and buried, he

might with as much propriety and decency have his body snatched, as his Literary Remains.

That by the present law, the wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best of authors is tardily rewarded, precisely as a vicious, seditious, or blasphemous writer is summarily punished—namely, by the forfeiture of his copyright.

That in case of infringement on his copyright your Petitioner cannot conscientiously, or comfortably, apply for redress to the law, whilst it sanctions universal piracy hereafter.

That your Petitioner hath two children, who look up to him, not only as the author of the “Comic Annual,” but as the author of their being. That the effect of the law, as regards an author, is virtually to disinherit his next of kin, and cut him off with a book instead of a shilling.

That your Petitioner is very willing to write for posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to the long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to posterity, he will be referred back to antiquity.

That as a man’s hairs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs, whereas, on the contrary, your Petitioner hath ascertained, by a nice calculation, that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his only son should come of age.

The very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for everybody’s posterity except his own.

Finally, whereas it has been urged, “if an author writes for posterity, let him look to posterity for his reward,” your Petitioner adopts that very argument, and on its very principle prays for the adoption of the Bill introduced by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, seeing that by the present arrangement posterity is bound to pay everybody or anybody but the true creditor.

1841.

[IN this year, on the death of Hook, my father was appointed Editor of the "New Monthly." The following "Tête-à-Tête with the Editor" is his first appearance in his new character. "Miss Kilmansegg" came to her untimely end in this year—but beyond a "Review of Madame Lafarge," and a "Tale of Terror," there is nothing left of his writings at this time available for the present edition, the rest being included in the Second Series of "Hood's Own."]

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH THE EDITOR.

GENTLE READER,

As you are in some degree interested in the result of the following interview, it is here set down, by the help of a strong memory, exactly as it occurred.

It must first be understood, that a certain letter, dated no matter when, and from a party it is unnecessary to name, had duly come to hand—and after perusal and indorsement, had been deposited in a magnificent richly-inlaid Buhl cabinet, of the age of Louis—but no, no, no,—a plain mahogany desk, well scratched and indented by time and travel.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed from the receipt of the missive, when my study-door was suddenly flung open, and without any ceremony whatever, in bounced a female stranger, and seated herself in what, amongst lawyers, would be denominated the client's chair. She had an enormous blue bag along with her, which she deposited at her feet.

After settling herself in her seat, she took a survey of the apartment from the door to the window, from the floor to the ceiling, and then, with as abrupt a voice and manner as you can conceive, broke out as follows :

“ If I were you, I would have a bust of Shakspeare over the book-case instead of that Milton. Yes—and a good warm Brussels carpet instead of this poor thin grey druggot—and an Arnott’s stove.”

Judge how I stared !—But she was mad of course : a consideration which struck me as “ dead as a great reckoning in a little room.”

“ You know me, of course ? ”

“ Really, Madam—I have not that honour.”

“ Phoo, phoo,—you have. Why you’ve seen me in all my favourite characters.”

“ Characters,” methought ; “ she is not a bit like Miss Kéllly. She is old enough for Mademoiselle Mars—but it cannot be her : she is too purely English.”

“ Here ! look—” said the lady, and dipping into her huge blue bag, she reappeared *à la* Matthews, with quite a new head on her shoulders. “ There, do you know that ? ”

“ Yes, certainly. But not as a theatrical portrait : it is the very face of Doctor ——.”

“ Right,” said the stranger, with a brisk nod. “ And now this ? ” bringing a fresh head and face out of the blue bag.

“ To be sure—it is Sergeant ——.”

“ Right again. And who am I now ? ”

The third head belonged to a past generation ; but the likeness to the most authentic portrait was not to be mistaken. “ The very picture of Dr. Johnson ! ”

“ Yes, those are my three principal characters—medical—legal—and moral. But I play in a number of different parts

besides, and especially one with which you must be familiar in private performances, and pieces of domestic interest."

And again her head went into the blue bag, and came forth totally transfigured.

"Why that's my wife!"

"Exactly," said the she-Proteus, again bagging my partner's head and reappearing with her own countenance. "Now, look here"—and she made such a series of faces, long and short, dismal and cheerful, as Munden, Liston, and Grimaldi could scarcely have clubbed amongst them.

"Well—now do you know me?"

"No—really, Madam!"

"Then you ought, for I've been a friend to you ever since you were born."

"You, Madam!"

"Yes, for I recommended your nurse—and I was the cause of your being vaccinated instead of inoculated—and of your going to Alfred House instead of Eton; and of your visit to Scotland, and your residence in Germany; and that you wore flannel next your skin, and shoes with cork soles, and have left off fermented liquors. In short, it is through me that you are what you are. My name is Ad——"

"Vice," said I, recollecting her features in a moment. But if she had been called Gorgon, her presence could not more have embarrassed me. Such a variety of associations, pleasant and unpleasant, rushed upon me at the name, as made it impossible for me to adopt any certain course of behaviour.

My first impulse, to be candid, was to turn my visitor out of the room by the shoulders—the next to embrace her like a near and dear relation. For oh! what desperate scrapes, messes, puckers, dilemmas, disasters, losses, crosses, bothers, bubbles and troubles—what law-suits, and jaw-suits,—hang

her!—had she brought on me! But then—bless her!—what comforts, and cures, and profit, and fleecy hosiery, and happiness, had she not wheedled me into! Never was there such a complicated account current, since the one which the Irishman declared had “a balance on both sides.”

In the meantime, Advice took another survey of my little study, as if looking for a peg on which to hang a recommendation; and then turning sharply round upon me, bolted out—

“So you’re the Editor of the New Monthly?”

“Y-e-s,” said I with a shudder, as, if instead of words, she had favoured me, like some of the old Stone Nereids, with a spout of cold water.

Swift as lightning, her propensity to scribble and print had flashed across me, and the idea of Advice becoming a contributor was positively awful. My face probably betrayed my feelings, for she immediately added—

“But don’t think I’m going to write for you; my time is too much taken up with the New Administration—in fact, at this very moment I ought to be with the Premier. But having persuaded you, I may say, into your present post—that’s a very nasty cough you have got, let me advise you to take a little—”

“Nothing—nothing—pray go on.”

“Well then, having procured you the command of this ship, I couldn’t think of letting you put to sea without a little of my old pilotage.”

“I am very much obliged indeed, my dear Madam—but—but as the month of September has a joint docked off its tail, and I have entered on my new duties at rather a short notice, if you would have the kindness to condense your bark into quinine—”

“Humph!” grunted the old lady, a little offended. “But

no matter. Before the month's out, or the next number, you'll be sending an express after me. Well then, I suppose you intend the magazine to be Tory?"

"Why, that party is *in*."

"No matter," said Advice: "take my counsel and belong to neither. They have plenty of organs already, church organs and street organs included. No, no. Think of the ships on the sea, and the ships in the river. It's dangerous sailing to go along always leaning too much on one side, till at last a political storm comes, and then over you go, and show, maybe, how foul and cankered you are at bottom. But perhaps," continued Advice, "you consider that authorship is at best a very precarious profession, and think that by lending your pen to the viper—vipertu—eh! I shall speak presently!—the vituperation of a party, you may some day obtain a pension for your services to polite literature?"

"The labourer, my dear Madam, is worthy of his hire."

"Ah, you little know the true nature of political gratitude. There was poor ——! he wouldn't listen to *me*, but plunged at once into the strife—lost his temper—his health, and almost his reason—in fact, grew so warped, mind and body, that he could only lie on one side; and after twenty years of hard service, was disappointed with the usual appointment."

"And pray what was that?"

"English consul at Coventry. A post in which, as you may suppose, there is no honour to atone for the want of salary. So you see what a prospect lies before you. Besides you have not made Politics, or Political Economy your study. I'll wager a copy of my Advice to Mothers that you never looked into Mill, MacCulloch, Malthus, or Machiavelli."

"No, nor Plato, Waddington, nor Adam Smith!"

“Are you acquainted with the Political Justice?”

“No—I never even saw him to my knowledge.”

“Him! why it’s a book, and not a *hymn*-book either.”

And the old lady chuckled at her own pun till she coughed, and then coughed till she choked. Happily, after a smart slap or two on the back, she recovered—(how could the world have wagged on without Advice?)—and was able to resume the conversation.

“So you have never read Godwin?”

“To tell the truth,” said I, “it has seemed to me a better plan to study politics in the daily Journals, and the Debates in Parliament, than in the Essays of Modern Theorists, or the Speculations of Ancient Philosophers.”

“Very good,” said Advice; “I will catechise you then on your own ground. To begin with the great question of questions—what do you think of the Corn Laws?”

“That they do not, and never will or can, prevent the flight of wheat-ears into this country.”

“Fiddle-faddle! Pray be serious. Have you any notion of the nature of a sliding scale?”

“Certainly, I saw one abroad: a soaped maypole with a great loaf stuck at the top.”

“Nonsense. I ask your opinion of the principle of Free Trade.”

“Why, that it cannot be applied to the trade in *Slaves*.”

“Have you studied the Eastern Question?”

“Yes—on the weathercock, ever since my ague.”

“And how would you act with regard to the Timber Duties?”

“I would consult practical men—for example, the Greenwich Pensioners who have wooden legs.”

“And as to the Brazilian Sugar?”

“I thought it was dissolved with the last Parliament.”

“Humph! And pray have you speculated at all on the late change in the Cabinet?”

“Yes—with my hairdresser.”

“Well?”

“Why, we decided that if the Wigs were going out, the Naturals must be coming in.”

“Upon my word,” exclaimed Advice, “you are in a very enviable state of political ignorance and neutrality. I almost think that you could write on the ‘Culture of the Orange’ without a fling at Sir Robert Peel,—or on ‘Deer-stalking’ without a shot at Mr. Roebuck! Well, so much the better. Gentle Readers should have Gentle Writers. But, between ourselves, Party Politics are becoming like the acid in German Cookery, which you taste in fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables: and what is worse, our penmen do not always acidulate with the best white wine vinegar, but sometimes with the stale ‘small beer as sour as varges.’”

“And besides its unpalatableness,” said I, “the wholesale abuse of public men must be obviously uncharitable and unjust. For supposing we add to those who mean well, the immense number of those who mean nothing at all, your really ill-meaning men must form a very minute minority.”

“At least let us hope so,” said Advice. “Well, keep to that tone, and you will do—especially if you will agree to a little arrangement which I have to propose.”

“What is that?”

“Why, that you will consult *me* on every article, before it goes to the compositor. I shall not mind the trouble: I’m used to it. You can send me the papers by a printer’s—but no, have a Page; everybody has a Page, and less appropriately than a magazine. I think I can recommend a boy to you—and if you like him, you shall have my ideas about the livery. And in the meantime,”—here Advice looked as

before, all round my study,—“if I were you, I would hang some other picture over the fireplace, instead of that portrait of Mr. Lamb. I'll think of a good substitute. By the bye, whose spectacles do you wear?—I would advise you to buy Solomon's.—And how are you off for a lamp? You must take care of your eyes. The course I usually recommend is—but bless me! I shall be too late for the Privy Council!” And jumping up and clutching her blue bag, Advice made an exit as unceremonious as her entrance. By running to the window, I saw her step into a chariot very much like that of Doctor ——, but with *two* footmen behind it, for Advice likes to be well followed, and away it rattled at a pace which nothing but a patient going equally fast can excuse.

She has never called on me since; but as much of her counsel appeared, on reflection, to be sound and wholesome, it is my intention, Gentle Reader, to follow it as far as I please, and as well as I can.

THOMAS HOOD.

REVIEW.

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME LAFARGE.

WE confess to having been singularly interested in that most recent of “Causes Célèbres,” the trial of Madame Lafarge for the murder of her husband. As a Romance of real life, it strongly exemplified the adage that Truth is stranger than Fiction; for certainly no living dramatist could have invented such a plot, or such characters, and such scenes, as occurred in its progress. No extravagant German tale ever presented a wilder mixture of the revolting, the horrible, and the ludicrous. It resembled one of our own terrific melodramas of

strong tragic interest, but withal providing for the Comic, by a part adapted to Buckstone or Keeley. First, there was the grave charge of a young wife beginning almost in the honeymoon to poison her husband by instalments. Then followed a solemn and protracted investigation which only established two great doubts :—First, as to who poisoned the defunct ; and secondly, whether he had ever been poisoned at all ! The poison itself was invested with a mysterious interest—first appearing by pounds, then dwindling into pinches, and then to minute stains, like fly-spots on a metallic plate. Not to forget the pantomimical transformation of a packet of arsenic into a packet of carbonate of soda, with the farcical consultation between the two rustic servants, whether for the family safety they had not better throw the poison into the family well. The very rats of Glandier were no common ones, for they were proof against ratsbane, and after all their runnings, and squeakings, and gnawing linen, and even eating the buttons of a riding-habit, became involved in the same doubt as the poison, and were denied any actual existence ! The trial itself was, in the theatrical sense, a complete spectacle. For instance, could the Freyschutz present a more horrid picture than that of the chemists with their circle of furnaces boiling up the disinterred viscera and members of the deceased, whilst the abominable perfumes pervaded the adjoining Hall of Justice, and even reeked in the nostrils of her who had been flesh of that flesh ? And then, to crown all, the portentous appearance in court of a mother demanding pecuniary damages for the loss of her murdered son ! In short, the accusers and the accused, the judges, the counsel, the witnesses, doctors, and chemists, contrived amongst them to get up an extravaganza which, if it had been performed on our side of the Channel, would have “frightened the Island from her propriety !”

Since her condemnation and imprisonment, Madame Lafarge has been occupied in writing her memoirs, a translation of which is announced for publication in this country. It is not our intention to go regularly through her narrative; but merely to select a few pictures of French life, as sketched by a native artist, and therefore true, we may presume, to the national character. At least we may conclude, as a certain lady did of her attempts in a foreign language, that they are so very unlike English that they must be French. Suppose us then, in Madame Lafarge's Gallery of Tableaux Vivants, and pointing to No. 1, which may be described as "THE LITTLE ROMANCE."

"M. de Fontanille had quitted Gascony, to lead, at Paris, the joyous life of a bachelor. Loving all the pretty things of this world, he kept his adoration for pretty little feet, so he busied himself in making a collection of all the darling slippers which had merited his enthusiasm, and he wore always over his heart the gay satin shoe of his most recent love. Business called him to Strasbourg. There he encountered, in a drawing-room, set up on the gilt sphynx of an enormous gothic andiron, a living foot,—smart, charming—of admirable purity of form, and not longer or thicker than a biscuit à la cuillère. Astonished and ravished at the same time, M. de Fontanille procured an introduction to the mother of the damsel with that delicious little foot. He saw it every day, and became impassioned with it, till discovering that a provincial shoemaker called in to make a new shrine for his idol, was waiting below for orders, he took fright lest the craftsman should bruise, wound, or, most dreadful of all, dishonour it by giving it a corn! His disquietude was fearful, insupportable—and in order to save that little chef-d'œuvre of which he wished to become lord and master, while making it his god, he offered up to it his name, his heart, and his hand! He was accepted: and after his marriage, M. de Fontanille went nearly every year to Paris in order to have made, under his own inspection, new shoes for his wife."

No. 2 is a rather homely representation of "HERCULES WITH THE DISTAFF:"

"Having entered, I know not why, my new aunt's chamber, I found her reading the newspaper, whilst her husband was putting her hair in a swarm of papers.

“ ‘Follow my example,’ she said to me seriously, ‘there is no greater convenience than making one’s husband a lady’s-maid. M. Pontier dresses hair divinely, laces me astonishingly well, and no one knows better than he does to give grace to a bow, to make one’s waist expressive, or arrange the folds of a shawl.’

“At that instant the model husband wished to place upon her neck a collerette which was a little rumped. Madame Pontier, observing the false pleats in it, said bitterly to M. Pontier, that since the morning, he might have found plenty of time to have touched it with the irons, and that, moreover, it was not the first time she had perceived his indifference. That the death of her father had left her in the depths of misery, for nothing remained that she could love, and that loved her, except a dog.”

No. 3 is a full length of “MADAME DE MONTBRESON.”

“The first time that I was at Corry she was shut up in a little quilted boudoir, in which the cushions prevented her from hearing the village bell tolling for the dead. At the end of an hour she made her appearance with a smelling-bottle at her nose, and a perfume-box containing chloride in her hand, to inform herself, before entering, if I was in good health ; if I had long had the measles ; and, lastly, if any epidemic sickness prevailed at Villers-Hellon. Satisfied with the answers which were given her, she crossed the threshold of the door ; approached me, sprinkled me slightly with vinegar on all sides, and kissed me on the forehead. Having been told that I was a musician, she made me sit down to the piano, and desired me to play a galop, then rushing to her son forced him to dance with her.

“ ‘Mother,’ said Jules, breathless, and endeavouring to stop her, ‘you will kill me.’

“ ‘Encore, encore !’ she replied, dragging him on, ‘it is excellent for the health.’

“ ‘But, mother, I shall fall through fatigue ; you put me out of breath.’

“ ‘Come on ! it is necessary for my digestion !’ And as Jules still stood panting and half dead, she threw herself on a sofa, and said to my grandfather—

“ ‘Collard, I am most unfortunate ! You see how unnatural are my children : they refuse to dance a galop to repair the health of their mother. Ah, I have good reason to complain.’ ”

No. 4 is an illustration of the adage, “*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit !*”—the hero being the M. CLAVE of the trial, and the heroine its MADAME LOTAND.

“Marie recounted to me in a whisper, that, one day at the beginning of winter, having gone on foot with her maid to make some purchases, she

had been obliged to enter an omnibus to seek shelter from the rain. A glove of the most orthodox yellow tint having been tendered to facilitate her ascent, she raised her eyes, charged with thanks, to that amiable glove, when she saw that it belonged to a young man of unexceptional form and person, who had the manners of a gentleman and the air of a nobleman.

“The Rue St. Honoré is very long, and it was necessary to traverse it throughout in order to regain the Rue d’Angoulême, during which time both parties examined each other, and enabled each other to divine that the result was perfectly satisfactory. Marie, in negligently playing with her handkerchief permitted her pretty name, embroidered there at length, and surmounted with a countess’s coronet, proud and coquettish, to be seen. The stranger, on receiving some villanous large sous in change from a new and brilliant piece of silver, disdainfully desired the conductor to release him from that disagreeable burthen, and to scatter them among some beggars. At last, when Marie desired to descend, he descended first, again offered her his hand, then, having respectfully saluted her, remained immovable in the midst of the rain and the mud, to protect her with his eyes, until the moment when the great door of her hotel was closed between her and him.”

No. 5 may be labelled “THE OLD COUPLE.”

“Another of my excursions conducted me to an aunt of M. Lafarge, whose talents, understanding, and writings they had often mentioned to me with pride. In person she was little, invariably shadowed by a huge green and yellow hat as poetical as an *omelette aux fines herbes*. My aunt received me with two learned kisses the most beautiful of all phrases, and said, gravely, to a sub-lieutenant of infantry of sixty, whom she held by the hand—

“‘Dearest, bow to this amiable niece, who comes into our deserts like the dove of the ark, bearing a branch of myrtle instead of a branch of olive. Panzani, my love, embrace your niece—she allows it—and then go and gather her a rose. He does not understand a word of French—he is Corsican,’ she said to me in a whisper, ‘but if he speaks badly he knows well how to love. Our marriage was quite a romance. He was dying with love for me, and my bewildered heart sacrificed on the altar of Hymen a life that I had determined on consecrating to the chaste sisters of Apollo.’”

No. 6 is an “INTERIOR.”

“Madame Panzani’s castle was situated in a lovely position—the mountains of the Saillant, the meadows watered by the Vezère, the vineyards and rich corn-fields stretched out beneath the little terrace. The interior of the house displays an artistic disorder and originality. Books encum-

bered the tables and chairs : some dried on their learned leaves simples, champignons, and pears ; fruits of every kind were confectioning in glass bottles ; and the inkstand also fulfilled the function of a salt-cellar. Under a portrait of Napoleon hung M. Panzani's martial shako, which in its discreet lining concealed the false hair, curl papers, and pearl powder of the female author ; while the sabre, which was formerly used in combat with the Bedouin, served as a support for superb bunches of grapes and bunches of Morella cherries. During the evening I passed at La Côte we had a dreadful storm. Madame Panzani, in affright, assembled her labourers around her, set them all praying on their knees, and commanded her little servant to sing, with all the strength of her lungs, the psalms of *La Pénitence* ; while she busied herself in counting her rosary, sometimes stopping to conceal her fears in the bosom of her old and unconcerned beloved one. When the thunder raged most heavily, the châtelaine would call to her little saboted groom—

“ ‘Baptiston, my darling ! sing thy *Complainte d'Alger*.’

“ And then, turning towards her spouse, she murmured to him,

“ ‘Then you were all in your glory, my duck ; you forgot love.’

“ If a flash called her back to her terrors, she would cry—

“ ‘Quick, Baptiston ; sing your psalm again.’

“ And Baptiston shouted saintly with the tempest ; the labourers prayed ; and the rosary passed rapidly through her fingers.”

In all these pictures the design, composition, handling, colouring, and peculiar effect of the French school are, we think, clearly to be recognised ; and the numerous sketches of Madame Lafarge by her own hand are equally characteristic. She was born on her father's birth-day, who would rather have been presented, she tells us, “ with a masculine bouquet,” a disappointment she dutifully did her best to alleviate. Thus she learned from his artillerymen to fire off their guns, from Mr. Elmore of English horse-dealing celebrity to ride, gallop, and leap a ditch, and better than all, took lessons in fencing of her military parent. No wonder she preferred Voltaire's Charles the Twelfth to Madame de Genlis ; that Paul and Virginia wearied her to death ; and that being thus accustomed to gun, sword, and saddle, she desired “ A little war and great victories, and thought that Louis Philippe was scarcely young enough for young France.” Her feminine

accomplishments appear to have been confined to music, dancing, and romantic flirtation, by virtue of which she contrived to become that incongruous character—a sentimental Hoyden. Accordingly in one sketch you see her on her steed *Arabska*, galloping, in fancy, beside her idol *Di Vernon*, who, on her “white mare,” hunted over the heaths of Scotland; and in the next picture playing confidante to the high-flown passion of *Mons. Clavé*, or penning for *Madlle. Nicolar* that exquisitely French assignation—“For health, a promenade in the *Champs Elyseés* at two o’clock; for salvation, a prayer at *St. Philippe*.”

The remaining sketches present a series of pictures illustrative of a French *Mariage de Convenance*, as significant as those by which Hogarth has satirised an English *Marriage à la Mode*. From the first of the set, in which the romantic singing, waltzing, fencing, gun-firing, galloping *Marie Capelle* accepts off-hand an ugly *Limousin* ironmaster for her husband, we pass by a strange but appropriate succession of scenes to the final catastrophe. Seriously, what could be anticipated from so unnatural and violent a beginning, but some calamitous conclusion? How could a young French woman of her education, who sang romances and had danced at the *Tuileries*, be expected to put up with an old *Rats’ Castle*, which required such extensive alterations as she was compelled to suggest to her husband?

“I advised him to turn the saloon itself into a bed-chamber, with closets for the bath and the toilette; to turn the horrid entry-hall into a vaulted gallery lighted by agreeable and elegant ogive windows, and to pave it with white flag stones. The desert, without doors or windows, which they called a kitchen, had sufficiently beautiful proportions to metamorphose admirably into a Gothic saloon, to be ornamented with sculptured cornices, massive portals, and sombre hangings. To the right, several little rooms would unite themselves into one nice dining-room: to the left one would have a study, in which might be found, to while away the solitary hours, pens, books, and a piano. My mother-in-

law listened with an air of stupefaction to these revolutionary plans, and seemed to apprehend that I might be a little mad. Madame Buffière, who wished to approve them, asked if the young Parisian dames were all so learned in house-architecture. As for Madame Pontier, she caressed her dog with a bitter smile, and appeared to me to grow every moment more odious."

How could a female Societarian, who compared herself to Robinson Crusoe whilst giving orders to six bricklayers, besides slaters, locksmiths, masons, and eight pioneers, be ever reconciled to the solitude of the great desert which comprehends all France except its capital? From her very first step in matrimony, Madame Lafarge was in a false position, and the moral poison discoverable throughout the narrative was sufficient—without one grain of arsenic—to account for all the domestic convulsions that followed.

A TALE OF TERROR.*

THE following story I had from the lips of a well-known Aëronaut, and nearly in the same words.

It was on one of my ascents from Vauxhall, and a gentleman of the name of Mavor had engaged himself as a companion in my aërial excursion. But when the time came his nerves failed him, and I looked vainly around for the person who was to occupy the vacant seat in the car. Having waited for him till the last possible moment, and the crowd in the gardens becoming impatient, I prepared to ascend alone; and

* This paper was really written under circumstances often spoken of as happening to authors. The printer's devil was really waiting for copy down-stairs while it was done,—an unexpected gap appearing in the Magazine. My father received frequent letters requesting him to finish the sketch, and put his readers out of suspense.

the last cord that attached me to the earth was about to be cast off, when suddenly a strange gentleman pushed forward, and volunteered to go up with me into the clouds. He pressed the request with so much earnestness, that having satisfied myself by a few questions of his respectability, and received his promise to submit in every point to my directions, I consented to receive him in lieu of the absentee; whereupon he stepped with evident eagerness and alacrity into the machine. In another minute we were rising above the trees; and in justice to my companion I must say, that in all my experience, no person at a first ascent had ever shown such perfect coolness and self-possession. The sudden rise of the machine, the novelty of the situation, the real and exaggerated dangers of the voyage, and the cheering of the spectators, are apt to cause some trepidation, or at any rate excitement in the boldest individuals; whereas the stranger was as composed and comfortable as if he had been sitting quite at home in his own library chair. A bird could not have seemed more at ease, or more in its element, and yet he solemnly assured me, upon his honour, that he had never been up before in his life. Instead of exhibiting any alarm at our great height from the earth, he evinced the liveliest pleasure whenever I emptied one of my bags of sand, and even once or twice urged me to part with more of the ballast. In the meantime, the wind which was very light, carried us gently along in a north-east direction, and the day being particularly bright and clear, we enjoyed a delightful birdseye view of the great metropolis, and the surrounding country. My companion listened with great interest, while I pointed out to him the various objects over which we passed, till I happened casually to observe that the balloon must be directly over Hoxton. My fellow-traveller then for the first time betrayed some

uneasiness, and anxiously inquired whether I thought he could be recognised by any one at our then distance from the earth. It was, I told him, quite impossible. Nevertheless he continued very uneasy, frequently repeating "I hope they don't see me," and entreating me earnestly to discharge more ballast. It then flashed upon me for the first time that his offer to ascend with me had been a whim of the moment, and that he feared the being seen at that perilous elevation by any member of his own family. I therefore asked him if he resided at Hoxton, to which he replied in the affirmative ; urging again, and with great vehemence, the emptying of the remaining sand-bags.

This, however, was out of the question, considering the altitude of the balloon, the course of the wind, and the proximity of the sea-coast. But my comrade was deaf to these reasons—he insisted on going higher ; and on my refusal to discharge more ballast, deliberately pulled off and threw his hat, coat, and waistcoat overboard.

"Hurrah, that lightened her !" he shouted ; "but it's not enough yet," and he began unloosening his cravat.

"Nonsense," said I, "my good fellow, nobody can recognise you at this distance, even with a telescope."

"Don't be too sure of that," he retorted rather simply ; "they have sharp eyes at Miles's."

"At where ?"

"At Miles's Madhouse !"

Gracious Heaven!—the truth flashed upon me in an instant. I was sitting in the frail car of a balloon, at least a mile above the earth, with a Lunatic. The horrors of the situation, for a minute, seemed to deprive me of my own senses. A sudden freak of a distempered fancy—a transient fury—the slightest struggle, might send us both, at a moment's notice, into eternity ! In the meantime, the

Maniac, still repeating his insane cry of "Higher, higher, higher," divested himself, successively, of every remaining article of clothing, throwing each portion, as soon as taken off, to the winds. The inutility of remonstrance, or rather the probability of its producing a fatal irritation, kept me silent during these operations : but judge of my terror, when having thrown his stockings overboard, I heard him say, "We are not yet high enough by ten thousand miles—one of us must throw out the other."

To describe my feelings at this speech is impossible. Not only the awfulness of my position, but its novelty, conspired to bewilder me—for certainly no flight of imagination—no, not the wildest nightmare dream had ever placed me in so desperate and forlorn a situation. It was horrible!—horrible! Words, pleadings, remonstrances were useless, and resistance would be certain destruction. I had better have been unarmed, in an American wilderness, at the mercy of a savage Indian! And now, without daring to stir a hand in opposition, I saw the Lunatic deliberately heave first one, and then the other bag of ballast from the car, the balloon of course rising with proportionate rapidity. Up, up, up it soared—to an altitude I had never even dared to contemplate—the earth was lost to my eyes, and nothing but the huge clouds rolled beneath us! The world was gone I felt for ever! The Maniac, however, was still dissatisfied with our ascent, and again began to mutter.

"Have you a wife and children?" he asked abruptly.

Prompted by a natural instinct, and with a pardonable deviation from truth, I replied that I was married, and had fourteen young ones who depended on me for their bread.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Maniac, with a sparkling of his eyes that chilled my very marrow. "I have three hundred wives and five thousand children; and if the balloon

had not been so heavy by carrying double, I should have been home to them by this time."

"And where do they live?" I asked, anxious to gain time by any question that first occurred to me.

"In the moon," replied the Maniac; "and when I have lightened the car I shall be there in no time."

I heard no more, for suddenly approaching me, and throwing his arms around my body —

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[Of course here and there in the Magazine would occur a smaller hiatus than the one just mentioned, which had to be filled up with little odds and ends such as the following.]

CAT LATIN.



"WHY don't you carry your young ones in a bag as I do?" inquired a marsupial animal of one of the feline species.

"*Non possumus omnes*," replied the cat, "we're not all 'possums."

NOTE ON HOMER.



It may have happened with Homer, as with Milton—or to a piece of brown Holland—that he was not always a Blind. The circumstantial truth of his descriptions would indicate rather that he must at some period have enjoyed the use of his eyes. Mr. Wales, the astronomer, on Cooke's second voyage remarked that the "Iliad" contained scarcely an action or circumstance relating to a spear, but he had recognised amongst the natives of the Tanna Islands:—as their meditating the aim when about to throw, and their shaking the weapons in their hands as they walked along; the whirling of the spears as they flew, and their quivering motion when they fell and stuck in the ground. Such characteristics are hardly to be obtained by hearsay, or even—to use a Scotch phrase—by spiering.

[The following letter appeared in the "New Sporting Magazine."]

AN AUTOGRAPH.

TO D. A. A., ESQ., EDINBURGH.



I AM much flattered by your request, and quite willing to accede to it; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want.

Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on walls; others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colours, on the flag stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees; as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern-

benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement.

The autographs of the Charity Boys are written on large sheets of paper, illuminated with engravings, and are technically called "pieces." The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs amongst her visitors, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German Phenomenon, held the implement with his toes.

The Man in the Iron Mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate and threw it out of the window. Baron Trenck smudged one with a charred stick ; and Silvio Pellico, with his fore-finger dipped in a mixture of soot-and-water.

Lord Chesterfield wrote autographs on windows with a diamond pencil. So did Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth.

Draco, when Themis requested a few *sentences* for her album, dipped his stylus in human blood. Faust used the same fluid in the autograph he bartered with Mephistopheles.

The Hebrews write their Shpargotua backwards ; and some of the Orientals used to clothe them in hieroglyphics. An ancient Egyptian, if asked for his autograph, would probably have sent to the collector a picture of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile."

Aster, the Archer, volunteered an autograph and sent it bang into Phillip's right eye.

Some individuals are so chary of their handwriting as to bestow, when requested, only a mark or cross ; others more liberally adorn a specimen of their penmanship with such extraneous flourishes as a corkscrew, a serpent, or a circum-bendibus, not to mention such caligraphic fancies as eagles, ships and swans.

Then again, there are what may be called Mosaic Autographs—*i.e.* inlaid with cockle-shells, blue and white pebbles, and the like, in a little gravel walk. Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvass samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads on a huge white pincushion—as thus :

WELCOME SWEAT BABBY.

MARY JONES.

When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was, namely, “a couple of lines or so, with his name to it,” he replied that he would leave it to her in his Will, seeing as how it was “done with gunpowder on his left arm.”

There have even been autographs written by proxy. For example, Dr. Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield; but to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope.

According to Lord Byron, the Greek girls compound autographs as apothecaries make up prescriptions,—with such materials as flowers, herbs, ashes, pebbles and bits of coal. Lord Byron himself, if asked for a specimen of his hand, would probably have sent a plaster cast of it.

King George the Fourth and the Duke of York, when their autographs were requested for a Keepsake,—royally favoured the applicant with some of their old Latin-English exercises.

With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my forefinger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a very badly scribbled autograph made by children with

a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress.

Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a teaboard with the slopped milk. Also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface, by the bye, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write, and does not bite his nails.

A friend of mine possesses an autograph—"REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS"—done with a red-hot poker on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.

Another—but a young lady—possesses a book of autographs, filled just like a tailor's pattern-book—with samples of stuff and fustian.

The foregoing, sir, are but a few of the varieties ; and the questions that have occurred to me in consequence of your only naming the genus, and not the species, have been innumerable. Would the gentleman like it short or long ? for Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume. Would he prefer it in red ink or black,—or suppose he had it in Sympathetic, so that he could draw me out when he pleased ? Would he choose it on white paper, or tinted, or embossed, or on common brown paper, like Maroncelli's ? Would he like it without my name to it—as somebody favoured me lately with his autograph in an anonymous letter ? Would he rather it were like Guy Faux's to Lord Mouteagle (not Spring Rice), in a feigned hand ? Would he relish it in the aristocratical style, *i.e.* partially or totally illegible ? Would he like it—in case he shouldn't like it—on a slate ?

With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the

exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the meantime, as you have not forwarded to me a tree or a table,—a paving stone or a brick wall,—a looking-glass or a window,—a tea-board or a silver plate,—a bill-stamp or a back-kitchen door,—I presume, to conclude, that you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph; and in the absence of any particular direction for its transmission,—for instance, by a carrier-pigeon—or in a fire-balloon—or set adrift in a bottle—or per wagon—or favoured by Mr. Waghorn—or by telegraph, I think the best way will be to send it to you in *print*.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

THOMAS HOOD.

1842.

[AT the commencement of this year, my father's contributions to the "New Monthly" were published in a collected form as the "Comic for 1842"—a revival of the old "Annual," typified on the cover by a phoenix, and spoken of in the following preface.]

THE COMIC FOR 1842.



PREFACE.

It is with unusual gratification that the present Volume is offered to the Public: indeed with a pleasure more like that of a young budding Author, who finds himself for the first time sprouting into leaves, than the sober enjoyment of a veteran Writer whose immortality has at least outlived two Monarchs and twice as many Ministries.

The truth is, that I seemed to have said "Amen" to the "Amenities of Literature"—to have deposited my last work on the library-shelf. For a dozen successive years, some annual volume had given token of my literary existence. I had appeared with my prose and verse as regularly as the Parish-Beadle—once a-year, as certainly as the parochial plum-pudding—at the end of every twelve months, like the *Stationers' Almanack*. My show was perennial, like that of the Lord Mayor. But, alas! Anno Domini 1840 was unmarked by any such publication! A tie seemed snapped—a spell appeared to be broken—my engine had gone off the

rail! Indeed, so unusual a silence gave rise to the most sinister surmises. It was rumoured in Northamptonshire that I was in a public prison—in Brussels, that I was in a private madhouse—and in Cornhill, that I was annihilated. It was whispered in one quarter that I had quitted literature in disgust, and turned fishmonger—in another that I had enlisted, like Coleridge, in the Dragoons—in a third, that I had choked myself, like Otway, with a penny roll—in a fourth, that I had poisoned myself, like Chatterton; or plunged into the Thames, like Budgell. I had gone, like Ambrogetti, into La Trappe—or to unsettle myself in New Zealand. But the majority of the reporters were in favour of my demise; and a Miss Hoki, or Poki, even declared that she had seen the Angel of Death, whom she rather irreverently called “Great Jacky,” standing beside my pillow. It must be confessed that my own character and conduct tended to countenance these rumours. Naturally of domestic and retired habits, my taste more inclined me to the joys of a Country Mouse than to those of a Town Lion. There are persons who seem, like Miss Blenkinsop’s curls, to be never “out of the papers;” but it was no ambition of mine to be constantly buzzing like a chafer in the public ear. The reporters never echoed my name like that of the Boy Jones. I had never aimed at Royalty and Notoriety with the same bullet. I had neither gone up with Mr. Green, nor down with Corporal Davy Jones,—nor blown up great guns like Colonel Pasley,—nor tried my shell or my rocket at Woolwich like the Duc de Normandie,—nor made myself a Joint-Stock Company,—nor taken a single rod, pole, or perch in Egypt, much less an Acre. I had not made a row in Newman Street, Oxford Street, at Number Ninety. I had not even exhibited those signs of Life in London, which are fatal to knockers and street-lamps. In short, for any noise

or stir about town, I might as well have been buried at Holyrood. Nevertheless, the surmise was as premature as the report that killed Mr. Davidge. Instead of leaving this world, or the world of letters, I was really bargaining—by the help of Father Mathew and Bernard Kavanagh, *alias* Temperance and Abstinence,—for a Renewed Lease of Life and Literature, the first-fruits of which are collected in this little volume. And may it contribute to that Diffusion of Mirth to which it has always been my aim to lend a Hand.

[The only new matter in the New “Comic” was the following paper—founded on a letter of Lieutenant von Franck’s. The rest of the contents either have been given where they appeared in the “New Monthly,” or are to be found in “Hood’s Own,” Second Series.]

SHOOTING THE WILD STAG IN POLAND.



THE Reader, before proceeding to the text, will doubtless have taken a glance at the Woodcut prefixed to this article ;* and will, most probably, have determined that it stands for the head of a very magnificent animal. And, truly, so it does. Witness his stately antlers—a perfect “flourish of horns ;” and, like an original melody, all “out of his own head.” Count, too, his tines, which denote him a Stag, or Hart rather, of the very first class. For, strangely as it may sound, the tinier such game is the better. In that favourite story amongst the Scotch novels, the “Bride of Lammermoor,” it will be remembered, that Norman, the forester, vouches for the woodcraft and courage of the Master of Ravenswood ; who, at the age of sixteen, had rushed in, and hamstrung the wild deer at bay—“a stout old Trojan of the

* The head of a “Sechszehner” or sixteen-tined deer.

first head, with *ten-tined* branches and a brow as broad a e'er a bullock's." Such a buck was of course accounted a noble one: but here we have the bust of a still more magnificent creature; the number of whose tines amounts—as the German designation implies—to sixteen.

What a sensation it would cause, were it rumoured that such a stag was afoot in Athol—that such a pair of antlers had been glimpsed in Glen Tilt! How many a rifle would almost go off from mere sympathy with such a report! The moors that would be toiled over—the mosses that would be threaded—the burns that would be paddled in—the precipices that would be scaled—the walking, stalking, running-cunning, the stumbling, tumbling, ducking, bemucking, fagging, flagging, and shanknagging, that would be undertaken and endured, only to pull a trigger at such a Specimen of the Species! But the noble Beast is a foreigner—a Continental Hart, too big, perhaps—as Dr. Johnson said of a certain lady—for an island; the sketch having been taken from an individual who was done to death in an outlandish manner, which it is presumed will be novel, and therefore interesting to British Sportsmen. Those especially, who have had their hearts, and their heads, bodies, and limbs to boot, in the Highlands,

“A-chasing the wild deer,
And hunting the roe,”

will be pleased, probably, to learn how such an animal was turned into venison, in a country a long way from Glengarry.

Since the chase became the business or the sport of mankind, there have been various modes of killing the wild deer, and each fashion has had its recorder. Thanks to the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, we know that of old, in Britain, the hart was hunted with “hound and horn,” and such a following of armed retainers, that the chieftain, if he

so pleased, might indulge in "a Little War." The Robin Hood legends have commemorated the havoc made in the herd by the long and cross bow, with shaft, or bolt,—weapons and missives since superseded by the bullet and the gun. With Deer-stalking, as at present practised in the Highlands of Scotland, we have been familiarised by the pleasant volume of Mr. Scrope, who has greatly added to what Winifred Jenkins would call our "buck larning" on the subject. Even the Unting of the Art at Epping has been portrayed by Moncrieff, Cruikshank, and others, with both pen and pencil: whilst Nimrod has shown how pompously and deliberately the stag is chased in France, with relays of hounds, and chasseurs in state-liveries. In Germany, deer are generally shot at a battue; and the Old Man of the Brunnens has mentioned the "verdant batteries," or leafy loopholed ambuscades, through which the Duke of Nassau and his friends used to let fly at the game as it bounded along the broad alleys cut on purpose through the forest. There remains, probably, only another method to describe; and it is so peculiar as to require a vehicle of its own: not a deer-cart, or a car for the conveyance of Hunting Leopards, but a carriage for the sportsman himself.

The *modus operandi* will be best understood from the following extract of a letter, which is dated from Schloss Antonin, a hunting-seat belonging to Prince Radziwill, and situated near Krotchin, towards the southern extremity of Prussian Poland. The writer is an officer in the Prussian service; and who has, therefore, not quite such a command of English, as if he were in our own army. Hence it has been necessary, here and there, to alter a word, or the construction of a paragraph; for instance, by shifting a verb from the rear—its usual position in German—to the van of a sentence. Moreover a phrase has sometimes conveyed a

meaning very different from the one intended by my correspondent; for example: "So soon as the stags perceive a man on his feet, to avoid danger, they *make away with themselves as fast as they can.*"

* * * * *

"I often think, my dear Hood, how well you would amuse yourself here, with such excellent shooting and fishing, and abundance of game of all kinds, wet or dry. Stags, fallow-deer, roebucks, wild boars, wolves, hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, woodcocks, wild geese, wild ducks, water-rails, jack and pike, carp, tench, and perch! All these have been thinned, more or less, by our hands since I have been here at Antonin. But I cannot say wolves, as only one has been killed in the battues for wild boar.

"As to fishing, the trolling was capital—catching eight or ten long pikes every time we tried: and I had the honour of teaching some of the party to wind up the jack. There is no river here—but there are very large meers, in which we troll from boats, rowing very gently alongside of the shore, near the reeds and sedges. Do you remember the wonderful face of our Polish Captain, at Burg Kremnitz, when from the windows of the Château he saw us at our pike exercise, in the garden, myself with the rod, and you, like a grave physician, with your stop-watch in your hand, to give the patient his lawful time before death—so that the Captain mistook the operation for some scientific experiment in Hydrostatics? But here trolling is no novelty; for we angle in the English style and with English tackle; and the fish know what *gut* is better than they do even in *Darmstadt*. But the ramrod has been still more in request than the trolling-rod; which reminds me to give a sporting aim at a question which has not hitherto been hit by Sir John Herschel, or your British

Association—namely, why there should be so many falling meteors in the November month? It seems to me, ‘as sure as a gun,’ as you say, that there must then be so many shooting stars, because it is in the shooting season—but the astronomers must find out at what sorts of game. To return to earth,—there has been plenty of sylvan war here to satisfy even a Captain of Rifles—who prefers to shoot at living targets, and would like most to hit a bull’s eye when he is running wild, as at Chillingham Park.* The Stag-shooting here is very amusing, and conducted in a manner most likely unknown in England. It is called *Pirschen*, a word that cannot be translated, but you shall have a description of the thing.

“Of all animals the Wild Stag is perhaps the most shy and suspicious of man. You would think, from the vigilant care he takes of himself, that he was aware how delicious his flesh is to eat at a venison-feast; and that his skin makes such good and durable breeches. As his eyes, ears, and nose, are all particularly sharp, and he seems to have an innate bad opinion of the human race, it is extremely difficult to approach within shot of him, especially if you are on foot. You may walk for days together without being able to get a crack at him; but fortunately, like the stag in Æsop’s Fable, he has a blind side, or a weak one, which allows you to circumvent him. Perhaps it is through curiosity, or perhaps from a more aristocratical feeling; but certain it is, that whilst he shuns a pedestrian, as carefully as some human beings avoid a poor relation, his Deership puts up with, and even seems pleased by, one’s approach in a carriage.

* At the meeting of the British Association in 1838, a letter was read, from the noble proprietor of Chillingham, on the subject of the wild cattle. It seems to have escaped the memory of Lord Tankerville, as well as of Sir Walter Scott, in their remarks on the subject, that such a breed of cattle is described as indigenous in the account of the Island of Tinian in “Anson’s Voyages.”

Sitting in a vehicle, you are almost always sure of getting within range of him, whilst he stands, quite *stagnant*, steadfastly gazing and admiring, or maybe, 'criticising, your equipage.

"Accordingly, the German sportsmen make use of little carriages called *Pirsch-Wagen*, built on purpose to go *pirschen*, as it is termed, for *schliessen* would not be the proper technical phrase. The vehicle is a sort of bench or sofa upon wheels, built very low, in order to enable you to step out easily without its stopping : but here is a sketch of one, as well as I am able to draw it, without the horses. It looks, you see, something like an Irish jaunting-car, freely done into German.

"In this carriage you set out early in the morning, or towards the evening ; as at those times the deer and the roebucks—which are shot in the same way—then leave the thickets, and come out to graze in the meadows and the open places in the woods. Thus, driving slowly through all those parts of the forest where the game may be expected to be found, it generally happens that before long you meet with a herd, consisting of several hinds and calves, accompanied by one or two stags. Taking a direction which will bring you within shot of them, the carriage drives slowly on, but in a circle, and with as little appearance as possible on your own part of being conscious of the presence of the herd. Indeed, the more you talk, and the louder, the better it is ; as if the animals were actually aware of the proverb about 'little doers.' Nay, with proper precautions, you may even talk *at* them without their taking either offence or alarm. On the other hand, the more slyly and stealthily you go to work, the more timid and suspicious are the deer—let them but catch a glimpse of you alone, silent, and on foot, and away they go like frightened lightning, and are out of sight before they are quite visible.

"Well, on you drive, chattering like jays, but not looking

much at your prey, except as the young ladies do at their victims—namely, through the corners of your eyes,—unless you happen to have the gift of *clair-voyance*, and can watch them through the back of your head. At last you arrive at a distance of one hundred, or one hundred and fifty yards from the mark, when you step out of the Pirsch-Wagen, and, if possible, behind a tree, whilst it is passed by the vehicle; for the machine must not stop on any account, or the herd would instantly take flight at a furious pace. The deer, intently gazing at the passing carriage, allows you just time enough to take aim with your rifle, and fire—of course only at the Stag. Hinds and calves are very rarely shot: such an act being deemed a most unsportsmanlike proceeding—a crime in the code of woodcraft, about on a par with shooting your own dam and her young ones. Indeed, I have heard a thorough-bred Austrian chasseur declare—*apropos* to killing a doe—that he would ‘rather commit suicide *twice over*.’ But to return to the stag—which, except you are rhinoceros-skinned, and quite banter-proof, you had better take care to hit. Between ourselves, I once missed a fine *Zwölfer*, and what was worse, at only eighty paces—and have been glad in my immortal soul ever since that Zamiel was not at my elbow at that moment, to tempt me with an infernal bargain of infallible bullets. The instant the stag feels the ball, he generally bounds three or four feet from the ground, and then flies off into a thicket: it very seldom happens that he falls immediately; for even when shot through the heart—or *auf das Blatt getroffen*, literally through the *leaf*,—for the Germans have a sporting language quite peculiar—even then he will go several hundred yards before he drops. From the colour of the blood, the leap he makes, and the pace at which he goes off—indications called by sportsmen *das zeichen*, the mark or sign—it is known whether he is shot through

that vital organ, or in any other part of the body. In the first case, he is followed instanter, and is generally found within some hundred yards from the spot where he was struck. On the contrary, if not mortally hit, he is suffered to depart in quiet, being then what is termed *krank*; for, if pursued directly, he would go very far, and probably out of your bounds, into a strange forest, so that you would only have shot so much venison for the benefit of some person or persons unknown. Whereas, if you leave him unmolested, he repairs to some neighbouring thicket, where he lies down, to lament his *deer*-bought experience of the deceitfulness of appearances, and in particular, of gossiping Pirsch-Wagoners. Before leaving the place, however, you must mark the spot by breaking off the branch of a tree; or, if you prefer it, you may hang one of your companions or yourself upon the bough. Only, in the last case, you cannot come so early the next morning as you ought to do, with a couple of blood-hounds, to look for your prize. These being laid on the scent, soon find and unharbour the stag, which, weakened by loss of blood, is speedily brought to bay, and then is easily killed by a second or third ball, whilst he is trying, as the Americans say, to poke his fun into the dogs. Of course, unless you are cool and steady, and a good shot, you will not venture on this nice work, especially with a double-barrel, lest you should maim or murder *both* of the hounds. At such a crisis, a simple miss is not the worst of mishaps.

“About a fortnight ago, one fine evening, I went out in a Pirsch-Wagen with Prince Boguslaw Radziwill, but only scored one roebuck towards the game. The Prince, however, in the course of three hours, shot two beautiful Stags—one of them a *Sechszehner*—that is to say, with antlers which have sixteen branches, eight on each side. Enclosed, I send you a slight portrait of the Deer Original. The other was a *Zwolver*, with

twelve branches or 'tines,' according to your own nomenclature. The *Sechszehner* weighed four hundred and sixty-three German pounds, equal to about four hundred and ninety of English avoirdupois. Mind, these are not fallow-deer, or such as are kept in parks, but the true wild deer, coming and going between Silesia and Russian Poland. How I wish that one might book you a place in the Pirsch-Wagen!—although it is not a sport entirely without danger; as, at times the Stags, and particularly the old ones, become very furious when they are brought to bay. They are cunning in fence, and with their long *augen-sprossen*, or eye-branches—those nearest the brow, and which project forwards—they run through the dogs that attack them, and pin them to the ground. And if they could get at the dogs' master, they would undoubtedly serve him in the same manner; and you need not to be told that hart's-horn, thus administered, is anything but a reviver.

“The Pirsch-Wagen is also used in shooting what is now a *rara avis* in England—the Bustard! which, like the Stag, is too shy a cock, or too proud, to let you get near it without some sort of stalking-horse, or an apology for a carriage. A wagon, laden with hay or straw, is, as the doctors say, a very good vehicle. Some sportsmen fancy-dress in a smock-frock, and affect an agricultural interest in following a plough, which the Bustards will allow to come sufficiently near to them; aware, perhaps, that the working classes are not likely to have game certificates. A harrow will serve your purpose, if you can persuade the driver to edge or zig-zag towards the birds—and thereby hangs a tale, and literally a harrowing one—but the scene of it was near Berlin, where the Bustards are plentiful. By way of getting better screened on the opposite side, I was attempting to cross between the harrow and the horses, when, just at that particular moment, while

I was still within the traces, the horses thought proper to take fright, and away we all went, full speed, with iron heels before me, and iron teeth behind,—

‘Amazement in the van, and Terror in the rear!’

“To aggravate the dilemma, the harrow, from striking against my legs, tilted over, with the spikes uppermost, so that one minute I had to consider myself kicked, and the next to expect such a heckling as the Scottish poet commended, with all the fervour of the tooth-agony, to the ‘doups’ of the younger Burns. Had I stumbled, it would have gone hard, and sharp too, with one of the sincerest, as well as stoutest, of your friends. Luckily, however, the field had a farther end to it, where the horses pulled up, just when, from want of wind and exhaustion, I could not, for my dear life, have galloped over another rod, pole, or perch. Accordingly, except my trousers, which were torn into ‘shorts,’ I escaped without much damage—only a few scratches, and the fluster and fatigue to be expected after such a burst, with a full game-bag and a gun to carry, over ploughed land. It was some comfort, after all, to succeed the same day in knocking down a Bustard; a huge cock, as big as three turkeys rolled into one, and with moustaches quite long enough for a Prussian dragoon.

“Yesterday we had a *battue* in the neighbourhood of the pheasant park for an animal not yet mentioned—the Fox,—which commits enormous depredations amongst the birds. I seem to see nothing except the whites of the eyes of your Country Squires, and their five-fingered telegraphs making signs of admiration at the shooting of any Reynards at all; but, begging the excuse of Mr. Lane Fox, and Mr. Fox Maule, it must be remembered that we are not within a long day’s ride of a pack of fox-hounds. So we killed five, and wounded

two more foxes, which Mr. Nimrod will agree was quite enough for one brush.

“The Wild Boar-hunting affords excellent sport, being very exciting, and sometimes perilous ; for, unless you take care, the boar will, perhaps, save you the trouble and the sin of doing ‘what Cato did and Addison approved,’ with your own hands. If a description of the Boar-hunting will amuse you, it shall come in my next ; but, in the interval I must send off my present letter to Krotochin, or else, by my bad jockeying, it will be on the wrong side of the post.”

* * * * *

So far my Prussian correspondent : but whilst writing out the above extract, it has occurred to me that, in a sporting article, it might not be amiss to give a slight sketch, by an Englishman, of a Shooting Meeting in Bohemia, in illustration of the princely style in which a *battue* is conducted in Germany.

“Early in the morning the whole party set off from the Castle in about fifteen or twenty carriages for the place of meeting. On arriving at the rendezvous, we had a magnificent *déjeuner*, during which the chasseurs of the Prince, in green uniforms, played beautiful pieces of music on their hunting-horns,—the instruments, by the way, being of English manufacture. After breakfast we broke up again, and the shooting commenced, which was conducted in the following manner :—About five hundred drivers encompassed an immense tract of ground, all at an equal distance from each other, and between the drivers the sportsmen were stationed ; each gentleman having, like Robinson Crusoe, a couple of guns,—some had three or four,—and along with him two *Jägers*, one to load as fast as he could, and the other to carry the ammunition. At a given signal, drivers, sportsmen,

chasseurs—in short, the whole body, began to move forward towards the centre, which was indicated by a lofty flag, the circle, of course, becoming narrower at every step. The hares, thus enclosed within a living ring-fence, began to scamper about in all directions; and whilst attempting to break through the circle, were shot by the sportsmen. Very few escaped; not above a dozen, maybe, out of six or seven hundred. In this manner we amused ourselves till dusk, and then the party returned again to the Castle, an outrider preceding each carriage, with a huge lighted torch, so that at a distance we must have appeared like a procession. Your first reflection on the above will be, ‘What a number of Hares, and how many Friends!’ Indeed, I remember your surprise at the abundance of that kind of game, as well as of partridges, in some parts of Germany; *à propos* to which, be it known to you, that I shot, for my own share, two hundred and four hares during my trip to Töplitz. In the last six days of my stay there were killed on the estate of Prince Clary, eighteen hundred and seventy-six hares, fifteen red deer, eighteen wild boars, seventy-six partridges, and twenty-one pheasants. As to partridges, not less than three thousand six hundred were shot at Töplitz during September and October. And now as statistics are in fashion, here is an official return of the game killed in six days on the estate of his Highness Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz, at Bylin in Bohemia:—

	Roebucks.	Hares.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Black Cock.
Nov. 14, at Liebhausen . . .	0	1241	0	29	0
„ 15, Ditto . . .	0	529	0	39	0
„ 16, at Lucknow . . .	23	9	0	0	1
„ 17, at Hochpetsch . . .	0	982	0	44	0
„ 18, at Krobschich . . .	2	573	0	10	0
„ 19, at Kosten . . .	9	435	6	13	0
	—	—	—	—	—
Total . . .	34	3769	6	135	1

[The remainder of this volume consists of some of the contributions to the "New Monthly" for this year: viz. "The Flower"—"The Lee Shore"—"Lines on a Native Singer"—"A Rondeau"—"To C. Dickens"—"A Sonnet"—and "The University Feud," in verse,—and in prose "The Tower of Lahneck."]

THE FLOWER.



ALONE, across a foreign plain,
 The Exile slowly wanders,
 And on his Isle beyond the main
 With sadden'd spirit ponders :

This lovely Isle beyond the sea,
 With all its household treasures ;
 Its cottage homes, its merry birds,
 And all its rural pleasures :

Its leafy woods, its shady vales,
 Its moors, and purple heather ;
 Its verdant fields bedeck'd with stars
 His childhood loved to gather :

When lo ! he starts, with glad surprise,
 Home-joys come rushing o'er him,
 For "modest, wee, and crimson-tipp'd,"
 He spies the flower before him !

With eager haste he stoops him down,
 His eyes with moisture hazy,
 And as he plucks the simple bloom,
 He murmurs, "Lawk-a-daisy !"

THE LEE SHORE.



SLEET! and Hail! and Thunder!

And ye Winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave—

Winds, that like a Demon,
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling Seaman,
In his tossing boat—

From his humble dwelling,
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling,
Keep such hollow roar—

From that weeping Woman,
Seeking with her cries,
Succour superhuman
From the frowning skies—

From the Urchin pining
For his Father's knee—
From the lattice shining—
Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dissever
Him from yonder foam—
Oh, God! to think Man ever
Comes too near his Home!

ON A NATIVE SINGER.

AFTER HEARING MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

As sweet as the bird that by calm Bendemeer
 Pours such rich modulations of tone,
 As potent, as tender, as brilliant, as clear,—
 Still her voice has a charm of its own.

For lo! like the skylark when after its song
 It drops down to its nest from above,
 She reminds us, her home and her music belong
 To the very same soil that we love.

RONDEAU.

TO-DAY, it is my natal day,
 And threescore years have passed away,
 While Time has turned to silver-gray
 My hairs.

Pursuing pleasure, love, and fun,
 A longish *course* I've had to run,
 And, thanks to Fortune, I have won
 My hares.

But now, exhausted in the race,
 No longer I can go the pace,
 And others must take up the chase,
 My heirs!

[I am inclined to assign this date to the following verses (not published in my father's lifetime), owing to a word or so from the preceding "Rondeau" being written on the MS.]

TO MINERVA.

FROM THE GREEK.



My temples throb, my pulses boil,
 I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—
 So Thyrsis, take the midnight oil,
 And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
 I cannot write a verse, or read,—
 Then Pallas take away thine Owl,
 And let us have a Lark instead.

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.



PSHAW, away with leaf and berry,
 And the sober-sided cup!
 Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
 And a bumper fill me up!
 Though a pledge I had to shiver,
 And the longest ever was!
 Ere his vessel leaves our river,
 I would drink a health to Boz:

SONNET.

Here's success to all his antics,
 Since it pleases him to roam,
 And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
 After such a *sale* at home !
 May he shun all rocks whatever !
 And each shallow sand that lurks,
 And his passage be as clever
 As the best among his works.

SONNET.

THE world is with me, and its many cares,
 Its woes—its wants—the anxious hopes and fears
 That wait on all terrestrial affairs—
 The shades of former and of future years—
 Foreboding fancies, and prophetic tears,
 Quelling a spirit that was once elate :—
 Heavens ! what a wilderness the earth appears,
 Where Youth, and Mirth, and Health are out of date !
 But no—a laugh of innocence and joy
 Resounds, like music of the fairy race,
 And gladly turning from the world's annoy
 I gaze upon a little radiant face,
 And bless, internally, the merry boy
 Who “ makes a *son-shine* in a shady-place.”

SECOND NATURE.

PHYSICAL Force, Moral Force, and the Police Force, are all very powerful things; and so is the Force of Habit. It killed a Young Gentleman last week at Spring Vale Academy. He was the only boy left at school in the holidays; and the very first walk he took, he split himself, poor fellow! in trying to walk two and two.

THE UNIVERSITY FEUD.*

“A plague o’ both the houses!”—MERCUTIO.

THE Contest for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford ought hardly to be passed over in silence. Indeed it was our original intention to have gone into the subject, whilst it might have been treated as a cause pertaining solely to the Belles Lettres, and equally unconnected with the great bells that ring in Protestant steeples, or the little bells that tinkle before Papistical altars. There was a classical seat to be filled; and it would never have occurred to us to examine into the opinions of either candidate on abstruse questions of divinity, any more than at the new-bottoming of an old chair, we should have inquired whether the rushes were to be supplied by the Lincolnshire Fens, or the Pontine Marshes. That any but poetical qualifications were to be considered would never have entered into our mind—we should as soon have dreamt of the Judge at a Cattle Show awarding the

* This appeared about Christmas—a date which will be found to explain some of its allusions.

Premium, not to the fattest and best fed beast, but to an ox of a favourite colour. No—in our simplicity we should have summoned the rival Poets before us, in black and white, and made them give alternate specimens of their ability in the tuneful art, like Daphnis and Strephon in the Pastoral—

“Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing:”

and to the best of our humble judgment we should have awarded the Prize Chair, squabs, castors and all, to the melodious victor. As to demanding of either of the competitors what he thought of the Viaticum, or Extreme Unction, it would have seemed to us a far less pertinent question than to ask the would-be Chairman of a Temperance Society whether he preferred gin or rum. We should have considered the candidates, in fact, as Architects professing to “build the lofty rhyme,” without supposing its possible connexion with the building of churches or chapels. In that character only should we have reviewed the parties before us; and their several merits would have been discussed in an appropriate manner. Thus we might perhaps have pointed out that Mr. Garbett possessed the finer ear, but Mr. Williams the keener eye for the picturesque;—that the fellow of Brazen Nose had the greater command of language, but the Trinity man displayed a better assortment of images: and we might have particularized by quotations where the first reminded us of a Glover or a Butler, and the last of a Prior or a Pope.—We might also have deemed it our duty to examine into the acquaintance of the parties with the works of the Fathers, not of Theology but of Poetry; and it might have happened for us to inquire how certain probationary verses stood upon their feet—but certainly not the when, where, or wherefore, the author went down upon his knees. We should as soon have thought

of examining a professed Cook in circumnavigation, or a theatrical Star in astronomy ; or of proposing to an Irish chairman, of sedentary habits, to fill the disputed seat.

The truth is, that unlike a certain class of persons who would go to the pole for polemics, and seek an altercation at the altar, we have neither a turn nor a taste for religious disputation, and therefore never expected nor wished to find a theological controversy in a question of prosyversy. We never conceived the suspicion that the Père la Chaise of Poetry might become a Confessor as well as a Professor, and initiate his classes in the mysteries of Rome, any more than we should have feared his converting them to the Polytheism of the heathen Ovid, or that very blind Pagan old Homer. On the contrary, our first inkling of a division at Oxford concerning the Muses suggested to us simply that it must be the old literary quarrel of the Classicists and the Romanticists, or a dispute perhaps on the claims of Blank Verses to get prizes. At any rate we should never have committed such an anachronism as to associate Poetry, which is older by some ages than Christianity, with either Protestantism or Popery. It would have been like jumbling up Noah of Ark with Joan of Arc, as man and wife !

Our first intentions, however, have been frustrated ; for even while preparing for the task, as if by one of those magical transformations peculiar to the season, the Chair has turned into a Pulpit, and the rival collegians are transfigured—pantomime fashion—into Martin Luther and the Pope of Rome ! Such a metamorphosis places the performance beyond our critical pale ; but we will venture in a few sentences to deprecate religious dissension, and to forewarn such as call themselves friends of the church against the probable interference of those hot-headed and warm-tempered individuals who seem, as the Irish gentleman said, to have been vac-

cinated from mad bulls. Such persons, may doubtless, mean well ; but the best-intentioned people have sometimes far more zeal than discretion, even as the medalsome Mathewite, who thinks that he must drink water *usque ad nauseam* in lieu of *usque ad baugh* ; or like that overhumane lady, who feels so strongly against Capital Punishments and the gallows, that she would like to “hang Jack Ketch with her own hands.” Let the breach then be stopped in time. The fate of a house divided against itself has been foretold ; and surely there cannot be a more dangerous and destructive practice than where a crack presents itself to insert a wedge. It is by a parallel process that many a magnificent Sea-Palace has been broken up at Deptford—timber after timber, plank after plank, till nothing was left entire, perhaps, but the Figure-Head, staring, as only a figure-head can stare, at the conversion of a noble Ship, by continual split, split, splitting, into firewood, chips, and matches.

Seriously, then, we cannot discuss the University Feud in these pages : but our rules do not preclude us from giving some account of a Little Go that seems to have been modelled on the great one, and which aptly serves to exemplify the evil influence of bad example in high places.

A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS.

“Glorious Apollo, from on high behold us.”—*Old Song.*

As latterly I chanced to pass
 A Public House, from which, alas !
 The Arms of Oxford dangle !
 My ear was startled by a din,
 That made me tremble in my skin,
 A dreadful hubbub from within,
 Of voices in a wrangle—

Voices loud, and voices high,
 With now and then a party-cry,
 Such as used in times gone by
 To scare the British border ;
 When foes from North and South of Tweed—
 Neighbours—and of Christian creed—
 Met in hate to fight and bleed,
 Upsetting Social Order.

Surprised, I turn'd me to the crowd,
 Attracted by that tumult loud,
 And ask'd a gazer, beetle-brow'd,
 The cause of such disquiet.
 When lo ! the solemn-looking man,
 First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,
 And then, with fluent tongue, began
 His version of the riot :

A row !—why yes,—a pretty row, you might hear from this
 to Garmany,
 And what is worse, it's all got up among the Sons of Har-
 mony,
 The more's the shame for them as used to be in time and
 tune,
 And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June !
 Ah ! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here
 along,
 When Swiveller was President a-knocking down a song ;
 But Dick's resign'd the post, you see, and all them shouts
 and hollers
 Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned scholars,
 Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers !

Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than any
yokel,

But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal ;
Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumour
varies,

They've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen canaries ;
Though that might pass if they were dabs at t'other sort of
thing,

For a man may make a song, you know, although he cannot
sing ;

But lork ! it's many folk's belief they're only good at prosing,
For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their composing ;
And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,
If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,
And then about all sorts of streets, by every little monkey,
It's chanted like the "Dog's Meat Man," or "If I had a
Donkey."

Whereas, as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge neither,
No ballad—worth a ha'penny—has ever come from either,
And him as writ "Jim Crow," he says, and got such lots of
dollars,

Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that's the meaning of the squabble that arouses,
This neighbourhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of
Houses,

Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason
In Christian peace and charity according to the season.

But from Number Thirty-Nine—since this electioneering
job,

Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there's an everlasting mob ;
Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,
But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye ;

And a pretty noise there is!—what with canvassers and
 spouters,
 For in course each side is furnish'd with its backers and its
 touters ;
 And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,
 You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married ;
 Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,
 If you're dying for a surgeon, you must fetch him from the
 “ Arms ; ”
 While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their
 scholars,
 To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and shame
 Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same ;
 Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—
 But they'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,
 With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of bears,
 While they've damaged many articles and broken lots of
 squares,
 And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and
 smother,
 By throwing *Morning Herald*s, *Times*, and *Standards* at each
 other ;
 Not to name the ugly language Gemmen oughtn't to repeat,
 And the names they call each other—for I've heard 'em in
 the street—
 Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and Vipers, and what
 not,
 For Pasley and his divers ain't so blowing-up a lot.
 And then such awful swearing!—for there's one of them
 that cusses
 Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition 'busses ;

For he cusses every member that's agin him at the poll,
 As I wouldn't cuss a donkey, tho' it hasn't got a soul ;
 And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob or Jim,
 To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him.
 Whereby, altho' as yet they have not took to use their fives,
 Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their knives,
 I'm bound there'll be some milling yet, and shakings by the
 collars,
 Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers !

To be sure it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,
 Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his call—
 And as if there wasn't Whigs enough and Tories to fall out,
 Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about,—
 Why, a Cornfield is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,
 For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking
 crows—

Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish stews,
 To agitate society and loosen all its screws ;
 And which all may be agreeable and proper to their
 spheres,—

But it's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.
 And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,
 And I've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college
 coach,

And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,
 And he says that Oxford's famouser for sausages than songs,
 And seldom turns a poet out like Hudson that can chant,
 As well as make such ditties as the Free and Easies want,
 Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind—
 But it's not the classic system for to propagate the kind,
 Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them Scholars
 May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers !

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,
 It's the best among the vocalists I'd honour with the choice ;
 Or a Poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the bunch ;
 Or at any rate the surest hand at mixing of the punch ;
 'Cause why, the members meet for that and other tuneful
 frolics—

And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and Collec's.
 But you see them there Itinerants that preach so long and
 loud,

And always takes advantage like the prigs of any crowd,
 Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they can
 compass,

Have turn'd a tavern shindy to a seriouser rumpus,
 And him as knows most hymns—altho' I can't see how it
 follers—

They want to be the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers !

Well, that's the row—and who can guess the upshot after
 all?

Whether Harmony will ever make the "Arms" her House
 of call,

Or whether this here mobbing—as some longish heads
 foretel it,

Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must quell it.
 Howsomever, for the present, there's no sign of any peace,
 For the hubbub keeps a growing, and defies the New Police;—

But if *I* was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of Man,
 Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,
 Why, I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a needle,
 For I'd have another candidate—and that's the Parish
 Beadle,

Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by proxy,
 And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy ;

Whereby—if folks was wise—instead of either of them
Scholars,
And straining their own lungs along of contradictious hollers,
They'll lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as
follers,
Namely—Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

THE TOWER OF LAHNECK.

A ROMANCE.

AMONGST the many castled crags on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most picturesque is the ruin of Lahneck, perched on a conical rock, close to that beautiful little river the Lahn. The Castle itself is a venerable fragment, with one lofty tower rising far above the rest of the building—a characteristic feature of the feudal stronghold—being in fact the Observatory of the Robber-Baron, whence he watched, not the motions of the heavenly bodies, but the movements of such earthly ones as might afford him a booty, or threaten him with an assault. And truly, Lahneck is said to have been the residence of an order of Teutonic Knights exactly matching in number the famous band of Thieves in the Arabian Tale.

However, when the sun sets in a broad blaze behind the heights of Capellen, and the fine ruin of Stolzenfels on the opposite banks of the Rhine, its last rays always linger on the lofty tower of Lahneck. Many a time, while standing rod in hand on one or other of the brown rocks which, narrowing the channel of the river, form a small rapid, very favourable to the fishermen—many a time have I watched

the warm light burning beaconlike on the very summit of that solitary tower, whilst all the river lay beneath in deepest shadow, save the golden circles that marked where a fish rose to the surface, or the bright coruscations made by the screaming swallow as it sportively dipped its wing in the dusky water, like a gay friend breaking in on the cloudy reveries of a moody mind. And as these natural lights faded away, the artificial ones of the village of Lahnstein began to twinkle—the glowing windows of Duquet's hospitable pavilion, especially, throwing across the stream a series of dancing reflections that shone the brighter for the sombre shadows of a massy cluster of acacias in the tavern-garden. Then the myriads of chafers, taking to wing, filled the air with droning—whilst the lovely fire-flies with their fairy lamps began to flit across my homeward path, or hovered from osier to osier, along the calm waterside. But a truce to these personal reminiscences.

It was on a fine afternoon, towards the close of May, 1830, that two ladies began slowly to climb the winding path which leads through a wild shrubbery to the ruined Castle of Lahneck. They were unaccompanied by any person of the other sex; but such rambles are less perilous for unprotected females in that country than in our own—and they had enjoyed several similar excursions without accident or offence. At any rate, to judge from their leisurely steps, and the cheerful tone of their voices, they apprehended no more danger than might accrue to a gauze or a ribbon from an overhanging branch or a stray bramble. The steepness of the ascent forced them occasionally to halt to take breath, but they stopped quite as frequently to gather the wild flowers, and especially the sweet valley lilies—there so abundant—to look up at the time-stained Ruin from a new point, or to comment on the beauties of the scenery.

The elder of the ladies spoke in English, to which her companion replied in the same language, but with a foreign accent, and occasional idioms, that belonged to another tongue. In fact, she was a native of Germany, whereas the other was one of those many thousands of British travellers whom the long peace, the steamboat, and the poetry of Byron had tempted to visit the "blue and arrowy" river. Both were young, handsome, and accomplished; but the Fraulein Von B. was unmarried; whilst Mrs. — was a wife and a mother, and with her husband and her two children had occupied for some weeks a temporary home within the walls of Coblenz. It was in this city that a friendship had been formed between the German Girl and the fair Islander—the gentle pair who were now treading so freely and fearlessly under the walls of a castle where womanly beauty might formerly have ventured as safely as the doe near the den of the lion. But those days are happily gone by—the dominion of Brute Force is over—and the Wild Baron who doomed his victims to the treacherous abyss, has dropped into an *Oubliette* as dark and as deep as his own.

At last the two ladies gained the summit of the mountain, and for some minutes stood still and silent, as if entranced by the beauty of the scene before them. There are elevations at which the mind loses breath as well as the body—and pants too thickly with thought upon thought to find ready utterance. This was especially the case with the Englishwoman, whose cheek flushed, while her eyes glistened with tears; for the soul is touched by beauty as well as melted by kindness, and here Nature was lavish of both—at once charming, cheering, and refreshing her with a magnificent prospect, the brightest of sunshine, and the balmiest air. Her companion, in the meantime, was almost as

taciturn, merely uttering the names of the places—Ober-Lahnstein—Capellen—Stolzenfels—Nieder-Lahnstein—St. John's Church—to which she successively pointed with her little white finger. Following its direction, the other lady slowly turned round till her eyes rested on the Castle itself, but she was too near to see the ruin to advantage, and her neck ached as she strained it to look up at the lofty tower which rose almost from her feet. Still she continued to gaze upward, till her indefinite thoughts grew into a wish that she could ascend to the top, and thence, as if suspended in air, enjoy an uninterrupted view of the whole horizon. It was with delight, therefore, that on turning an angle of the wall she discovered a low open arch which admitted her to the interior, where, after a little groping, she perceived a flight of stone steps, winding, as far as the eye could trace, up the massy walls.

The staircase, however, looked very dark, or rather dismal, after the bright sunshine she had just quitted, but the whim of the moment, the spirit of adventure and curiosity, induced her to proceed, although her companion, who was more phlegmatic, started several difficulties and doubts as to the practicability of the ascent. There were, however, no obstacles to surmount beyond the gloom, some trifling heaps of rubbish, and the fatigue of mounting so many gigantic steps. But this weariness was richly repaid, whenever through an occasional loophole she caught a sample of the bright blue sky, which, like samples in general, appeared of a far more intense and beautiful colour than any she had ever seen in the whole piece. No, never had heaven seemed so heavenly, or earth so lovely, or water so clear and pure, as through those narrow apertures—never had she seen any views so charming as those exquisite snatches of landscape, framed by the massive masonry into little cabinet pictures, of

a few inches square—so small, indeed that the two friends, pressed cheek to cheek, could only behold them with one eye apiece! The Englishwoman knew at least a dozen of such tableaux, to be seen through particular loopholes in certain angles of the walls of Coblenz—but these “pictures of the Lahneck gallery,” as she termed them, transcended them all! Nevertheless it cost her a sigh to reflect how many forlorn captives, languishing perhaps within those very walls, had been confined to such glimpses of the world without—nay, whose every prospect on this side the grave had been framed in stone. But such thoughts soon pass away from the minds of the young, the healthy, and the happy, and the next moment the fair moralist was challenging the echoes to join with her in a favourite air. Now and then, indeed, the song abruptly stopped, or the voice quavered on a wrong note, as a fragment of mortar rattled down to the basement, or a disturbed bat rustled from its lurking-place, or the air breathed through a crevice with a sound so like the human sigh, as to revive her melancholy fancies. But these were transient terrors, and only gave rise to peals of light-hearted merriment, that were mocked by laughing voices from each angle of the walls.

At last the toilsome ascent was safely accomplished, and the two friends stood together on the top of the tower, drawing a long, delicious breath of the fresh free air. For a time they were both dazzled to blindness by the sudden change from gloom to sunshine, as well as dizzy from the unaccustomed height; but these effects soon wore off, and the whole splendid panorama,—variegated with mountains, valleys, rocks, castles, chapels, spires, towns, villages, vineyards, corn-fields, forests, and rivers, was revealed to the delighted sense. As the Englishwoman had anticipated, her eye could now travel unimpeded round the entire horizon, which it did

again and again and again, while her lips kept repeating all the superlatives of admiration.

“It is mine Faderland,” murmured the German girl with a natural tone of triumph in the beauty of her native country. “Speak—did I not well to persuade you to here, by little bits, and little bits, instead of a stop at Horcheim?”

“You did indeed, my dear Amanda. Such a noble prospect would well repay a much longer walk.”

“Look!—see—dere is Rhense—and de Marxberg”—but the finger was pointed in vain, for the eyes it would have guided continued to look in the opposite direction across the Lahn.

“Is it possible, from here,” inquired the Englishwoman, “to see Coblenz?”

Instead of answering this question, the German girl looked up archly in the speaker’s face, and then smiling and nodding her head, said silyly, “Ah, you do think of a somebody at home!”

“I was thinking of him indeed,” replied the other, “and regretting that he is not at this moment by my side to enjoy ——”

She stopped short—for at that instant a tremendous peal, as of the nearest thunder, shook the tower to its very foundation. The German shrieked, and the ever ready “Ach Gott!” burst from her quivering lips; but the Englishwoman neither stirred nor spoke, though her cheek turned of the hue of death. Some minds are much more apprehensive than others, and hers was unusually quick in its conclusions,—the thought passed from cause to consequence with the rapidity of the voltaic spark. Ere the sound had done rumbling, she knew the nature of the calamity as distinctly as if an evil spirit had whispered it in her ear. Nevertheless, an irresistible impulse, that dreadful attraction which draws

us in spite of ourselves to look on what is horrible and approach to the very verge of danger, impelled her to seek the very sight she most feared to encounter. Her mind indeed recoiled, but her limbs, as by a volition superior to her own, dragged her to the brink of the abyss she had prophetically painted, where the reality presented itself with a startling resemblance to the ideal picture.

Yes, *there* yawned that dark chasm, unfathomable by the human eye, a great gulf fixed—perhaps eternally fixed—between herself and the earth, with all it contained of most dear and precious to the heart of a wife and a mother, Three—only the three uppermost steps of the gigantic staircase still remained in their place, and even these, as she gazed at them, suddenly plunged into the dreary void; and after an interval which indicated the frightful depth they had to plumb, reached the bottom with a crash that was followed by a roll of hollow echoes from the subterranean vaults!

As the sound ceased, the Englishwoman turned away, with a gasp and a visible shudder, from the horrid chasm. It was with the utmost difficulty that she had mastered a mechanical inclination to throw herself after the falling mass—an impulse very commonly induced by the unexpected descent of a large body from our own level. But what had she gained? Perhaps but a more lingering and horrible fate—a little more time to break her heart in—so many more wretched hours to lament for her lost treasures—her cheerful home—her married felicity—her maternal joys, and to look with unavailing yearnings towards Coblenz. But that sunny landscape had become intolerable; and she hastily closed her eyes and covered her face with her hands. Alas! she only beheld the more vividly the household images, and dear familiar faces that distractingly associated the happiness of the past with the misery of the present—for out of the very sweetness of

her life came intenser bitterness, and from its brightest phases an extremest darkness, even as the smiling valley beneath her had changed into that of the Shadow of Death ! The Destroyer had indeed assumed almost a visible presence, and like a poor trembling bird, conscious of the stooping falcon, the devoted victim sank down and cowered on the hard, cold, rugged roof of the fatal Tower !

The German girl, in the meanwhile, had thrown herself on her knees, and with her neck at full stretch over the low parapet, looked eagerly from east to west for succour—but from the mill up the stream to the ferry down below, and along the road on either side of the river, she could not descry a living object. Yes—no—yes—there was one on the mountain itself, moving among the brushwood, and even approaching the castle ; closer he came—and closer yet, to the very base of the Tower. But his search, whatever it was, tended earthwards, for he never looked up.

“Here !—come !—gleich !—quick !” and the agitated speaker hurriedly beckoned to her companion in misfortune —“we must make a cry both togeder, and so loud as we can,” and setting the example she raised her voice to its utmost pitch ; but the air was so rarified that the sound seemed feeble even to herself.

At any rate it did not reach the figure below—nor would a far louder alarm, for that figure was little Kranz, the deaf and dumb boy of Lahnstein, who was gathering bunches of the valley-lillies for sale to the company at the inn. Accordingly, after a desultory ramble round the ruins, he descended to the road, and slowly proceeded along the waterside towards the ferry, where he disappeared.

“Lieber Gott !” exclaimed the poor girl ; “it is too far to make one hear !”

So saying she sprang to her feet, and with her white hand-

kerchief kept waving signals of distress, till from sheer exhaustion her arms refused their office. But not one of those pleasure-parties so frequent on fine summer days in that favourite valley had visited the spot. There was a Kirch-Weih at Neundorf, down the Rhine, and the holiday-makers had all proceeded with their characteristic uniformity in that direction.

“Dere is nobody at all,” said the German, dropping her arms and head in utter despondence, “not one to see us !”

“And if there were,” added a hollow voice, “what human help could avail us at this dreadful height !”

The truth of this reflection was awfully apparent ; but who when life is at stake can resign hope, or its last tearful contingency, though frail as a spider’s thread encumbered with dewdrops ?

The German, in spite of her misgivings, resumed her watch ; till after a long, weary, dreary hour, a solitary figure issued from a hut a little lower down on the opposite side of the Lahn, and stepping into a boat propelled it to the middle of the stream. It was one of the poor fishermen who rented the water, and rowing directly to the rapid, he made a cast or two with his net, immediately within the reflection of the Castle. But he was too distant to hear the cry that appealed to him, and too much absorbed in the success or failure of his peculiar lottery to look aloft. Like the deaf and dumb boy, he passed on, but in the opposite direction, and gradually disappeared.

“It will never be seen !” ejaculated the German girl, again dropping her arm—a doubtful prophecy, however, for immediately afterwards the Rhenish steamboat crossed the mouth of the lesser river, and probably more than one telescope was pointed to the romantic ruin of Lahneck. But the distance was great, and even had it been less, the waving of

a white handkerchief would have been taken for a merry or a friendly salute.

In the meantime the steamboat passed out of sight behind the high ground ; but the long streamer of smoke was still visible, like a day-meteor, swiftly flying along, and in a direction that made the Englishwoman stretch out her arms after the fleeting vapour as if it had been a thing sensible to human supplication.

“It is gone also!” exclaimed her partner in misery. “And in a short while my liebe mutter will see it come to Coblenz!”

The Englishwoman groaned.

“It is *my* blame,” continued the other, in an agony of self-reproach ; “it was my blame to come so wide—not one can tell where. Nobody shall seek at Lahneck—dey will think we are dropped into de Rhine. Yes—we must die both ! We must die of famishment—and de cornfields, and de vines is all round one !”

And thus hour passed after hour, still watching promises that budded and blossomed and withered—and still flowered again and again without fruition—till the shades of evening began to fall, and the prospect became in every sense darker and darker.

Barge after barge had floated down the river, but the steersman had been intent on keeping his craft in the middle of the current in the most difficult part of his navigation—the miller had passed along the road at the base of the mountain, but his thoughts were fixed on the home within his view—the female peasant drove her cows from the pasture—the truant children returned to the village, and the fisherman drifting down the stream, again landed, and after hanging his nets up to dry between the trees on the opposite meadows re-entered his hut. But none saw the signal, none

heard the cry, or if they did it was supposed to be the shrill squeak of the bat. There was even company at the inn, for the windows of Duquet's pavilion began to sparkle, but the enjoyments of the party had stopped short of the romantic and the picturesque—they were quaffing Rhein wein, and eating thick sour cream, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with cinnamon.

"It is hard, mine friend," sobbed the German, "not one thinks but for themselves."

"It is unjust," might have retorted the wife and mother, "for *I* think of my husband and children, and *they* think of me."

Why else did her sobs so disturb the tranquil air, or wherefore did she paint her beloved Edward and her two fair-haired boys with their faces so distorted by grief? The present and the future—for time is nothing in such visions—were almost simultaneously before her, and the happy home of one moment was transfigured at the next instant into the house of mourning. The contrast was agonizing but unspeakable—one of those stupendous woes which stupify the soul, as when the body is not pierced with a single wound, but mortally crushed. She was not merely stricken but stunned.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the German girl, after a vain experiment on the passiveness of her companion, "why do you not speak something—what shall we do?"

"Nothing," answered a shuddering whisper, "except—die!"

A long pause ensued, during which the German girl more than once approached and looked down the pitch black orifice which had opened to the fallen stairs. Perhaps it looked less gloomy than by daylight in the full blaze of the sun,—perhaps she had read and adopted a melancholy,

morbid tone of feeling too common to German works, when they treat of a voluntary death, or perhaps the Diabolical Prompter was himself at hand with the desperate suggestion, fatal alike to body and to soul,—but the wretched creature drew nearer and nearer to the dangerous verge.

Her purpose, however, was checked. Although the air was perfectly still, she heard a sudden rustle amongst the ivy on that side of the Tower, which, even while it made her start, had whispered a new hope in her ear. Was it possible that her signals had been observed—that her cries had been heard? And again the sound was audible, followed by a loud harsh cry, and a large Owl, like a bird of ill omen, as it is, fluttered slowly over the heads of the devoted pair, and again it shrieked and flapped round them, as if to involve them in a magical circle, and then with a third and shriller screech sailed away like an Evil Spirit, in the direction of the Black Forest.

Nor was that boding fowl without its sinister influence on human destiny. The disappointment it caused to the victim was mortal. It was the drop that overbrimmed her cup.

“No,” she muttered, “dere is no more hopes. For myself I will not starve up here—I know my best friend, and will cast my troubles on the bosom of my mother earth.”

Absorbed in her own grief the Englishwoman did not at first comprehend the import of these words; but all at once their meaning dawned on her with a dreadful significance. It was, however, too late. Her eye caught a glimpse of the skirt of a garment, her ear detected a momentary flutter—and she was alone on that terrible Tower!

* * * * *

And did she too perish? Alas! ask the peasants and the fishermen, who daily worked for their bread in that valley or

on its river; ask the ferrymen, who hourly passed to and fro, and the bargeman, who made the stream his thoroughfare, and they will tell you, one and all, that they heard nothing and saw nothing, for labour looks downward and forward, and round about, but not upward. Nay, ask the angler himself, who withdrew his fly from the circling eddies of the rapids to look at the last beams of sunshine glowing on the lofty Ruin—and he answers that he never saw living creature on its summit, except once, when the Crow and the Raven were hovering about the building, and a screaming Eagle, although it had no nest there, was perched on the Tower of Lahneck.

NOTE.—This story—(which some hardy critic affirmed was “an old Legend of the Rhine, to be found in any Guide-book,”)—was suggested by the recital of two ladies,* who attempted to ascend to the top of the Tower of Lahneck, but were deterred by the shaking of the stone stairs. They both consider, to this day, that they narrowly escaped a fate akin to the catastrophe of poor Amy Robsart; and have visible shudderings when they hear, or read, of old Rhenish castles and *oubliettes*.

* My mother and a Miss B., mentioned in the “Memorials.”

END OF VOL. V.

