GEORGE COLMAN.

Author of Broad Grins.

London, Richard Bentley, Jan.y 2. 1837.

BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1837.

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EDITOR'S ADDRESS

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

At the end of a theatrical season it is customary for the manager to step forward, and, in as few words as may be, to say how very much obliged he feels for all past favours, and how very ready he is to incur fresh obligations.

With a degree of candour which few managers would display, we cheerfully confess that we have been fairly inundated with *orders* during our six months' campaign; but so liberal are we, notwithstanding, that we place many of the very first authors of the day on our free list, and invite them to write for our establishment just as much paper as they think proper.

We have produced a great variety of novelties, some of which we humbly hope may become stock pieces, and all of which we may venture to say have been most successful; and, although we are not subject to the control of a licenser, we have eschewed everything political, personal, or ill-natured, with perhaps as much care as we could possibly have shown, even had we been under the watchful eye of the Lord Chamberlain himself.

We shall open our Second Volume, ladies and gentlemen, on the first day of July, One thousand eight hun-

dred and thirty-seven, when we shall have the pleasure of submitting a great variety of entirely new pieces for your judgment and approval. The company will be numerous, first-rate, and complete. The scenery will continue to be supplied by the creative pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank; the whole of the extensive and beautiful machinery will be, as heretofore, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Samuel Bentley, of Dorset-street, Fleet-street; and Mr. Richard Bentley, of New Burlington-street, has kindly consented to preside over the Treasury department, where he has already conducted himself with uncommon ability.

The stage management will again be confided, ladies and gentlemen, to the humble individual with the short name, who has now the honour to address you, and who hopes, for very many years to come, to appear before you in the same capacity. Permit him to add in sober seriousness, that it has been the constant and unremitting endeavour of himself and the proprietor to render this undertaking worthy of your patronage. That they have not altogether failed in their attempt, its splendid success sufficiently demonstrates; that they have no intention of relaxing in their efforts, its future Volumes we trust will abundantly testify.

"BOZ."

London,
June, 1837.

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MISCELLANY.

JANUARY, 1837.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Numerous contributions have been received. Some are under consideration; and to the authors of the remainder private communications have been addressed by the Editor, who begs to state, that in future he cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

OUR SONG OF THE MONTH.

No. I. January, 1837.

The Bottle of St. Januarius.

I.

In the land of the citron and myrtle, we 're told
That the blood of a martyr is kept in a phial,
Which, though all the year round, it lie torpid and cold,
Yet grasp but the crystal, 'twill *warm* the first trial...
Be it fiction or truth, with your favourite fact,
O, profound Lazzaroni! I seek not to quarrel;
But indulge an old priest who would simply extract
From your legend, a lay—from your martyr, a moral.

II.

Lo! with icicled beard Januarius comes!
And the blood in his veins is all frozen and gelid,
And he beareth a bottle; but torpor benumbs
Every limb of the saint:—Would ye wish to dispel it?
With the hand of good-fellowship grasp the hoar sage—
Soon his joints will relax and his pulse will beat quicker;
Grasp the *bottle* he brings—'twill grow warm, I 'll engage,
Till the frost of each heart lies dissolved in the liquor!

Probatum est. P. Prout.

Water-grass-hill, *Kal. Januarii.*

PROLOGUE.

For us, and our Miscellany,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.
SHAKSPEARE, *with a difference.*

"DOCTOR," said a young gentleman to Dean Swift, "I intend to set up for a wit."

"Then," said the Doctor, "I advise you to sit down again."

The anecdote is unratified by a name, for the young gentleman continues to the present day to be anonymous, as he will, in all probability, continue to future time; and as for Dean Swift, his name, being merely that of a wit by profession, goes for nothing. We apprehend that the tale is not much better than what is to be read in the pages of Joe Miller.

But, supposing it true,—and the joke is quite bad enough to be authentic,—we must put in our plea that it is not to apply to us. The fact is absolutely undeniable that we originally advertised ourselves or rather our work as, the "Wits' Miscellany," —thereby indicating, beyond all doubt, that we of the Miscellany were WITS. It is our firm hope that the public, which is in general a most tender-hearted individual, will not give us a rebuff similar to that which the unnamed young gentleman experienced at the hands, or the tongue, of the implacable Dean of St. Patrick.

It has been frequently remarked,—and indeed we have more than fifty times experienced the fact ourselves,—that of all the stupid dinner-parties, by far the stupidest is that at which the cleverest men in all the world do congregate. A single lion is a pleasant show: he wags his tail in proper order; his teeth are displayed in due course; his hide is systematically admired, and his mane fitly appreciated. If he roars, good! — if he aggravates his voice to the note of a sucking-dove, better! All look on in the appropriate mood of delight, as Theseus and Hippolita, enraptured at the dramatic performance of Snug the Joiner. But when there comes a menagerie of lions, the case is altered. Too much familiarity, as the lawyers say in their peculiar jargon, begets contempt. We recollect, many years ago, when some ingenious artist in Paris proposed to make Brussels lace or blonde by machinery at the rate of a *sou* per ell, to have congratulated a lady of our acquaintance on this important

saving in the main expenditure of the fair sex. "You will have," said we, "a cap which now costs four hundred francs for less than fifty. Think of that!"

"Think of that!" said the countess, casting upon us the darkest expression of indignation that her glowing eyes [and what eyes they were!—but no matter] could let loose,—"think of that, indeed! Do you think that I should ever wear such rags as are to be bought for fifty francs?"

There was no arguing the matter: it was useless to say that the fifty-franc article, if the plan had succeeded, (which, however, it did not,) would have been precisely and in every thread the same as that set down at five hundred. The crowd of fine things generated by cheapness, in general, was quite enough to dim the finery of any portion of them in particular.

We are much afraid that we run somewhat loose of our original design in these rambling remarks. But it is always easy to come back to the starting-post. Abandoning metaphor and figure of all kinds, we were endeavouring to express our conviction, drawn from experience, that a company of professed wits might be justly suspected to be a dull concern. Every man is on the alert to guard against surprise.

> Through all the seven courses laid down,
> Each jester looks sour on his brother;
> The wit dreads the punster's renown,
> The buffoon tries the mimic to smother:
> He who shines in the sharp repartee
> Envies him who can yarn a droll story;
> And the jolly bass voice in a glee
> Will think your adagio but snory.

This is, we admit at once, and in anticipation of the reader's already expressed opinion, a very poor imitation of the opening song of the Beggar's Opera.

If this melancholy fact of the stupidity of congregated wits be admitted to be true, the question comes irresistibly, thrown in our faces in the very language of the street, "Who are *you*? Have not you advertised yourselves as wits, and can you escape from the soft-headed impeachment?" We reply nothing; we stand mute. It will be our time this day twelvemonths to offer to the pensive public a satisfactory replication to that somewhat personal interrogatory. Yet—

Having in our minds, and the interior *sensoria* of our consciences, some portion of modesty yet lingering behind—how small that portion may be is best known to those who have campaigned for a few years upon the press, and thence learned the diffident mildness which naturally adheres to the pursuit of enlightening the public mind, and advancing the march of general intellect;—possessed, we say, of that quantity of retiring bashful-

ness, it is undeniable that, like one of the Passions in Collins's Ode,—we forget which, but we fear it is Fear,—we, after showing forth in the best public instructors as the Wits' Miscellany,

Back recoiled,
Scared at the sound ourselves had made.

To this resolution we were also led by the fact, that such a title would altogether exclude from our pages contributions of great merit — which, although exhibiting comic faculty, would also deal with the shadows of human life, and sound the deep wells of the heart.

We agreed that the work should not be called "The Wits'" any longer. We massacred the title as ruthlessly as ever were massacred its namesakes in Holland: and, agreeing to an *emendatio*, we now sail under the title of our worthy publisher, which happens to be the same as that of him who is by all *viri clarissimi* adopted as *criticorum longè doctissimus*, Ricardus Bentleius; or, to drop Latin lore—Richard Bentley.

Here then, ladies and gentlemen, we introduce to your special and particular notice

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

What may be in the Miscellany it is your business to find out. Here lie the goods, warehoused, bonded, ticketed, and labelled, at your service. You have only, with the Genius in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, to cry, "Fish, fish, do your duty;" and if they are under-cooked or over-cooked, if the seasoning is too high or the fire too low, if they be burnt on one side and raw on the other,—why, gentle readers, it is your business to complain. All we have to say here, is, that we have made our haul in the best fishing-grounds, and, if we were ambitious of pun-making, we might add, that we had well baited our *hooks*—caught some choice *souls*—flung our lines into right *places*—and so forth, as might easily be expanded by the students of Mr. Commissioner Dubois's art of punning made easy.

What we propose is simply this:—We do not envy the fame or glory of other monthly publications. Let them all have their room. We do not desire to jostle them in their course to fame or profit, even if it was in our power to do so. One may revel in the unmastered fun and the soul-touching feeling of Wilson, the humour of Hamilton, the dry jocularity and the ornamented poetry of Moir, the pathos of Warren, the tender sentiment of Caroline Bowles, the eloquence of Croly, and the Tory brilliancy of half a hundred contributors zealous in the cause of Conservatism. Another may shake our sides with the drolleries of Gilbert Gurney and his fellows, poured forth from

the inexhaustible reservoir of the wit of our contributor Theodore Hook,—captivate or agitate us by the Hibernian Tales of Mrs. Hall,—or rouse the gentlest emotions by the fascinating prose or delicious verse of our fairest of *collaborateuses* Miss Landon. In a third we must admire the polyglot facetiæ of our own Father Prout, and the delicate appreciation of the classical and elegant which pervades the writings of the Greek-thoughted Chapman; while its rough drollery, its bold bearing, its mirth, its learning, its courage, and its caricatures, (when, confined to the harmless and the mirth-provoking, they abstain from invading the sanctuary of private life,) are all deserving of the highest applause, though we should be somewhat sorry to stand in the way of receiving the consequences which they occasionally entail. Elsewhere, what can be better than Marryat, Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Midshipman Easy, or whatever other title pleases his ear; a Smollett of the sea revived, equal to the Doctor in wit, and somewhat purged of his grossness. In short, to all our periodical contemporaries we wish every happiness and success; and for those among their contributors whose writings tend to amuse or instruct,—and many among them there are to whom such praise may be justly applied,—we feel the highest honour and respect. We wish that we could catch them all, to illuminate our pages, without any desire whatever that their rays should be withdrawn from those in which they are at present shining.

Our path is single and distinct. In the first place, we have nothing to do with politics. We are so far Conservatives as to wish that all things which are good and honourable for our native country should be preserved with jealous hand. We are so far Reformers as to desire that every weed which defaces our conservatory should be unsparingly plucked up and cast away. But is it a matter of absolute necessity that people's political opinions should be perpetually obtruded upon public notice? Is there not something more in the world to be talked about than Whig and Tory? We do not quarrel with those who find or make it their vocation to show us annually, or quarterly, or hebdomadally, or diurnally, how we are incontestably saved or ruined; they have chosen their line of walk, and a pleasant one no doubt it is; but, for our softer feet may it not be permitted to pick out a smoother and a greener promenade,—a path of springy turf and odorous sward, in which no rough pebble will lacerate the ancle, no briery thorn penetrate the wandering sole?

Truce, however, to prefacing. We well know that speech-making never yet won an election, because something more tangible than speechifying is requisite. So it is with books; and, indeed, so is it with every thing else in the world. We must be judged by our works. We have only one petition to

make, which is put in with all due humility,—it is this—that we are not to be pre-judged by this our first attempt. Nothing is more probable than that many of our readers, and they fair-going people too, will think this number a matter not at all to be commended; and we, with perfect modesty, suggest, on the other side, the propriety of their suspending their opinion as to our demerits until they see the next. And then——And then! Well!—what then? Why, we do not know: and, as it is generally ruled, that, when a man cannot speak, he is bound to sing, we knock ourselves down for a song.

Our Opening Chaunt.

I.

Come round and hear, my public dear,
Come hear, and judge it gently,—
The prose so terse, and flowing verse,
Of us, the wits of Bentley.

II.

We offer not intricate plot
To muse upon intently;
No tragic word, no bloody sword,
Shall stain the page of Bentley.

III.

The tender song which all day long
Resounds so sentimént'ly,
Through wood and grove all full of love,
Will find no place in Bentley.

IV.

Nor yet the speech which fain would teach
All nations eloquéntly;—
'Tis quite too grand for us the bland
And modest men of Bentley.

V.

For science deep no line we keep,
We speak it reverently;—
From sign to sign the sun may shine,
Untelescoped by Bentley.

VI.

Tory and Whig, in accents big,
May wrangle violéntly:
Their party rage shan't stain the page—
The neutral page of Bentley.

VII.

The scribe whose pen is mangling men
And women pestiléntly,
May take elsewhere his wicked ware,—
He finds no mart in Bentley.

VIII.

It pains us not to mark the spot
Where Dan may find his rént lie;
The Glasgow chiel may shout for Peel,
We know them not in Bentley.

IX.

Those who admire a merry lyre,—
Those who would hear attent'ly
A tale of wit, or flashing hit,—
Are ask'd to come to Bentley.

X.

Our hunt will be for grace and glee,
Where thickest may the scent lie;
At slashing pace begins the chase—
Now for the burst of Bentley.

GEORGE COLMAN.

That a life of this eminent and much regretted man will be written by some competent author, there can be little doubt. That he himself extended his "*Random Records*" no further than two volumes, containing the history and anecdotes of the early part of his career, is greatly to be lamented. What is here collected is merely worthy of being called "Recollections," and does not assume to itself the character of a piece of biography.

Mr. Colman was the grandson of Francis Colman, Esq. British Resident at the Court of Tuscany at Pisa, who married a sister of the Countess of Bath. George Colman the elder, father of him of whom we write, was born about the year 1733, at Florence, and was placed at an early age at Westminster School, where he very soon distinguished himself by the rapidity of his attainments. In 1748 he went to Christchurch College, Oxford, where he took his Master's degree; and shortly became the friend and associate of Churchill, Bonnell Thornton, Lloyd, and the other principal wits and writers of the day.

Lord Bath was greatly struck by his merit and accomplishments, and induced him to adopt the law as his profession. He accordingly entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was eventually called to the bar. It appears—as it happened afterwards to his son—that the drier pursuits of his vocation were neglected or abandoned in favour of literature and the drama. His first poetical performance was a copy of verses addressed to his cousin, Lord Pulteney. But it was not till 1760 that he produced any dramatic work: in that year he brought out "Polly Honeycombe," which met with considerable success.

It is remarkable that, previous to that season, no new comedy had been produced at either theatre for nine years; and equally remarkable that the year 1761 should have brought before the public "The Jealous Wife," by Colman, "The Way to Keep Him," by Murphy, and "The Married Libertine," by Macklin.

In the following year Lord Bath died, and left Mr. Colman a very comfortable annuity, but less in value than he had anticipated. In 1767, General Pulteney, Lord Bath's successor, died, and left him a second annuity, which secured him in independence for life. And here it may be proper to notice a subject which George Colman the younger has touched before in his "Random Records," in which he corrects a hasty and incautious error of the late Margravine of Anspach, committed by her, in her "Memoirs." Speaking of George Colman the elder, she says,

"He was a natural son of Lord Bath, Sir James Pulteney; and his father, perceiving in the son a passion for plays, asked him fairly if he never intended to turn his thoughts to politics, as it was his desire to see him a minister, which, with his natural

endowments, and the expense and pains he had bestowed on his education, he had reason to imagine, with his interest, he might become. His *father* desired to know if he would give up the Muses for diplomacy, and plays for politics; as, in that case, he meant to give him his whole fortune. Colman thanked Lord Bath for his kind communication, but candidly said, that he preferred Thalia and Melpomene to ambition of any kind, for the height of his wishes was to become, at some future time, the manager of a theatre. Lord Bath left him fifteen hundred pounds a-year, instead of all his immense wealth."

Mr. Colman, after exposing the strange mistake of calling *the* Sir William Pulteney, James, goes on to state, that, being the son of his wife's sister, Lord Bath, on the death of Francis Colman (his brother-in-law), which occurred when the elder George was but one year old, took him entirely under his protection, and placed him progressively at Westminster, Oxford, and Lincoln's Inn. In corroboration of the else unquestioned truth of this statement, he refers to the posthumous pamphlets of his highly-gifted parent, and justly takes credit for saving him from imputed illegitimacy, by explaining that his grandmother was exempt from the conjugal frailty of Venus, and his grandfather from the fate of Vulcan.

George Colman the elder suffered severely from the effects of a paralytic affection, which, in the year 1790, produced mental derangement; and, after living in seclusion for four years, he died on the 14th of April 1794, having been during his life a joint proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, and sole proprietor of the little theatre in the Haymarket.

George Colman the younger became, at Westminster, the school-fellow and associate of the present Archbishop of York, the Marquess of Anglesea, the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, Doctor Robert Willis, Mr. Reynolds, his brother dramatist, the present Earl Somers, and many other persons, who have since, like himself, become distinguished members of society.

The account which Mr. Colman gives of his introduction by his father to Johnson, Goldsmith, and Foote, when a child, is so highly graphic, and so strongly characteristic of the man, that we give an abridgement of it here:

"On the day of my introduction," says Colman, "Dr. Johnson was asked to dinner at my father's house in Soho-square, and the erudite savage came a full hour before his time. My father, having dressed himself hastily, took me with him into the drawing-room.

"On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-coloured satin. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown, cloth *dittos*, with black worsted stockings: his old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions; and the learned head which sustained it rolled about in a seemingly paralytic motion; but, in the performance of its orbit, it inclined chiefly to one shoulder.

"He deigned not to rise on our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talked. There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said, — 'Dr. Johnson, this is a little Colman.' The doctor bestowed a slight ungracious glance upon me, and, continuing the rotary motion of his head, renewed the previous conversation. Again there was a pause;—again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny, with—'This is my son, Dr. Johnson.' The great man's contempt for me was now roused to wrath; and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, 'I *see* him, sir!' He then fell back in his rose-coloured satin *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation; implying that he would not be further plagued, either with an old fool or a young one.

"After this rude rebuff from the doctor, I had the additional felicity to be placed next to him at dinner: he was silent over his meal; but I observed that he was, as Shylock says of Lancelot Gobbo, 'a huge feeder;' and during the display of his voracity, (which was worthy of *Bolt* Court,) the perspiration fell in copious drops from his visage upon the table-cloth."

"Oliver Goldsmith, several years before my luckless presentation to Johnson, proved how 'doctors differ.' I was only five years old when Goldsmith took me on his knee, while he was drinking coffee, one evening, with my father, and began to play with me; which amiable act I returned with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap in the face; it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice; and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably; which was no bad step towards liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free, for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery; it was the tender-hearted doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed, and he fondled and soothed; till I began to brighten. Goldsmith, who, in regard to children, was like the village preacher he has so beautifully described,—for

'Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed,'—

seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour; so he put down the candle, and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, upon the carpet, and a

shilling under each: the shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey, presto, cockolorum!' cried the doctor,—and, lo! on uncovering the shillings which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and, therefore, might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but, as I was also no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. Astonishment might have amounted to awe for one who appeared to me gifted with the power of performing miracles, if the good-nature of the man had not obviated my dread of the magician; but, from that time, whenever the doctor came to visit my father,

'I pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;'

a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry play-fellows.

"Foote's earliest notices of me were far from flattering; but, though they had none of Goldsmith's tenderness, they had none of Johnson's ferocity; and when he accosted me with his usual salutation of 'Blow your nose, child!' there was a whimsical manner, and a broad grin upon his features, which always made me laugh.

"His own nose was generally begrimed with snuff; and, if he had never been more facetious than upon the subject of my *emunctories*, which, by the bye, did not want cleansing, I need not tell the reader, that he would not have been distinguished as a wit;—he afterwards condescended to pass better jokes upon me.

"The paradoxical celebrity which he maintained upon the stage was very singular; his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years by his own acting, in his own writings, and, for ten years of the time, upon a *wooden leg!*"

The reader, if he have not seen these passages before, will, we are sure, sympathise with us in our regrets that the work from which we extract them, carries us only in its two volumes to the year 1785,—a period at which Colman's fame and reputation had yet to be made.

His first decidedly successful drama was "Inkle and Yarico:" this at once established his character as an author. "Ways and Means," "The Mountaineers," and "The Iron Chest" followed; and in 1798 he published those admirable poems known as "My Night-gown and Slippers." His greatest literary triumphs were, however, yet to come. "The Heir at Law" was his first regular comedy; and we doubt very much whether he ever excelled it, or, indeed, if it has been excelled by more than a very few plays in the English language. We know that the

theatrical world, and we believe the author himself, gave a decided preference to "John Bull;" but we admit that as we are unfashionable enough to prefer Sheridan's "Rivals" to his "School for Scandal," so are we prepared unhesitatingly to declare our opinion that "The Heir at Law" is Colman's *chef-d'œuvre*.

"The Poor Gentleman" is an excellent play; and "Who wants a Guinea?" although not so decidedly successful as its predecessors, teems with that rich humour and quaintness of thought which so strongly characterise the writings of its author. His farces of "The Review," "Love laughs at Locksmiths," "We fly by Night," and several others, are all admirable in their way. These were given to the town as the productions of Arthur Griffinhoofe, a *nom de guerre*, however, which proved quite inefficient in making the public mistake the source whence their amusement was derived.

In 1819, Mr. Colman finally retired from the proprietorship and management of the Haymarket Theatre. Upon the escape and flight from England of Captain Davis, the lieutenant of the Yeoman Guard, his Majesty George the Fourth appointed Mr. Colman to succeed him; and on the death of Mr. Larpent he also received the appointment of Examiner of Plays. The former office he relinquished in favour of Sir John Gete, some three or four years since; and in the latter he has, as our readers know, been succeeded by Mr. Charles Kemble.

It would be unjust and unfair to the memory of Mr. Colman were we to let slip this opportunity of saying a few words upon the subject of his conduct in the execution of the duties of this situation; because it has been made the object of attack even by men of the highest talent and reputation, as well as the low ribald abuse of their literary inferiors,—which, however, considering the source whence it came, is not worth noticing.

It has been alleged that Mr. Colman was unnecessarily rigid in his exclusion of oaths and profane sayings from the dramatic works submitted to his inspection; and the gist of the arguments against him touching this rigour went to show that he ought not to expunge such expressions as examiner, because he had used such expressions himself as an author. This reasoning is absurd, the conclusion inconsequential. When Mr. Colman wrote plays, he was not bound by oath to regulate their language by any fixed standard; and, as all other dramatists of the day had done, in sharpening a dialogue or depicting a character he used in some — perhaps all his dramas—occasional expletives. But Mr. Colman's plays then had to be submitted to an examiner, who, conscientiously, did his duty; and, from the high moral character of the late licenser, there can be little reason for doubting that *he*, like his successor, drew his pen across any expression which he might have considered objectionable; but no one ever complained of this, because Mr.

Larpent had never written a play, or used an oath in its dialogues.

When Mr. Colman assumed the legal and necessary power of correction, he had but one course to pursue: he was sworn to perform a certain duty assigned to him to the best of his judgment, and to correct any expressions which he might consider injurious to the state or to morality. What had *he* to do, as licenser, with what he had himself done as author? The *tu quoque* principle in this case is even more than usually absurd; it is as if a schoolmaster were to be prevented from flogging a boy for breaking windows, because, when he was a boy, he had broken windows himself.

As we have already stated that it is not our intention to make these few pages a piece of biography, we shall leave to some better qualified person to give the more minute details of Mr. Colman's life. The following lines, written by himself, now many years since, and when he himself was under fifty, give as good an epitome of his career up to that period as fifty pages of matter-of-fact; and from that time until the occurrence of the sad event to which the last stanza, so pathetically—as it *now* reads —refers, he lived on in happiness and comfort.

A RECKONING WITH TIME.

I.

Come on, old Time!—Nay, that is stuff;
Gaffer! thou comest fast enough;
  Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!—
But tell me, Sand-man, ere thy grains
Have multiplied upon my brains,
  So thick to make me stupid;—

II.

Tell me, Death's journeyman!—But no!
Hear thou *my* speech: I will not grow
  Irreverent while I try it;
For, though I mock thy flight, 'tis said
The forelock fills me with such dread,
  I never take thee by it.

III.

List, then, old Is, Was, and To-be;
I 'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me.
  Thou gav'st me, first, the measles;
With teething would'st have ta'en me off;
Then mad'st me, with the hooping-cough,
  Thinner than fifty weasels.

IV.

Thou gav'st small-pox, (the dragon now
That Jenner combats on a cow,)
  And then some seeds of knowledge,—
Grains of the Grammar, which the flails
Of pedants thresh upon our tails,
  To fit us for a college.

v.

And, when at Christ-Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains with sloe-juice port,
  And lectures out of number!
There Freshman Folly quaffs and sings,
While Graduate Dullness clogs thy wings
  With mathematic lumber.

VI.

Thy pinions next,—which, while they wave,
Fan all our birth-days to the grave,—
  I think, ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me from the schools to town,
Where I was parachuted down,
  A dapper Temple student.

VII.

Then, much in dramas did I look,—
Much slighted thee and great Lord Coke:
  Congreve beat Blackstone hollow;
Shakspeare made all the statutes stale,
And in my crown no pleas had Hale
  To supersede Apollo.

VIII.

Ah! Time, those raging heats, I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind;
  How cool is retrospection!
Youth's gaudy summer solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store,—
  An autumn of reflection!

IX.

Why did I let the God of song
Lure me from law to join his throng,
  Gull'd by some slight applauses?
What's verse to A. when versus B.?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
  To pleading John Bull's causes?

X.

Yet, though my childhood felt disease,—
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
  Some ragged Muse has netted,—
Still, honest Chronos! 'tis most true,
To thee (and, 'faith! to others, too,)
  I 'm very much indebted.

XI.

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inured me to each day that's rough,
  In hopes of calm to-morrow.
And when, old mower of us all,
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
  Some few dear friends will sorrow.

XII.

Then, though my idle prose or rhyme
Should, half an hour, outlive me, Time,
  Pray bid the stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,—
  "Thank Time for all his favours!"

It is a curious coincidence—although considering the proximity of their ages there may be nothing really strange in it—that Mr. Colman and his intimate friend Bannister should have quitted this mortal world so nearly at the same time. The circumstance, however, gives us an opportunity of bringing their names together in a manner honourable to both. We derive the anecdote from the "Random Records;" and we think it will be at this juncture favourably received by those who admire dramatic authors and actors, and who rejoice to see traits of private worth the concomitants of public excellence.

After recounting the circumstances of his first acquaintance with Bannister, Mr. Colman says,

"In the year of my return from Aberdeen, 1784, unconscious of fear through ignorance of danger, I rushed into early publicity as an avowed dramatist. My father's illness in 1789 obliged me to undertake the management of his theatre; which, having purchased at his demise, I continued to manage as my own. During such progression, up to the year 1796 inclusive, I scribbled many dramas for the Haymarket, and one for Drury-lane; in almost all of which the younger Bannister (being engaged at both theatres) performed a prominent character: so that, for most of the thirteen years I have enumerated, he was of the greatest importance to my theatrical prosperity in my double capacity of author and manager; while I was of some service to him by supplying him with new characters. These reciprocal interests made us, of course, such close colleagues, that our almost daily consultations promoted amity, while they forwarded business.

"From this last-mentioned period, (1796,) we were led by our speculations, one after the other, into different tracks. He had arrived at that height of London popularity when his visits to various provincial theatres in the summer were productive of much more money than my scale of expense in the Haymarket could afford to give him. As he wintered it, however, in Drury-lane, I profited for two years more by his acting in the pieces which I produced there. I then began to write for the rival house in Covent Garden, and this parted us as author and actor: but separating, as we did, through accident, and with the kindest sentiments for each other, it was not likely that we should forget or neglect further to cultivate our mutual regard: that regard is now so mellowed by time that it will never cease till Time himself,—who, in ripening our friendship, has been all the while whetting his scythe for the friends,—shall have mowed down the men, and gathered in his harvest.

"One trait of Bannister, in our worldly dealings with each other, will nearly bring me to the close of this chapter.

"In the year 1807, after having slaved at some dramatic composition,—I forget what,—I had resolved to pass one entire week in luxurious sloth.

"At this crisis,—just as I was beginning the first morning's

sacrifice upon the altar of my darling goddess, Indolence,—enter Jack Bannister, with a huge manuscript under his left arm!—This, he told me, consisted of loose materials for an entertainment, with which he meant to "skirr the country," under the title of BANNISTER'S BUDGET; but, unless I reduced the chaos into some order for him, and that *instantly*,—he should lose his tide, and with it his emoluments for the season. In such a case there was no balancing between two alternatives, so I deserted my darling goddess to drudge through the week for my old companion.

"To concoct the crudities he had brought me, by polishing, expunging, adding,—in short, almost re-writing them,—was, it must be confessed, labouring under the "horrors of digestion;" but the toil was completed at the week's end, and away went Jack Bannister into the country with his BUDGET.

"Several months afterwards he returned to town; and I inquired, of course, what success?—So great, he answered, that in consequence of the gain which had accrued to him through my means, and which he was certain would still accrue, (as he now considered the Budget to be an annual income for some years to come,) he must insist upon cancelling a bond which I had given him, for money he had lent to me. I was astounded; for I had never dreamt of fee or reward.

"To prove that he was in earnest, I extract a paragraph from a letter which he wrote to me from Shrewsbury.

"'For fear of accidents, I think it necessary to inform you that Fladgate, your attorney, is in possession of your bond to me of £700; as I consider it *fully discharged*, it is but proper you should have this acknowledgment under my hand. J. B.'

"Should my unostentatious friend think me indelicate in publishing this anecdote, I can only say, that it naturally appertains to the sketch I have given of our co-operations in life; and that the insertion of it here seems almost indispensable, in order to elucidate my previous statement of our having blended so much *sentiment* with so much *traffic*. I feel, too, that it would be downright injustice to him if I suppressed it; and would betoken in myself the pride of those narrow-minded persons who are ashamed of acknowledging how greatly they have profited by the liberal spirit of others.

"The bond above mentioned was given, be it observed, on a private account; not for money due to an actor for his professional assistance. Gilliland, in his 'Dramatic Mirror,' says that my admission of partners 'enabled the proprietors to completely liquidate all the demands which had for some time past involved the house in temporary embarrassments.' This is a gross mistake; the Haymarket Theatre was *never* embarrassed (on the contrary, it was a prosperous speculation) while under my direction. My own difficulties during part of this time are another matter: I may touch *slightly* on this hereafter; but shall

not bore my readers by dwelling long on matters which (however they may have annoyed *me*) cannot entertain or interest *them*.

"I regret following up one instance of Mr. Gilliland's inaccuracy immediately with another; but he asserts, in his 'Dramatic Mirror,' that J. Bannister, 'in the season 1778, made his appearance for the benefit of his father, *on the boards of Old Drury*.' In contradiction to the foregoing statement a document now lies before me,—I transcribe it verbatim:

"'First appearance, *at the Haymarket*, for my father's benefit, 1778, in The Apprentice. First appearance at Drury-lane, 1779, in Zaphna, in Mahomet. Took leave of the stage at Drury-lane, Thursday, June 1st, 1815. Garrick instructed me in the four first parts I played, — the Apprentice; Zaphna (Mahomet); Dorilas (Merope); and Achmet (Barbarossa).—Jack Bannister, to his dear friend George Colman. June 30th, 1828.'"

These memoranda, under the circumstances, are curious and affecting.—Death *has* gathered in his harvest, and both the men *are* gone.

Of Mr. Colman's delightful manners and conversational powers no words can give any adequate idea: with all the advantages of extensive reading, a general knowledge of mankind, and an inexhaustible fund of wit and humour, he blended a joyousness of expression, a kindness of feeling, and a warmth of manner, which rendered him the much-sought companion of every circle of society in which he chose to mix. Of his literary talents all the world can judge; but it is only those who have known him in private life who can appreciate the qualities which we despair of being able justly to describe.

IMPROMPTU BY THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN.

About a year since, a young lady begged this celebrated wit to write some verses in her album: he shook his head; but, good-naturedly promising to try, at once extemporised the following,—most probably his last written and poetical jest.

My muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled,
Sat up together many a night, no doubt;
But now, I 've sent the poor old lass to bed,
Simply because *my fire is going out*.

THE "MONSTRE" BALLOON.

Oh! the balloon, the great balloon!
It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,
And every one said we should hear of it soon
With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.
But very soon after, folks changed their tune:
"The netting had burst—the silk—the shalloon;
It had met with a trade-wind—a deuced monsoon—
It was blown out to sea—it was blown to the moon—
They ought to have put off their journey till June;
Sure none but a donkey, a goose, or baboon,
Would go up, in November, in any balloon!"

Then they talk'd about Green—"Oh! where's Mister Green?
And where's Mister Hollond who hired the machine?
And where is Monk Mason, the man that has been
Up so often before—twelve times or thirteen—
And who writes such nice letters describing the scene?
And where's the cold fowl, and the ham, and poteen?
The press'd beef, with the fat cut off,—nothing but lean?
And the portable soup in the patent tureen?
Have they got to Grand Cairo? or reach'd Aberdeen?
Or Jerusalem—Hamburgh—or Ballyporeen?—
No! they have not been seen! Oh! they haven't been seen!"

Stay! here's Mister Gye—Mr. Frederick Gye.
At Paris," says he, "I've been up very high,
A couple of hundred of toises, or nigh,
A cockstride the Tuilleries' pantiles, to spy,
With Dollond's best telescope stuck at my eye,
And my umbrella under my arm like Paul Pry,
But I could see nothing at all but the sky;
So I thought with myself 'twas of no use to try
Any longer; and feeling remarkably dry
From sitting all day stuck up there, like a Guy,
I came down again, and—you see—here am I!"

But here's Mister Hughes!—What says young Mr. Hughes?
"Why, I'm sorry to say, we've not got any news
Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,
Which gave the Mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,
As he popp'd up his eye-glass to look at their cruise
Over Dover; and which the folks flock'd to peruse
At Squier's bazaar, the same evening, in crews,
Politicians, newsmongers, town council, and blues,

Turks, heretics, infidels, jumpers, and Jews,
Scorning Bachelor's papers, and Warren's reviews;
But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,
And my father and I are in terrible stews,
For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose!"

Here 's news come at last! Here 's news come at last!
A vessel 's come in, which has sail'd very fast;
And a gentleman serving before the mast,
Mister Nokes, has declared that "the party has past
Safe across to the Hague, where their grapnel they cast
As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast
To see such a monster come borne on the blast,
And it caught in his breeches, and there it stuck fast!"

Oh! fie! Mister Nokes,—for shame, Mister Nokes!
To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks—
Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,
And such jesting, your malice but scurvily cloaks;
Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,
And we know very well your whole story 's a hoax!

"Oh! what shall we do? Oh! where will it end?
Can nobody go? Can nobody send
To Calais—or Bergen-op-zoom—or Ostend?
Can't you go there yourself? Can't you write to a friend,
For news upon which we may safely depend?"

Huzzah! huzzah! one and eight-pence to pay
For a letter from Hamborough, just come to say
They descended at Weilburg about break of day;
And they 've lent them the palace there, during their stay,
And the town is becoming uncommonly gay,
And they 're feasting the party, and soaking their clay
With Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Moselle, and Tokay;
And the landgraves, and margraves, and counts beg and pray
That they won't think as yet, about going away;
Notwithstanding, they don't mean to make much delay,
But pack up the balloon in a waggon or dray,
And pop themselves into a German "*po-shay*,"
And get on to Paris by Lisle and Tournay;
Where they boldly declare, any wager they 'll lay,
If the gas people there do not ask them to pay
Such a sum as must force them at once to say "Nay,"
They 'll inflate the balloon in the Champs Elysées,
And be back again here, the beginning of May.

Dear me! what a treat for a juvenile *fête!*
What thousands will flock their arrival to greet!
There 'll be hardly a soul to be seen in the street,
For at Vauxhall the whole population will meet,
And you 'll scarcely get standing-room, much less a seat,
For this all preceding attraction must beat:

Since, there they 'll unfold, what we want to be told,
How they cough'd, how they sneez'd, how they shiver'd with cold,
How they tippled the "cordial," as racy and old
As Hodges, or Deady, or Smith ever sold,
And how they all then felt remarkably bold;
How they thought the boil'd beef worth its own weight in gold;
And how Mister Green was beginning to scold
Because Mister Holland would try to lay hold
Of the moon, and had very near overboard roll'd.

And there they 'll be seen—they 'll be all to be seen!
The great-coats, the coffee-pot, mugs, and tureen!
With the tight-rope, and fire-works, and dancing between,
If the weather should only prove fair and serene.
And there, on a beautiful transparent screen,
In the middle you 'll see a large picture of Green,
With Holland on one side, who hired the machine,
And Monk Mason on t' other, describing the scene;
And Fame on one leg in the air, like a queen,
With three wreaths and a trumpet, will over them lean;
While Envy, in serpents and black bombazine,
Looks on from below with an air of chagrin.

Then they 'll play up a tune in the Royal Saloon,
And the people will dance by the light of the moon,
And keep up the ball till the next day at noon;
And the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon,
The haughty grandee, and the low picaroon,
The six-foot life-guardsman, and little gossoon,
Will all join in three cheers for the "monstre" balloon.

HANDY ANDY.

Andy Rooney was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing every thing the wrong way; disappointment awaited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends: so the nick-name the neighbours stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

Andy's entrance into this world was quite in character with his after achievements, for he was nearly the death of his mother. She survived, however, to have herself clawed almost to death while her darling babby was in arms, for he would not take his nourishment from the parent fount unless he had one of his little red fists twisted into his mother's hair, which he dragged till he made her roar; while he diverted the pain by scratching her till the blood came, with the other. Nevertheless she swore he was "the loveliest and sweetest craythur the sun ever shined upon;" and when he was able to run about and wield a little stick, and smash every thing breakable belonging to her, she only praised his precocious powers, and used to ask, "Did ever any one see a darlin' of his age handle a stick so bowld as he did?"

Andy grew up in mischief and the admiration of his mammy; but, to do him justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and was most anxious to offer his services on all occasions to any one who would accept them; but they were only those who had not already proved Andy's peculiar powers.

There was a farmer hard by in this happy state of ignorance, named Owen Doyle, or, as he was familiarly called, *Owny na Coppal*, or, "Owen of the Horses," because he bred many of these animals, and sold them at the neighbouring fairs; and Andy one day offered his services to Owny when he was in want of some one to drive up a horse to his house from a distant "bottom," as low grounds by a river side are always called in Ireland.

"Oh, he's wild, Andy, and you'd never be able to ketch him," said Owny.—"Throth, an' I'll engage I'll ketch him if you'll let me go. I never seen the horse I couldn't ketch, sir," said Andy.

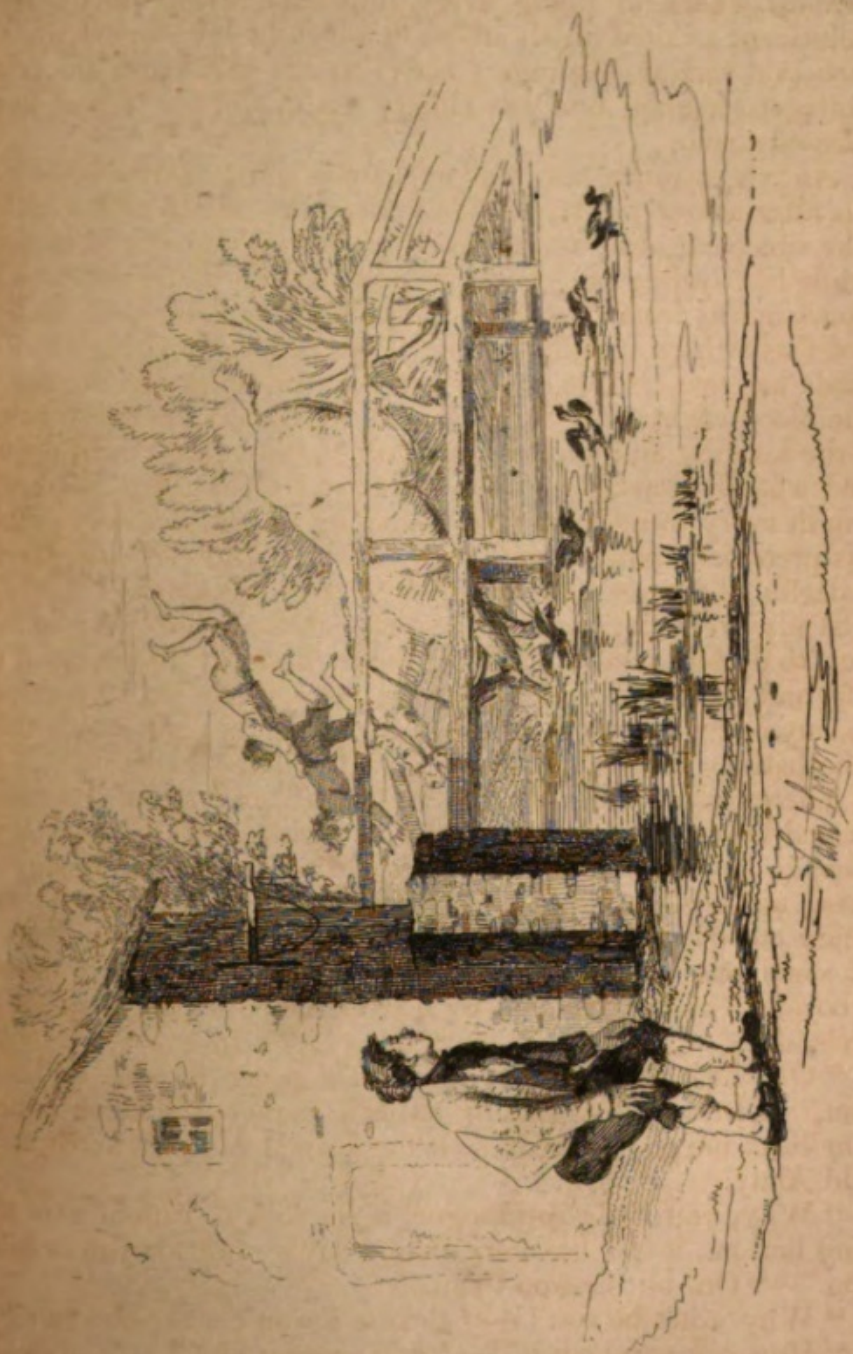
"Why, you little spridhogue, if he took to runnin' over the long bottom, it 'ud be more than a day's work for you to folly him."—"Oh, but he won't run."

"Why won't he run?"—"Bekase I won't make him run."

"How can you help it?"—"I'll soother him."

"Well, you're a willin' brat, any how; and so go, and God speed you!" said Owny.

"Just gi' me a wisp o' hay an' a han'ful iv oats," said Andy, "if I should have to coax him."—"Sartinly," said Owny, who



entered the stable and came forth with the articles required by Andy, and a halter for the horse also.

"Now, take care," said Owny, "that you 're able to ride that horse if you get on him."—"Oh, never fear, sir. I can ride owld Lanty Gubbins's mule betther nor any o' the other boys on the common, and he couldn't throw me th' other day, though he kicked the shoes av him."

"After that you may ride any thing," said Owny: and indeed it was true; for Lanty's mule, which fed on the common, being ridden slily by all the young vagabonds in the neighbourhood, had become such an adept in the art of getting rid of his troublesome customers, that it might be well considered a feat to stick on him.

"Now, take grate care of him, Andy, my boy," said the farmer.—"Don't be afeard, sir," said Andy, who started on his errand in that peculiar pace which is elegantly called a "sweep's trot;" and as the river lay between Owny Doyle's and the bottom, and was too deep for Andy to ford at that season, he went round by Dinny Dowling's mill, where a small wooden bridge crossed the stream.

Here he thought he might as well secure the assistance of Paudeen, the miller's son, to help him in catching the horse; so he looked about the place until he found him, and, telling him the errand on which he was going, said, "If you like to come wid me, we can both have a ride." This was temptation sufficient for Paudeen, and the boys proceeded together to the bottom, and they were not long in securing the horse. When they had got the halter over his head, "Now," said Andy, "give me a lift on him;" and accordingly, by Paudeen's catching Andy's left foot in both his hands clasped together in the fashion of a stirrup, he hoisted his friend on the horse's back; and, as soon as he was secure there, Master Paudeen, by the aid of Andy's hand, contrived to scramble up after him; upon which Andy applied his heels into the horse's side with many vigorous kicks, and crying "Hurrup!" at the same time, endeavoured to stimulate Owny's steed into something of a pace as he turned his head towards the mill.

"Sure aren't you going to crass the river?" said Paudeen.—"No, I 'm going to lave you at home."

"Oh, I 'd rather go up to Owny's, and it 's the shortest way acrass the river."—"Yes, but I don't like—"

"Is it afeard you are?" said Paudeen.—"Not I, indeed," said Andy; though it was really the fact, for the width of the stream startled him; "but Owny towld me to take grate care o' the baste, and I 'm loath to wet his feet."

"Go 'long wid you, you fool! what harm would it do him? Sure he 's neither sugar nor salt that he 'd melt."

"Well, I won't, any how," said Andy, who by this time had got the horse into a good high trot, that shook every word of

argument out of Paudeen's body; besides, it was as much as the boys could do to keep their seats on Owny's Bucephalus, who was not long in reaching the miller's bridge. Here voice and rein were employed to pull him in, that he might cross the narrow wooden structure at a quiet pace. But whether his double load had given him the idea of double exertion, or that the pair of legs on each side sticking into his flanks (and perhaps the horse was ticklish) made him go the faster, we know not; but the horse charged the bridge as if an Enniskilliner were on his back, and an enemy before him; and in two minutes his hoofs clattered like thunder on the bridge, that did not bend beneath him. No, it did *not* bend, but it broke; proving the falsehood of the boast, "I may break, but I won't bend;" for, after all, the really strong may bend, and be as strong as ever: it is the unsound, that has only the seeming of strength, that breaks at last when it resists too long.

Surprising was the spin the young equestrians took over the ears of the horse, enough to make all the artists of Astley's envious; and plump they went into the river, where each formed his own ring, and executed some comical "scenes in the circle," which were suddenly changed to evolutions on the "flying cord" that Dinny Dowling threw the performers, which became suddenly converted into a "tight rope" as he dragged the *voltigeurs* out of the water; and, for fear their blood might be chilled by the accident, he gave them both an enormous thrashing with the *dry* end of the rope, just to restore circulation; and his exertions, had they been witnessed, would have charmed the Humane Society.

As for the horse, his legs stuck through the bridge, as though he had been put in a *chiroplast*, and he went playing away on the water with considerable execution, as if he were accompanying himself in the song which he was squealing at the top of his voice. Half the saws, hatchets, ropes, and poles in the parish were put in requisition immediately; and the horse's first lesson in *chiroplastic* exercise was performed with no other loss than some skin and a good deal of hair. Of course Andy did not venture on taking Owny's horse home; so the miller sent him to his owner with an account of the accident. Andy for years kept out of Owny na Coppal's way; and at any time that his presence was troublesome, the inconvenienced party had only to say, "Isn't that Owny na Coppal coming this way?" and Andy fled for his life.

When Andy grew up to be what in country parlance is called "a brave lump of a boy," his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself; so she took him one day along with her to the squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might

give her "a sight o' the squire afore he wint out or afore he wint in;" and, after spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest craythur alive—and so willin'—nothing comes wrong to him."

"I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him?" said the squire.—"Throth, an' your honour, that 's just it—if your honour would be plazed."

"What can he do?"—"Anything, your honour."

"That means *nothing*, I suppose," said the squire.—"Oh, no, sir. Everything, I mane, that you would desire him to do."

To every one of these assurances on his mother's part Andy made a bow and a scrape.

"Can he take care of horses?"—"The best of care, sir," said the mother, while the miller, who was standing behind the squire waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face into his hat to hide the laugh, which he could hardly smother from being heard, as well as seen.

"Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we 'll see what he can do."—"May the Lord—"

"That 'll do—there, now go."—"Oh, sure, but I 'll pray for you, and—"

"Will you go?"—"And may angels make your honour's bed this blessed night, I pray!"

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."

Judy and her hopeful boy turned to the right-about in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

The next day Andy was duly installed into his office of stable-helper; and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, as there was a want of such a functionary in the establishment; and Andy's boldness in this capacity made him soon a favourite with the squire, who was one of those rollicking boys on the pattern of the old school, who scorned the attentions of a regular valet, and let any one that chance threw in his way bring him his boots, or his hot water for shaving, or his coat, whenever it *was* brushed. One morning, Andy, who was very often the attendant on such occasions, came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who 's that?" said the squire, who was but just risen, and did not know but it might be one of the women servants.—"It 's me, sir."

"Oh—Andy! Come in."—"Here 's the hot wather, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what the d—l brings that tin can here? You might

as well bring the stable-bucket."—"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy retreating. In two minutes more Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said, "The maids in the kitchen, your honour, says there 's not so much hot wather ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hands?"—"Yes, sir, but that 's not nigh the full o' the stable-bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief! and get me some hot water directly."—"Will the can do, sir?"

"Ay, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where 'll I put it, sir?"—"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

Andy took the jug, and, the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The squire stared with wonder, and at last said,

"What did you do that for?"—"Sure you *towld* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain!" said the squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head, along with some very neat curses. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill-used person.

Though Andy's regular business was "whipper-in," yet he was liable to be called on for the performance of various other duties: he sometimes attended at table when the number of guests required that all the subs should be put in requisition, or rode on some distant errand for "the misthress," or drove out the nurse and children on the jaunting-car; and many were the mistakes, delays, or accidents arising from Handy Andy's interference in such matters; but, as they were never serious, and generally laughable, they never cost him the loss of his place or the squire's favour, who rather enjoyed Andy's blunders.

The first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining-room, great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate, that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the head-man had been dinning his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go until his attendance was required. But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them with the same unaccountable influence that the snake exercises over its victim.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.—"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.—"Oh no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"—"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well!" said Andy, after a long pause, "the divil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before."

The butler laughed a horse-laugh, and made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon; but time and experience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became familiar as 'household words' to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension,—he used to hand cold plates for fish, and hot plates for jelly, &c. But 'one day,' as Zanga says,—'one day' he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda-water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland as a dinner beverage that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy.—"Soda-water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan, there 's a gintleman——"—"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy manœuvred round him a little longer, and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan!"—"Don't you see I 'm as busy as I can be! Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna what he wants."—"Well, go and ax him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well!" said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what 's this you ax'd me for?"—"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"—"Soda-water; but, perhaps, you have not any."

"Oh, there 's plenty in the house, sir! Would you like it hot, sir."

The gentleman laughed, and, supposing the new fashion was not understood in the present company, said "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please, to be so satisfied, and again applied to Mr. Morgan.

"Sir!" said he.—"Bad luck to you! can't you let me alone?"

"There 's a gintleman wants some soap and wather."

"Some what?"—"Soap and wather, sir."

"Divil sweep you!—Soda-wather you mane. You 'll get it under the sideboard."

"Is it in the can, sir?"—"The curse o' Crum'll on you—in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale.—"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"—"I wish *you* wor in the bottom o' the say!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with his napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck,—everywhere."

"There they are!" said Morgan, at last.

"Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure, them 's what I said, with no bottoms to them. How 'll I open it—it 's tied down?"—"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which, performing its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table, while the hostess at the head had a cold-bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length; every fizz it made, exclaiming, "Ow!—ow!—ow!" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh, Lord!—it 's all gone!"

Great was the commotion;—few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were relighted,—the squire got his eye open again,—and, the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said, in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but, within the same instant, resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the *salle à manger* in disgrace, and for days kept out of his master's and mistress's way: in the mean time the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and, when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for "soap and water," Andy was given the name of "Suds," and was called by no other, for months after.

But, though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-door affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

"Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire, one day, to our hero.—"Yis, sir."

"You know where to go?"—"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"—"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"—"Sure, I 'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you 're to do, when you don't know?"—"Yis, sir."

"And why don't you?"—"I don't like to be throublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"—"Yis, sir; where they sell gunpowdher."

"You 're right for once," said the squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember,—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yis, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad-cloth, and linen-drapery,) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said,

"I want a letther, sir, if you plase."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plase."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What 's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here,—that 's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"—"The masther."

"And who 's your master?"—"What consarn is that o' vours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"—"You could give it if you liked; but you' re fond of axin' impidint questions, bekase you think I 'm simple."

"Go along out o' this. Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."—"Bad luck to your impidince!" said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"—"Yis; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."—"Faith, then you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you 're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"—"Plenty," said Andy; "it 's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person entered the house to get a letter, to whom Andy was known; and he vouched to the postmaster that the account he gave of himself was true.—"You may give him the squire's letter. Have you one for me?"—"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one: "fourpence."

The new-comer paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here 's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster. "You 've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"—"For postage."

"To the divil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Delany a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this; and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I 'm a fool?"

"No; but I 'm sure of it," said the postmaster.—"Well, you 're welkim to think what you plase; but don't be delayin' me now; here 's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get the common justice for his master which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the mean time was getting impatient for his return, and, when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.—"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."—"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"—"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"—"That owld chate beyant in the town,—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it 's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"—"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated. It 's not a double letther at all: not above half the size o' one Mr. Delany got before my face for fourpence."

"You 'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun! and pay what-

ever he asks, and get me the letter."—"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I 'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I 'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each, from a parcel of them that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I 'm come for that letther," said Andy.—"I 'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther 's in a hurry."—"Let him wait till his hurry 's over."

"He 'll murther me if I 'm not back soon."—"I 'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters that lay on the counter; so, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap; and, having effected that, waited patiently enough until it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as his hack could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying,

"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honour the worth o' your money, any how!"

THE LEGEND OF MANOR HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL."

Old Farmer Wall, of Manor Hall,
To market drove his wain:
Along the road it went well stowed
With sacks of golden grain.

His station he took, but in vain did he look
For a customer all the morn;
Though the farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their corn.

Then home he went, sore discontent,
And many an oath he swore,
And he kicked up rows with his children and spouse,
When they met him at the door.

Next market-day, he drove away
To the town his loaded wain:
The farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their grain.

No bidder he found, and he stood astound
At the close of the market-day,
When the market was done, and the chapmen were gone
Each man his several way.

He stalked by his load along the road;
His face with wrath was red:
His arms he tossed, like a goodman crossed
In seeking his daily bread.

His face was red, and fierce was his tread,
And with lusty voice cried he:
"My corn I 'll sell to the devil of hell,
If he 'll my chapman be."

These words he spoke just under an oak
Seven hundred winters old;
And he straight was aware of a man sitting there
On the roots and grassy mould.

The roots rose high o'er the green-sward dry,
And the grass around was green,
Save just the space of the stranger's place,
Where it seemed as fire had been.

All scorched was the spot, as gipsy-pot
Had swung and bubbled there:
The grass was marred, the roots were charred,
And the ivy stems were bare.

The stranger up-sprung: to the farmer he flung
A loud and friendly hail,
And he said, "I see well, thou hast corn to sell,
And I 'll buy it on the nail."

The twain in a trice agreed on the price;
The stranger his earnest paid,
And with horses and wain to come for the grain
His own appointment made.

The farmer cracked his whip, and tracked
His way right merrily on:
He struck up a song, as he trudged along,
For joy that his job was done.

His children fair he danced in the air;
His heart with joy was big;
He kissed his wife; he seized a knife,
He slew a sucking pig.

The faggots burned, the porkling turned
And crackled before the fire;
And an odour arose, that was sweet in the nose
Of a passing ghostly friar.

He twirled at the pin, he entered in,
He sate down at the board;
The pig he blessed, when he saw it well dressed,
And the humming ale out-poured.

The friar laughed, the friar quaffed,
He chirped like a bird in May;
The farmer told how his corn he had sold
As he journeyed home that day.

The friar he quaffed, but no longer he laughed,
He changed from red to pale:
"Oh, helpless elf! 'tis the fiend himself
To whom thou hast made thy sale!"

The friar he quaffed, he took a deep draught;
He crossed himself amain:
"Oh, slave of pelf! 'tis the devil himself
To whom thou hast sold thy grain!

And sure as the day, he 'll fetch thee away,
With the corn which thou hast sold,
If thou let him pay o'er one tester more
Than thy settled price in gold."

The farmer gave vent to a loud lament,
The wife to a long outcry;
Their relish for pig and ale was flown;
The friar alone picked every bone,
And drained the flagon dry.

The friar was gone: the morning dawn
Appeared, and the stranger's wain
Came to the hour, with six-horse power,
To fetch the purchased grain.

The horses were black: on their dewy track
Light steam from the ground up-curled;
Long wreaths of smoke from their nostrils broke,
And their tails like torches whirled.

More dark and grim, in face and limb,
Seemed the stranger than before,
As his empty wain, with steeds thrice twain,
Drew up to the farmer's door.

On the stranger's face was a sly grimace,
As he seized the sacks of grain;
And, one by one, till left were none,
He tossed them on the wain.

And slily he leered, as his hand up-reared
A purse of costly mould,
Where, bright and fresh, through a silver mesh,
Shone forth the glistering gold.

The farmer held out his right hand stout,
And drew it back with dread;
For in fancy he heard each warning word
The supping friar had said.

His eye was set on the silver net;
His thoughts were in fearful strife;
When, sudden as fate, the glittering bait
Was snatched by his loving wife.

And, swift as thought, the stranger caught
The farmer his waist around,
And at once the twain and the loaded wain
Sank through the rifted ground.

The gable-end wall of Manor Hall
Fell in ruins on the place:
That stone-heap old the tale has told
To each succeeding race.

The wife gave a cry that rent the sky
At her goodman's downward flight:
But she held the purse fast, and a glance she cast
To see that all was right.

'Twas the fiend's full pay for her goodman grey,
And the gold was good and true;
Which made her declare, that "his dealings were fair,
To give the devil his due."

She wore the black pall for Farmer Wall,
From her fond embraces riven:
But she won the vows of a younger spouse
With the gold which the fiend had given.

Now, farmers, beware what oaths you swear
When you cannot sell your corn;
Lest, to bid and buy, a stranger be nigh,
With hidden tail and horn.

And, with good heed, the moral a-read,
Which is of this tale the pith,
If your corn you sell to the fiend of hell,
You may sell yourself therewith.

And if by mishap you fall in the trap,—
Would you bring the fiend to shame,
Lest the tempting prize should dazzle her eyes,
Lock up your frugal dame.

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO GET MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

Yes—here I am, Terence O'Shaughnessy, an honest major of foot, five feet eleven and a half, and forty-one, if I only live till Michaelmas. Kicked upon the world before the down had blackened on my chin, Fortune and I have been wrestling from the cradle;—and yet I had little to tempt the jade's malevolence. The youngest son of an excellent gentleman, who, with an ill-paid rental of twelve hundred pounds, kept his wife in Bath, and his hounds in Tipperary, my patrimony would have scarcely purchased tools for a highwayman, when in my tenth year my father's sister sent for me to Roundwood; for, hearing that I was regularly going to the devil, she had determined to redeem me, if she could.

My aunt Honor was the widow of a captain of dragoons, who got his quietus in the Low Countries some years before I saw the light. His relict had, in compliment to the memory of her departed lord, eschewed matrimony, and, like a Christian woman, devoted her few and evil days to cards and religion. She was a true specimen of an Irish dowager. Her means were small, her temper short. She was stiff as a ramrod, and proud as a field-marshal. To her, my education and future settlement in life were entirely confided, as one brief month deprived me of both parents. My mother died in a state of insolvency, greatly regretted by every body in Bath to whom she was indebted; and before her disconsolate husband had time to overlook a moiety of the card claims transmitted for his liquidation, he broke his neck in attempting to leap the pound-wall of Oranmore, for a bet of a rump and dozen. Of course he was waked, and buried like a gentleman,—every thing sold off by the creditors—my brothers sent to school—and I left to the tender mercy and sole management of the widow of Captain O'Finn.

My aunt's guardianship continued seven years, and at the expiration of that time I was weary of her thrall, and she tired of my tutelage. I was now at an age when some walk of life must be selected and pursued. For any honest avocation I had, as it was universally admitted, neither abilities nor inclination. What was to be done? and how was I to be disposed of? A short deliberation showed that there was but one path for me to follow, and I was handed over to that *refugium peccatorum*, the army, and placed as a volunteer in a regiment just raised, with a promise from the colonel that I should be promoted to the first ensigncy that became vacant.

Great was our mutual joy when Mrs. O'Finn and I were about to part company. I took an affectionate leave of all my kindred and acquaintances, and even, in the fulness of my heart, shook hands with the schoolmaster, though in boyhood I had devoted him to the infernal gods for his wanton barbarity. But my tenderest parting was reserved for my next-door neighbour, the belle among the village beauties, and presumptive heiress to the virtues and estates of Quartermaster Mac Gawly.

Biddy Mac Gawly was a year younger than myself; and, to do her

justice, a picture of health and comeliness. Lord! what an eye she had!—and her leg! nothing but the gout would prevent a man from following it, to the very end of Oxford-street. Biddy and I were next neighbours—our houses joined—the gardens were only separated by a low hedge, and by standing on an inverted flower-pot one could accomplish a kiss across it easily. There was no harm in the thing—it was merely for the fun of trying an experiment—and when a geranium was damaged, we left the blame upon the cats.

Although there was a visiting acquaintance between the retired quartermaster and the relict of the defunct dragoon, never had any cordiality existed between the houses. My aunt O'Finn was as lofty in all things appertaining to her consequence, as if she had been the widow of a common-councilman; and Roger Mac Gawly, having scraped together a good round sum, by the means quartermasters have made money since the days of Julius Cæsar, was not inclined to admit any inferiority on his part. Mrs. O'Finn could never imagine that any circumstances could remove the barrier in dignity which stood between the non-commissioned officer and the captain. While arguing on the saw, that "a living ass is better than a dead lion," Roger contended that he was as good a man as Captain O'Finn; he, Roger, being alive and merry in the town of Ballinamore, while the departed commander had been laid under a "counterpane of daisies" in some counterscarp in the Low Countries. Biddy and I laughed at the feuds of our superiors; and on the evening of a desperate blow-up, we met at sunset in the garden—agreed that the old people were fools—and resolved that nothing should interrupt our friendly relations. Of course the treaty was ratified with a kiss, for I recollect that next morning the cats were heavily censured for capsizing a box of mignonette.

No wonder then, that I parted from Biddy with regret. I sat with her till we heard the quartermaster scrape his feet at the hall-door on his return from his club, and kissing poor Biddy tenderly, as Roger entered by the front, I levanted by the back-door. I fancied myself desperately in love, and was actually dreaming of my dulcinea when my aunt's maid called me before day, to prepare for the stage-coach that was to convey me to my regiment in Dublin.

In a few weeks an ensigncy dropped in, and I got it. Time slipped insensibly away—months became years—and three passed before I revisited Ballinamore. I heard, at stated periods, from Mrs. O'Finn. The letters were generally a detail of bad luck or bad health. For the last quarter she had never marked honours—or for the last week closed an eye with rheumatism and lumbago. Still, as these *jérémiades* covered my small allowance, they were welcome as a lover's billet. Of course, in these despatches the neighbours were duly mentioned, and every calamity occurring since her "last," was faithfully chronicled. The Mac Gawlys held a conspicuous place in my aunt's quarterly notices. Biddy had got a new gown—or Biddy had got a new piano—but since the dragoons had come to town there was no bearing her. Young Hastings was never out of the house—she hoped it would end well—but every body knew a light dragoon could have little respect for the daughter of a quartermaster; and Mrs. O'Finn ended her observations by hinting that if Roger went seldomer to his club, and

Biddy more frequently to mass, why probably in the end it would be better for both of them.

I re-entered the well-remembered street of Ballinamore late in the evening, after an absence of three years. My aunt was on a visit, and she had taken that as a convenient season for having her domicile newly painted. I halted at the inn, and after dinner strolled over the way to visit my quondam acquaintances, the Mac Gawlys.

If I had intended a surprise, my design would have been a failure. The quartermaster's establishment were on the *qui vive*. The fact was, that since the removal of the dragoons, Ballinamore had been dull as ditch-water; the arrival of a stranger in a postchaise, of course had created a sensation in the place, and, before the driver had unharnessed, the return of Lieutenant O'Shaughnessy was regularly gazetted, and the Mac Gawlys, in anticipation of a visit, were ready to receive me.

I knocked at the door, and a servant with a beefsteak collar opened it. Had Roger mounted a livery? Ay—faith—there it was; and I began to recollect that my aunt O'Finn had omened badly from the first moment a squadron of the 13th lights had entered Ballinamore.

I found Roger in the hall. He shook my hand, swore it was an agreeable surprise, ushered me into the dining-room, and called for hot water and tumblers. We sat down. Deeply did he interest himself in all that had befallen me—deeply regret the absence of my honoured aunt—but I must not stay at the inn, I should be his guest; and, to my astonishment, it was announced that the gentleman in the red collar had been already despatched to transport my luggage to the house. Excuses were idle. Roger's domicile was to be head-quarters; and when I remembered my old flame, Biddy, I concluded that I might for the short time I had to stay, be in a less agreeable establishment than the honest quartermaster's.

I was mortified to hear that Biddy had been indisposed. It was a bad cold, she had not been out for a month; but she would muffle herself, and meet me in the drawing-room. This, too, was unluckily a night of great importance in the club. The new curate was to be balloted for; Roger had proposed him; and, *ergo*, Roger, as a true man, was bound to be present at the ceremony. The thing was readily arranged. We finished a second tumbler, the quartermaster betook himself to the King's Arms, and the lieutenant, meaning myself, to the drawing-room of my old inamorata.

There was a visible change in Roger's domicile. The house was newly papered; and, leaving the livery aside, there was a great increase of gentility throughout the whole establishment. Instead of bounding to the presence by three stairs at a time, as I used to do in lang syne, I was ceremoniously paraded to the lady's chamber by him of the beefsteak collar; and there, reclining languidly on a sofa, and wrapped in a voluminous shawl, Biddy Mac Gawly held out her hand to welcome her old confederate.

"My darling Biddy!"—"My dear Terence!" and the usual preliminaries were got over. I looked at my old flame—she was greatly changed, and three years had wrought a marvellous alteration. I left her a sprightly girl—she was now a woman—and decidedly a very pretty one; although the rosiness of seventeen was gone, and a deli-

cacy that almost indicated bad health had succeeded; "but," thought I, "it 's all owing to the cold."

There was a guarded propriety in Biddy's bearing, that appeared almost unnatural. The warm advances of old friendship were repressed; and one who had mounted a flower-pot to kiss me across a hedge, recoiled from any exhibition of our former tenderness. Well, it was all as it should be. Then I was a boy, and now a man. Young women cannot be too particular, and Biddy Mac Gawly rose higher in my estimation.

Biddy was stouter than she promised to be, when we parted, but the eye was as dark and lustrous, and the ankle as taper as when it last had demolished a geranium. Gradually her reserve abated; old feelings removed a constrained formality—we laughed and talked—ay—and kissed as we had done formerly; and when the old quartermaster's latch-key was heard unclosing the street-door, I found myself admitting in confidence and a whisper, that "I would marry if I could." What reply Biddy would have returned, I cannot tell, for Roger summoned me to the parlour; and as her cold prevented her from venturing down, she bade me an affectionate good-night. Of course she kissed me at parting—and it was done as ardently and innocently as if the hawthorn hedge divided us.

Roger had left his companions earlier than he usually did, in order to honour me, his guest. The new butler paraded oysters, and down we sat *tête-à-tête*. When supper was removed, and each had fabricated a red-hot tumbler from the tea-kettle, the quartermaster stretched his long legs across the hearth-rug, and with great apparent solicitude inquired into all that had befallen me since I had assumed the shoulder-knot and taken to the trade of war.

"Humph!"—he observed—"two steps in three years; not bad considering there was neither money nor interest. D— it! I often wish that Biddy was a boy. Never was such a time to purchase on. More regiments to be raised, and promotion will be at a discount. Sir Hugh Haughton married a stockbroker's widow with half a plum, and paid in the two thousand I had lent him. Zounds! if Biddy were a boy, and that money well applied, I would have her a regiment in a twelvemonth."

"Phew!" I thought to myself. "I see what the old fellow is driving at."

"There never would be such another opportunity," Roger continued. "An increased force will produce an increased difficulty in effecting it. Men will be worth their own weight in money; and d— me, a fellow who could raise a few, might have any thing he asked for."

I remarked that, with some influence and a good round sum, recruits might still be found.

"Ay, easy enough, and not much money either, if one knew how to go about the thing. Get two or three smart chaps; let them watch fairs and patterns, mind their hits when the bumpkins got drunk, and find out when fellows were hiding from a warrant. D— me, I would raise a hundred, while you would say Jack Robison. Pay a friendly magistrate; attest the scoundrels before they were sober enough to cry off, bundle them to the regiment next morning; and if a rascal

ran away after the commanding officer passed a receipt for him, why all the better, for you could relist him when he came home again."

I listened attentively, though in all this the cloven foot appeared. The whole was the plan of a crimp; and, if Roger was not belied, trafficking in "food for powder," had realized more of his wealth than slop-shoes and short measure.

During the developement of his project for promotion, the quartermaster and I had found it necessary to replenish frequently, and with the third tumbler Roger came nearer to business.

"Often thought it a pity, and often said so in the club, that a fine smashing fellow like you, Terence, had not the stuff to push you on. What the devil signifies family, and blood, and all that balderdash. There's your aunt, worthy woman; but sky-high about a dead captain. D— me, all folly. Were I a young man, I'd get hold of some girl with the wherewithal, and I would double-distance half the highfliers for a colonelcy."

This was pretty significant—Roger had come to the scratch, and there was no mistaking him. We separated for the night. I dreamed, and in fancy was blessed with a wife, and honoured with a command. Nothing could be more entrancing than my visions; and when the quartermaster's *maître d'hôtel* roused me in the morning, I was engaged in a friendly argument with my beloved Biddy, as to which of his grandfathers our heir should be called after, and whether the lovely babe should be christened Roderick or Roger.

Biddy was not at breakfast; the confounded cold still confined her to her apartment; but she hoped to meet me at dinner, and I must endure her absence until then, as I best could. Having engaged to return at five, I walked out to visit my former acquaintances. From all of them I received a warm welcome, and all exhibited some surprise at hearing that I was domesticated with the quartermaster. I comprehended the cause immediately. My aunt and Roger had probably a fresh quarrel; but his delicacy had prevented him from communicating it. This certainly increased my respect for the worthy man, and made me estimate his hospitality the more highly. Still there was an evident reserve touching the Mac Gawlys; and once or twice, when dragoons were mentioned, I fancied I could detect a significant look pass between the persons with whom I was conversing.

It was late when I had finished my calls; Roger had requested me to be regular to time, and five was fast approaching. I turned my steps towards his dwelling-place, when, at a corner of a street, I suddenly encountered an old schoolfellow on horseback, and great was our mutual delight at meeting so unexpectedly. We were both hurried, however, and consequently our greeting was a short one. After a few general questions and replies, we were on the point of separating, when my friend pulled up.

"But where are you hanging out?" said Frederick Maunsell. "I know your aunt is absent."—"I am at old Mac Gawly's."

"The devil you are! Of course you heard all about Biddy and young Hastings?"—"Not a syllable. Tell it to me."

"I have not time—it's a long story; but come to breakfast, and I'll give you all the particulars in the morning. Adieu!" He struck the spurs to his horse, and cantered off, singing—

"Oh! she loved a bold dragoon,
With his long sword, saddle, bridle."

I was thunderstruck. "Confound the dragoon!" thought I, "and his long sword, saddle, and bridle, into the bargain. Gad! I wish Maunsell had told me what it was. Well—what, suppose I ask Biddy herself?" I had half resolved that evening to have asked her a very different question; but, 'faith! I determined now to make some inquiries touching Cornet Hastings of the 13th, before Miss Biddy Mac Gawly should be invited to become Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

My host announced that dinner was quite ready, and I found Biddy in the eating-room. She was prettily dressed, as an invalid should be; and, notwithstanding her cold, looked remarkably handsome. I should to a certainty have been over head and ears in love, had not Maunsell's innuendo respecting the young dragoon operated as a damper.

Dinner proceeded as dinners always do, and Roger was bent on hospitality. I fancied that Biddy regarded me with some interest, while momentarily I felt an increasing tenderness that would have ended, I suppose, in a direct declaration, but for the monitory hint which I had received from my old schoolfellow. I was dying to know what Maunsell's allusion pointed at, and I casually threw out a feeler.

"And you are so dull, you say? Yes, Biddy, you must miss the dragoons sadly. By the way, there was a friend of mine here. Did you know Tom Hastings?"

I never saw an elderly gentleman and his daughter more confused. Biddy blushed like a peony, and Roger seemed desperately bothered. At last the quartermaster responded,

"Fact is—as a military man, showed the cavalry some attention—constantly at the house—anxious to be civil—helped them to make out forage—but d—d wild—obliged to cut, and keep them at a distance."

"Ay, Maunsell hinted something of that."

I thought Biddy would have fainted, and Roger grew red as the footman's collar.

"Pshaw! d—d gossiping chap that Maunsell. Young Hastings—infernal hemp—used to ride with Biddy. Persuaded her to get on a horse of his—ran away—threw her—confined at this inn for a week—never admitted him to my house afterwards."

Oh! here was the whole mystery unravelled! No wonder Roger was indignant, and that Biddy would redden at the recollection. It was devilish unhandsome of Mr. Hastings; and I expressed my opinion in a way that evidently pleased my host and his heiress, and showed how much I disapproved of the conduct of that *roué* the dragoon.

My fair friend rose to leave us. Her shawl caught in the chair, and I was struck with the striking change a few years had effected in my old playfellow. She was grown absolutely stout. I involuntarily noticed it.

"Lord! Biddy, how fat you are grown!"

A deeper blush than even when I named that luckless dragoon, flushed to her very brows at the observation, while the quartermaster rather testily exclaimed,

"Ay, she puts on her clothes as if they were tossed on with a pitchfork, since she got this cold. D— it! Biddy, I say, tighten yourself, woman! Tighten yourself, or I won't be plased!"

Well, here was a load of anxiety removed, and Maunsell's mischievous innuendo satisfactorily explained away. Biddy was right in resenting the carelessness that exposed her to ridicule and danger; and it was a proper feeling in the old quartermaster to cut the man who would mount his heiress on a break-neck horse. Gradually we resumed the conversation of last night—there was the regiment, if I chose to have it—and when Roger departed for the club, I made up my mind, while ascending the stairs, to make a splice with Biddy, and become Colonel O'Shaughnessy.

Thus determined, I need not particularise what passed upon the sofa. My wooing was short, sharp, and decisive; and no affected delicacy restrained Biddy from confessing that the flame was mutual. My fears had been moonshine; my suspicions groundless. Biddy had not valued the dragoon a brass button; and—poor soul!—she hid her head upon my shoulder, and, in a soft whisper, acknowledged that she never had cared a *traneeine** for any body in the wide world but myself!

It was a moment of exquisite delight. I told her of my prospects, and mentioned the quartermaster's conversation. Biddy listened with deep attention. She blushed—strove to speak—stopped—was embarrassed. I pressed her to be courageous; and at last she deposited her head upon my breast, and bashfully hinted that Roger was old—avarice was the vice of age—he was fond of money—he was hoarding it certainly for her; but still, it would be better that my promotion should be secured. Roger had now the cash in his own possession. If we were married without delay, it would be transferred at once; whereas something that might appear to him advantageous, might offer, and induce her father to invest it. But she was really shocked at herself—such a proposition would appear so indelicate; but still, a husband's interests were too dear to be sacrificed to maiden timidity.

I never estimated Biddy's worth till now. She united the foresight of a sage with the devotion of a woman. I would have been insensible indeed, had I not testified my regard and admiration; and Biddy was still resting on my shoulder, when the quartermaster's latch-key announced his return from the club.

After supper I apprised Roger of my passion for his daughter, and modestly admitted that I had found favour in her sight. He heard my communication, and frankly confessed that I was a son-in-law he most approved of. Emboldened by the favourable reception of my suit, I ventured to hint at an early day, and pleaded "a short leave between returns," for precipitancy. The quartermaster met me like a man.

"When people wished to marry, why, delay was balderdash. Matters could be quickly and quietly managed. His money was ready—no bonds or post-obits—a clean thousand in hand, and another the moment an opening to purchase a step should occur. No use in mincing matters among friends. Mrs. O'Finn was an excellent woman:

* *Anglicè*, a jackstraw.

she was a true friend, and a good Catholic; but, d— it, she had old-world notions about family, and in pride the devil was a fool to her. If she came home before the ceremony, there would be an endless fuss; and Roger concluded by suggesting that we should be married the next evening, and give my honoured aunt an agreeable surprise."

That was precisely what I wanted; and a happier man never pressed a pillow than I, after my interesting colloquy with the quartermaster.

The last morning of my celibacy dawned. I met Roger only at the breakfast table; for my beloved Biddy, between cold and virgin trepidation, was *hors de combat*, and signified in a tender billet her intention to keep her chamber, until the happy hour arrived that should unite us in the silken bonds of Hymen. The quartermaster undertook to conduct the nuptial preparations; a friend of his, would perform the ceremony, and the quieter the thing was done the better. After breakfast he set out to complete all matrimonial arrangements, and I strolled into the garden to ruminate on my approaching happiness, and bless Heaven for the treasure I was destined to possess in Biddy MacGawly.

No place could have been more appropriately selected for tender meditation. *There* was the conscious hedge, that had witnessed the first kiss of love; ay, and for aught I knew to the contrary, the identical flower-pot on which her sylphic form had rested; sylphic it was no longer, for the slender girl had ripened into a stout and comely gentlewoman; and she would be mine—mine that very evening.

"Ah! Terence," I said in an under-tone, "few men at twenty-one have drawn such a prize. A thousand pounds! ready cash—a regiment in perspective—a wife in hand; and such a wife—young, artless, tender, and attached. By everything matrimonial, you have the luck of thousands!"

My soliloquy was interrupted by a noise on the other side of the fence. I looked over. It was my aunt's maid; and great was our mutual astonishment. Judy blessed herself, as she ejaculated—

"Holy Virgin! Master Terence, is that you?"

I satisfied her of my identity, and learned to my unspeakable surprise that my aunt had returned unexpectedly, and that she had not the remotest suspicion that her affectionate nephew, myself, was cantoned within pistol-shot. Without consideration I hopped over the hedge, and next minute was in the presence of my honoured protectress, the relict of the departed captain.

"Blessed angels!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Finn, as she took me to her arms, and favoured me with a kiss, in which there was more blackguard * than ambrosia. "Arrah! Terence, jewel; what the devil drove ye here? Lord pardon me for mentioning him!"

"My duty, dear aunt. I am but a week landed from Jersey, and could not rest till I got leave from the colonel to run down between returns, and pay you a hurried visit. Lord! how well you look!"

"Ah! then, Terence, jewel, it's hard for me to look well, considering the way I have been fretted by the tenants, and afflicted with the lumbago. Denis Clark — may the widow's curse follow him wherever he goes!—bundled off to America with a neighbour's wife, and a year and a half's rent along with her, the thief! And then, since Holland tide, I have not had a day's health."

* Coarse Irish snuff.

"Well, from your looks I should never have supposed it. But you were visiting at Meldrum Castle?"

"Yes, faith, and a dear visit it was. Nothing but half-crown whist, and unlimited brag. Lost seventeen points last Saturday night. It was Sunday morning, Lord pardon us for playing! But what was that to my luck yesterday evening! Bragged twice for large pools, with red nines and black knaves; and Mrs. Cooney, both times, showed natural aces! If ever woman sold herself, she has. The Lord stand between us and evil! Well, Terence, you 'll be expecting your quarter's allowance. We 'll make it out somehow—Heigh-ho! Between bad cards and runaway tenants, I can't attend to my soul as I ought, and Holy Week coming!"

I expressed due sympathy for her losses, and regretted that her health, bodily and spiritual, was so indifferent.

"I have no good news for you, Terence," continued Mrs. O'Finn. "Your brother Arthur is following your poor father's example, and ruining himself with hounds and horses. He 's a weak and wilful man, and nothing can save him, I fear. Though he never treated me with proper respect, I strove to patch up a match between him and Miss Mac Teggart. Five thousand down upon the nail, and three hundred a year, failing her mother. I asked her here on a visit, and, though he had ridden past without calling on me, wrote him my plan, and invited him to meet her. What do you think, Terence, was his reply? Why, that Miss Mac Teggart might go to Bath, for he would have no call to my swivel-eyed customers. There was a return for my kindness! as if a woman with five thousand *down*, and three hundred a year in expectation, was required to look straight. Ah! Terence, I wish you had been here. She went to Dublin, and was picked up in a fortnight."

Egad! here was an excellent opportunity to broach my own success. There could be no harm in making the commander's widow a *confidante;* and, after all, she had a claim upon me as my early protectress.

"My dear aunt, I cannot be surprised at your indignation. Arthur was a fool, and lost an opportunity that never may occur again. In fact, my dear madam, I intended to have given you an agreeable surprise. I—I—I am on—the very brink of matrimony!"

"Holy Bridget!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Finn, as she crossed herself devoutly.

"Yes, ma'am. I am engaged to a lady with two thousand pounds."

"Is it *ready*, Terence?" said my aunt.—"Down on the table, before the priest puts on his vestment."

"Arrah—my blessing attend ye, Terence. I knew you would come to good. Is she young?"—"Just twenty."

"Is she good-looking?"—"More than that; extremely pretty, innocent, and artless."

"Arrah—give me another kiss, for I 'm proud of ye;" and Captain O'Finn's representative clasped me in her arms.

"But the family, Terence; remember the old stock. Is she one of us?"—"She is highly respectable. An only daughter, with excellent expectations."

"What is her father, Terence?"—"A soldier, ma'am."

"Lord!—quite enough. He 's by profession a gentleman; and we can't expect to find every day, descendants from the kings of Connaught, like the O'Shaughnessys and the O'Finns. But when is it to take place, Terence?"—"Why, faith, ma'am, it was a bit of a secret; but I can keep nothing from you."

"And why should ye? Haven't I been to you more than a mother, Terence?"

"I am to be married this evening."

"This evening! Holy Saint Patrick! and you 're sure of the money? It 's not a rent-charge—nothing of bills or bonds?"

"Nothing but bank-notes; nothing but the *aragudh-sheese*."*

"Ogh! my blessing be about ye night and day. Arrah, Terence, what 's her name?"

"You 'll not mention it. We want the thing done quietly."

"Augh, Terence; and do you think I would let any thing ye told me slip? By this cross,"—and Mrs. O'Finn bisected the forefinger of her left hand with the corresponding digit of the right one; "the face of clay shall never be the wiser of any thing ye mention!"

After this desperate adjuration there was no refusing my aunt's request.

"You know her well,"—and I looked extremely cunning.

"Do I, Terence? Let me see—I have it. It 's Ellen Robinson. No—though her money 's safe, there 's but five hundred ready."

"Guess again, aunt."

"Is it Bessie Lloyd? No—though the old miller is rich as a Jew, he would not part a guinea to save the whole human race, or make his daughter a duchess."—"Far from the mark as ever, aunt."

"Well," returned Mrs. O'Finn, with a sigh, "I 'm fairly puzzled."

"Whisper!" and I playfully took her hand, and put my lips close to her cheek. "It 's—"

"Who?—who, for the sake of Heaven?"—"Biddy Mac Gawly!"

"Oh, Jasus!" ejaculated the captain's relict, as she sank upon a chair. "I 'm murdered! Give me my salts, there. Terence O'Shaughnessy, don't touch me. I put the cross between us," and she made a crucial flourish with her hand. "You have finished me, ye villain. Holy Virgin! what sins have I committed, that I should be disgraced in my old age? Meat never crossed my lips of a Friday; I was regular at mass, and never missed confession; and, when the company were honest, played as fair as every body else. I wish I was at peace with poor dear Pat O'Finn. Oh! murder! murder!"

I stared in amazement. If Roger Mac Gawly had been a highwayman, his daughter could not have been an object of greater horror to Mrs. O'Finn. At last I mustered words to attempt to reason with her, but to my desultory appeals she returned abuse fit only for a pickpocket to receive.

"Hear me, madam."—"Oh, you common *ommadawn!*"†

"For Heaven's sake, listen!"—"Oh! that the O'Finns and the O'Shaughnessys should be disgraced by a mean-spirited *gommouge*‡ of your kind!"

* *Anglicè*, cash down. † *Anglicè*, a fool. ‡ A simpleton.

"You won't hear me."—"Biddy Mac Gawly!" she exclaimed. "Why, bad as my poor brother, your father, was—and though he too married a devil that helped to ruin him, she was at all events a lady in her own right, and cousin-german to Lord Lowestoffe. But—you—you unfortunate disciple."

I began to wax warm, for my aunt complimented me with all the abuse she could muster, and there never was a cessation but when her breath failed.

"Why, what have I done? What am I about doing?" I demanded.—"Just going," returned Mrs. O'Finn, "to make a Judy Fitzsimmons mother of yourself?"

"And is it," said I, "because Miss Mac Gawly can't count her pedigree from Fin Macoul that she should not discharge the duties of a wife?"

My aunt broke in upon me.

"There 's one thing certain, that she 'll discharge the duties of a mother. Heavens! if you had married a girl with only a *blast*,* your connexions might brazen it out. But a woman in such a barefaced condition!—as if her staying in the house these three months could blind the neighbours, and close their mouths."

"Well, in the devil's name, will you say what objection exists to Biddy Mac Gawly making me a husband to-night?"—"And a papa in three months afterwards!" rejoined my loving aunt.

If a shell had burst in the bivouac, I could not have been more electrified. Dark suspicions flashed across my mind—a host of circumstances confirmed my doubts; and I implored the widow of the defunct dragoon to tell me all she knew.

It was a simple, although, as far as I was concerned, not a flattering narrative. Biddy had commenced an equestrian novitiate under the tutelage of Lieutenant Hastings. Her progress in the art of horsemanship was, no doubt, very satisfactory, and the pupil and the professor frequently rode out *tête-à-tête*. Biddy, poor soul! was fearful of exhibiting any *mal-addresse*, and of course, roads less frequented than the king's highway were generally chosen for her riding lessons. Gradually these excursions became more extensive; twilight, and in summer too, often fell, before the quartermaster's heiress had returned; and on one unfortunate occasion she was absent for a week. This caused a desperate commotion in the town; the dowagers and old maids sat in judgment on the case, and declared Biddy no longer visitable. In vain her absence was ascribed to accident—a horse had run away—she was thrown—her ankle sprained—and she was detained unavoidably at a country inn until the injury was abated.

In this state of things the dragoons were ordered off; and it was whispered that there had been a desperate blow-up between the young lady's preceptor the lieutenant, and her papa the quartermaster. Once only had Biddy ventured out upon the mall; but she was cut dead by her quondam acquaintances. From that day she seldom appeared abroad; and when she did, it was always in the evening, and even then closely muffled up. No wonder scandal was rife touching the causes of her seclusion. A few charitably ascribed it to bad health—others to disappointment—but the greater propor-

* *Anglicè*, a flaw of the reputation.

tion of the fair sex attributed her confinement to the true cause, and whispered that Miss Mac Gawly was "as ladies wished to be who love their lords."

Here was a solution to the mystery! It was now pretty easy to comprehend why Biddy was swathed like a mummy, and Roger so ready with his cash. No wonder the *demoiselle* was anxious to abridge delay, and the old crimp so obliging in procuring a priest and preparing all requisite matters for immediate hymeneals. What was to be done? What, but denounce the frail fair one, and annihilate that villain her father. Without a word of explanation I caught up my hat, and left the house in a hurry, and Mrs. O'Finn in a state of nervousness that threatened to become hysterical.

When I reached the quartermaster's habitation, I hastened to my own apartment, and got my traps together in double-quick. I intended to have abdicated quietly, and favoured the intended Mrs. O'Shaughnessy with an epistle communicating the reasons that induced me to decline the honour of her hand; but on the landing my worthy father-in-law cut off my retreat, and a parting *tête-à-tête* became unavoidable. He appeared in great spirits at the success of his interview with the parson.

"Well, Terence, I have done the business. The old chap made a parcel of objections; but he 's poor as Lazarus — slily slipped him ten pounds, and that quieted his scruples. He 's ready at a moment's warning."—"He 's a useful person," I replied drily; "and all you want is a son-in-law."

"A what?" exclaimed the father of Miss Biddy.—"A son-in-law!"

"Why, what the devil do you mean?"—"Not a jot more or less than what I say. You have procured the priest, but I suspect the bridegroom will not be forthcoming."

"Zounds, sir! do you mean to treat my daughter with disrespect?"—"Upon consideration, it would be hardly fair to deprive my old friend Hastings of his pupil. Why, with another week's private tuition Biddy might offer her services to Astley."

"Sir,—if you mean to be impertinent,—" and Roger began to bluster, while the noise brought the footman to the hall, and Miss Biddy to the banisters 'shawled to the nose.' I began to lose temper.

"Why, you infernal old crimp!"—"You audacious young scoundrel!"

"Oh, Jasus! gentlemen! Pace, for the sake of the blessed Mother!" cried the butler from below.

"Father, jewel! Terence, my only love!" screamed Miss Biddy, over the staircase. "What is the matter?"—"He wants to be off!" roared the quartermaster.

"Stop, Terence, or you 'll have my life to answer for."—"Lord, Biddy, how fat you are grown!"

"You shall fulfil your promise," cried Roger, "or I 'll write to the Horse Guards, and memorial the commander-in-chief."—"You may memorial your best friend, the devil, you old crimp!" and I forced my way to the hall.

"Come back, you deceiver!" exclaimed Miss Mac Gawly.—"Arrah, Biddy, go tighten yourself," said I.

"Oh, I'm fainting!" screamed Roger's heiress.

"Don't let him out!" roared her sire.

The gentleman with the beefsteak collar made a demonstration to interrupt my retreat, and in return received a box on the ear that sent him half-way down the kitchen stairs.

"There," I said, "give that to the old rogue, your master, with my best compliments,"—and bounding from the hall-door, Biddy Mac Gawly, like Lord Ullin's daughter, "was left lamenting!"

Well, there is no describing the *rookawn** a blow-up like this, occasioned in a country town. I was unmercifully quizzed; but the quartermaster and his heiress found it advisable to abdicate. Roger removed his household gods to the metropolis—Miss Biddy favoured him in due time with a grandson; and when I returned from South America, I learned that "this lost love of mine" had accompanied a Welsh lieutenant to the hymeneal altar, who, not being "over-particular" about trifles, had obtained on the same morning a wife, an heir, and an estate—with Roger's blessing into the bargain.

REDDY O'DRYSCULL,

SCHOOLMASTER AT WATER-GRASS-HILL,

TO MR. BENTLEY, PUBLISHER.

SIR,—I write to you concerning the late P.P. of this parish—his soul to glory! for, as Virgil says,—and devil a doubt of it,—

Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera pastor.

His RELIQUES, sir, in two volumes, have been sent down here from Dublin, for the use of my boys, by order of the National *Education* Board, with directions to cram the spalpeens all at once with such a power of knowledge that they may forget the hunger: which plan, between you and me, (though I say it that oughtn't) is all sheer *bladderum-skate:* for, as Juvenal maintains, *jejunus stomachus*, &c. &c.—an empty bag won't stand; you must first fill it with praties. Give us a poor-law, sir, and, trust me, you will hear no more about Rock and repeal; no, nor of the *rint*, against which latter humbug the man of God set his face outright during his honest and honourable lifetime; for, sir, though he differed with Mr. Moore about Irish round towers, and a few French roundelays, in *this* they fully agreed.

As I understand, sir, that you are Publisher in ordinary to his Majesty, I intend from time to time conveying through you to the ear of royalty some *desiderata curiosa Hyberniæ* from the pen of the deceased; matters which remain *penès me, in scriniis*, to use the style of your great namesake. For the present, I merely send you a few classic scraps collected by Dr. Prout in some convent abroad; and, wishing every success to your Miscellany, am your humble servant, R. O'D.

* *Anglicè*, confusion.

SCRAP, No. I. *Water-grass-hill.*

THERE flourishes, I hear, in London, a Mr. HUDSON, whose reputation as a comic lyrist, it would seem, has firmly taken root in the great metropolis. Many are the laughter-compelling productions of his merry genius; but "*Barney Brallaghan's Courtship*" may be termed his *opus magnum*. It has been my lot to pick a few dry leaves from the laurel-wreath of Mr. Moore, who could well afford the loss: I know not whether I can meddle rightly after a similar fashion with *Hudson's* bay. Yet is there a strange coincidence of thought and expression, and even metre, between the following remnant of antiquity, and his never-sufficiently-to-be-encored song.

The original may be seen at Bobbio in the Apennines,—a Benedictine settlement, well known as the earliest asylum opened to learning after the fall of the Roman Empire. The Irish monk Colombanus had the merit of founding it, and it long remained tenanted by natives of Ireland. Among them it has been ascertained that DANTE lived for some time, and composed Latin verses; but I cannot recognise any trace of *his* stern phraseology in the ballad. It appears rather the production of some rustic of the Augustan age; perhaps one of Horace's ploughmen. It is addressed to a certain Julia Callapygé, (Καλλιπυγη,) a name which (for shortness I suppose) the rural poet contracts into Julia "CALLAGE'." I have diligently compared it with the vulgate version, as sung by Fitzwilliam at the Freemasons' Tavern; and little doubt can remain of its identity and authenticity.

P. P.

THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE;

BEING A NEWLY RECOVERED FRAGMENT OF A LATIN OPERA.

I.

Erat turbida nox
  Horâ secundâ mané
Quando proruit vox
  Carmen in hoc inané;
Viri misera mens
  Meditabatur hymen,
Hinc puellæ flens
  Stabat obsidens limen;

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE';
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

II.

Planctibus aurem fer,
  Venere tu formosior;
Dic, hos muros per,
  Tuo favore potior!

1.

'Twas on a windy night,
  At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
  All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
  Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
  And this was part of his wailings:—

Only say
You 'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

2.

Oh! list to what I say,
  Charms you 've got like Venus;
Own your love you may,
  There 's but the wall between us.

Voce beatum fac;
En, dum dormis, vigilo,
Nocte obambulans hâc
Domum planctu stridulo.

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE';
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

III.

Est mihi prægnans sus,
Et porcellis stabulum;
Villula, grex, et rus[1]
Ad vaccarum pabulum;
Feriis cerneres me
Splendido vestimento,
Tunc, heus! quàm benè te
Veherem in jumento![2]

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE';
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

IV.

Vis poma terræ? sum
Uno dives jugere;
Vis lac et mella,[3] cùm
Bacchi succo,[4] sugere?
Vis aquæ-vitæ vim?[5]
Plumoso somnum sacculo?[6]
Vis ut paratus sim
Vel annulo vel baculo?[7]

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE';
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.

Only say
You 'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

3.

I 've got a pig and a sow,
I 've got a sty to sleep 'em;
A calf and a brindled cow,
And a cabin too, to keep 'em;
Sunday hat and coat,
An old grey mare to ride on;
Saddle and bridle to boot,
Which you may ride astride on.

Only say
You 'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

4.

I 've got an acre of ground,
I 've got it set with praties;
I 've got of 'baccy a pound,
I 've got some tea for the ladies;
I 've got the ring to wed,
Some whisky to make us gaily;
I 've got a feather-bed
And a handsome new shilelagh.

Only say
You 'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

NOTULÆ.

NOTUL. 1.

1° in voce *rus*. Nonne potiùs legendum *jus*, scilicet, *ad vaccarum pabulum?* De hoc *jure* apud Sabinos agricolas consule *Scriptores de re rustica* passim. Ita *Bentleius*.

Jus imo antiquissimum, at displicet vox æquivoca; jus etenim *a mess of pottage* aliquando audit, ex. gr.

Omne suum fratri Jacob *jus* vendidit Esau,
Et Jacob fratri *jus* dedit omne suum.

Itaque, pace Bentleii, stet lectio prior.—*Prout.*

NOTUL. 2.

Veherer in jumento. Curriculo-ne? an ponè sedentem in equi dorso? dorsaliter planè. Quid enim dicit Horatius de uxore sic vectâ? Nonne "*Post equitem sedet atra cura*"?—*Person.*

NOTUL. 3.

Lac et mella. Metaphoricè pro *tea*: muliebris est compotatio Græcis non ignota, teste Anacreonte,—

ΘΕΗΝ, θεαν θελειην,
Θελω λεγειν ιταιρει, κ.τ.λ.

Brougham.

NOTUL. 4.

Bacchi succo. Duplex apud poetas antiquiores habebatur hujusce nominis numen. Vineam regebat prius; posterius cuidam herbæ exoticæ præerat quæ *tobacco* audit. Succus utrique optimus.—*Coleridge.*

NOTUL. 5.

Aquæ-vitæ vim, Anglo-Hybernicè, "*a power of whisky,*" ισχυς, scilicet, vox pergræca.

Parr.

NOTUL. 6.

Plumoso sacco. Plumarum congeries certè ad somnos invitandos satis apta; at mihi per multos annos laneus iste saccus, Ang. *woolsack*, fuit apprimè ad dormiendum idoneus. Lites etiam *de lana* ut *aiunt caprina*, soporiferas per annos xxx. exercui. Quot et quam præclara somnia!—*Eldon.*

NOTUL. 7.

Investitura "*per annulum et baculum*" satis nota. Vide P. Marca de Concord. Sacerdotii et Imperii: et Hildebrandi Pont. Max. bullarium.

Prout.

Baculo certè dignissim. pontif.—*Magna.*

V.

Litteris operam das ;
  Lucido fulges oculo ;
Dotes insuper quas
  Nummi sunt in loculo.
Novi quod apta sis[8]
  Ad procreandam sobolem !
Possides (nesciat quis ?)
  Linguam satis mobilem.[9]

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE';
  Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

5.

You 've got a charming eye,
  You 've got some spelling and reading ;
You 've got, and so have I,
  A taste for genteel breeding ;
You 're rich, and fair, and young,
  As everybody 's knowing ;
You 've got a decent tongue
  Whene'er 'tis set a-going.

Only say
You 'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
  Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

VI.

Conjux utinam tu
  Fieres, lepidum cor, mî !
Halitum perdimus. heu,
  Te sopor urget. Dormi !
Ingruit imber trux—
  Jam sub tecto pellitur
Is quem crastina lux[10]
  Referet hùc fidelitèr.

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGE';
  Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGE'.

6.

For a wife till death
  I am willing to take ye ;
But, och ! I waste my breath,
  The devil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
  So I 'll get under cover ;
To-morrow I 'll come again,
  And be your constant lover.

Only say
You 'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
  Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

NOTULÆ.

NOTUL. 8.

Apta sis. Quomodo noverit ? Vide Proverb. Solomonis cap. xxx. v. 19. Nisi forsan tales fuerint puellæ Sabinorum quales impudens iste balatro Connelius mentitur esse nostrates.

Blomfield.

NOTUL. 9.

Linguam mobilem. Prius enumerat futuræ conjugis bona *immobilia*, postea transit ad *mobilia*, Anglicè, *chattel property*. Præclarus ordo sententiarum !—*Car. Wetherall.*

NOTUL. 10.

Allusio ad distichon Maronianum,
" Nocte pluit totâ, *redeunt spectacula manè.*"

Prout.

κ. τ. λ.

*** Our Water-grass-hill correspondent will find scattered throughout our pages the other fragments of the defunct *Padre* which he has placed at our disposal. Every chip from so brilliant an old block may be said to possess a lustre peculiarly its own ; hence we have not feared to disperse them up and down our miscellany. They are " gems of the purest whiskey."—*Edit.*

Tomi Trigger in the kitchen of Mudfog house.

PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. TULRUMBLE,

ONCE MAYOR OF MUDFOG.

Mudfog is a pleasant town—a remarkably pleasant town—situated in a charming hollow by the side of a river, from which river, Mudfog derives an agreeable scent of pitch, tar, coals, and rope-yarn, a roving population in oil-skin hats, a pretty steady influx of drunken bargemen, and a great many other maritime advantages. There is a good deal of water about Mudfog, and yet it is not exactly the sort of town for a watering-place, either. Water is a perverse sort of element at the best of times, and in Mudfog it is particularly so. In winter, it comes oozing down the streets and tumbling over the fields,—nay, rushes into the very cellars and kitchens of the houses, with a lavish prodigality that might well be dispensed with; but in the hot summer weather it *will* dry up, and turn green: and, although green is a very good colour in its way, especially in grass, still it certainly is not becoming to water; and it cannot be denied that the beauty of Mudfog is rather impaired, even by this trifling circumstance. Mudfog is a healthy place—very healthy;—damp, perhaps, but none the worse for that. It's quite a mistake to suppose that damp is unwholesome: plants thrive best in damp situations, and why shouldn't men? The inhabitants of Mudfog are unanimous in asserting that there exists not a finer race of people on the face of the earth; here we have an indisputable and veracious contradiction of the vulgar error at once. So, admitting Mudfog to be damp, we distinctly state that it is salubrious.

The town of Mudfog is extremely picturesque. Limehouse and Ratcliffe Highway are both something like it, but they give you a very faint idea of Mudfog. There are a great many more public-houses in Mudfog,—more than in Ratcliffe Highway and Limehouse put together. The public buildings, too, are very imposing. We consider the Town-hall one of the finest specimens of shed architecture, extant: it is a combination of the pig-sty and tea-garden-box, orders; and the simplicity of its design is of surpassing beauty. The idea of placing a large window on one side of the door, and a small one on the other, is particularly happy. There is a fine bold Doric beauty, too, about the padlock and scraper, which is strictly in keeping with the general effect.

In this room do the mayor and corporation of Mudfog assemble together in solemn council for the public weal. Seated on the massive wooden benches, which, with the table in the centre, form the only furniture of the whitewashed apartment, the sage men of Mudfog spend hour after hour in grave deliberation. Here they settle at what hour of the night the

public-houses shall be closed, at what hour of the morning they shall be permitted to open, how soon it shall be lawful for people to eat their dinner on church-days, and other great political questions; and sometimes, long after silence has fallen on the town, and the distant lights from the shops and houses have ceased to twinkle, like far-off stars, to the sight of the boatmen on the river, the illumination in the two unequal-sized windows of the town-hall, warns the inhabitants of Mudfog that its little body of legislators, like a larger and better-known body of the same genus, a great deal more noisy, and not a whit more profound, are patriotically dozing away in company, far into the night, for their country's good.

Among this knot of sage and learned men, no one was so eminently distinguished, during many years, for the quiet modesty of his appearance and demeanour, as Nicholas Tulrumble, the well-known coal-dealer. However exciting the subject of discussion, however animated the tone of the debate, or however warm the personalities exchanged, (and even in Mudfog we get personal sometimes,) Nicholas Tulrumble was always the same. To say truth, Nicholas, being an industrious man, and always up betimes, was apt to fall asleep when a debate began, and to remain asleep till it was over, when he would wake up very much refreshed, and give his vote with the greatest complacency. The fact was, that Nicholas Tulrumble, knowing that everybody there, had made up his mind beforehand, considered the talking as just a long botheration about nothing at all; and to the present hour it remains a question, whether, on this point at all events, Nicholas Tulrumble was not pretty near right.

Time, which strews a man's head with silver, sometimes fills his pockets with gold. As he gradually performed one good office for Nicholas Tulrumble, he was obliging enough, not to omit the other. Nicholas began life in a wooden tenement of four feet square, with a capital of two and ninepence, and a stock in trade of three bushels and a-half of coals, exclusive of the large lump which hung, by way of sign-board, outside. Then he enlarged the shed, and kept a truck; then he left the shed, and the truck too, and started a donkey and a Mrs. Tulrumble; then he moved again and set up a cart; the cart was soon afterwards exchanged for a waggon; and so he went on, like his great predecessor Whittington—only without a cat for a partner—increasing in wealth and fame, until at last he gave up business altogether, and retired with Mrs. Tulrumble and family to Mudfog Hall, which he had himself erected, on something which he endeavoured to delude himself into the belief was a hill, about a quarter of a mile distant from the town of Mudfog.

About this time, it began to be murmured in Mudfog that Nicholas Tulrumble was growing vain and haughty; that prosperity and success had corrupted the simplicity of his manners,

and tainted the natural goodness of his heart; in short, that he was setting up for a public character, and a great gentleman, and affected to look down upon his old companions with compassion and contempt. Whether these reports were at the time well-founded, or not, certain it is that Mrs. Tulrumble very shortly afterwards started a four-wheel chaise, driven by a tall postilion in a yellow cap,—that Mr. Tulrumble junior took to smoking cigars, and calling the footman a "feller,"—and that Mr. Tulrumble from that time forth, was no more seen in his old seat in the chimney-corner of the Lighterman's Arms at night. This looked bad; but, more than this, it began to be observed that Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble attended the corporation meetings more frequently than heretofore; that he no longer went to sleep as he had done for so many years, but propped his eyelids open with his two fore-fingers; that he read the newspapers by himself at home; and that he was in the habit of indulging abroad in distant and mysterious allusions to "masses of people," and "the property of the country," and "productive power," and "the monied interest:" all of which denoted and proved that Nicholas Tulrumble was either mad, or worse; and it puzzled the good people of Mudfog amazingly.

At length, about the middle of the month of October, Mr. Tulrumble and family went up to London; the middle of October being, as Mrs. Tulrumble informed her acquaintance in Mudfog, the very height of the fashionable season.

Somehow or other, just about this time, despite the health-preserving air of Mudfog, the Mayor died. It was a most extraordinary circumstance; he had lived in Mudfog for eighty-five years. The corporation didn't understand it at all; indeed it was with great difficulty that one old gentleman, who was a great stickler for forms, was dissuaded from proposing a vote of censure on such unaccountable conduct. Strange as it was, however, die he did, without taking the slightest notice of the corporation; and the corporation were imperatively called upon to elect his successor. So, they met for the purpose; and being very full of Nicholas Tulrumble just then, and Nicholas Tulrumble being a very important man, they elected him, and wrote off to London by the very next post to acquaint Nicholas Tulrumble with his new elevation.

Now, it being November time, and Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble being in the capital, it fell out that he was present at the Lord Mayor's show and dinner, at sight of the glory and splendour whereof, he, Mr. Tulrumble, was greatly mortified, inasmuch as the reflection would force itself on his mind, that, had he been born in London instead of in Mudfog, he might have been a Lord Mayor too, and have patronised the judges, and been affable to the Lord Chancellor, and friendly with the Premier, and coldly condescending to the Secretary to the Treasury, and have dined with a flag behind his back, and done a great many

other acts and deeds which unto Lord Mayors of London peculiarly appertain. The more he thought of the Lord Mayor, the more enviable a personage he seemed. To be a King was all very well; but what was the King to the Lord Mayor! When the King made a speech, everybody knew it was somebody else's writing; whereas here was the Lord Mayor, talking away for half an hour—all out of his own head—amidst the enthusiastic applause of the whole company, while it was notorious that the King might talk to his parliament till he was black in the face without getting so much as a single cheer. As all these reflections passed through the mind of Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble, the Lord Mayor of London appeared to him the greatest sovereign on the face of the earth, beating the Emperor of Russia all to nothing, and leaving the Great Mogul immeasurably behind.

Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble was pondering over these things, and inwardly cursing the fate which had pitched his coal-shed in Mudfog, when the letter of the corporation was put into his hand. A crimson flush mantled over his face as he read it, for visions of brightness were already dancing before his imagination.

"My dear," said Mr. Tulrumble to his wife, "they have elected me, Mayor of Mudfog."

"Lor-a-mussy!" said Mrs. Tulrumble: "why, what's become of old Sniggs?"

"The late Mr. Sniggs, Mrs. Tulrumble," said Mr. Tulrumble sharply, for he by no means approved of the notion of unceremoniously designating a gentleman who had filled the high office of Mayor, as "old Sniggs,"—"The late Mr. Sniggs, Mrs. Tulrumble, is dead."

The communication was very unexpected; but Mrs. Tulrumble only ejaculated "Lor-a-mussy!" once again, as if a Mayor were a mere ordinary Christian, at which Mr. Tulrumble frowned gloomily.

"What a pity 'tan't in London, ain't it?" said Mrs. Tulrumble, after a short pause; "what a pity 'tan't in London, where you might have had a show."

"I *might* have a show in Mudfog, if I thought proper, I apprehend," said Mr. Tulrumble mysteriously.

"Lor! so you might, I declare," replied Mrs. Tulrumble.

"And a good one, too," said Mr. Tulrumble.

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulrumble.

"One which would rather astonish the ignorant people down there," said Mr. Tulrumble.

"It would kill them with envy," said Mrs. Tulrumble.

So it was agreed that his Majesty's lieges in Mudfog should be astonished with splendour, and slaughtered with envy, and that such a show should take place as had never been seen in that town, or in any other town before,—no, not even n London itself.

On the very next day after the receipt of the letter, down came

the tall postilion in a post-chaise,—not upon one of the horses, but inside—actually inside the chaise,—and, driving up to the very door of the town-hall, where the corporation were assembled, delivered a letter, written by the Lord knows who, and signed by Nicholas Tulrumble, in which Nicholas said, all through four sides of closely-written, gilt-edged, hot-pressed, Bath post letter-paper, that he responded to the call of his fellow-townsmen with feelings of heartfelt delight; that he accepted the arduous office which their confidence had imposed upon him; that they would never find him shrinking from the discharge of his duty; that he would endeavour to execute his functions with all that dignity which their magnitude and importance demanded; and a great deal more to the same effect. But even this was not all. The tall postilion produced from his right-hand top-boot, a damp copy of that afternoon's number of the county paper; and there, in large type, running the whole length of the very first column, was a long address from Nicholas Tulrumble to the inhabitants of Mudfog, in which he said that he cheerfully complied with their requisition, and, in short, as if to prevent any mistake about the matter, told them over again what a grand fellow he meant to be, in very much the same terms as those in which he had already told them all about the matter in his letter.

The corporation stared at one another very hard at all this, and then looked as if for explanation to the tall postilion, but as the tall postilion was intently contemplating the gold tassel on the top of his yellow cap, and could have afforded no explanation whatever, even if his thoughts had been entirely disengaged, they contented themselves with coughing very dubiously, and looking very grave. The tall postilion then delivered another letter, in which Nicholas Tulrumble informed the corporation, that he intended repairing to the town-hall, in grand state and gorgeous procession, on the Monday afternoon then next ensuing. At this, the corporation looked still more solemn; but, as the epistle wound up with a formal invitation to the whole body to dine with the Mayor on that day, at Mudfog Hall, Mudfog Hill, Mudfog, they began to see the fun of the thing directly, and sent back their compliments, and they 'd be sure to come.

Now there happened to be in Mudfog, as somehow or other there does happen to be, in almost every town in the British dominions, and perhaps in foreign dominions too—we think it very likely, but, being no great traveller, cannot distinctly say—there happened to be, in Mudfog a merry-tempered, pleasant-faced, good-for-nothing sort of vagabond, with an invincible dislike to manual labour, and an unconquerable attachment to strong beer and spirits, whom everybody knew, and nobody, except his wife, took the trouble to quarrel with, who inherited from his ancestors the appellation of Edward Twigger, and rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of Bottle-nosed Ned. He was drunk

upon the average once a day, and penitent upon an equally fair calculation once a month; and when he was penitent, he was invariably in the very last stage of maudlin intoxication. He was a ragged, roving, roaring kind of fellow, with a burly form, a sharp wit, and a ready head, and could turn his hand to anything when he chose to do it. He was by no means opposed to hard labour on principle, for he would work away at a cricket-match by the day together,—running, and catching, and batting, and bowling, and revelling in toil which would exhaust a galley-slave. He would have been invaluable to a fire-office; never was a man with such a natural taste for pumping engines, running up ladders, and throwing furniture out of two-pair-of-stairs' windows: nor was this the only element in which he was at home; he was a humane society in himself, a portable drag, an animated life-preserver, and had saved more people, in his time, from drowning, than the Plymouth life-boat, or Captain Manby's apparatus. With all these qualifications, notwithstanding his dissipation, Bottle-nosed Ned was a general favourite; and the authorities of Mudfog, remembering his numerous services to the population, allowed him in return to get drunk in his own way, without the fear of stocks, fine, or imprisonment. He had a general licence, and he showed his sense of the compliment by making the most of it.

We have been thus particular in describing the character and avocations of Bottle-nosed Ned, because it enables us to introduce a fact politely, without hauling it into the reader's presence with indecent haste by the head and shoulders, and brings us very naturally to relate, that on the very same evening on which Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble and family returned to Mudfog, Mr. Tulrumble's new secretary, just imported from London, with a pale face and light whiskers, thrust his head down to the very bottom of his neckcloth-tie, in at the tap-room door of the Lighterman's Arms, and enquiring whether one Ned Twigger was luxuriating within, announced himself as the bearer of a message from Nicholas Tulrumble, Esquire, requiring Mr. Twigger's immediate attendance at the hall, on private and particular business. It being by no means Mr. Twigger's interest to affront the Mayor, he rose from the fire-place with a slight sigh, and followed the light-whiskered secretary through the dirt and wet of Mudfog streets, up to Mudfog Hall, without further ado.

Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble was seated in a small cavern with a skylight, which he called his library, sketching out a plan of the procession on a large sheet of paper; and into the cavern the secretary ushered Ned Twigger.

"Well, Twigger!" said Nicholas Tulrumble, condescendingly.

There was a time when Twigger would have replied, "Well, Nick!" but that was in the days of the truck, and a couple of years before the donkey; so, he only bowed.

"I want you to go into training, Twigger," said Mr. Tulrumble.

"What for, sir?" enquired Ned, with a stare.

"Hush, hush, Twigger!" said the Mayor. "Shut the door, Mr. Jennings. Look here, Twigger."

As the Mayor said this, he unlocked a high closet, and disclosed a complete suit of brass armour, of gigantic dimensions.

"I want you to wear this, next Monday, Twigger," said the Mayor.

"Bless your heart and soul, sir!" replied Ned, "you might as well ask me to wear a seventy-four pounder, or a cast-iron boiler."

"Nonsense, Twigger! nonsense!" said the Mayor.

"I couldn't stand under it, sir," said Twigger; "it would make mashed potatoes of me, if I attempted it."

"Pooh, pooh, Twigger!" returned the Mayor. "I tell you I have seen it done with my own eyes, in London, and the man wasn't half such a man as you are, either."

"I should as soon have thought of a man's wearing the case of an eight-day clock to save his linen," said Twigger, casting a look of apprehension at the brass suit.

"It 's the easiest thing in the world," rejoined the Mayor.

"It 's nothing," said Mr. Jennings.

"When you 're used to it," added Ned.

"You do it by degrees," said the Mayor. "You would begin with one piece to-morrow, and two the next day, and so on, till you had got it all on. Mr. Jennings, give Twigger a glass of rum. Just try the breast-plate, Twigger. Stay; take another glass of rum first. Help me to lift it, Mr. Jennings. Stand firm, Twigger! There!—it isn't half as heavy as it looks, is it?"

Twigger was a good strong, stout fellow; so, after a great deal of staggering, he managed to keep himself up, under the breast-plate, and even contrived, with the aid of another glass of rum, to walk about in it, and the gauntlets into the bargain. He made a trial of the helmet, but was not equally successful, inasmuch as he tipped over instantly,—an accident which Mr. Tulrumble clearly demonstrated to be occasioned by his not having a counteracting weight of brass on his legs.

"Now, wear that with grace and propriety on Monday next," said Tulrumble, "and I 'll make your fortune."

"I 'll try what I can do, sir," said Twigger.

"It must be kept a profound secret," said Tulrumble.

"Of course, sir," replied Twigger.

"And you must be sober," said Tulrumble; "perfectly sober."

Mr. Twigger at once solemnly pledged himself to be as sober as a judge, and Nicholas Tulrumble was satisfied, although, had we been Nicholas, we should certainly have exacted some pro-

mise of a more specific nature; inasmuch as, having attended the Mudfog assizes in the evening more than once, we can solemnly testify to having seen judges with very strong symptoms of dinner under their wigs. However, that's neither here nor there.

The next day, and the day following, and the day after that, Ned Twigger was securely locked up in the small cavern with the skylight, hard at work at the armour. With every additional piece he could manage to stand upright in, he had an additional glass of rum; and at last, after many partial suffocations, he contrived to get on the whole suit, and to stagger up and down the room in it, like an intoxicated effigy from Westminster Abbey.

Never was man so delighted as Nicholas Tulrumble; never was woman so charmed as Nicholas Tulrumble's wife. Here was a sight for the common people of Mudfog! A live man in brass armour! Why, they would go wild with wonder!

The day—*the* Monday—arrived.

If the morning had been made to order, it couldn't have been better adapted to the purpose. They never showed a better fog in London on Lord Mayor's day, than enwrapped the town of Mudfog on that eventful occasion. It had risen slowly and surely from the green and stagnant water with the first light of morning, until it reached a little above the lamp-post tops; and there it had stopped, with a sleepy, sluggish obstinacy, which bade defiance to the sun, who had got up very blood-shot about the eyes, as if he had been at a drinking-party over night, and was doing his day's work with the worst possible grace. The thick damp mist hung over the town like a huge gauze curtain. All was dim and dismal. The church-steeples had bidden a temporary adieu to the world below; and every object of lesser importance—houses, barns, hedges, trees, and barges—had all taken the veil.

The church-clock struck one. A cracked trumpet from the front-garden of Mudfog Hall produced a feeble flourish, as if some asthmatic person had coughed into it accidentally; the gate flew open, and out came a gentleman, on a moist-sugar coloured charger, intended to represent a herald, but bearing a much stronger resemblance to a court-card on horseback. This was one of the Circus people, who always came down to Mudfog at that time of the year, and who had been engaged by Nicholas Tulrumble expressly for the occasion. There was the horse, whisking his tail about, balancing himself on his hind-legs, and flourishing away with his fore-feet, in a manner which would have gone to the hearts and souls of any reasonable crowd. But a Mudfog crowd never was a reasonable one, and in all probability never will be. Instead of scattering the very fog with their shouts, as they ought most indubitably to have done, and were fully intended to do, by Nicholas Tulrumble, they no sooner recognised the herald, than they began to growl forth the most unqualified disapprobation at the bare notion of his riding

like any other man. If he had come out on his head indeed, or jumping through a hoop, or flying through a red-hot drum, or even standing on one leg with his other foot in his mouth, they might have had something to say to him; but for a professional gentleman to sit astride in the saddle, with his feet in the stirrups, was rather too good a joke. So, the herald was a decided failure, and the crowd hooted with great energy, as he pranced ingloriously away.

On the procession came. We are afraid to say how many supernumeraries there were, in striped shirts and black velvet caps, to imitate the London watermen, or how many base imitations of running-footmen, or how many banners, which, owing to the heaviness of the atmosphere, could by no means be prevailed on to display their inscriptions: still less do we feel disposed to relate how the men who played the wind instruments, looking up into the sky (we mean the fog) with musical fervour, walked through pools of water and hillocks of mud, till they covered the powdered heads of the running-footmen aforesaid with splashes, that looked curious, but not ornamental; or how the barrel-organ performer put on the wrong stop, and played one tune while the band played another; or how the horses, being used to the arena, and not to the streets, would stand still and dance, instead of going on and prancing;—all of which are matters which might be dilated upon to great advantage, but which we have not the least intention of dilating upon, notwithstanding.

Oh! it was a grand and beautiful sight to behold the corporation in glass coaches, provided at the sole cost and charge of Nicholas Tulrumble, coming rolling along, like a funeral out of mourning, and to watch the attempts the corporation made to look great and solemn, when Nicholas Tulrumble himself, in the four-wheel chaise, with the tall postilion, rolled out after them, with Mr. Jennings on one side to look like the chaplain, and a supernumerary on the other, with an old life-guardsman's sabre, to imitate the sword-bearer; and to see the tears rolling down the faces of the mob as they screamed with merriment. This was beautiful! and so was the appearance of Mrs. Tulrumble and son, as they bowed with grave dignity out of their coach-window to all the dirty faces that were laughing around them: but it is not even with this that we have to do, but with the sudden stopping of the procession at another blast of the trumpet, whereat, and whereupon, a profound silence ensued, and all eyes were turned towards Mudfog Hall, in the confident anticipation of some new wonder.

"They won't laugh now, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas Tulrumble.

"I think not, sir," said Mr. Jennings.

"See how eager they look," said Nicholas Tulrumble. "Aha! the laugh will be on our side now; eh, Mr. Jennings?"

"No doubt of that, sir," replied Mr. Jennings; and Nicholas

Tulrumble, in a state of pleasurable excitement, stood up in the four-wheel chaise, and telegraphed gratification to the Mayoress behind.

While all this was going forward, Ned Twigger had descended into the kitchen of Mudfog Hall for the purpose of indulging the servants with a private view of the curiosity that was to burst upon the town; and, somehow or other, the footman was so companionable, and the housemaid so kind, and the cook so friendly, that he could not resist the offer of the first-mentioned to sit down and take something — just to drink success to master in.

So, down Ned Twigger sat himself in his brass livery on the top of the kitchen-table; and in a mug of something strong, paid for by the unconscious Nicholas Tulrumble, and provided by the companionable footman, drank success to the Mayor and his procession; and, as Ned laid by his helmet to imbibe the something strong, the companionable footman put it on his own head, to the immeasurable and unrecordable delight of the cook and housemaid. The companionable footman was very facetious to Ned, and Ned was very gallant to the cook and housemaid by turns. They were all very cosy and comfortable; and the something strong went briskly round.

At last Ned Twigger was loudly called for, by the procession people: and, having had his helmet fixed on, in a very complicated manner, by the companionable footman, and the kind housemaid, and the friendly cook, he walked gravely forth, and appeared before the multitude.

The crowd roared—it was not with wonder, it was not with surprise; it was most decidedly and unquestionably with laughter.

"What!" said Mr. Tulrumble, starting up in the four-wheel chaise. "Laughing? If they laugh at a man in real brass armour, they'd laugh when their own fathers were dying. Why doesn't he go into his place, Mr. Jennings? What's he rolling down towards us for?—he has no business here!"

"I am afraid, sir——" faltered Mr. Jennings.

"Afraid of what, sir?" said Nicholas Tulrumble, looking up into the secretary's face.

"I am afraid he's drunk, sir;" replied Mr. Jennings.

Nicholas Tulrumble took one look at the extraordinary figure that was bearing down upon them; and then, clasping his secretary by the arm, uttered an audible groan in anguish of spirit.

It is a melancholy fact that Mr. Twigger having full licence to demand a single glass of rum on the putting on of every piece of the armour, got, by some means or other, rather out in his calculation in the hurry and confusion of preparation, and drank about four glasses to a piece instead of one, not to mention the something strong which went on the top of it. Whether the brass armour checked the natural flow of perspiration, and thus pre-

vented the spirit from evaporating, we are not scientific enough to know; but, whatever the cause was, Mr. Twigger no sooner found himself outside the gate of Mudfog Hall, than he also found himself in a very considerable state of intoxication; and hence his extraordinary style of progressing. This was bad enough, but, as if fate and fortune had conspired against Nicholas Tulrumble, Mr. Twigger, not having been penitent for a good calendar month, took it into his head to be most especially and particularly sentimental, just when his repentance could have been most conveniently dispensed with. Immense tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he was vainly endeavouring to conceal his grief by applying to his eyes a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief with white spots,—an article not strictly in keeping with a suit of armour some three hundred years old, or thereabouts.

"Twigger, you villain!" said Nicholas Tulrumble, quite forgetting his dignity, "go back!"

"Never," said Ned. "I 'm a miserable wretch. I 'll never leave you."

The by-standers of course received this declaration with acclamations of "That 's right, Ned; don't!"

"I don't intend it," said Ned, with all the obstinacy of a very tipsy man. "I 'm very unhappy. I 'm the wretched father of an unfortunate family; but I am very faithful, sir. I 'll never leave you." Having reiterated this obliging promise, Ned proceeded in broken words to harangue the crowd upon the number of years he had lived in Mudfog, the excessive respectability of his character, and other topics of the like nature.

"Here! will anybody lead him away?" said Nicholas: "if they 'll call on me afterwards, I 'll reward them well."

Two or three men stepped forward, with the view of bearing Ned off, when the secretary interposed.

"Take care! take care!" said Mr. Jennings. "I beg your pardon, sir; but they 'd better not go too near him, because, if he falls over, he 'll certainly crush somebody."

At this hint the crowd retired on all sides to a very respectful distance, and left Ned, like the Duke of Devonshire, in a little circle of his own.

"But, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas Tulrumble, "he 'll be suffocated."

"I 'm very sorry for it, sir," replied Mr. Jennings; "but nobody can get that armour off, without his own assistance. I 'm quite certain of it, from the way he put it on."

Here Ned wept dolefully, and shook his helmeted head, in a manner that might have touched a heart of stone; but the crowd had not hearts of stone, and they laughed heartily.

"Dear me, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas, turning pale at the possibility of Ned's being smothered in his antique costume—"Dear me, Mr. Jennings, can nothing be done with him?"

"Nothing at all," replied Ned, "nothing at all. Gentlemen, I'm an unhappy wretch. I'm a body, gentlemen, in a brass coffin." At this poetical idea of his own conjuring up, Ned cried so much that the people began to get sympathetic, and to ask what Nicholas Tulrumble meant by putting a man into such a machine as that; and one individual in a hairy waistcoat like the top of a trunk, who had previously expressed his opinion that if Ned hadn't been a poor man, Nicholas wouldn't have dared to do it, hinted at the propriety of breaking the four-wheel chaise, or Nicholas's head, or both, which last compound proposition the crowd seemed to consider a very good notion.

It was not acted upon, however, for it had hardly been broached, when Ned Twigger's wife made her appearance abruptly in the little circle before noticed, and Ned no sooner caught a glimpse of her face and form, than from the mere force of habit he set off towards his home just as fast as his legs would carry him; and that was not very quick in the present instance either, for, however ready they might have been to carry *him*, they couldn't get on very well under the brass armour. So, Mrs. Twigger had plenty of time to denounce Nicholas Tulrumble to his face: to express her opinion that he was a decided monster; and to intimate that, if her ill-used husband sustained any personal damage from the brass armour, she would have the law of Nicholas Tulrumble for manslaughter. When she had said all this with due vehemence, she posted after Ned, who was dragging himself along as best he could, and deploring his unhappiness in most dismal tones.

What a wailing and screaming Ned's children raised when he got home at last! Mrs. Twigger tried to undo the armour, first in one place, and then in another, but she couldn't manage it; so she tumbled Ned into bed, helmet, armour, gauntlets, and all. Such a creaking as the bedstead made, under Ned's weight in his new suit! It didn't break down though; and there Ned lay, like the anonymous vessel in the Bay of Biscay, till next day, drinking barley-water, and looking miserable: and every time he groaned, his good lady said it served him right, which was all the consolation Ned Twigger got.

Nicholas Tulrumble and the gorgeous procession went on together to the town-hall, amid the hisses and groans of all the spectators, who had suddenly taken it into their heads to consider poor Ned a martyr. Nicholas was formally installed in his new office, in acknowledgment of which ceremony he delivered himself of a speech, composed by the secretary, which was very long, and no doubt very good, only the noise of the people outside prevented anybody from hearing it, but Nicholas Tulrumble himself. After which, the procession got back to Mudfog Hall any how it could; and Nicholas and the corporation sat down to dinner.

But the dinner was flat, and Nicholas was disappointed.

They were such dull sleepy old fellows, that corporation. Nicholas made quite as long speeches as the Lord Mayor of London had done, nay, he said the very same things that the Lord Mayor of London had said, and the deuce a cheer the corporation gave him. There was only one man in the party who was thoroughly awake; and he was insolent, and called him Nick. Nick! What would be the consequence, thought Nicholas, of anybody presuming to call the Lord Mayor of London "Nick!" He should like to know what the sword-bearer would say to that; or the recorder, or the toast-master, or any other of the great officers of the city. They'd nick him.

But these were not the worst of Nicholas Tulrumble's doings; If they had been, he might have remained a Mayor to this day, and have talked till he lost his voice. He contracted a relish for statistics, and got philosophical; and the statistics and the philosophy together, led him into an act which increased his unpopularity and hastened his downfall.

At the very end of the Mudfog High-street, and abutting on the river-side, stands the Jolly Boatmen, an old-fashioned, low-roofed, bay-windowed house, with a bar, kitchen, and tap-room all in one, and a large fire-place with a kettle to correspond, round which the working men have congregated time out of mind on a winter's night, refreshed by draughts of good strong beer, and cheered by the sounds of a fiddle and tambourine: the Jolly Boatmen having been duly licensed by the Mayor and corporation, to scrape the fiddle and thumb the tambourine from time, whereof the memory of the oldest inhabitants goeth not to the contrary. Now Nicholas Tulrumble had been reading pamphlets on crime, and parliamentary reports,—or had made the secretary read them to him, which is the same thing in effect,—and he at once perceived that this fiddle and tambourine must have done more to demoralize Mudfog, than any other operating causes that ingenuity could imagine. So he read up for the subject, and determined to come out on the corporation with a burst, the very next time the licence was applied for.

The licensing day came, and the red-faced landlord of the Jolly Boatmen, walked into the town-hall, looking as jolly as need be, having actually put on an extra fiddle for that night, to commemorate the anniversary of the Jolly Boatmen's music licence. It was applied for in due form, and was just about to be granted as a matter of course, when up rose Nicholas Tulrumble, and drowned the astonished corporation in a torrent of eloquence. He descanted in glowing terms upon the increasing depravity of his native town of Mudfog, and the excesses committed by its population. Then, he related how shocked he had been, to see barrels of beer sliding down into the cellar of the Jolly Boatmen week after week; and how he had sat at a window opposite the Jolly Boatmen for two days together, to count the people who went in for beer between the hours of twelve and

one o'clock alone—which, by-the-bye, was the time at which the great majority of the Mudfog people dined. Then, he went on to state, how the number of people who came out with beer-jugs, averaged twenty-one in five minutes, which, being multiplied by twelve, gave two hundred and fifty-two people with beer-jugs in an hour, and multiplied again by fifteen (the number of hours during which the house was open daily) yielded three thousand seven hundred and eighty people with beer-jugs per day, or twenty-six thousand four hundred and sixty people with beer-jugs, per week. Then he proceeded to show that a tambourine and moral degradation were synonymous terms, and a fiddle and vicious propensities wholly inseparable. All these arguments he strengthened and demonstrated by frequent references to a large book with a blue cover, and sundry quotations from the Middlesex magistrates; and in the end, the corporation, who were posed with the figures, and sleepy with the speech, and sadly in want of dinner into the bargain, yielded the palm to Nicholas Tulrumble, and refused the music licence to the Jolly Boatmen.

But although Nicholas triumphed, his triumph was short. He carried on the war against beer-jugs and fiddles, forgetting the time when he was glad to drink out of the one, and to dance to the other, till the people hated, and his old friends shunned him. He grew tired of the lonely magnificence of Mudfog Hall, and his heart yearned towards the Lighterman's Arms. He wished he had never set up as a public man, and sighed for the good old times of the coal-shop, and the chimney-corner.

At length old Nicholas, being thoroughly miserable, took heart of grace, paid the secretary a quarter's wages in advance, and packed him off to London by the next coach. Having taken this step, he put his hat on his head, and his pride in his pocket, and walked down to the old room at the Lighterman's Arms. There were only two of the old fellows there, and they looked coldly on Nicholas as he proffered his hand.

"Are you going to put down pipes, Mr. Tulrumble?" said one.

"Or trace the progress of crime to 'baccer?" growled the other.

"Neither," replied Nicholas Tulrumble, shaking hands with them both, whether they would or not. "I've come down to say that I'm very sorry for having made a fool of myself, and that I hope you'll give me up, the old chair, again."

The old fellows opened their eyes, and three or four more old fellows opened the door, to whom Nicholas, with tears in his eyes, thrust out his hand too, and told the same story. They raised a shout of joy, that made the bells in the ancient church-tower vibrate again, and wheeling the old chair into the warm corner, thrust old Nicholas down into it, and ordered in the

very largest-sized bowl of hot punch, with an unlimited number of pipes, directly.

The next day, the Jolly Boatmen got the licence, and the next night, old Nicholas and Ned Twigger's wife led off a dance to the music of the fiddle and tambourine, the tone of which seemed mightily improved by a little rest, for they never had played so merrily before. Ned Twigger was in the very height of his glory, and he danced hornpipes, and balanced chairs on his chin, and straws on his nose, till the whole company, including the corporation, were in raptures of admiration at the brilliancy of his acquirements.

Mr. Tulrumble, junior, couldn't make up his mind to be anything but magnificent, so he went up to London and drew bills on his father; and when he had overdrawn, and got into debt, he grew penitent and came home again.

As to old Nicholas, he kept his word, and having had six weeks of public life, never tried it any more. He went to sleep in the town-hall at the very next meeting; and, in full proof of his sincerity, has requested us to write this faithful narrative. We wish it could have the effect of reminding the Tulrumbles of another sphere, that puffed-up conceit is not dignity, and that snarling at the little pleasures they were once glad to enjoy, because they would rather forget the times when they were of lower station, renders them objects of contempt and ridicule.

This is the first time we have published any of our gleanings from this particular source. Perhaps, at some future period, we may venture to open the chronicles of Mudfog.

Boz.

THE HOT WELLS OF CLIFTON.

SCRAP, No. II. *Water-grass-hill.*

THE "poems of Ossian," a celtic bard, and the "rhymes of Rowley," a Bristol priest, burst on the public at one and the same period; when the attention of literary men was for a time totally absorbed in discussing the respective discoveries of Macpherson and of Chatterton. "The fashion of this world passeth away;" and what once engaged so much notice is now sadly neglected. Indeed, had not Bonaparte taken a fancy to the ravings of the mad highlander, and had not Chatterton swallowed oxalic acid, probably far more brief had been the space both would have occupied in the memory of mankind. In the garret of Holborn, where the latter expired, the following *morceau* was picked up by an Irish housemaid (a native of this parish), who, in writing home to a sweetheart, converted it into an envelope for her letter. It thus came into my possession.

P. PROUT.

TO THE HOT WELLS OF CLIFTON,

IN PRAISE OF RUM-PUNCH.

A Triglot Ode, viz.

1°. Πινδαρου περι ρευματος ωδη.

2°. Horatii in fontem Bristolii carmen.

3°. A Relick (unpublished) of "the unfortunate Chatterton."

PINDAR.	HORACE.	CHATTERTON.
Πηγη Βριστολιας	O fons Bristolii	I ken your worth
Μαλλον εν υαλῳ	Hoc magis in vitro	"Hot wells" of Bristol,
Λαμπουσ' ανθεσι συν	Dulci digne mero	That bubble forth
Νεκταρος αξιη	Non sine floribus	As clear as crystal;...
Σ' αντλῶ	Vas impleveris	In parlour snug
Ρευματι πολλῳ	Undâ	I'd wish no hotter
Μίσγων	Mel solvente	To mix a jug
Και μελιτος πολυ.	Caloribus.	Of Rum and Water.
β.	II.	2.
Ανηρ καν τις εραν	Si quis vel venerem	Doth Love, young chiel,
βουλεται η μαχαν	Aut prælia cogitat,	One's bosom ruffle?
Σοι Βακχου καθαρον	Is Bacchi calidos	Would any feel
Σοι διαχρωννυσει	Inficiet tibi	Ripe for a scuffle?
Φοινῳ	Rubro sanguine	The simplest plan
Θ' αιματι νᾶμα·	Rivos,	Is just to take a
Προθυμος τε	Fiet protinus	Well stiffened can
Ταχ' εσσεται.	Impiger!	Of old Jamaica.
γ.	III.	3.
Σε φλεγμ' αιθαλοεν	Te flagrante bibax	Beneath the zone
Σειριου αστερος	Ore caniculâ	Grog in a pail or
Αρμοζει πλωτορι·	Sugit navita: tu	Rum—best alone—
Συ κρυος ηδυν εν	Frigus amabile	Delights the sailor.
Νησοις	Fessis vomere	The can he swills
Αντιλεσαισι	Mauris	Alone gives vigour
Ποιεις	Præbes ac	In the Antilles
Κ' αιθιοπων φυλῳ.	Homini nigro.	To white or nigger.
δ.	IV.	4.
Κρηναις εν τε καλαις	Fies nobilium	Thy claims, O fount,
Εσσεαι αγλαη	Tu quoque fontium	Deserve attention:
Σ' εν κοιλῳ κυλακι	Me dicente; cavum	Henceforward count
Ενθεμενην εως	Dum calicem reples	On classic mention.
Υμνησω,	Urnamque	Right pleasant stuff
Λαλον εξ ου	Unde loquaces	Thine to the lip is...
Σον δε ρευμα καθαλλεται.	Lymphæ	We've had enough
	Desiliunt tuæ.	Of Aganippe's.

"WHO MILKED MY COW?" OR, THE MARINE GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER."

CAPTAIN the Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, of that beautiful ship his Majesty's frigate Nænia, loved many things. He loved his ship truly, and with a perdurable affection; yet he loved something still more, his very aristocratic self. He had also vowed to love and cherish another person; but what gallant spirit would yield love, even if it were as plenty as blackberries, upon compulsion? The less you give away, the more must remain to be employed in the service of the possessor. Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban had a great deal of unoccupied love at his disposal. Considering duly these premises, there can be nothing surprising in the fact if he had a surplus affection or two to dispose of, and that he most ardently loved new milk every morning for breakfast.

Now Captain the Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban—(how delightful it is to give the whole title when it is either high-sounding or euphonous!)—had large estates and wide pasture-lands populous with lowing kine. But all these availed him not; for, though he was sovereign lord and master *pro tempore* over all as far as the eye could reach, on the morning of the 6th of June 1826, he could not command so much of the sky-blueish composition that is sold for milk in London, as could be bought for one halfpenny in that sovereign city of many pumps. The fields spread around the honourable captain were wide and green enough, but, alas! they were not pastured with mammiferous animals. Neptune has never been known to take cream to his chocolate and coffee. He would scorn to be called a milk-and-water gentleman. There is the sea-cow certainly, but we never heard much respecting the quality of her butter.

We are careful. We will not lay ourselves open to animadversion. We have read books. We have seen things. Therefore we cannot suffer the little triumph to the little critics who were just going to tell us that all the cetaceous tribes suckle their young. We can tell these critics more than they know themselves. Whale's milk *is* good for the *genus homo*. We know two brawny fellows, maintop-men, who, being cast overboard when infants, were, like Romulus and Remus with their she-bear, suckled by a sperm-whale; and, when their huge *wet-nurse* wished to wean them, she cast them ashore on one of the Friendly Islands. We think that we hear the incredulous exclaim, "Very like a whale!" Why, so it was.

But to return to another matter of history. On the memorable morning before indicated, the honourable captain, the first lieutenant, the doctor, the marine officer, the officer and the midshipman of the morning watch, had all assembled to breakfast in the cabin. They had not forgotten their appetites, particularly the gentlemen of the morning watch. They were barbarous and irate in their hunger, as their eyes wandered over cold fowl and ham, hot rolls, grilled kidneys, and devilled legs of turkey.

"By all the stars in heaven," said the honourable commander, "no milk again this morning! Give me, you rascally steward," continued the captain, "a plain, straightforward, categorical answer. Why does this infernal cow, for which I gave such a heap of dollars,

give me no milk?"—"Well, sir," said the trembling servitor; "if, sir, you must have a plain answer, I really—believe—it is—because —I don't know."

"A dry answer," said the doctor, who was in most senses a dry fellow.

"You son of a shotten herring!" said the captain, "can you milk her?"—"Yes, sir."

"Then why, in the name of all that is good, don't you?"—"I do, sir, but it won't come."

"Then let us go," said the captain, quite resignedly, "let us go, gentlemen, and see what ails this infernal cow; I can't eat my breakfast without milk, and breakfast is the meal that I generally enjoy most."

So he, leading the way, was followed by his company, who cast many a longing, lingering look behind.

Forward they went to where the cow was *stalled* by capstan-bars, as comfortably as a prebendary, between two of the guns on the main-deck. She seemed in excellent condition; ate her nutritious food with much appetite; and, from her appearance, the captain might have very reasonably expected, not only an ample supply of milk and cream for breakfast and tea, but also a sufficient quantity to afford him custards for dinner.

Well, there stood the seven officers of his Majesty's naval service round the arid cow, looking very like seven wise men just put to sea in a bowl.

"Try again," said the captain to his servant. If the attempt had been only fruitless, there had been no matter for wonder; it was milkless.

"The fool can't milk," said the captain; then turning round to his officers despondingly, he exclaimed, "gentlemen, can any of you?"

Having all protested that they had left off, some thirty, some forty, and some fifty years, according to their respective ages, and the marine officer saying that he never had had any practice at all, having been brought up by hand, the gallant and disappointed hero was obliged to order the boatswain's mates to pass the word fore and aft, to send every one to him who knew how to milk a cow.

Seventeen Welshmen, sixty-five Irishmen, (all on board,) and four lads from Somersetshire made their appearance, moistened their fingers, and set to work, one after the other; yet there was no milk.

"What do you think of this, doctor?" said the captain to him, taking him aside.—"That the animal has been milked a few hours before."

"Hah! If I was sure of that. And the cow could have been milked only by some one who *could* milk?"—"The inference seems indisputable."

The captain turned upon the numerous aspirants for lacteal honours with no friendly eye, exclaiming sorrowfully, "Too many to flog, too many to flog. Let us return to our breakfast; though I shall not be able to eat a morsel or drink a drop. Here, boatswain's-mate, pass the word round the ship that I'll give five guineas reward to any one who will tell me who milked the captain's cow."

The gentlemen then all retired to the cabin, and, with the exception of the captain, incontinently fell upon the good things. Now, the

midshipman of that morning's watch was a certain Mr. Littlejohn, usually abbreviated into Jack Small. When Jack Small had disposed of three hot rolls, half a fowl, and a pound of ham, and was handing in his plate for a well devilled turkey's thigh, his eye fell compassionately upon his fasting captain, and his heart opening to the softer emotions as his stomach filled with his host's delicacies, the latter's want of the milk of the cow stirred up within him his own milk of human kindness.

"I am very sorry that you have no appetite," said Jack Small, with his mouth very full, and quite protectingly, to his skipper; "very sorry, indeed, sir: and, as you cannot make your breakfast without any milk, I think, sir, that the midshipmen's berth could lend you a bottle."

"The devil they can, younker. Oh, oh! It 's good and fresh, hey?"

"Very good and fresh, sir," said the midshipman, ramming down the words with a large wadding of hot roll.

"We must borrow some of it, by all means," said the captain; "but let the midshipmen's servant bring it here himself."

The necessary orders having been issued, the bottle of milk and the boy appeared.

"Did you know," said Captain Fitzalban, turning to his first lieutenant, "that the midshipmen's berth was provided with milk, and that too after being at sea a month?"—"Indeed I did not; they are better provided than we are, at least in this respect, in the ward-room."

"Do you think,—do you think," said the captain, trembling with rage, "that any of the young blackguards dare milk my cow?"—"It is not easy to say what they dare not do."

However, the cork was drawn, and the milk found not only to be very fresh indeed, but most suspiciously new. In the latitude of the Caribbean Islands liquids in general are sufficiently warm, so the captain could not lay much stress upon that.

"As fine milk as ever I tasted," said the captain.

"Very good indeed, sir," said the midshipman, overflowing his cup and saucer with the delicious liquid.

"Where do the young gentlemen procure it?" resumed the captain, pouring very carefully what remained after the exactions of John Small into the cream-jug, and moving it close to his own plate.—"It stands us rather dear, sir," said Mr. Littlejohn,—"a dollar a bottle. We buy it of Joe Grummet, the captain of the waisters."

The captain and first lieutenant looked at each other unutterable things.

Joe Grummet was in the cabin in an instant, and the captain bending upon him his sharp and angry glances. Joseph was a sly old file, a seaman to the backbone; and let the breeze blow from what quarter of the compass it would, he had always an eye to windward. Fifty years had a little grizzled his strong black hair, and, though innovation had deprived him of the massive tail that whilome hung behind, there were still some fancy curls that corkscrewed themselves down his weather-stained temples; and, when he stood before the captain, in one of these he hitched the first bend of the immense forefinger of his right hand. He hobbled a little in his gait, owing to an

unextracted musket-ball that had lodged in his thigh; consequently he never went aloft, and had been, for his merits and long services, appointed captain of the waist.

The Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban said to the veteran mariner quickly, and pointing at the same time to the empty bottle, "Grummet, you have milked my cow."—"Unpossible, sir," said Grummet, bobbing at a bow; "downright unpossible, your honour."

"Then, pray, whence comes the fresh milk you sell every morning to the young gentlemen?"—"Please your honour, I took two or three dozen of bottles to sea with me on a kind o' speculation."

"Grummet, my man, I am afraid this will turn out a bad one for you. Go and show your hands to the doctor, and he'll ask you a few questions."

So Joseph Grummet went and expanded his flippers before the eyes of the surgeon. They were nearly as large and as shapely as the fins of a porpoise, and quite of the colour. They had been tanned and tarred till their skin had become more durable than boot-leather, and they were quite rough enough to have rasped close-grained wood.

"I don't think our friend could have milked your cow, Captain Fitzalban," said the doctor; "at least, not with his hands: they are rather calculated to draw blood than milk."

Joseph rolled his eyes about and looked his innocence most pathetically. He was not yet quite out of danger.

Now there was every reason in the world why this cow should give the captain at least a gallon of milk per diem—but one, and that he was most anxious to discover. The cow was in the best condition; since she had been embarked, the weather had been fine enough to have pleased Europa herself; she had plenty of provender, both dry and fresh. There were fragrant clover closely packed in bags, delicious oat-cakes—meal and water, and fine junks of juicy plantain.—The cow throve, but gave no milk!

"So you brought a few dozen bottles of milk to sea with you as a venture?" continued the man of medicine in his examination.—"I did, sir."

"And where did you procure them?"—"At English Harbour, sir."

"May I ask of whom?"—"Madame Juliana, the fat free Negro woman."

"Now, my man," said the doctor, looking a volume and a half of Galen, and holding up a cautionary fore-finger—"now, my man, do not hope to deceive *me*. How did you prevent the acetous fermentation from taking place in these bottles of milk?"

The question certainly was a puzzler. Joe routed with his fingers among his hair for an answer. At length he fancied he perceived a glimmering of the doctor's meaning; so he hummed and ha-ed, until, the doctor's patience being exhausted, he repeated more peremptorily, "How did you prevent acetous fermentation taking place in these bottles of milk?"

"By paying ready money for them, sir," said the badgered seaman boldly.

"An excellent preventative against fermentation certainly," said the captain half smiling. "But you answer the doctor like a fool."

"I was never accused of such a thing, please your honour, before, sir," said tarrybrecks, with all his sheets and tacks abroad.

"Very likely, my man, very likely," answered the captain, with a look that would have been invaluable in a vinegar manufactory. "How did you prevent this milk from turning sour?"

"Ah, sir!" said Grummet, now wide awake to his danger: "if you please, sir, I humbly axes your pardon, but that 's my secret."

"Then by all that 's glorious I 'll flog it out of you!"

"I humbly hopes not, sir. I am sure your honour won't flog an old seaman who has fought with Howe and Nelson, and who was wounded in the sarvice before your honour was born; you won't flog him, sir, only because he can't break his oath."

"So you have sworn not to divulge it, hey?"

"Ah, sir: if I might be so bold as to say so, your honour 's a witch!"

"Take care of yourself, Joseph Grummet; I do advise you to take care of yourself. Folly is a great betrayer of secrets, Joseph. Cunning may milk cows without discovery: however, I will never punish without proof. How many bottles of this excellent milk have you yet left?"—"Eight or ten, sir, more or less, according to sarcumstances."

"Well! I will give you a dollar a-piece for all you have."

At this proposition Joseph Grummet shuffled about, not at all at his ease, now looking very sagacious, now very foolish, till, at last, he brought down his features to express the most deprecating humility of which their iron texture was capable, and he then whined forth, "I would not insult you, sir, by treating you all as one as a midshipman. No, your honour: I knows the respect that 's due to you,—I couldn't think of letting you, sir, have a bottle under three dollars—it wouldn't be at all respectful like."

"Grummet," said Captain Fitzalban, "you are not only a thorough seaman, but a thorough knave. Now, have you the conscience to make me pay three dollars a bottle for my own milk?"—"Ah, sir, you don't know how much the secret has cost me."

"Nor do you know how dearly it may cost you yet."

Joseph Grummet then brought into the cabin his remaining stock in trade, which, instead of eight or ten, was found to consist only of two bottles. The captain, though with evident chagrin, paid for them honourably; and whilst the milkman *pro temp.* was knotting up the six dollars in the tie of the handkerchief about his neck, the skipper said to him, "Now, my man, since we part such good friends, tell me your candid opinion concerning this cow of mine?"—"Why, sir, I thinks as how it 's the good people as milks her."

"The good people! who the devil are they?"—"The fairies, your honour."

"And what do they do with it?"—"Very few can tell, your honour; but those who gets it are always desarving folks."

"Such as old wounded seamen, and captains of the waist especially. Well, go along to your duty. Look out! *cats* love milk."

So Joseph Grummet went forth from the cabin shrugging up his shoulders, with an ominous presentiment of scratches upon them. The captain, the Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, gave the marine officer orders to place a sentry night and day over his cow, and then dismissed his guests.

The honourable commander was, for the rest of day, in a most unconscionable ill humour. The ship's sails were beautifully trimmed, the breeze was just what it ought to have been. The heavens above, and the waters below, were striving to outsmile each other. What then made the gallant captain so miserable? He was thinking only of the temerity of the man who had dared to *milk his cow*.

The first lieutenant touched his hat most respectfully to the Honourable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, and acquainted him that the sun indicated it to be twelve o'clock.

"Milk my cow!" said the captain abstractedly.

"Had not that better be postponed till to-morrow morning, Captain Fitzalban?" said the lieutenant, with a very little smile; "and in the mean time may we strike the bell, and pipe to dinner?"

The captain gazed upon the gallant officer sorrowfully, and, as he shook his head, his looks said as plainly as looks could speak, and with the deepest pathos, "They never milked *his* cow."

"Do what is necessary," at last he uttered; then, pulling his hat more over his eyes, he continued to pace the quarter-deck.

Now, though the Honourable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban was the younger son of a nobleman, and enjoyed a very handsome patrimony, and his temper had been thoroughly spoiled by that process that is too often called education, yet his heart was sound, English, and noble. He revolted from doing an unjust action; yet he smarted dreadfully under the impression that he was cheated and laughed at to his very face. He did not think that Joseph Grummet had milked his cow, but he felt assured that the same milk-dealing Joseph knew who did; yet was he too humane to introduce the Inquisition on board his ship by extracting the truth by torture.

The Honourable Captain Fitzroy Fitzalban slept late on the succeeding morning. He had been called at daylight, *pro forma*, but had merely turned from his left side to the right, muttering something about a cow. It must be supposed that the slumbers of the morning indemnified him for the horrors of the night, for breakfast was on the table, and the usual guests assembled, when the captain emerged from the after-cabin.

There was no occasion to ask the pale and trembling steward if the cow had given any milk that morning.

The breakfast remained untouched by the captain, and passed off in active silence by his guests. Not wishing to excite more of the derision of Jack than was absolutely necessary, the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, when he found that the various officers whom he had invited to breakfast had sufficiently "improved the occasion," as the methodists say, turned to the first lieutenant, who was again his guest, and asked him if nothing had transpired on the over-night to warrant a suspicion as to the lacteal felony.

The first luff looked very mysterious, and not wholly disposed to be communicative upon the subject. He had been piously brought up, and was not at all inclined to be sarcastic upon the score of visions or the visited of ghosts; yet, at the same time, he did not wish to subject himself to the ridicule of his captain, who had rationally enough postponed his belief in apparitions until he had seen one. Under these difficulties, he replied hesitatingly, that a ghost had been re-

ported as having "come on board before daylight in the morning, without leave."

"A ghost, Mr. Mitchell, come on board, and I not called!" said the indignant captain: "By G—, sir, I would have turned out a guard of honour to have received him! I would have sooner had a visit from his spirituality than from his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador.—The service, sir, has come to a pretty pass, when a ghost can come on board, and leave the ship too, I presume, without even so much as the boatswain to pipe the side. So the ghost came, I suppose, and milked my cow?"

The first lieutenant, in answer, spoke with all manner of humility. He represented that he had been educated as a seaman and as an officer, and not for a doctor of divinity; therefore he could not pretend to account for these preternatural visitations. He could only state the fact, and that not so well as the first lieutenant of marines. "He begged, therefore, to refer to him."

That officer was immediately sent for, and he made his appearance accompanied by one of the serjeants, and then it was asserted that, when the guard went round to relieve the sentries, they found the man who had been stationed over the cow, lying on the deck senseless in a fit, and his bayonet could nowhere be found. When by the means of one of the assistant-surgeons, who had been immediately summoned, he had been sufficiently recovered to articulate, all the explanation they could get from him was, that he had seen a ghost; and the very mention of the fact, so great was his terror, had almost caused a relapse.

"Send the poltroon here immediately: I'll ghost him!" cried the enraged captain. In answer to this he was informed, that the man lay seriously ill in his hammock in the sick-bay, and that the doctor was at that very moment with the patient.

"I'll see him myself," said the captain.

As the honourable captain, with his *cortège* of officers, passed along the decks on his way to the sick-bay, he thought—or his sense of hearing most grievously deceived him—that more than once he heard sneering and gibing voices exclaim, "Who milked my cow?" but the moment he turned his head in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, he saw nothing but visages the most sanctimonious: indeed they, instead of the unfortunate sentry, appeared to have seen the ghost. The captain's amiability that morning might have been expressed by the algebraical term—minus a cipher.

When the skipper hauled alongside the sick man, he found that the doctor, having bled him, was preparing to blister his head, the ship's barber at the time being occupied in very sedulously shaving it. The patient was fast putting himself upon an equality to contend with his supernatural visitant, by making a ghost of himself. He was in a high fever and delirious,—unpleasant things in the West Indies! All the captain could get from him was, "The devil—flashes of fire—milk cow—horrible teeth—devil's cow—ship haunted—nine yards of blue flame—throw cow overboard—go to heaven—kicked the pail down—horns tipped with red-hot iron," and other rhapsodies to the same effect.

From the man the captain went to the cow; but she was looking

excessively sleek, and mild, and amiable, and eating her breakfast with the relish of an outside mail-coach passenger. The captain shook his head, and thought himself the most persecuted of beings.

When this self-estimated injured character gained the quarter-deck, he commenced ruminating on the propriety of flogging Joseph Grummet; for, with the loss of his cow's milk, he had lost all due sense of human kindness. But, as the Lords of the Admiralty had lately insisted upon a report being forwarded to them of every punishment that took place, the number of lashes, and the crime for which they were inflicted, the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban thought that a report would look rather queer running thus: "Joseph-Grummet, captain of the waist, six dozen, because my cow gave no milk," or "because private-marine Snickchops saw a ghost," or "for selling the midshipmen sundry bottles of milk;" and this last imagination reminded him that there was one of this highly-gifted class walking to leeward of him. "Mr. Littlejohn!" said the captain with a voice that crawled over the nerves like the screeching of an ill-filed saw.

Small Jack touched his hat with more than usual respect to the exasperated officer, and then, stepping to windward, humbly confronted him.

The captain was too angry for many words; so, looking fearfully into the happy countenance of the reefer, and pointing his fore-finger down perpendicularly, he laconically uttered, "Milk this morning?"—"Yes, sir."

"Good?"

The well-breakfasted midshipman licked his lips, and smiled.

"Grummet?"—"Yes, sir."

"Tell the boatswain's mate to send him aft."—"Ay, ay, sir."

And there stood the captain of the waist, with his hat in his hand, opposite to the captain of the ship. There was some difference between those two captains:—one verging upon old age, the other upon manhood. The old man with but two articles of dress upon his person, a canvass shirt and a canvass pair of trousers,—for in those latitudes shoes and stockings are dispensed with by the foremast men, excepting on Sundays and when mustering at divisions; the other gay, and almost gorgeous, in white jeans, broad-cloth, and gold. There they stood, the one the personification of meekness, the other of haughty anger. However firm might have been the captain's intentions to convict the man before him by an intricate cross-examination, his warmth of temper defeated them at once, for the old seaman looked more than usually innocent and sheepish. This almost stolid equanimity was sadly provoking.

"You insolent scoundrel!—who milked my cow last night?"—"The Lord in heaven knows, your honour. Who could it be, sir, without it was the ghost who has laid that poor lad in his sick hammock?"

"And I suppose that the ghost ordered you to hand the milk to the young gentlemen when he had done?"—"Me, sir! Heaven save me! I never se'ed a ghost in my life."

"Hypocrite! the bottle you sold the midshipmen!"—"One, your honour, I brought from Antigua, and which I overlooked yesterday."

"I shall not overlook it when I get you to the gangway. Go, Mr. Littlejohn, give orders to beat to quarters the moment the men have had their time."

All that forenoon the captain kept officers and men exercising the great guns, running them in and out, pointing them here and there;—sail-trimmers aloft—boarders on the starboard bow—firemen down in the fore-hold: the men had not a moment's respite, nor the officers either. How potently in their hearts they d—d the cow, even from the tips of her horns unto the tuft at the end of her tail! Five secret resolves were made to poison her that hard-worked morning. Mr. Small Jack, who was stationed at the foremost main-deck guns near her, gave her a kick every time the order came from the quarter-deck to ram home wad and shot.

Well, this sweltering work, under a tropical sun, proceeded till noon, the captain alternately swearing at the officers for want of energy, and exclaiming to himself indignantly, "D— them! how dare they milk my cow! There must be several concerned. Send the carpenter aft. Mr. Wedge, rig both the chain-pumps,—turn the water on in the well. Waisters! man the pumps. Where 's that Grummet? Boatswain's mates, out with your colts and lay them over the shoulders of any man that shirks his duty: keep a sharp eye on the captain of the waist."

And thus the poor fellows had, for a finish to their morning's labour, a half-hour of the most overpowering exertion to which you can set mortal man,—that of working at the chain-pumps. When Mr. Littlejohn saw elderly Joseph Grummet stripped to the waist, the perspiration streaming down him in bucket-fulls, and panting as it were for his very life, he, the said Small Jack, very rightly opined that no milk would be forthcoming next morning.

At noon the men were as usual piped to dinner, with an excellent appetite for their pork and pease, and a thirsty relish for their grog; for which blessings they had the cow alone to thank. They were very ungrateful.

No sooner was the hour of dinner over than the captain all of a sudden discovered that his ship's company were not smart enough in reefing topsails. So at it they went, racing up and down the rigging, tricing up and laying out, lowering away and hoisting, until six bells, three o'clock, when the angry and hungry captain went to his dinner. He had made himself more unpopular in that day than any other commander in the fleet.

The dinner was unsocial enough. When a man is not satisfied with himself, it is rarely that he is satisfied with any body else. Now the whole ship's company, officers as well as men, were divided into parties, and into only two, respecting this affair of the cow; one believed in a supernatural, the other in a roguish agency; in numbers they were about equal, so that the captain stood in the pleasant predicament of being looked upon in a sinful light by one half of his crew, and in a ludicrous one by the other.

However, as the night advanced, and the marine who had seen the cow-spirit grew worse, the believers in the supernatural increased rapidly; and, as one sentinel was found unwilling to go alone, the cow had the distinguished compliment of a guard of honour of two all

night. The captain, with a scornful defiance of the spiritual, would allow of no lights to be shown, or of no extraordinary precautions to be taken. He only signified his intentions of having himself an interview with the ghost, and for that purpose he walked the deck till midnight; but the messenger from the land of spirits did not choose to show himself so early.

Let me hear no more any querulous talk of the labour of getting butter to one's bread—no person could have toiled more than the Honourable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban to get milk for his breakfast.

The two sentries were relieved at twelve o'clock, and, for a quarter of an hour after, everything remaining dark and quiet about the haunted cow, the captain went below and turned in, joyfully anticipative of milk and cream in the morning. He left, of course, the most positive orders that the moment the ghost appeared he should be called.

Mr. Mitchell, the pious first lieutenant, remained on deck, determined to see the sequel; told the master he was much troubled in spirit, and he thought, with all due deference to the articles of war, and respect for the captain, that he was little better than an infidel, and an overbold tempter of God's providence. The master remarked in reply that it was an affair entirely out of soundings; but very sagely concluded that they should see what they should see, even if they saw nothing.

It was a beautiful night, darkly, yet, at the same time, brightly beautiful. There was no moon. The pure fires above were like scintillations from the crown of God's glory. Though the heavens were thus starred with splendours, it was deeply, though clearly, dark on the ocean. There was a gentle breeze that was only sufficient to make the sails draw, and the noble frigate walked stately, yet majestically onwards.

Forward on the main-deck the darkness was Cimmerian. When lights had been last there at the relieving of the sentinels, the cow had laid herself quietly down upon her litter, and seemed to be in a profound sleep; the first hour after midnight was passed, and all was hushed as death, save those noises that indicate what else would be absolute silence more strongly. There was the whispering ripple of the sea, the dull creaking of the tiller-ropes, and the stealthy step of the sentinels: these sounds, and these only, were painfully distinct. One bell struck, and its solemn echoes seemed to creep through the decks as if on some errand of death, and the monotonous cry of the look-outs fell drearily on the ear.

The first lieutenant and the officers of the watch had just begun to shake off their dreamy and fearful impressions, to breathe more freely, and to walk the deck with a firmer tread, when, from what was supposed to be the haunted spot, a low shriek was heard, then a bustle, followed by half-stifled cries of "The guard! the guard!"

The officers of the watch jumped down on to the main-deck, the midshipmen rushed into the cabin to call the captain, and men with and without lights rushed forward to the rescue.

Deep in the darkness of the manger there glared an apparition that might more than justify the alarm. The spot where the phan-

tom was seen, (we pledge ourselves that we are relating facts,) was that part of a frigate which seamen call "the eyes of her," directly under the foremost part of the forecastle, where the cables run through the hawse-holes, and through which the bowsprit trends upwards. The whole place is called the manger. It is very often appropriated to the use of pigs until they take their turn for the butcher's knife. This was the strange locality that the ghost chose to honour with its dreadful presence.

From the united evidences of the many who saw this ghastly avatar, it appeared only to have thrust its huge head and a few feet of the forepart of its body through the hawse-hole, the remainder of its vast and voluminous tail hanging out of the ship over its bows. The frightful head and the glaring sockets of its eyes were distinctly marked in lineaments of fire. Its jaws were stupendous, and its triple row of sharp and long-fanged teeth seemed to be gnashing for something mortal to devour. It cast a pale blue halo of light around it, just sufficient to show the outlines of the den it had selected in which to make its unwelcome appearance. Noise it made none, though several of the spectators fancied that they heard a gibbering of unearthly sounds; and Mr. Littlejohn swore the next day upon his John Hamilton Moore, that it mooed dolefully like a young bullock crossed in love.

To describe the confusion on the main-deck, whilst officers, seamen, and marines were gazing on this spectre, so like the fiery spirit of the Yankee sea-serpent, is a task from which I shrink, knowing that language cannot do it adequately. The first lieutenant stood in the middle of the group, not merely transfixed, but paralysed with fear; men were tumbling over each other, shouting, praying, swearing. Up from the dark holds, like shrouded ghosts, the watch below, in their shirts, sprang from their hammocks; and for many, one look was enough, and the head would vanish immediately in the dark profound. The shouting for lights, and loaded muskets and pistols was terrible; and the orders to advance were so eagerly reiterated, that none had leisure to obey them.

But the cow herself did not present the least imposing feature in this picture of horror. She formed, as it were, the barrier between mortality and spirituality—all beyond her was horrible and spectral; by her fright she seemed to acknowledge the presence of a preternatural being. Her legs were stiff and extended, her tail standing out like that of an angered lion, and she kept a continued strain upon the halter with which she was tethered to a ring-bolt in the ship's side.

By this time several of the ward-room officers, and most of the midshipmen, had reached the scene of action. Pistols were no longer wanting, and loaded ones too. Three shots were fired into the manger, with what aim it is impossible to specify, at the spectre. They did not seem to annoy his ghostship in the least; without an indication of his beginning to grow hungry, might be deemed so. As the shot whistled past him, he worked his huge and fiery jaws most ravenously.

"Well," said the second lieutenant, "let us give the gentleman another shot, and then come to close quarters. Mr. Mitchell, you have a pistol in your hand: fire!"

"In the name of the Holy Trinity!" said the superstitious first, "there!" Bang! and the shot took effect deep in the loins of the unfortunate cow.

At this precise moment, Captain the Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban rushed from his cabin forward, attired in a rich flowered silk morning-gown, in which scarlet predominated. He held a pistol cocked in each hand; and, as he broke through the crowd, he bellowed forth lustily, "Where 's the ghost! let me see the ghost!" He was soon in the van of the astonished gazers; but, disappointed Fitzalban! he saw no ghost, because, as the man says in the Critic, "'twas not in sight."

Immediately the honourable captain had gained his station, the much wronged and persecuted cow, galled by her wound, with a mortal effort snapped the rope with which she was fastened, and then lowering her horned head nearly level with the deck, and flourishing her tail after the manner that an Irishman flourishes his shillelagh before he commences occipital operations, she rushed upon the crowded phalanx before her. At this instant, as if its supernatural mission had been completed, the spirit vanished.

The ideal having decamped, those concerned had to save themselves from the well followed up assaults of the real. The captain flew before the pursuing horns, d—ning the cow in all the varieties of condemnation. But she was generous, and she attached herself to him with an unwonted, or rather an unwanted, fidelity. Lanterns were crushed and men overthrown, and laughter now arose amidst the shouts of dismay. The seamen tried to impede the progress of the furious animal by throwing down before her lashed-up hammocks, and by seizing her behind by the tail: but, woe is me! the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban could not run so fast in his variegated and scarlet flowered silk dressing-gown as a cow in the agonies of death; for he had just reached that asylum of safety, his cabin-door, when the cow took him up very carefully with her horns, and first giving him a monitory shake, then with an inclination to port, she tossed him right over the ward-room skylight, and deposited him very gingerly in the turtle-tub that stood lashed on the larboard side of the half-deck. This exertion was her last; for immediately after falling upon her knees, and then gently rolling over, to use an Homeric expression, her soul issued from her wound, and sought the shades below appropriated to the souls of cows.

In the mean time, the captain was sprawling about, and contending with his turtle for room, and he stood a very good chance of being drowned even in a tub; but assistance speedily arriving, he was drawn out, and thus the world was spared a second tale of a tub. But there was something in the spirit of the aristocratic Fitzalban that neither cows, ghosts, nor turtle-haunted water could subdue. Wet as he was, and suffering also from the contusions of the cow's horns, he immediately ordered more light, and proceeded to search for the ghost,—prolific parent of all his mishaps.

Well escorted he visited the manger, but the most scrutinising search could discover nothing extraordinary. The place seemed to have been undisturbed, nor once to have departed from its usual

solitariness and dirt. There was not even so much as a smell of sulphur on the spot where the spectre had appeared, nor were there any signs of wet, which, supposing the thing seen had been a real animal, would have been the case, had it come from the sea through one of the hawse-holes. The whole affair was involved in the most profound mystery. The honourable captain, therefore, came to the conclusion that nothing whatever had appeared, and that the whole was the creation of cowardice.

Hot with rage and agueish with cold, he retired to his cabin, vowing all manner of impossible vengeance, muttering about court-martials, and solemnly protesting that Mr. Mitchell, the first lieutenant, should pay him for the cow that he had so wantonly shot.

Blank were the countenances of many the next morning. The first lieutenant was not, as usual, asked to breakfast. There was distrust and division in his Majesty's ship Nænia, and the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban had several severe contusions on his noble person, a bad cold, and no milk for breakfast; an accumulation of evils that one of the aristocracy ought not to be obliged to bear. Though Mr. Mitchell did not breakfast with the captain, Jack Small, alias Small Jack, alias Mr. Littlejohn, did. The only attempt of the captain that morning at conversation was as follows. With a voice that croaked like a raven's at the point of death, evidence *externe* of an abominable sore-throat, the captain merely said to the reefer, pointing his fore-finger downwards as he did the day before, "*Milk?*"

Mr. Littlejohn shook his head dolefully, and replied, "No, sir."

"My cow died last night," said the afflicted commander with a pathos that would have wrung the heart of a stone statue—if it could have heard it.

"If you please, sir," said the steward, "Mr. Mitchell sends his compliments, and would be very glad to know what you would have done with the dead cow."—"My compliments to Mr. Mitchell and *he* may do whatever he likes with it. He shot it, and must pay me for it: let him eat it if he will."

The first lieutenant and the captain were, after this, not on speaking terms for three months. Several duels had very nearly been fought about the ghost; those who had not seen it, branding those who had with an imputation only a little short of cowardice; those who had seen it, becoming for a few weeks very religious, and firmly resolving henceforward to get drunk only in pious company. The carcase of the cow was properly dressed and cut up, but few were found who would eat of it; the majority of the seamen thinking that the animal had been bewitched: the captain of course would take none of it unless Mr. Mitchell would permit him to pay him for it at so much per pound, as he pertinaciously pretended to consider it to be the property of the first lieutenant. Consequently, the animal was nearly shared between the midshipmen's berth and the mess of which Joseph Grummet, the captain of the waist, was an unworthy member.

The day following the death of the cow, Joseph Grummet was found loitering about the door of the young gentlemen's berth.

"Any milk to-morrow, Joseph?" said the caterer.—"No, sir," with a most sensible shake of the head.

"Oh!—the cow has given up the ghost!"—"*And somebody else too!*" This simple expression seemed to have much relieved Joe's overcharged bosom: he turned his quid in his mouth with evident satisfaction, grinned, and was shortly after lost in the darkness forward.

There never yet was a ghost story that did not prove a very simple affair when the key to it was found. The captain of the Nænia never would believe that anything uncommon was ever seen at all. He was, however, as much in the wrong as those who believed that they had seen a ghost. The occurrence could not be forgotten, though it ceased to be talked of.

Two years after the ship came to England, and was paid off. Joseph Grummet bagged his notes and his sovereigns with much satisfaction; but he did not jump like a fool into the first boat, and rush ashore to scatter his hard-earned wages among Jews, and people still worse: he stayed till the last man, and anxiously watched for the moment when the pennant should be hauled down. When he saw this fairly done, he asked leave to speak to the captain. He was ushered into the cabin, and he there saw many of the officers who were taking leave of their old commander.

"Well, Grummet," said the skipper, "what now?"

"Please your honour, you offered five guineas to anybody who would tell you who milked the cow."

"And so I will gladly," said the captain, pleasantly, "if the same person will unravel the mystery of the ghost." And he turned a triumphant look upon the believers in spirits who stood around him.

"I milked your cow, sir."

"Ah! Joseph, Joseph! it was unkindly done. But with your hands?"—"We widened a pair of Mr. Littlejohn's kid-gloves, sir."

"I knew that little rascal was at the bottom of it! but there is honour in the midshipmen's berth still. What is the reason that they thus sought to deprive me of my property?"—"You wouldn't allow them to take any live stock on board that cruise, sir."

"So—so—wild justice, hey? But come to the ghost."—"Why, sir, I wanted to have the cow unwatched for a quarter of an hour every middle watch; so I took the shark's head we had caught a day or two before, scraped off most of the flesh, and whipped it in a bread-bag,—it shone brighter in the dark than stinking mackerel;—so I whips him out when I wants him, and wabbles his jaws about. I was safely stowed under the bowsprit from your shot; and when your honour walked in on one side of the manger, I walked, with my head under my arm, out of the other."

"Well, Joseph, there are your five guineas: and, gentlemen," said the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, bowing to his officers, "I wish you joy of your ghost!"

OLD AGE AND YOUTH.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Old Age sits bent on his iron-grey steed ;
Youth rides erect on his courser black ;
And little he thinks in his reckless speed
Old Age comes on, in the *very same track.*

And on Youth goes, with his cheek like the rose,
And his radiant eyes, and his raven hair ;
And his laugh betrays how little he knows,
Of Age, and his sure companion Care.

The courser black is put to his speed,
And Age plods on, in a quieter way,
And little Youth thinks that the iron-grey steed
Approaches him nearer, every day !

Though one seems strong as the forest tree,
The other infirm, and wanting breath ;
If ever Youth baffles Old Age, 'twill be
By rushing into the arms of Death !

On his courser black, away Youth goes,
The prosing sage may rest at home ;
He 'll laugh and quaff, for well he knows
That years must pass ere Age *can come.*

And since too brief are the daylight hours
For those who would laugh their lives away ;
With beaming lamps, and mimic flowers,
He 'll teach the night to mock the day !

Again he 'll laugh, again he 'll feast,
His lagging foe he 'll still deride,
Until — when he expects him least—
Old Age and he stand side by side !

He then looks into his toilet-glass,
And sees Old Age reflected there !
He cries, " Alas ! how quickly pass
Bright eyes, and bloom, and raven hair !"

The lord of the courser black, must ride
On the iron-grey steed, sedate and slow !
And thus to him who his power defied,
Old Age must come like a conquering foe.

Had the prosing sage not preach'd in vain,
Had Youth not written his words on sand,
Had he early paused, and given the rein
Of his courser black to a steadier hand :

Oh ! just as gay might his days have been,
Though mirth with graver thoughts might blend ;
And when at his side Old Age was seen,
He had been hail'd as a timely friend.

AN EVENING OF VISITS.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT."

I HAVE had an odd pleasure in driving from one house to another on particular evenings, in order to produce as strong contrasts as my limited visiting list will afford. Having a fair opportunity a few nights since, in consequence of two or three invitations coming in for the evening on which several houses where I occasionally called were opened, I determined to make a night of it, in order to note the effect. As A—— did not know several of the people, I went alone, and you may possibly be amused with an account of my adventures: they shall be told.

In the first place I had to dress, in order to go to dinner at a house that I had never entered, and with a family of which I had never seen a soul. These are incidents which frequently come over a stranger, and, at first, were not a little awkward, but use hardens us to much greater misfortunes. At six, then, I stepped punctually into my *coupé*, and gave Charles the necessary number and street. I ought to tell you that the invitation had come a few days before, and, in a fit of curiosity, I had accepted it, and sent a card, without having the least idea who my host and hostess were, beyond their names. There was something piquant in this ignorance, and I had almost made up my mind to go in the same mysterious manner, leaving all to events, when happening in an idle moment to ask a lady of my acquaintance, and for whom I have a great respect, if she knew a Madame de ——, to my surprise her answer was, "Most certainly—she is my cousin, and you are to dine there to-morrow." I said no more, though this satisfied me that my hosts were people of some standing. While driving to their hotel, it struck me, under all the circumstances, it might be well to know more of them; and I stopped at the gate of a female friend who knows everybody, and who I was certain would receive me even at that unseasonable hour. I was admitted, explained my errand, and inquired if she knew a M. de ——. "Quelle question!" she exclaimed; "M. de —— est Chancelier de la France!" Absurd, and even awkward, as it might have proved but for this lucky thought, I should have dined with the French Lord High Chancellor without having the smallest suspicion who he was!

The hotel was a fine one, though the apartment was merely good; and the reception, service, and general style of the house were so simple, that neither would have awakened the least suspicion of the importance of my hosts. The party was small, and the dinner modest. I found the *Chancelier* a grave dignified man, a little curious on the subject of America; and his wife, apparently a woman of great good sense, and, I should think, of a good deal of attainment. Every thing went off in the

quietest manner possible, and I was sorry when it was time to go.

From this dinner I drove to the hotel of the Marquis de Marbois, to pay a visit of digestion. M. de Marbois retires so early on account of his great age, that one is obliged to be punctual, or he will find the gate locked at nine. The company had got back into the drawing-room; and as the last week's guests were mostly there, as well as those who had just left the table, there might have been thirty people present, all of whom were men, but two. One of the ladies was Madame de Souza, known in French literature as the writer of several clever novels of society. In the drawing-room were grouped in clusters the Grand Referendary, M. Cuvier, M. Daru, M. Villemain, M. de Plaisance, Mr. Brown, and many others of note. There seemed to be something in the wind, as the conversation was in low confidential whispers, attended by divers ominous shrugs. This could only be politics; and, watching an opportunity, I questioned an acquaintance. The fact was really so. The appointed hour had come, and the ministry of M. de Villèle was in the agony. The elections had not been favourable, and it was expedient to make an attempt to reach the *old* end by what is called a *new* combination. It is necessary to understand the general influence of political intrigues on certain *côteries* of Paris, to appreciate the effect of this intelligence on a drawing-room filled like this, with men who had been actors in the principal events of France for forty years. The name of M. Cuvier was even mentioned as one of the new ministers. Comte Roy was also named as likely to be the new premier. I was told that this gentleman was one of the greatest landed proprietors of France, his estates being valued at four millions of dollars. The fact is curious, as showing, not on vulgar rumour, but from a respectable source, what is deemed a first-rate landed property in this country. It is certainly no merit, nor do I believe it is any very great advantage; but I think we might materially beat this, even in America. The company soon separated, and I retired.

From the Place de la Madeleine I drove to a house near the Carrousel, where I had been invited to step in, in the course of the evening. All the buildings that remain within the intended parallelogram, which will some day make this spot one of the finest squares in the world, have been bought by the government, or nearly so, with the intent to have them pulled down at a proper time; and the court bestows lodgings, *ad interim*, among them, on its favourites. Madame de —— was one of these favoured persons, and she occupies a small apartment in the third story of one of these houses. The rooms were neat and well arranged, but small. Probably the largest does not exceed fifteen feet square. The approach to a Paris lodging is usually either very good or very bad. In the new

buildings may be found some of the mediocrity of the new order of things; but in all those which were erected previously to the Revolution, there is nothing but extremes in this as in most other things, — great luxury and elegance, or great meanness and discomfort. The house of Madame de —— happens to be of the latter class; and although all the disagreeables have disappeared from her own rooms, one is compelled to climb up to them through a dark well of a staircase, by flights of steps not much better than those we use in our stables. You have no notion of such staircases as those I had just descended in the hotels of the Chancelier and the Premier President;* nor have we any just idea, as connected with respectable dwellings, of these I had now to clamber up. M. de —— is a man of talents and great respectability, and his wife is exceedingly clever, but they are not rich. He is a professor, and she is an artist. After having passed so much of my youth on top-gallant-yards, and in becketting royals, you are not to suppose, however, I had any great difficulty in getting up these stairs, narrow, steep, and winding as they were.

We are now at the door, and I have rung. On whom do you imagine the curtain will rise? On a *réunion* of philosophers come to discuss questions in botany with M. de ——, or on artists assembled to talk over the troubles of their profession with his wife? The door opens, and I enter.

The little drawing-room was crowded; chiefly with men. Two card-tables were set, and at one I recognised a party, in which were three dukes of the *vieille cour*, with M. de Duras at their head! The rest of the company was a little more mixed; but, on the whole, it savoured strongly of Coblentz and the *émigration*. This was more truly French than anything I had yet stumbled on. One or two of the grandees looked at me as if, better informed than Scott, they knew that General La Fayette had not gone to America to live. Some of these gentlemen certainly do not love us; but I had cut out too much work for the night to stay and return the big looks of even dukes, and, watching an opportunity when the eyes of Madame de —— were another way, I stole out of the room.

Charles now took his orders, and we drove down into the heart of the town, somewhere near the general post-office, or into those mazes of streets that near two years of practice have not yet taught me to thread. We entered the court of a large hotel that was brilliantly lighted; and I ascended, by a noble flight of steps, to the first floor. Ante-chambers communicated with a magnificent saloon, which appeared to be near forty feet square. The ceilings were lofty, and the walls were ornamented with military trophies, beautifully designed, and which had the air of being embossed and gilded. I had got into the hotel of one of Napoleon's marshals, you will say, or at least into one of

* M. de Marbois was the first president of the Court of Accounts.

a marshal of the old *régime*. The latter conjecture may be true, but the house is now inhabited by a great woollen manufacturer, whom the events of the day have thrown into the presence of all these military emblems. I found the worthy *industriel* surrounded by a group, composed of men of his own stamp, eagerly discussing the recent changes in the government. The women, of whom there might have been a dozen, were ranged, like a neglected parterre, along the opposite side of the room. I paid my compliments, stayed a few minutes, and stole away to the next engagement.

We had now to go to a little retired house on the Champs Elysées. There were only three or four carriages before the door, and on ascending to a small, but very neat apartment, I found some twenty people collected. The mistress of the house was an English lady, single, of a certain age, and a daughter of the Earl of ——, who was once governor of New York. Here was a very different set: one or two ladies of the old court, women of elegant manners, and seemingly of good information; several English women, pretty, quiet, and clever; besides a dozen men of different nations. This was one of those little *réunions* that are so common in Paris among the foreigners, in which a small infusion of French serves to leaven a considerable batch of human beings from other parts of the world. As it is always a relief to me to speak my own language, after being a good while among foreigners, I stayed an hour at this house. In the course of the evening an Irishman of great wit and of exquisite humour, one of the paragons of the age in his way, came in. In the course of conversation, this gentleman, who is the proprietor of an Irish estate, and a Catholic, told me of an atrocity in the laws of his country of which until then I was ignorant. It seems that any younger brother, or next heir, might claim the estate by turning Protestant, or drive the incumbent to the same act. I was rejoiced to hear that there was hardly an instance of such profligacy known.* To what baseness will not the struggle for political ascendancy urge us!

In the course of the evening, Mr. ——, the Irish gentleman, gravely introduced me to a Sir James ——, adding, with perfect gravity, "a gentleman whose father humbugged the Pope—humbugged infallibility." One could not but be amused with such an introduction, urged in a way so infinitely droll, and I ventured, at a proper moment, to ask an explanation, which, unless I was also humbugged, was as follows.

Among the *détenus* in 1804 was Sir William ——, the father of Sir James ——, the person in question. Taking advantage of the presence of the Pope at Paris, he is said to have called on the good-hearted Pius, with great concern of manner, to state his case. He had left his sons in England, and through his absence they had fallen under the care of two

* I believe this infamous law, however, has been repealed.

Presbyterian aunts; as a father he was naturally anxious to rescue them from this perilous situation. "Now, Pius," continued my merry informant, "quite naturally supposed that all this solicitude was in behalf of two orthodox Catholic souls, and he got permission from Napoleon for the return of so good a father to his own country,—never dreaming that the conversion of the boys, if it ever took place, would only be from the Protestant Episcopal Church of England to that of Calvin; or a rescue from one of the devil's furnaces to pop them into another." I laughed at this story, I suppose with a little incredulity; but my Irish friend insisted on its truth, ending the conversation with a significant nod, Catholic as he was, and saying—"humbugged infallibility!"

By this time it was eleven o'clock; and as I am obliged to keep reasonable hours, it was time to go to *the* party of the evening. Count ——, of the —— Legation, gave a great ball. My carriage entered the line at the distance of near a quarter of a mile from the hotel; gensdarmes being actively employed in keeping us all in our places. It was half an hour before I was set down, and the quadrilles were in full motion when I entered. It was a brilliant affair,—much the most so, I have ever yet witnessed in a private house. Some said there were fifteen hundred people present. The number seems incredible; and yet, when one comes to calculate, it may be so. As I got into my carriage to go away, Charles informed me that the people at the gates affirm that more than six hundred carriages had entered the court that evening. By allowing an average of little more than two to each vehicle, we get the number mentioned.

I do not know exactly how many rooms were opened on this occasion, but I should think there were fully a dozen. Two or three were very large *salons;* and the one in the centre, which was almost at fever heat, had crimson hangings, by way of cooling one. I have never witnessed dancing at all comparable to that of the quadrilles of this evening. Usually there is either too much or too little of the dancing-master, but on this occasion every one seemed inspired with a love of the art. It was a beautiful sight to see a hundred charming young women, of the first families of Europe,—for they were there, of all nations, dressed with the simple elegance that is so becoming to the young of the sex, and which is never departed from here until after marriage,—moving in perfect time to delightful music, as if animated by a common soul. The men, too, did better than usual, being less lugubrious and mournful than our sex is apt to be in dancing. I do not know how it is in private, but in the world, at Paris, every young woman seems to have a good mother; or, at least, one capable of giving her both a good tone and good taste.

At this party I met the ——, an intimate friend of the ambassador, and one who also honours me with a portion of her

friendship. In talking over the appearance of things, she told me that some hundreds of *applications for invitations* to this ball had been made. "Applications! I cannot conceive of such meanness. In what manner?" "Directly; by note, by personal intercession — almost by tears. Be certain of it, many hundreds have been refused." In America we hear of refusals to go to balls, but we have not yet reached the pass of sending refusals to invite! "Do you see Mademoiselle ——, dancing in the set before you?" She pointed to a beautiful French girl whom I had often seen at her house, but whose family was in a much lower station in society than herself. "Certainly; pray how came *she* here?" "I brought her. Her mother was dying to come, too, and she begged me to get an invitation for her and her daughter; but it would not do to bring the mother to such a place, and I was obliged to say no more tickets could be issued. I wished, however, to bring the daughter, she is so pretty; and we compromised the affair in that way." "And to this the mother assented!" "Assented! How can you doubt it? What funny American notions you have brought with you to France!"

I got some droll anecdotes from my companion, concerning the ingredients of the company on this occasion, for she could be as sarcastic as she was elegant. A young woman near us, attracted attention by a loud and vulgar manner of laughing. "Do you know that lady?" demanded my neighbour. "I have seen her before, but scarcely know her name." "She is the daughter of your acquaintance, the Marquise de ——." "Then she is, or was, a Mademoiselle de ——." "She is not, nor properly ever was, a Mademoiselle de ——. In the Revolution the Marquis was imprisoned by you wicked republicans, and the Marquise fled to England, whence she returned, after an absence of three years, bringing with her this young lady, then an infant a few months old." "And Monsieur le Marquis?" "He never saw his daughter, having been beheaded in Paris, about a year before her birth." "*Quel contre-tems!*" "*N'est-ce pas?*"

It is a melancholy admission, but it is no less true, that good breeding is sometimes quite as active a virtue as good principles. How many more of the company present were born about a year after their fathers were beheaded, I have no means of knowing, but had it been the case with all of them, the company would have been of as elegant demeanour, and of much more *retenue* of deportment, than we are accustomed to see, I will not say in *good*, but certainly in *general* society, at home. One of the consequences of good breeding is also a disinclination, positively a distaste, to pry into the private affairs of others. The little specimen to the contrary, just named, was rather an exception, owing to the character of the individual, and to the indiscretion of the young lady in laughing too loud; and then the affair of a birth so *very* posthumous was rather too *patent* to escape all criticism.

My friend was in a gossiping mood this evening, and, as she was well turned of fifty, I ventured to continue the conversation. As some of the *liaisons* which exist here, must be novel to you, I shall mention one or two more.

A Madame de J—— passed us, leaning on the arm of M. de C——. I knew the former, who was a widow; had frequently visited her, and had been surprised at the intimacy which existed between her, and M. de C——, who always appeared quite at home in her house. I ventured to ask my neighbour if the gentleman were the brother of the lady. "Her brother! It is to be hoped not, as he is her husband." "Why does she not bear his name, if that be the case?" "Because her first husband is of a more illustrious family than her second; and then there are some difficulties on the score of fortune. No, no. These people are *bonâ fide* married. *Tenez*—do you see that gentleman who is standing so assiduously near the chair of Madame de S——? He who is all attention and smiles to the lady?" "Certainly: his politeness is even affectionate." "Well, it ought to be, for it is M. de S——, her husband." "They are a happy couple, then." "*Hors de doute:* he meets her at *soirées* and balls; is the pink of politeness; puts on her shawl; sees her safe into her carriage, and —" "Then they drive home together, as loving as Darby and Joan." "And then he jumps into his *cabriolet*, and drives to the lodgings of ——. *Bon soir, monsieur* ——; you are making me fall into the vulgar crime of scandal."

Now, much as all this may sound like invention, it is quite true that I repeat no more to you than was said to me, and no more than what I believe to be the fact. As respects the latter couple, I have been elsewhere told that they literally never see each other except in public, where they constantly meet as the best friends in the world.

I was lately in some English society, when Lady G—— bet a pair of gloves with Lord R—— that he had not seen Lady R—— for a fortnight. The bet was won by the gentleman, who proved satisfactorily that he had met his wife at a dinner party only ten days before.

After all I have told you, and all that you may have heard from others, I am nevertheless inclined to believe that the high society of Paris is quite as exemplary as that of any other large European town. If we are any better ourselves, is it not more owing to the absence of temptation, than to any other cause? Put large garrisons into our towns, fill the streets with idlers who have nothing to do but to render themselves agreeable, and with women with whom dress and pleasure are the principal occupations, and then let us see what Protestantism and liberty will avail us in this particular. The intelligent French say that their society is improving in morals. I can believe this assertion, of which I think there is sufficient proof by comparing the present

with the past, as the latter has been described to us. By the past, I do not mean the period of the Revolution, when vulgarity assisted to render vice still more odious — a happy union, perhaps, for those who were to follow,—but the days of the old *régime*. Chance has thrown me in the way of three or four old dowagers of that period, women of high rank, and still in the first circles, who, amid all their *finesse* of breeding, and ease of manner, have had a most desperate *rouée* air about them. Their very laugh, at times, has seemed replete with a bold levity that was as disgusting as it was unfeminine. I have never, in any other part of the world, seen loose sentiments *affichés*, with more effrontery. These women are the complete antipodes of the quiet, elegant Princesse de ——, who was at Lady —— ——'s this evening; though some of them write *Princesses* on their cards, too.

The influence of a court must be great on the morals of those who live in its purlieus. Conversing with the Duc de ——, a man who has had general currency in the best society of Europe, on this subject, he said,—"England has long decried our manners. Previously to the Revolution, I admit they were bad; perhaps worse than her own; but I know nothing in our history so bad as what I have witnessed in England. The King invited me to dine at Windsor. I found every one in the drawing-room, but his Majesty and Lady ——. She entered but a minute before him, like a queen. Her reception was that of a queen; young, unmarried females kissed her hand. Now, all this might happen in France, even now; but Louis XV. the most dissolute of our monarchs, went no farther. At Windsor, I saw the husband, sons, and daughters of the favourite, in the circle! *Le parc des Cerfs* was not as bad as this."

"And yet, M. de ——, since we are conversing frankly, listen to what I witnessed, but the other day, in France. You know the situation of things at St. Ouen, and the rumours that are so rife. We had the *fête Dieu* during my residence there. You, who are a Catholic, need not be told that your sect believe in the doctrine of the 'real presence.' There was a *reposoir* erected in the garden of the *château*, and God, in person, was carried, with religious pomp, to rest in the bowers of the ex-favourite. It is true, the husband was not present: he was only in the provinces!"

"The influence of a throne makes sad parasites and hypocrites," said M. de ——, shrugging his shoulders.

"And the influence of the people, too, though in a different way. A courtier is merely a well-dressed demagogue."

"It follows, then, that man is just a poor devil."

But I am gossiping away with you, when my Asmodean career is ended; and it is time I went to bed. Good night!

METASTASIO.

I.

La Signora.

Chi sei tu? Chi sei tu?
Dimmi piccolo fanciullo,
Sempr' andante sù et giù
Sospirando fra 'l trastullo.
Cupid.
Son Cupidon' in verità
Rè de' burle leggiadre.
La Sig.
Dunque dì per carità,
Come stia, tua madre?
Senz' arco così, perchè?
Dove sono le saiette?
La faretra poi dov' è?
Sembianze son sospette —
Chi sei tu?

II.

La Sig.
Chi sei tu? chi sei tu?
Arme c'eran altre volte.
Cupid.
Giovan' ELLA non è più
Mi furon' allora tolte.
La Sig.
E la torcia, perchè, dì,
Hai voluto tu lasciare?
Cupid.
Cuori signor' oggidì
Più non vogliono bruciare.
La Sig.
Tu rispondermi così
Fanciulletto! che vergogna!
O! sei cambiato, sì,
Ate dunque dir' bisogna
" CHI SEI TU?"

FONTENELLE.

I.

La Dame.

Qui es tu? Qui es tu?
Bel enfant aux gais sourires,
Toi qui cours tout devtu,
Et ris parfois, parfois soupires?
Cupidon.
Dame, je suis Cupidon
Dieu d'amour, fils à CITHERE.
La Dame.
Bel enfant, eh, dis moi donc
Comment va, VENUS, ta mere?
Cette fois, sans carquois
Je te vois avec surprise,
Cupidon, est il donc
Etonnant que l'on te dise
Qui es tu?

II.

La Dame.
Qui es tu? Qui es tu?
Qu'a tu donc fait de tes armes,
De tes traits de fer pointu..?
Cupidon.
De *vos* traits...où sont les charmes?

Vous votre beau, moi mon flambeau
Ensemble nous lâchâmes:

Or, plus d'espoir helas! de voir
Pour nous les cœurs en flammes!
La Dame.
Petit enfant, c'est peu galant
D'user pareil langage;
Pas étonnant que maintenant
Chacun dise au village
" QUI ES TU?"

SAM. LOVER.

*** This song has been set to music by Mr. Lover, and is published.

" WHO are you?—Who are you?
Little boy that 's running after
Ev'ry one up and down,
Mingling sighing with your laughter?"

" I am Cupid, lady belle,
I am Cupid, and no other."

" Little boy, then pr'ythee tell
How is Venus? How 's your mother?
Little boy, little boy,
I desire you tell me true:
Cupid, oh! you 're alter'd so,
No wonder I cry *Who are you?*

II.

" Who are you?—Who are you?
Little boy, where is your bow?
You had a bow, my little boy."

" So had you, ma'am, long ago."

" Little boy, where is your torch?"
" Madam, I have given it up:

Torches are no use at all;
Hearts will never now *flare up*."

" Naughty boy, naughty boy,
Such words as these I never knew;
Cupid, oh! you 're alter'd so,
No wonder I say
" WHO ARE YOU?"

WHO ARE YOU?

"There are very impudent people in London," said young Ben. "As I passed down Arlington-street, a fellow stared at me and shouted 'Who are *you?*' Five minutes after, another passing me cried 'Flare up!' but a civil gentleman close to his heels kindly asked, 'How is your mother?' *Vivian Grey.*

" Il y a certaines façons de parler dans toutes les langues de l'Europe, que l'on retrouve partout dans la bouche du vulgaire. A cette classe appartiennent les expressions " *Qui es tu?*" " *Comment va ta mere?*" En Italie comme en France on n'entend que ça."—L'Abbé Bossu *sur les idiotismes du langage.*

METROPOLITAN MEN OF SCIENCE.

No. I.

The author of the exploits of *Brown Bess* and of *The Admirable Crichton* has announced his intention of *editing* "*The Lions of London*," a task of no ordinary description; and *Boz* has already chronicled the slang, humour, peculiarities, and vices of the omnibus cads and cab-drivers. Pierce Egan, after uttering a vulgar forgery of *Life in London*, has in a repentant fit announced himself as "*A Pilgrim of the Thames*;" and, in short, the wonders of this wondrous metropolis are drawn, depicted, coloured, printed, narrated, represented, in every possible shape and way to the town and country public. All this we know: but we know more; we know that there are *the* places, *the* scenes, and *the* characters to be visited, and contemplated, and admired in town, which will be omitted to be noticed by any of our pleasant historians; but which are, of all others, worthy of sincere regard and periodical immortality! In the East, according to the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the corner of the Kiosk was the distinguished place of honour; and may we not conduct our readers to corners and by-places, and "show their eyes and grieve their hearts?" We have for some time felt a great anxiety to exhibit to our readers a few remarkable features of society, or rather to introduce them to Those who are connected with those features. All know, and yet all do not intimately and in particular know, many of our great scientific humanists, as connected with particular departments of our precious faces or heads; but we long, we thirst, to be the chroniclers of

Mr. A. and the eye,
Mr. B. and the ear,
Mr. C. and the nose,
Mr. D. and the teeth,
&c. &c. &c.

Some of our readers will think we are about to publish the works of *Head* in the usual popular monthly series; but we see no reason why old Burton should have it all to himself, and why a pleasant anatomy (which must be an anatomy of pleasure) should not compete with the Anatomy of Melancholy!

We shall at once begin our agreeable task, and as it is *biting* weather, we will immediately come to Mr. D. and the teeth, than whom a more amiable, honourable, or generous man, or a more decisive and perfect artist, does not exist. Persons may think that his abode is a mere place where drops of laudanum are dropped into wretched receptacles of pain; or where bits of yellow double ivory are lugged out, as though the teeth were dancing the hays in Hayes Court. No such thing! The house is a palace! The man is a magician over the unruly spirit of

teeth! The arrangements are pleasant, touching, and delightful; and the operations are rare and fascinating surprises, which no person with a discoloured concave, or suspicious fang, ought to neglect! What a mansion! What an artist! What a deathless D.!

I do not know when I have experienced more of ease and pleasure than I did in the capacious and comfortable anteroom; for I had, to speak the truth, accompanied a friend who had the tooth-ache, and I saw around me, various respectable objects of pang and pity, who were about to have that salutary relief given to them, which the new poor-law has directed to other poor devils, and which is derived from their *being taken into the house!* One by one was beckoned out by the porter to the relieving officer, and nothing could be more interesting or effective than the departure of patient after patient, "with a muffled drum" for a head, and who, as soon as the door closed, was "heard no more of!" What luxury marks this apartment! The handles of the doors are a complete set of ivories; and, indeed, the whole interior is one scene of mingled splendour and comfort. Let our readers, as Brutus says, "*chew* upon this!" A large table stands in the room, covered with every work that the imagination can devise, for the amusement and satisfaction of the attentive reader. The students, however, in this room, are not so steady and intent over their books as are the visitors to the library of the British Museum; but they snatch a little agreeable reading by fits and starts, and take up a very tolerable number of volumes and pamphlets, and put them down in a remarkably short compass of time. The person to whom the selection of this entertaining library has been entrusted, has executed his task with discretion, fidelity, and spirit; and we were pleased to notice, as we jotted down in our memorandum-book the names of the most attractive of the works, how much he had endeavoured to collect together, pages that should tend to soothe, beguile, and cheer the casual visitor of the place. First we had "*Paine's Age of Reason*"—a book calculated for those in whom pain and reason are so invariably connected. Then we had "Sass's Drawings of the Human Figure;" "The Sufferings of the Early Martyrs;" "History of the Inquisition, with Prints of the Screws and Instruments of Torture;" "Lardner on the Lever;" "Coulson on Distortions, &c." "Tracts on Tumours;" "Montgomery's Omnipresence;" "Five Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth;" "The Lancet;" and "*Elegant Extracts.*" There is no refreshment ready in *this* room, except that which is derived by the person who comes to have his or her teeth "looked at," contemplating a near chair-neighbour who is about to part with one of those useful inmates, which, like all other domestics, get troublesome as they get older, and finally lose their places from becoming in themselves perfectly unbearable! The pas-

sages and galleries are magnificent—rows of pillars of the *Tuscan* order are in even sets, and in perfect order and keeping! On the staircase, which is of marble, stands a superb clock, which *throbs* the time very awfully; and the suite of rooms on the first floor is, as the visitors cannot but admit, of the most costly order. Refreshments are here constantly spread before the lingerer, tempting those (who have not had a wink of sleep for weeks) to eat and enjoy themselves. In this house one thing is remarkable, and I think it tends to confuse the mind,—"the drawing-room" is on the ground-floor! Here the soothing sorcerer over anguish and horror—receives his visitors; and here, indeed, he sees company in due state. I merely took a glimpse at this room, which was by no means so provocative of curiosity to me as was the blue chamber to that of Fatima's.

A few *mems* must close this weak and impotent description:—a few recollections snatched amidst the fascination of the whole place! We observed that the mode in which our artist expelled a troublesome *double enemy* put an end to the usual interpretation of Zanga's famous exclamation,

"The flesh *will* follow where the pincers tear!"

The *pincers* might be used, but the flesh did *not* follow,—the eye-tooth came out as clean as a smelt. Mr. D. had several pictures in *enamel*, which were much to be valued; and he had in his hall a portrait by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence of Mr. Cartwright—and likenesses by *H. B.* in one of his closets, of Howard, Imrie, Sanford, Clarke, Jones, Parkinson, Hayes, Biggs, Rogers, &c. &c. which are allowed to be, by all observers, admirable works of art. There is a slight attempt at *Mallan* in *mineral succedaneum*, which appears to be falling away—we will not say decaying.

One nuisance there is, and we cannot as honest historians pass it over; the street, in which our D. lives, is disturbed, distracted, by an excess of music, amounting, arising indeed, into a decided case of "*organic* disease." The *grinders* making a point—it would seem a pointed point—of showing themselves in the very front of that building,—which is opposed to anything defective in the front!

As we were about to depart from this attractive spot—not *spot*—place,—we saw Charles Taylor or Tom Cooke slipping away with every tooth perfect, and yet not without a *falsetto*. Some musical wag however still remained, and by permission of the butler (a *drawer* of corks in large practice) we were allowed to hear the following song; and we shall print it at once without comment, explanation, or excuse,

"For, oh! Sir Thomas's own sonnet
Beats all that we can say upon it."

SONG,

For the Private Theatre or the *Drawing*-room.

Air—*Not* "Pull away, pull away, pull away, my hearties!"—DIBDIN.

Oh! this is the house for effects and for scenes,—
What is Drury, Ducrow's, Covent Garden, the Queen's?
Success at the one or the other will pause,
But in this house the manager constantly *draws*.—
Then let the Muse *be* at her
Home, in this theatre;
Gain here, and glory, go snacks in applause.

The crowds that come here, made of Beauty and Ninny,
Take—each takes a seat in the stall for a guinea;
Our great managerial actor then bows,
And, oh! with what pleasure he views *the front rows!*
Then let, &c.

At the Opera they boast of the band and the *chori*,
Of Lindley,—of Balfe,—Dragonetti, and Mori;
But here finished art, perfect touch, take their station,
For who beats our hero in *instrumentation?*
Then let, &c.

There 's *Richard the Third* is a favourite part,
And he mouths it, like some of our players, by heart;
But remember that Gloster, when first he drew breath,
Was shaped like a *screw*—with a *full set of teeth.*
Then let, &c.

Macbeth may effectively fall to his lot,
For where 's such an artist for "*Out*, damned *spot!*"
And we see, where those old annotators were blind,—
For the issue of Duncan, why *he filed* his mind.
Then let, &c.

He does not play Lear (Forrest does—so does Booth),
For he thinks the "How sharper!" is wrong on the *tooth!*
His company 's good, else why full stall and bench?
But, though he likes *Power*, he won't hear of *Wrench!*
Then let, &c.

Through pieces—light farce—Fame our favourite then next tracks,—
Single acts, single scenes, pungent touches, smart extracts!
With Colman's Review, too, he 's coupled by some,
For he, like John Lump, gets a "guinea, *by Gum!*"
Then let, &c.

Then, with riches at will, oh! how liberal the lord
Of this mansion is found at the banquet and board!
Still, though wealth comes from east and from west, north and south,
Yet some *will* say he lives but from mere *hand to mouth!*
Then let, &c.

But cautious he should be,—though bright be the day,—
For he knows, best of any, the works of decay;
And he ne'er should forget, in this splendid—this top age,
That when he *won't* draw, he inclines then to *stoppage.*
Then let, &c.

But long may he flourish—long, long here preside,
To give "harmless pleasure" to thousands beside!
Age is baffled by him,—we 're still rich,—let it fret!
Oh! if hundreds are lost, we can have a *new set!*
Then let, &c. R.

KYAN'S PATENT—THE NINE MUSES,—AND THE DRY-ROT.

"That which is most elaborate in nature is that which soonest runs to decay."
FARADAY.

THE Muses, to their infinite disgrace as useful members of society, have for centuries been devoting their time to the sun, the moon, the stars, flowers, lips, hair, love, "kisses, tears, and smiles;" in short, to objects of mere enjoyment and beauty; greatly to the delight, it must be confessed, of the young and the romantic, but tending to no wise and useful purpose, and contributing to no profitable end. The long luxurious indolence of these nine inestimable young ladies for so many, many years, does appear to us to cast no slight shade upon their characters; and Parnassus itself does not "hold its own" as a place of any considerable repute, when the habits of its female frequenters are taken into account. It is, indeed, high time that the Muses should get into places of all work,—that they should earn their bread through habits of honest industry and integrity, and not be idling about the rose-trees, and wasting their powers on a sigh, an eyebrow, or a trumpery star. The time for useful exertion is come; and the days of dalliance, dreaming, and ethereal delight are passing away. Flora gives way to Cocker, and Apollo is whipped off the top of his own Grecian mount by the schoolmaster *abroad*. If the Muses do not now patronise statistical reports, poor-law estimates, and fat-cattle meetings, they will as surely "sink in their repute," ay, as surely as the name of their firm is "Clio, Tighe, Thalia, Hemans, Euterpe, Landon, Polyhymnia, Jenkinson, and Co." Imagination is all very well in its way; but does it know how "things are in the City?" Is it in the direction—it certainly ought to be—of the Great Northern Railway, or the Public Safety British Patent Axletree Conveyance Company? Can imagination "set a leg or an arm?" if not, why imagination may imagine itself carrying out its own shutters in these enlightened times, and shutting up its own shop at mid-day.

We are happy to see, and to be able to say, that the Muses, like the ladies in "the Invincibles," are marching with the times. They are setting imagination to work on various well-sounding schemes for public companies and joint-stockeries. Apollo is preparing a prospectus for a New British Co-operative Joint Stock Music Society, into which, of course, nothing foreign will be allowed to creep, unless it is altered and dressed anew, and "wears a livery like its fellows." Melpomene is to take the Queen's Theatre for a serious bazaar, and Thalia is to turn Astley's into an agreeable chapel for the Jumpers. Urania goes to the Astronomical Society as housekeeper, and Terpsichore is to be the lessee of the dancing-rooms in Brewer-street, Golden-

square, for gymnastic purposes. Indeed, there will not be an idle body in the lovely firm; and, in future, it is more than probable that vessels will be propelled by means of airy verse, and balloons inflated by fancy, or elevated and guided by the application of high-flown figures. There is no knowing or foretelling to *what* extent of usefulness poetry may be carried!

It has fallen to our lot to be able to record one of the scientific turns which poetry has taken. The Muses having of late years observed that the palm-tree, the laurel, and all their sacred trees, had, like the trees in all gardens open to the public, suffered much from ill-usage, — premature symptoms of dry-rot having presented themselves,—the Nine were all at sixes and sevens about the matter, until they were recommended by a humane neighbour (as one of Morrison's pill victims says in a grateful advertisement) to "try Kyan." "Try Kyan!" exclaimed Calliope. "What, in the name of music, can Kyan be?" On turning to the columns of the Morning Chronicle, however, Erato (who could read) discovered the advertisement explanatory of the great patent antidote to dry-rot in timber; and a deputation of three of the daughters of Mnemosyne waited on Messrs. Faraday, Pine, Kyan, Memel, Mills, Oakley, Terry, and Woodison, gentlemen interested in the progress of this invaluable discovery,—and finally at the office in Lime-street-square the Muses bargained for a steeping of their undying, dying, decaying timber in the wondrous tank at Red Lion wharf, Poplar. The process, notwithstanding the mischief done to the wood by the poets of this scratching age, was most triumphantly successful; all symptoms of decay, except where certain initials were carved, at once disappeared, and the immortal plants began to put on "all their original brightness!" Apollo gave an awful shriek of delight as he saw the wanton cuttings and witherings disappear, and the grand leaves of beauty starting into life afresh, at the inspiring touch of the immortal Kyan. The Muses, with a few select friends, dined together afterwards, at the Macclesfield Arms in the New-road, and a song upon Kyan's patent was *impromptued* on the occasion, and was very favourably received, when the mortal waiters were out of the room. We are enabled to lay a copy of it before our readers; and we are sure they will, with us, receive with pleasure this proof of the interest which the Muses are taking in matters of science and useful art. It is reported that the Nine are about to become members of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

THE ANTI-DRY-ROT COMPANY'S SONG.

Air—"Well, well, now—no more;—sure you've told me before."
Love in a Village.

1.

Have you heard,—have you heard,—
Anti-dry-rot 's the word?

Wood will never wear out, thanks to Kyan, to Kyan!
He dips in a tank,
Any rafter or plank,—
And makes it immortal as Dian, as Dian!
If you steep but a thread,
It will hang by the head,
For ever, the largest old lion, old lion;
Or will cord up the trunk
Of an elephant drunk;—
If you doubt it,—yourself go and try 'un, and try 'un.

2.

In the days that are gone,
As to timber and stone,
Decay was by no means a shy 'un, a shy 'un.
He bolted our floors,
And our vessels by scores,
And the thirsty old rot was a dry 'un, a dry 'un!
Oak crumbled beneath
The dry blast of its breath,
As soon as it e'er came a-nigh 'un, a-nigh 'un;
But gone is the day
Of that glutton Decay,
Since he can't eat his timber with *Kyan*, with *Kyan!*

3.

Say—now—what shall we steep
In the tank? just to keep.—
Shakspeare sniffed our great secret, the sly 'un, the sly 'un!
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear,
Have been *Kyan'd*, my dear,
By Nature's immortal Paul Pry 'un, Paul Pry 'un.
Shall the plays of the day
Take a plunge from decay?
(There is no need for Tell, or for Ion, for Ion;)
I fear he could not
Soak away the dry-rot
From *some* things:—But *all* rests on Kyan, on Kyan.

4.

Put the lid on the tank,—
Not a crack for a plank,—
While I point out one thing, as I fly on, I fly on,
Which really must not
Have a dip 'gainst dry-rot,—
Stuff with cotton the ears of my Kyan, my Kyan.
In a whisper I speak,
(But 'twill rain for a week,—
Or as long as St. Swithin will cry on, will cry on,—)
The moment I make
Your conviction awake
That *Vauxhall* wants no plunge 'gainst the dry 'un, the dry 'un.

5.

Do not dip many books
In our anti-rot nooks;
Keep out novels, and all Sense cries Fie on! cries Fie on!
Though, since Wood turns sublime
In its strife against time,
Most heads that we know, will try Kyan, try Kyan.
Only think what great good
'Twould do Alder*men* Wood,
(Elected for life) if they 'd try 'un, they 'd try 'un;—
Every word that I say
Is as true as the day,
And each hint you may safely rely on, rely on!

6.

Then, hurrah! come uncork!
This dry-rot is dry work;
Bring the bottle,—that one I 've my eye on, my eye on;
My spirit I 'd steep
In its rich *anti*-deep,
And linger for morn, like Orion, Orion!
'Gad the secret is out,
We 've talk'd so much about;
My dog's on the scent,—oh! then hie on, then hie on!
'Tis the *bottle*, I feel,
Makes immortal mere deal,
And wine's the *solution of Kyan*, of Kyan! R.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD."

SCRAP, No. III. *Water-grass-hill.*

WHEN *single-speech* Hamilton made in the Irish Commons that *one* memorable hit, and persevered ever after in obdurate taciturnity, folks began very justly to suspect that all was not right; in fact, that the solitary egg on which he thus sat, plumed in all the glory of incubation, had been laid by another. The Rev. Mr. Wolfe is *supposed* to be the author of a single poem, unparalleled in the English language for all the qualities of a true lyric, breathing the purest spirit of the antique, and setting criticism completely at defiance. I say *supposed*, for the gentleman himself never claimed its authorship during his short and unobtrusive lifetime. He who could write the "Funeral of Sir John Moore," must have eclipsed all the lyric poets of this latter age by the fervour and brilliancy of his powers. Do the other writings of Mr. Wolfe bear any trace of inspiration? None.

I fear we must look elsewhere for the origin of those beautiful lines; and I think I can put the public on the right scent. In 1749, Colonel de Beaumanoir, a native of Britanny, having raised a regiment in his own neighbourhood, went out with it to India, in that unfortunate expedition commanded by Lally-Tolendal, the failure of which eventually lost to the French their possessions in Hindostan. The colonel was killed in defending, against the forces of Coote, PONDICHERRY, the last stronghold of the French in that hemisphere.

He was buried that night on the north bastion of the fortress by a few faithful followers, and the next day the fleet sailed with the remainder of the garrison for Europe. In the appendix to the "Memoirs of LALLY-TOLENDAL," by his Son, the following lines occur, which bear some resemblance to those attributed to Wolfe. Perhaps Wolf Tone may have communicated them to his relative the clergyman on his return from France. *Fides sit penès lectorem.*

P. PROUT.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD."

I.

Ni le son du tambour...ni la marche funebre...
Ni le feu des soldats...ne marqua son depart.—
Mais du BRAVE, à la hâte, à travers les tenebres,
Mornes...nous portâmes le cadavre au rempart!

II.

De Minuit c'était l'heure, et solitaire et sombre—
La lune à peine offrait un debile rayon;
La lanterne luisait peniblement dans l'ombre,
Quand de la bayonette on creusa le gazon.

III.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funeraire
Nous ne daignâmes point entourer le HEROS;
Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire
Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

IV.

La prière qu'on fit fut de courte durée:
Nul ne parla de deuil, bien que le cœur fut plein!
Mais on fixait du MORT la figure adorée...
Mais avec amertume on songeait au demain.

V.

Au demain! quand ici ou sa fosse s'apprête,
Ou son humide lit on dresse avec sanglots,
L'ennemi orgueilleux marchera sur sa tête,
Et nous, ses veterans, serons loin sur les flots!

VI.

Ils terniront sa gloire...on pourra les entendre
Nommer l'illustre MORT d'un ton amer...ou fol;—
Il les laissera dire.—Eh! qu'importe A' SA CENDRE
Que la main d'un BRETON a confiée au sol?

VII.

L'œuvre durait encor, quand retentit la cloche
Au sommet du Befroi:—et le canon lointain
Tiré par intervalle, en annonçant l'approche,
Signalait la fierté de l'ennemi hautain.

VIII.

Et dans sa fosse alors le mîmes lentement...
Près du champ où sa gloire a eté consommée:
Ne mîmes à l'endroit pierre ni monument
Le laissant seul à seul avec sa Renommée!

A GOSSIP WITH SOME OLD ENGLISH POETS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

All hail to the octo-syllabic measure! the most cheerful, buoyant, and terse of all metres; at once familiar and refined, and fitted more than any other to the narration of a gay and laughing tale. Lord Byron, who indulged in it not a little, was pleased nevertheless to condemn it for what he called its "fatal facility;" but we believe that its *facility* is more a matter for the enjoyment of the reader than for the execution of the writer; since, in the latter respect, it seems to demand so much of polish, point, and neatness, as to require, in its very absence of all apparent effort, no little labour in him who would do its claims full justice. Cowper, who was ambitious to excel in this pleasant verse, declared that the "easy jingle" of Mat. Prior was inimitable; but Prior, delightful as his octo-syllabic poetry undoubtedly is, has many rivals,—not indeed among his contemporaries, but in poets who preceded and followed him. Shakspeare, for example, in whose boundless riches is found almost every variety of the Muse, has given us abundant specimens of this verse in the prologues to each act of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," as spoken by the Ghost of old Gower, who, having, in his *Confessio Amantis*, told the story afterwards dramatised by Shakspeare, is evoked from his "ashes" to explain to the spectators the progress of the incidents of the play. The following *notturno* could hardly have been as pleasantly conveyed in any other measure:—

"Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed."

Ben Jonson, too, has revelled in this metre: its sweet cheerfulness appears, for the time, to have drawn from his mind its austere and sarcastic qualities, and to have lulled the violence of his wit. Old Ben is, in short, never seen in so happy and amiable a light as when he writes in the octo-syllabic. Here is a specimen:—

"Some act of Love bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse;
Which, when he felt, 'Away!' quoth he,
'Can poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough they once did get
Mars and my mother in their net;
I wear not these my wings in vain.'
With which he fled me; and again
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got
By any art. Then wonder not
That, since, my numbers are so cold,
When Love is fled, and I grow old."

But what shall we say of Herrick, the English Anacreon, who fondled this measure with such graceful dalliance? We cannot

resist the temptation of making an extract, and of *italicising* a line or two, that we may enjoy them with the reader:—

"A sweet disorder in the dresse
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse;
A lawne about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticote;
A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye
I see a wild civility;
Doe more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part."

Mark the ease, the play, the *curiosa felicitas*, of this exquisite little poem. Could it have been as happy in any other measure?

The stern and unflinching patriot, Andrew Marvell, evidently takes delight in the piquant grace of the octo-syllabic. Here is a passage from his poem addressed to the Lord Fairfax, descriptive of the grounds about that nobleman's house, in Yorkshire, called Nun-Appleton. Speaking of the meadows, Marvell says:—

"No scene, that turns with engines strange,
Does oftener than these meadows change;
For when the sun the grass hath vex'd,
The tawny mowers enter next;
Who seem like Israelites to be,
Walking on foot through a green sea.
To them the grassy deeps divide,
And crowd a lane to either side.
With whistling scythe, and elbow strong,
These massacre the grass along.

* * * * *

The mower now commands the field;
In whose new traverse seemeth wrought
A camp of battle newly fought;
Where, as the meads with hay, the plain
Lies quilted o'er with bodies slain:
The women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the pillaging.
And now the careless victors play,
Dancing the triumphs of the hay.
When, after this, 'tis piled in cocks,
Like a calm sea it shews the rocks."

The poems of Thomas Randolph, a writer of the seventeenth century, are not so well known as they deserve to be. A specimen, therefore, of his treatment of our favourite verse, will be some such a novelty as is afforded by the revival of an obsolete fashion. He is addressing his mistress while walking through a grove:—

"See Zephyrus through the leaves doth stray,
And has free liberty to play,
And braid thy locks. And shall I find
Less favour than a saucy wind?
Now let me sit and fix my eyes
On thee that art my paradise.

Thou art my all: the spring remains
In the fair violets of thy veins;
And that it is a summer's day,
Ripe cherries in thy lips display;
And when for autumn I would seek,
'Tis in the apples of thy cheek;
But that which only moves my smart,
Is to see winter in thy heart."

Of Butler it is needless to speak: everybody knows Hudibras. He is, indeed, a glorious champion of the octo-syllabic verse. The glories, too, of Prior,—the witty, the humorous, the *riant* Prior,—are too well known to require illustration. We say "too well known," for Matthew, alas! had a sovereign contempt for *les bienséances*, and only, now-a-days, finds his "way into families" because time and a classic reputation have, in a manner, sanctified his extravagancies. But what must have been the irresistible charm of his octo-syllabic measure, to have seduced the morbid methodist, Cowper, into a warm eulogy of the very metre in which his licentious freaks were perpetrated?

As in Prior's case, Gay chose this particular verse to sin in. We do not allude to his "Fables," but to his "Tales," which are dexterous and pleasant enough, but wrong. The reader must not expect specimens. From the next writer, however, to whom we shall allude, namely, Green, author of "The Spleen," we shall be happy to transfer to our pages an extract. Green was a member of the Society of Friends; but, whatever might have been the formality of the outward man, never did a more genial heart beat in the bosom of a human creature than in that of Quaker Green. He was a philosopher, a humanist, a wit, a poet; and we do not like him the less because he took especial delight in the sly humour of the eight-syllable rhyme. He found in this measure a pleasant compromise between a staid cheerfulness and a roystering joke, and he dandled it to his heart's content in the true spirit of Quaker love-making; that is to say, with a certain significance of purpose qualified by sobriety of pretence. The friendly triumph of the flesh over the spirit was never more cordially manifested; but all is done "with conscience and tender heart." The poem called "The Spleen" would have been a luxury from any writer. From Green, in his drab coat, it has a double relish. The fire that burned under the broad-brimmed hat of this wise and gentle lover of humanity, was too strong for the stuff of which his physical man was composed; it

"O'er informed his tenement of clay;"

and our poetical Quaker died before he had reached his middle age. His principal poem is distinguished by the elastic play of the versification, by manly good sense, and flashing wit. Poor Green! it was especially necessary for him, with his delicate organization, to study how he might best exorcise the spleen, or, as we should now call it, hypochondria,—a task which we, in our Miscellany, have taken under our especial care. The following extract from the exordium to the Quaker's poem will afford a good taste of his quality. We have italicised some lines that appeared to be peculiarly felicitous:—

"Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood;
But after no field-honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry, awake the Morn:
These see her from her dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the Night,
With roral wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the 'Hark-away!'
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view,
While all the spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.
To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh, and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit."

We may take an opportunity of resuming this subject.

THE RISING PERIODICAL;

BEING MR. VERDANT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST AERIAL VOYAGE,

edited BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WITHOUT apology, I 'll trace
Our airy flight across the sea,
Because at once we raised *ourselves*
And public curiosity.

And well might those who saw us off,
Our many perils long discuss,
Because, ere we were out of sight,
'Twas certainly "all up with us!"

There might be danger, sure enough,
On high, from thirst and hunger blending;
But men are told they should *bear up*
Against the danger that 's impending.

So we bore up into the clouds,
Of creature comforts ample store;
And really coffee ne'er was known
To rise so speedily before.

Our tongues, though salted, never halted;
Our game fresh-kill'd was very high;
And, though all nicely truss'd and roasted,
We saw our fowls and turkeys fly!

Our solid food rose like a puff,
Hard biscuit seem'd a trifle, too;
And our champagne was so much up,
That e'en our empty bottles flew!

Our spirits rose; in fact we were,
When not a dozen miles from Dover,
Quite in a *state of elevation*,
Indisputably "*half seas over*."

How like conspirators were we,
So snug we kept our hour of rising;
And when our movement once was made,
All London cried, "Oh! how surprising!"

If, when we soar'd above the great,
They trembled, 'twas without occasion:
Our thoughts were turned to France; in truth
We meditated an invasion!

But over earth and over sea
We went without one hostile notion;
Our war on earth, a civil war;
The Channel,—our Pacific Ocean.

When passing over Chatham town
We were just finishing a chicken;
A soldier and a maiden fair
I saw whilst I the bones was picking.

I threw a drumstick at the youth,
Who all around the culprit sought;
And whilst the maiden laughed aloud,
I struck her with a merry thought.

In darkness we the Channel cross'd,
And left our fragile car to chance;
And, scorning customary rules,
Without a passport enter'd France!

But on we went, and our descent
Bewilder'd many a German gaper;
Until, to prove from whence we came,
We show'd the last day's London paper!

We're told no good that is substantial
Results from all we nobly dare;
What then?—We took a clever MASON
To build us castles in the air.

We're not like certain *rising men*,
Puff'd up with vain presumptuous thoughts;
We nothing boast of what we've done,
And deem ourselves mere airy-noughts!

T. H. B.

AN ITALIAN ANECDOTE.

Naples, July 1.—This was one of the hottest days of the season. I had long contemplated Fort St. Elmo, high on the crest of the mountain which overhung Naples, as one of the objects which I was bound to visit. I knew and felt that, likeVesuvius, it was one of those sights which exercise a tyranny over every traveller, not to be evaded, and which he must see, or hazard his peace of mind for ever; but never yet had I been able to overcome my natural indolence, and to proceed to explore it. On this morning I rose with an alacrity and love of enterprise quite unusual to me, and I at once determined to ascend to St. Elmo to see the magnificent Certosini Convent, with the Chiesa di S. Martino, to enjoy the extensive view which this summit presents, and to hear the ascending buzz of the city and its numerous inhabitants. I immediately sent to T——, to accompany me; and, after eating a hearty breakfast, we took our departure.

Who that has ever mounted the steep, rugged, and never-ending ascent, will not pity the middle-aged gentleman of indolent habits, seeing sights for conscience sake, of no mean size, (for such I am,) as he struggled with the difficulties before him, looking up in dismay at the castle, inflating and distending his lungs with an action to which they had long been unaccustomed, until his face rivalled the sun in glowing crimson?

At length we reached our object. We saw the sights,—admired the beauty of the church, and its beautiful pictures by Spagnoletto,—exclaimed with rapture at the view, and heard the buzz. With my conscience satisfied, and with my critical observations on all we had seen, ready to be made upon the first favourable opportunity, I lost no time in descending to whence we came. By this time it was past meridian. The descent was very trying upon legs of forty-five years' standing; and the tremulous motion which it produced upon the muscles, only increased the longing I felt, to find myself once more extended full length on my sofa at the Vittoria.

I had taken off my coat, and, lazzaroni-like, had thrown it over my shoulder; my neckcloth was thrust into my waistcoat pocket, and my neck was bare. I carried my hat on my stick, using it by way of parasol; and, thus accoutred, I determined to make one desperate effort to brave the heat of the sun, that was baking the pavement of Santa Lucia, and emitting a glare that acted like a burning-glass upon my eyeballs. As we walked through this ordeal, we passed close to an assembly of young lazzaronis, basking in the sun, near to a stall; there they lay, in the midst of fish-bones, orange-peels, and decayed melons. We evidently excited their mirth; and I, in particular, felt myself privileged to be laughed at,—for what could be more grotesque than my appearance? One of the boys was standing. We had scarcely turned our backs upon them, when I received a

blow on the head from a melon-rind;—I turned about, and immediately the whole gang ran off laughing. I would have followed; but, in truth, was too tired. I could scarcely move but at a slow walk. The boys stopped, and looked at us. At length, making a virtue of necessity, I called out to the boy who had thrown the melon-rind, to come to me—he hesitated; I called again—he was evidently puzzled, and suspicious of my intention; I then showed him a carline, "Come here," said I, "take this." "In the name of goodness!" exclaimed T——, "what are you about?" "Never mind," said I; "stop and see." The boy at length took courage, and came to me. "Here," said I, "*bravo! bravissimo! avete fatto bene!* take this." Upon which, in surprise, the boy, taking the piece of money out of my hand, ran off in the greatest exultation, showing it to his little friends as a prize fallen down from heaven.

"Now do tell me," said T——, "what demon of madness can have possessed you? You ought to have broken every bone in that young rascal's skin, instead of feeing him for insulting us." "So I would," said I, "if I could; but to catch him is impossible. By feeing him for his insolence, he will probably throw another piece of melon at the first Englishman he sees, who will, no doubt, give him the beating which I cannot." T—— laughed heartily at the ingenious turn which my indolence had taken—administering a beating *à ricochet*, as he called it; and, having reached my room, we laughed over our adventure, and speculated upon the beating the youngster would get.

And, true enough, the next day, as we were seated on one of the benches of the Villa Reale, we heard a sort of hue and cry on the Chiaja, and shortly after, saw our carroty and irascible friend W—— appear, foaming with rage, streaming from every pore, owing to some recent exertion, and exploding with bursts of execration. He came straight to us,—"Who ever knew such an infernal country as this?" said he, "D— them all for a beggarly set of villains. Did you ever see the like? I gave it him well, however,—that 's some comfort. The young rascal won't forget me, for some time, I 'll warrant you!" T—— and I smiled at each other in anticipation of the reason, which only made him more furious. "Here," said he, "was I walking quietly along, when a young rascal of a lazzaroni thought fit to shy half a water-melon at my head;—you may laugh; but it was no laughing matter to me, nor to him either, for I have half killed the young urchin; and then, forsooth, I must have half the town of Naples upon me, backed by all their carrion of old women." We allowed his rage to expend itself, and said nothing, for fear of being implicated in his wrath, inasmuch as I was the origin of his disaster; but, truly, indolence was never so completely justified, as on this occasion.

J. M.

OUR SONG OF THE MONTH.

No. II. February, 1837.

OUR VALENTINE.

With a frozen old saint, our Miscellany quaint
We headed last month in a jolly, gay song;
It was fit that a priest should say grace to the feast
Before any layman should stick in a prong.
But now we 've no need for the dark-flowing weed
Of a padre to hallow our frolics so fine;
'Tis a bishop, this moon, is to set us in tune—
And his name you know, maidens, is Saint Valentine.

So, love to our ladies from Lapland to Cadiz,
From the Tropics to Poles, (be the same more or less)—
But we know that in print they will ne'er take the hint
Half as soft and as sweet as in perfumed *MS.*
And we wish that we knew any fair one as true
As to think all we 're writing superb and divine,
At her feet should we lay—not a word about pay—
Our work as her tribute on Saint Valentine.

Yet why but to one should our homage be done?
We pay it to all whose smiles lighten our art:
To Edgeworth, to Morgan, to Baillie's deep organ,
To Hall's Irish pathos, to Norton's soft heart,
To the Countess so rare, to Costello the fair,
To Miss L. E. L., to high-born Emmeline;
But a truce to more names—Take this, darling dames,
Sweet friends of the pen, as our first Valentine. W. M.

OLIVER TWIST,

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER THE FIRST

TREATS OF THE PLACE WHERE OLIVER TWIST WAS BORN, AND OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING HIS BIRTH.

Among other public buildings in the town of Mudfog, it boasts of one which is common to most towns great or small, to wit, a workhouse; and in this workhouse there was born on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events, the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter. For a long time after he was ushered into this world of sorrow and trouble, by the parish surgeon, it remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all; in which case it is somewhat more than probable that these memoirs would never have appeared, or, if they had, being comprised within a couple of pages, they would have possessed the

inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of biography extant in the literature of any age or country. Although I am not disposed to maintain that the being born in a workhouse is in itself the most fortunate and enviable circumstance that can possibly befal a human being, I do mean to say that in this particular instance it was the best thing for Oliver Twist that could by possibility have occurred. The fact is, that there was considerable difficulty in inducing Oliver to take upon himself the office of respiration,—a troublesome practice, but one which custom has rendered necessary to our easy existence,—and for some time he lay gasping on a little flock mattress, rather unequally poised between this world and the next, the balance being decidedly in favour of the latter. Now, if during this brief period Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would most inevitably and indubitably have been killed in no time. There being nobody by, however, but a pauper old woman, who was rendered rather misty by an unwonted allowance of beer, and a parish surgeon who did such matters by contract, Oliver and nature fought out the point between them. The result was, that, after a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and proceeded to advertise to the inmates of the workhouse the fact of a new burden having been imposed upon the parish, by setting up as loud a cry as could reasonably have been expected from a male infant who had not been possessed of that very useful appendage, a voice, for a much longer space of time than three minutes and a quarter.

As Oliver gave this first testimony of the free and proper action of his lungs, the patchwork coverlet, which was carelessly flung over the iron bedstead, rustled; the pale face of a young female was raised feebly from the pillow; and a faint voice imperfectly articulated the words "Let me see the child, and die."

The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm, and a rub, alternately; but as the young woman spoke, he rose, and, advancing to the bed's head, said with more kindness than might have been expected of him—

"Oh, you must not talk about dying, yet."

"Lor bless her dear heart, no!" interposed the nurse, hastily depositing in her pocket a green glass bottle, the contents of which she had been tasting in a corner with evident satisfaction. "Lor bless her dear heart, when she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all on 'em dead except two, and them in the wurkus with me, she 'll know better than to take on in that way, bless her dear heart! Think what it is to be a mother, there 's a dear young lamb, do."

Apparently this consolatory perspective of a mother's prospects failed in producing its due effect. The patient shook her head, and stretched out her hand towards the child.

The surgeon deposited it in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead, passed her hands over her face, gazed wildly round, shuddered, fell back—and died. They chafed her breast, hands, and temples; but the blood had frozen for ever. They talked of hope and comfort. They had been strangers too long.

"It 's all over, Mrs. Thingummy," said the surgeon, at last.

"Ah, poor dear; so it is!" said the nurse, picking up the cork of the green bottle which had fallen out on the pillow as she stooped to take up the child. "Poor dear!"

"You needn't mind sending up to me, if the child cries, nurse," said the surgeon, putting on his gloves with great deliberation. "It's very likely it *will* be troublesome. Give it a little gruel if it is." He put on his hat, and, pausing by the bed-side on his way to the door, added, "She was a good-looking girl too; where did she come from?"

"She was brought here last night," replied the old woman, "by the overseer's order. She was found lying in the street;—she had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces; but where she came from, or where she was going to, nobody knows."

The surgeon leant over the body, and raised the left hand. "The old story," he said, shaking his head: "no wedding-ring, I see. Ah! good night."

The medical gentleman walked away to dinner; and the nurse, having once more applied herself to the green bottle, sat down on a low chair before the fire, and proceeded to dress the infant.

And what an excellent example of the power of dress young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar;—it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have fixed his station in society. But now he was enveloped in the old calico robes, that had grown yellow in the same service; he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once—a parish child—the orphan of a workhouse—the humble, half-starved drudge—to be cuffed and buffeted through the world, despised by all, and pitied by none.

Oliver cried lustily. If he could have known that he was an orphan, left to the tender mercies of churchwardens and overseers, perhaps he would have cried the louder.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

TREATS OF OLIVER TWIST'S GROWTH, EDUCATION, AND BOARD.

For the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of a systematic course of treachery and deception—he was brought up by hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities to the parish authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dig-

nity of the workhouse authorities, whether there was no female then domiciled in "the house" who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility that there was not. Upon this, the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be "farmed," or, in other words, that he should be despatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food, or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny—quite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children, and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them; thereby finding in the lowest depth a deeper still, and proving herself a very great experimental philosopher.

Everybody knows the story of another experimental philosopher, who had a great theory about a horse being able to live without eating, and who demonstrated it so well, that he got his own horse down to a straw a day, and would most unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rampacious animal upon nothing at all, if he hadn't died, just four-and-twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air. Unfortunately for the experimental philosophy of the female to whose protecting care Oliver Twist was delivered over, a similar result usually attended the operation of *her* system; for just at the very moment when a child had contrived to exist upon the smallest possible portion of the weakest possible food, it did perversely happen in eight and a half cases out of ten, either that it sickened from want and cold, or fell into the fire from neglect, or got smothered by accident; in any one of which cases, the miserable little being was usually summoned into another world, and there gathered to the fathers which it had never known in this.

Occasionally, when there was some more than usually interesting inquest upon a parish child who had been overlooked in turning up a bedstead, or inadvertently scalded to death when there happened to be a washing, (though the latter accident was very scarce,—anything approaching to a washing being of rare occurrence in the farm,) the jury would take it into their heads to ask troublesome questions, or the parishioners would rebelliously affix their signatures to a remonstrance: but these

impertinencies were speedily checked by the evidence of the surgeon, and the testimony of the beadle; the former of whom had always opened the body, and found nothing inside (which was very probable indeed), and the latter of whom invariably swore whatever the parish wanted, which was very self-devotional. Besides, the board made periodical pilgrimages to the farm, and always sent the beadle the day before, to say they were coming. The children were neat and clean to behold, when *they* went; and what more would the people have?

It cannot be expected that this system of farming would produce any very extraordinary or luxuriant crop. Oliver Twist's eighth birth-day found him a pale, thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in Oliver's breast: it had had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any eighth birth-day at all. Be this as it may, however, it *was* his eighth birth-day; and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentlemen, who, after participating with him in a sound threshing, had been locked up therein, for atrociously presuming to be hungry, when Mrs. Mann, the good lady of the house, was unexpectedly startled by the apparition of Mr. Bumble the beadle, striving to undo the wicket of the garden-gate.

"Goodness gracious! is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, thrusting her head out of the window in well-affected ecstasies of joy. "(Susan, take Oliver and them two brats up stairs, and wash 'em directly.)—My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you, sure-ly!"

Now Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and a choleric one; so, instead of responding to this open-hearted salutation in a kindred spirit, he gave the little wicket a tremendous shake, and then bestowed upon it a kick, which could have emanated from no leg but a beadle's.

"Lor, only think," said Mrs. Mann, running out,—for the three boys had been removed by this time,—"only think of that! That I should have forgotten that the gate was bolted on the inside, on account of them dear children! Walk in, sir; walk in, pray, Mr. Bumble; do, sir."

Although this invitation was accompanied with a curtsey that might have softened the heart of a churchwarden, it by no means mollified the beadle.

"Do you think this respectful or proper conduct, Mrs. Mann," inquired Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane,—"to keep the parish officers a-waiting at your garden-gate, when they come here upon porochial business connected with the porochial orphans? Are you aware, Mrs. Mann, that you are, as I may say, a porochial delegate, and a stipendiary?"

"I'm sure, Mr. Bumble, that I was only a-telling one or two

of the dear children as is so fond of you, that it was you a-coming," replied Mrs. Mann with great humility.

Mr. Bumble had a great idea of his oratorical powers and his importance. He had displayed the one, and vindicated the other. He relaxed.

"Well, well, Mrs. Mann," he replied in a calmer tone; "it may be as you say; it may be. Lead the way in, Mrs. Mann; for I come on business, and have got something to say."

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor, placed a seat for him, and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled: beadles are but men, and Mr. Bumble smiled.

"Now don't you be offended at what I'm a-going to say," observed Mrs. Mann with captivating sweetness. "You've had a long walk, you know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now will you take a little drop of something, Mr. Bumble?"

"Not a drop—not a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified, but still placid manner.

"I think you will," said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it. "Just a *leetle* drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar."

Mr. Bumble coughed.

"Now, just a little drop," said Mrs. Mann persuasively.

"What is it?" inquired the beadle.

"Why it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put in the blessed infants' Daffy when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble," replied Mrs. Mann as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. "It's gin."

"Do you give the children Daffy, Mrs. Mann?" inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

"Ah, bless 'em, that I do, dear as it is," replied the nurse. "I couldn't see 'em suffer before my very eyes, you know, sir."

"No," said Mr. Bumble approvingly; "no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann."—(Here she set down the glass.)—"I shall take an early opportunity of mentioning it to the board, Mrs. Mann."—(He drew it towards him.)—"You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann."—(He stirred the gin and water.)—"I—I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann;"—and he swallowed half of it.

"And now about business," said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. "The child that was half-baptised, Oliver Twist, is eight years old to-day."

"Bless him!" interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

"And notwithstanding an offered reward of ten pound, which

was afterwards increased to twenty pound,—notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what is his mother's settlement, name, or condition."

Mrs. Mann raised her hands in astonishment; but added, after a moment's reflection, "How comes he to have any name at all, then?"

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I inwented it."

"You, Mr. Bumble!"

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name our foundlin's in alphabetical order. The last was a S,—Swubble: I named him. This was a T,—Twist: I named *him*. The next one as comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z."

"Why, you're quite a literary character, sir!" said Mrs. Mann.

"Well, well," said the beadle, evidently gratified with the compliment; "perhaps I may be; perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He finished the gin and water, and added, "Oliver being now too old to remain here, the Board have determined to have him back into the house; and I have come out myself to take him there,—so let me see him at once."

"I'll fetch him directly," said Mrs. Mann, leaving the room for that purpose. And Oliver having by this time had as much of the outer coat of dirt which encrusted his face and hands removed as could be scrubbed off in one washing, was led into the room by his benevolent protectress.

"Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver," said Mrs. Mann.

Oliver made a bow, which was divided between the beadle on the chair and the cocked hat on the table.

"Will you go along with me, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble in a majestic voice.

Oliver was about to say that he would go along with anybody with great readiness, when, glancing upwards, he caught sight of Mrs. Mann, who had got behind the beadle's chair, and was shaking her fist at him with a furious countenance. He took the hint at once, for the fist had been too often impressed upon his body not to be deeply impressed upon his recollection.

"Will *she* go with me?" inquired poor Oliver.

"No, she can't," replied Mr. Bumble; "but she'll come and see you, sometimes."

This was no very great consolation to the child; but, young as he was, he had sense enough to make a feint of feeling great regret at going away. It was no very difficult matter for the boy to call the tears into his eyes. Hunger and recent ill-usage are great assistants if you want to cry; and Oliver cried

very naturally indeed. Mrs. Mann gave him a thousand embraces, and, what Oliver wanted a great deal more, a piece of bread and butter, lest he should seem too hungry when he got to the workhouse. With the slice of bread in his hand, and the little brown-cloth parish cap upon his head, Oliver was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched home where one kind word or look had never lighted the gloom of his infant years. And yet he burst into an agony of childish grief as the cottage-gate closed after him. Wretched as were the little companions in misery he was leaving behind, they were the only friends he had ever known; and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world sank into the child's heart for the first time.

Mr. Bumble walked on with long strides; and little Oliver, firmly grasping his gold-laced cuff, trotted beside him, inquiring at the end of every quarter of a mile whether they were "nearly there," to which interrogations Mr. Bumble returned very brief and snappish replies; for the temporary blandness which gin and water awakens in some bosoms had by this time evaporated, and he was once again a beadle.

Oliver had not been within the walls of the workhouse a quarter of an hour, and had scarcely completed the demolition of a second slice of bread, when Mr. Bumble, who had handed him over to the care of an old woman, returned, and, telling him it was a board night, informed him that the board had said he was to appear before it forthwith.

Not having a very clearly defined notion of what a live board was, Oliver was rather astounded by this intelligence, and was not quite certain whether he ought to laugh or cry. He had no time to think about the matter, however; for Mr. Bumble gave him a tap on the head with his cane to wake him up, and another on the back to make him lively, and, bidding him follow, conducted him into a large whitewashed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table, at the top of which, seated in an arm-chair rather higher than the rest, was a particularly fat gentleman with a very round, red face.

"Bow to the board," said Bumble. Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes, and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

"What's your name, boy?" said the gentleman in the high chair.

Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble; and the beadle gave him another tap behind, which made him cry; and these two causes made him answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a gentleman in a white waistcoat said he was a fool, which was a capital way of raising his spirits, and putting him quite at his ease.

"Boy," said the gentleman in the high chair; "listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?"

"What's that, sir?" inquired poor Oliver.

"The boy *is* a fool—I thought he was," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, in a very decided tone. If one member of a class be blessed with an intuitive perception of others of the same race, the gentleman in the white waistcoat was unquestionably well qualified to pronounce an opinion on the matter.

"Hush!" said the gentleman who had spoken first. "You know you've got no father or mother, and that you are brought up by the parish, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat; and to be sure it was very extraordinary. What *could* he be crying for?

"I hope you say your prayers every night," said another gentleman in a gruff voice, "and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you, like a Christian."

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy. The gentleman who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been *very* like a Christian, and a marvellously good Christian, too, if Oliver had prayed for the people who fed and took care of *him*. But he hadn't, because nobody had taught him.

"Well, you have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade," said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

"So you'll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o'clock," added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward, where, on a rough hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a noble illustration of the tender laws of this favoured country! they let the paupers go to sleep!

Poor Oliver! He little thought, as he lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around him, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all his future fortunes. But they had. And this was it:—

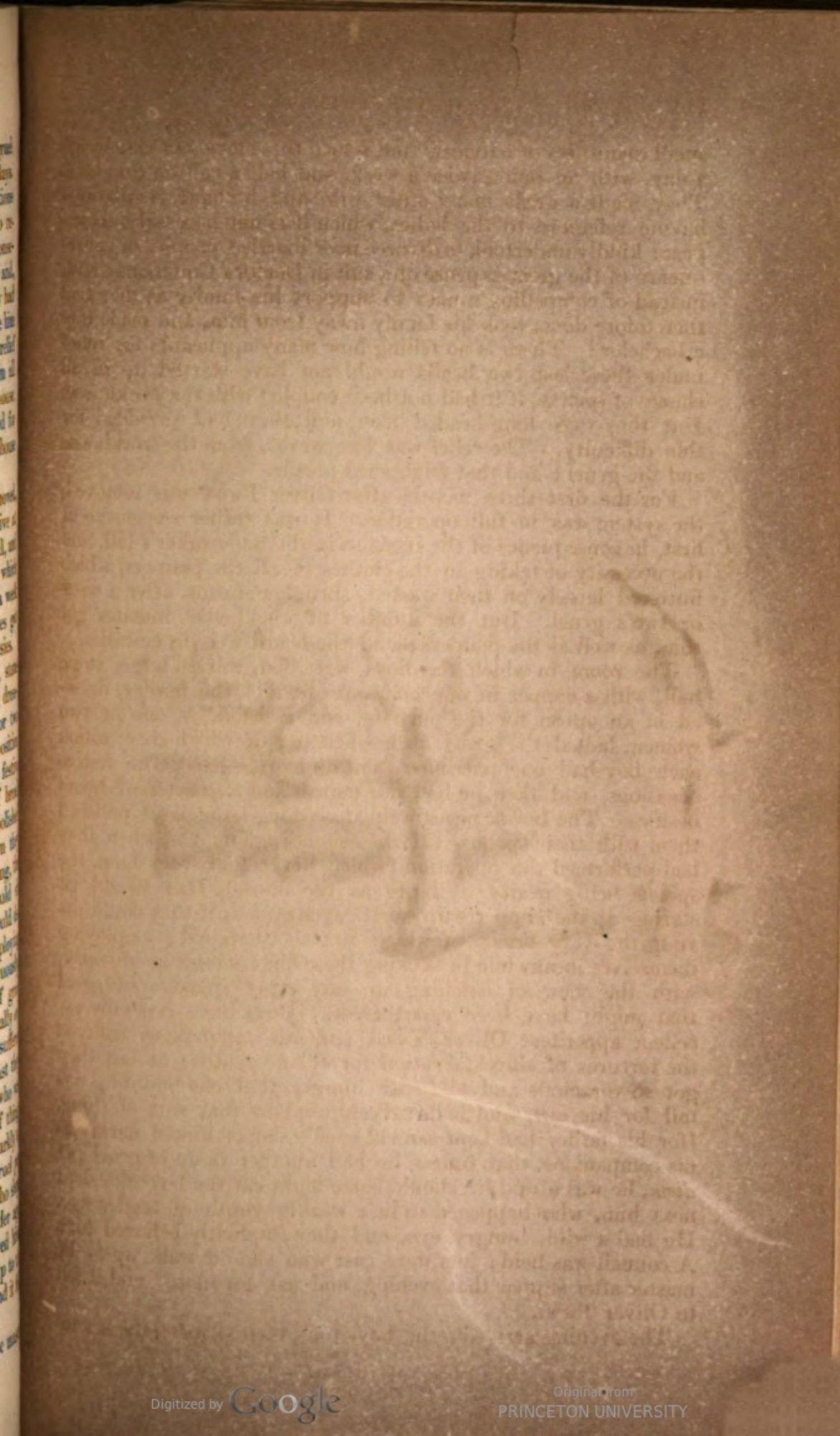
The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered,—the poor people liked it! It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes,—a tavern where there was nothing to pay,—a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, all the year round,—a brick and mortar elysium where it was all play and no work. "Oho!" said the board, looking very knowing; "we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all in no time." So they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they,) of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. With this view, they contracted with the water-works to lay on an unlimited supply of water, and with a corn-factor to supply periodically

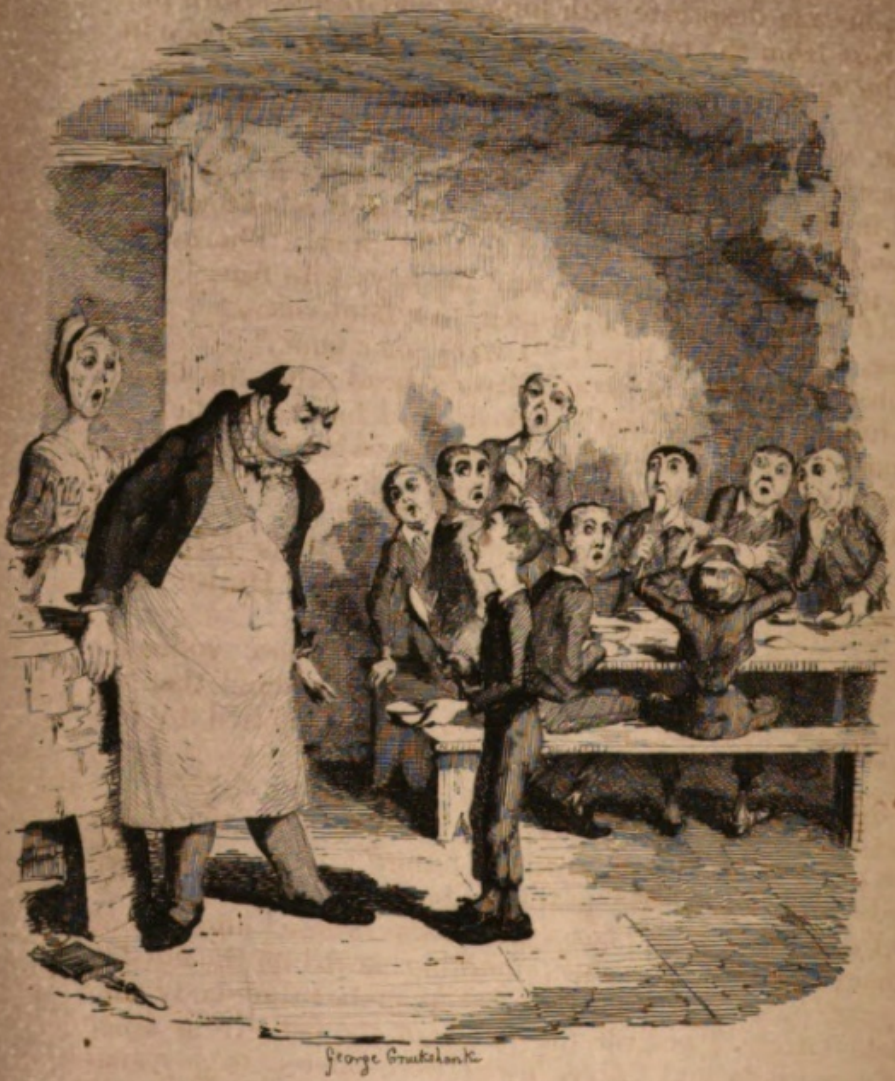
small quantities of oatmeal; and issued three meals of thin gruel a-day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays. They made a great many other wise and humane regulations having reference to the ladies, which it is not necessary to repeat; kindly undertook to divorce poor married people, in consequence of the great expense of a suit in Doctors' Commons; and, instead of compelling a man to support his family as they had theretofore done, took his family away from him, and made him a bachelor! There is no telling how many applicants for relief under these last two heads would not have started up in all classes of society, if it had not been coupled with the workhouse. But they were long-headed men, and they had provided for this difficulty. The relief was inseparable from the workhouse and the gruel; and that frightened people.

For the first three months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin, as well as the paupers; and the board were in ecstasies.

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large, stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal-times; of which composition each boy had one porringer, and no more,—except on festive occasions, and then he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing—the boys polished them with their spoons, till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper with such eager eyes as if they could devour the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves meanwhile in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites: Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months; at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing, (for his father had kept a small cook's shop,) hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he should some night eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye, and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived: the boys took their places; the master





Never asking for more.

in his cook's uniform stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out, and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared, and the boys whispered each other and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing, basin and spoon in hand, to the master, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity—

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupified astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder, and the boys with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said,—

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir;—Oliver Twist has asked for more." There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For *more!*" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat; "I know that boy will be hung."

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish: in other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

"I never was more convinced of anything in my life," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning,—"I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung."

As I propose to show in the sequel whether the white-waistcoated gentleman was right or not, I should perhaps mar the interest of this narrative, (supposing it to possess any at all,) if I ventured to hint just yet, whether the life of Oliver Twist will be a long or a short piece of biography.

RICHIE BARTER;

THE MAN WHO SHOULD, BUT DID NOT.

Yes! the good Sir Toby Plum died; and the very statues in the Stock Exchange were moved,—the very pillars of that sanctuary particularly distinguished themselves by their violent agitation,—the old Lady in Threadneedle Street refused to be comforted,—and the universal brow of 'Change Alley was clouded with the profoundest grief. The dumb animals of that region—the bears and bulls—prowled about in savage woe, and "looked unutterable things," on the day that the remains of Sir Toby Plum were gathered to his fathers. He had a running personal account of seventy years and upwards with old Dame Nature, which is now paid;—(the only one, it was maliciously said, he ever paid;)—and he dies possessed—not he, but others—of —— thousands, (we leave a blank for the number, to be hereafter filled up,) or, what is quite as good, the name of them.

"What's in a name?" Ask that beautiful inconsolable creature, his widow, who, at the age of twenty-three, finds she is once more mistress of herself, and of her dear Sir Toby's worldly possessions besides. As these were supposed to be infinite, can it be imagined that we will attempt to set down in round numbers what is inconceivable, and, consequently, without a name? But see:—there is a staid, solemn, business-looking personage, just stept out of her boudoir,—Peter Smyrk, the man of business, a kind of lurcher to the late Sir Toby. She is at present too inconsolable to receive him. Perhaps he might inform you—you perceive by his impatience and disappointment he is most anxious to do so. She, poor creature! could not be supposed interested in such details, who was only a few days ago on the very brink of the grave—(for she accompanied the remains of the good Sir Toby to the churchyard).

It was about a fortnight after the death of good Sir Toby that his disconsolate widow felt reconciled to her mourning and "the novelty of her situation." Absorbed in thoughts about her own sweet person, and busy with reflections—such as her mirror gave,—the important Peter Smyrk was announced. The sweetest voice in the city welcomed Peter Smyrk.

"Very happy to see you, madam; but still sincerely sorry——"

"Pray, Mr. Smyrk, don't revive a subject so painful to me. Sir Toby was a good man: I shall never—ne-ver forget——" And tears such as angels—or widows—weep, coursed down her cheek.

"I'm sure not, madam; and I must entreat you to believe how sincerely I sympathise with you on your loss, and how very sorry I am to be——"

"Ah! you are very—very good, Mr. Smyrk—very considerate; so was the good Sir Toby. But these papers——"

"—Will, I fear, madam, but create fresh sorrow. In fact——"

"Very true, Mr. Smyrk; anything that reminds me of that good old man causes my sorrows to flow afresh."

"In truth, madam," said the sympathising man of business, "there *is* something in these papers to cause just and deserving regret,—but still very little to remind you of him;—he has left you but 500*l*. All the rest of his property goes to his nephew."

"What! all?" exclaimed the relict of Sir Toby Plum.

"All, madam;—everything."

"Then I am the ——" But the pillows of her ottoman only knew, as she buried her face in them, the superlative degree of misery to which she said she was consigned by the too prudent Sir Toby.

It was a sweet, voluptuous moonlight night,—so fair, so sweet, so full of that delicious languor that best accords with the human heart in its softest hours, tinging the picturesque summits of chimney-tops as well as towers, and bringing out into pleasing relief each particular brick of the classic region of the Minories,—that Richie Barter, enveloped in a double-milled dreadnought, stood before what *was* the mansion of the late Sir Toby Plum. Richie was the very personification of a man on 'Change,—busy, important, and imposing. He was head clerk in the house, and having served the good Sir Toby till he could serve him no longer, and having wound up the affairs of the firm, which seem disposed of, in that neatly-tied parcel under his arm, he avoids the garish eye of day, and calls by moonlight to transact a little business and condolence together. Richie was a prudent man, frugal both of his purse and person, and stood at the door of Sir Toby, elevated with the integrity of his purpose, and the consciousness of four thousand good pounds of his own making. A few moments, and he was ushered into the prettiest of all parlours, where, reposing on the most seductive of ottomans, reclined the pale and disconsolate mistress of the mansion. By the softened lustre of a solitary lamp, the prudent eye of Richie took a hasty glance around him: everything bespoke comfort and elegance. He sat down, drew his chair near the sofa, and laid the neatly-tied parcel at her feet. Only one of these was visible, and was shrouded from the too curious gaze of Richie in a little slipper; the other, with retiring delicacy, was withdrawn within those precincts where the imagination of Richie did not follow. The communings of Richie on the occasion were worthy of him, and as he feasted his eyes on its fair and delicate proportions, he calculated (for he was a man of calculation) by a rule of *proportions*, that if one sweet foot gave such pleasure, what would two give? In truth, Richie, after trying the question by every rule of proportion that *Cocker* or *Cupid* could suggest, boldly asked himself what might the lady give, who abounded in proportion; and, as a prudent man, he thought at no remote period he might put that question.

"Still inconsolable, madam?" said Richie Barter after a few prefatory hems. "Surely you might yield to the soothing anxieties of your friends, and be reconciled to the loss—good man that he was!"

"Ah! Mr. Barter, such a loss!—so undeserved!—so unexpected! —and to be left thus a prey to ——"

"We must all go in our turn, madam," interrupted the sententious Richie; "and 'tis a consolation to his successors to know that his affairs were in a most flourishing condition;—a net capital, madam, of forty thousand pounds, after all demands. You will find the exact state of his affairs in these papers."

Lady Plum petulantly kicked the parcel off the sofa.

"I hate business, Mr. Barter; and were forty times the sum" (perceiving his ignorance of the testamentary disposition of the property) "contained in them, I would trust to your skill and integrity to wind up the matter."

"These forty thousand at your command, madam," said Richie, "the bulk of Sir Toby's property, if properly *husbanded*——"

The mention of a sum which she knew she *had not*, coupled with the name of husband, who she knew had not appreciated her merits, brought two pearly drops into her eyes, which Richie would have given a quarter's salary to be permitted to kiss off, and which vied in size and lustre with those that trembled in her ears; but he did what was quite as grateful to the widow,—he summoned a little moisture into his own. This sympathetic display was not lost on the considerate lady.

"'Forty times that sum'—were not these her words?" thought Richie Barter, as, wending his way down Cheapside, he began to ponder on the widow's words, "and would entrust it all to Richie Barter! Well! that sum, and my own four thousand, would make a man of Richie Barter for life." And, brimful of the gayest and happiest anticipations, he strode on.

"Please, sir, what o'clock is it?" asked a little boy of Richie, as he stood staring at the clock of Bow Church; to which Richie, heedless of time and space, answered, "Forty thousand;" and, equally regardless of the shouts of laughter which the answer provoked, he walked on.

Night after night the precise Richie stood before the mansion of the late Sir Toby Plum, enwrapt in his dreadnought, and in thoughts equally fearless. The same low, considerate, but somewhat confidential rap admitted him; the same sweet little parlour and its fair occupant received him; the same confidence was expressed in his integrity and skill. Financial arrangements, discussed by *proportions*, he found irresistibly conclusive; till, in the fulness of time,—according to Richie's own account, three months *after sight*,—he became one of the happiest of husbands, and forthwith began to make arrangements for *husbanding*—now that he was qualified—their joint stock; and Richie Barter was a happy man. Richie was also a cautious man; but how absurd a thing is caution, particularly in affairs of the heart!—with which, if they would prosper, the head must have nothing to do. In a short time Richie began to discover that he might possibly have been a little too precipitate in marriage; that pro*portions*, which gave forty thousand pounds as a result of the most correct calculation, were not to be relied upon; in short, that he might have looked before him;—and Richie sighed profoundly as he exclaimed, "*I should—but did not!*"

The moon that generally succeeds matrimony, and upon which all the sweets of poetry, and prose, and the grocer's shop, have been expended to give an adequate idea of its deliciousness,—thus "gilding refined gold," and making a planet, supposed to be green cheese, the very essence of honey,—that luminary had run its course, and found Richie Barter one day in the dishabille becoming a Benedict, flung on a sofa, with his dexter hand thrown across the back of it, lost in a reverie as profound as his breeches-pocket, with something like a "pale cast of thought" on a countenance once rubicund, and now rendered perfectly cadaverous by a glance at a letter which he was crumpling in his fist.

"How is this, Julia, dear? there must be some mistake," said the agitated Richie to the most prudent of wives, as she entered the room. "Only a paltry five hundred, when I thought forty thousand was in the way!—Surely there must be a mistake in this!"

"In matters of business, Mr. Barter,—you know I hate business,—

there *will* be mistakes," quoth the lady; "business is my aversion;" and she swept by the amazed Richie with all the dignity of a Siddons. "I married you, Mr. Barter, to get rid of business and its degrading details;" and she looked with no very equivocal air of contempt on the bulk of Richie as he lay coiled on the sofa, crumpling the letter.

"Mr. Smyrk," said a servant, half opening the door.

"Wish you ten thousand joys, Mrs. Barter," said Sir Toby's man of business as he entered. "An excellent character,—a most prudent man, is Mr. Barter."

"Why not make it forty thousand joys, sir?" exclaimed Richie.

"Very facetious, Mr. Barter; but this just reminds me of a little business I came about,—a few debts of your good lady, which her creditors are a little clamorous for, particularly since you 've got the reputation of having got forty thousand pounds with her."

"Forty thousand devils!" roared the furious Richie. "Will the *reputation* of that sum pay one shilling of her debts?—tell me that."

"Can't exactly say; but, as the friend of the late Sir Toby, I looked in, in the family way. A little business of my own—a trifle over three hundred pounds;—Mrs. Barter will tell you the value received." And the prudent Mr. Smyrk presented his bill to that amount, and left Richie glaring and grinning at this fresh demand.

"This is beyond all endurance, Mrs. Barter," said Richie, as he flung the bill on the ground

Mrs. B. deliberately took it up, and appeared for a moment absorbed in thought. "I have it!—I have it!" at length she exclaimed, as the bewildered Richie stood staring at her abstraction.

"Well, Mrs. B.; and what have you—not forty thousand pounds?"

"No—a thought," said she seriously.

"A fiddle-stick!" cried Richie.

"No such thing, love!" and the fascinating Mrs. B. slid her arm round her helpmate's neck, and began to unfold her purpose. "You know," said she, "how I was disappointed in my just expectations at the death of Sir Toby. I had every reason to expect that the bulk of his property, which goes to his nephew, would have been mine. That young man is as yet unacquainted with the fact, and by the assistance of Smyrk, whom we might get over, he might remain so, and for a period sufficiently long for our purpose. Smyrk may manage that, and also to keep the world in ignorance of the matter. At present we have the *reputation* of being the sole owners of forty thousand pounds."

"Nonsense, Mrs. B.! What 's in a name?" muttered Richie.

"I 'll tell you what 's in it. There is, in the first place, the credit derived from the reputation of that sum,—the splendour, the elegance, the comfort, the world's good opinion, the world's ——"

"Laugh!" exclaimed Barter, with deriding bitterness, as he sneered at the chimera of his helpmate. "I 'm a ruined man! I 'm a beggar!—a fool!"

"You may be all three together, Mr. Barter, if you choose; but that would be too extravagant. Let us first settle this trifle of Smyrk's, whose bare whisper, you know, in the city, will settle the affair for us; and with your present savings, love,—isn't it four thousand pounds?—and the name of forty thousand pounds ——"

"What 's in a name?" sighed the desponding Richie; but, bright-

ening at the prospect conjured up before him, he appeared to acquiesce, and the bill of Peter Smyrk was instantly paid. Mrs. B.'s drafts on futurity, and on Richie's four thousand pounds, began to be pretty considerable; and all the *good debts*, which, as sleeping partner in the firm, she brought with her, were paid.

How often did he revert to his former unambitious and peaceful life when freed from any attachments either of love or law,—when, with a clear conscience, and a well-brushed coat, he sat perched on the high stool at his desk in —— Alley, where his horizon was bounded by cotton-bags and wool-sacks, and through a vista of tea-chests, as they were piled in pyramidal precision, before his considerate eyes! Thoughts of better days and better things came over him as he flung his last sovereign in payment for some pretty trumpery of his very dear Mrs. B. and cried, "I might have prevented all this,—*I should—but did not!*"

In this mood of mind it was, that Richie, as he was one day exercising his ruminating faculties on the number and colour of the flags on London Bridge, and profoundly intent on the diagrams formed by the mud thereon, was roused from his reverie by a smart tap on the shoulder. Now this was given with such precision, there was no mistaking it; and if he had any doubts of the intent of the individual thus accosting him, they were at once dispelled by his *captivating* manner, which, though manly, was somewhat *apprehensive*, and of such a nature as to be quite *taking* at first sight;—such is the overpowering, irresistible charm of manner!

"'Tis rather sudden, sir," said Richie, "and the amount not very great; it might have been settled without arrest."

"You must admit, Mr. Barter," said the sheriff's officer, "that the thing is done genteelly; no noise or exposure. Surely you won't go to jail for this trifle;" and Richie groaned as the *Bench* and its bars stared him in the face.

"No use in fretting, sir," said the chief performer in this civil action. "There 's nothing like bending to a storm. If a man reels and staggers, the best thing he can do is to 'go to the wall' for support: and let me tell you, sir, that many a man has made a right good stand *there* when driven to it. Lord bless you! the coats of half my acquaintance are absolutely threadbare from standing too close to it. You don't understand me, mayhap not; two or three good *compositions*, and *then* a good fat insolvency, friendly assignees, and a few other friendly etceteras,—that 's what I mean by 'going to the wall,' Mr. Barter. You 'll make a pretty *wall*flower yourself—an excellent creeping plant. You may be bruised a little, and in that case the *wall* will be good for shelter and support, and in time you may creep against it;" and the worthy official gentleman chuckled, as he gave poor Barter a nudge in the side, and conducted him through what he called the way of all flesh, — a small wicket studded with spikes, on either side of which stood fellows with looks as sharp and as full of iron. And as Richie found himself in the midst of the prison, a sinking of the heart—a feeling of loneliness and desolation came over him, and he exclaimed,

"How easily I might have avoided this!—I could have done so,—'tis clear I SHOULD—BUT I DID NOT!"

L.

PLUNDER CREEK.—1783.

A Legend of New York.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY."

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.—SCOTT.

THE reader perhaps scarcely requires to be reminded, that an acknowledgment of the independence of America, and preliminaries of peace between that country and Britain, were signed at Paris, November 30th, 1782; though it was not until the following February that a vessel from the United States first arrived in the river Thames. Early in that month the friend who communicated this narrative chanced to visit an old London physician, who had long since retired from practice, and who had, oddly enough, selected as the seat of his repose one of those ancient houses, built half of brick and half of wood, which stood within the last seven years, on the western side of the Southwark end of old London Bridge, partly hanging over the roaring water, and partly standing in the street called Bridge-Foot. Another visitor, who was then present, was a zealous old Dissenting clergyman, probably originally of the family of Dunwoodie, or Dinwithie, but who at this time was called Doctor Downwithit; a name which he singularly well deserved, from his practice of beating the cushion in his fervency, in the pulpit, and of vehemently striking the table in conversation, to enforce his arguments and observations. In supporting these, he was generally rather loud and tenacious; and one of his most favourite notions was, that almost all genuine religion had travelled westward to America, which had thus become the ark wherein it was preserved, and the very Salem of the modern world. He believed, however, on the authority of the early historians of the country, and especially on that of the strange narratives of the Mather family, that certain parts were grievously vexed by witches and evil spirits; for, like many of his brethren, he held that compacts with the infernal powers were still possible. But if *New* England were thus troubled, he also considered that *Old* England was in a still worse condition; for he maintained the well-known saying to be no allegory, but a literal fact, that Satan was bodily resident in London!

The remainder of the party, to which the reader is now introduced, consisted of the old physician himself, and his wife,—a little sharp old dame, most terrifically stiff and ceremonious, and dressed in the most solemn fashion of half-a-dozen years previous. Her hair, superbly powdered, was most exactly combed straight upright over a cushion, the sides being curiously frizzed, and the back turned up in a broad loop; upon the top of which tower appeared a tremulous little gauze cap, decorated with ribands, and fastened by long pins with heads of diamond-paste. The rest of her dress consisted of a stiff rose-colour silk gown, of great length in the waist, and bordered in every part with rich full trimmings; whilst the front, and all around it, was open, and drawn up in large festoons with knots of riband, discovering an under garment of purple silk, and a round and full-flounced white muslin apron. Black silk shoes, with high French

heels and rich diamond-cut steel buckles, completed her costume. Next to this stately dress, if there were any thing in which Mistress Cleopatra Curetoun was most particularly particular, it was in observing and exacting the most punctilious manners, and in the exhibition and preservation of her tea-equipage; a very rare, very small, and very fragile, set of Nan-kin porcelain, which forty years back, was in the highest estimation and value.

The recent peace with America, and particularly the arrival of a ship from the United States, had inspired Dr. Downwithit with even more than his usual warmth and energy in discoursing of them, especially when he spake of the unlooked-for happiness and glory of "the Thirteen Stripes of America at that moment flying in the river!" He also farther expressed his joyful zeal by frequent and vigorous blows upon Mrs. Cleopatra's small round tea-table, of the carved Honduras mahogany then so fashionable, which approached in colour to ebony itself. At every stroke of his broad and heavy fist, all the china simultaneously leaped and chattered, and the table declined and rose again with a creaking jerk, which showed how much it was internally affected by the worthy preacher's zealous orations; and it may be doubted if either spring or hinge ever perfectly recovered them. At each of these convulsions, Mrs. Cleopatra regarded her visitor with a withering frown, every lineament of which was visible, from the extremely open character of her head-dress; and she appeared to be earnestly wishing that the boisterous admirer of America were safe in irons on board the vessel he declaimed about, with thrice the thirteen stripes duly laid upon his back.

"The Thirteen Stripes of America in the river, madam!" exclaimed the doctor for the twentieth time; and for the twentieth time he drove his fist upon the table with the aforesaid consequences; "the Thirteen Stripes of America in the river!—it's a step towards the universal peace of the world, and an event not to be paralleled in our times! But what do we hereupon? Why, I'll tell you: instead of receiving our American brethren with repentance, kindness, and honour, we let their ship come up even to the very Custom-house with as little regard as a herring-buss or the Gravesend tilt-boat!

"Convince yourself of it by to-day's *London Chronicle*. Only listen. 'February 8th. Mr. Hammet begged to inform the House of a very recent and extraordinary event; that, at the very time he was speaking, an American ship was in the river Thames, with the Thirteen Stripes flying on board!'—an interjectional bang upon the table.—'She offered to enter at the Custom-house, but the officers were at a loss what to do.' Now, Mr. Physician, what have you to say to this?"

"Why, doctor," said Curetoun merrily, "that brother Jonathan was in vastly great haste to get a week sooner where nobody wanted him at all; and so we may conclude that he's very glad the war's over, notwithstanding his swaggering."

"But, sir, we *do* want our Transatlantic brother," instantly rejoined Downwithit, in a vehement and positive voice; "we want all those blessings which America has in such abundance,—her liberty, her patriotism, her pastoral simplicity, her temperance, her humanity, her piety, her——"

"Her witches, and her slaves!" added the physician quietly.

"Sir," said the minister, innocently, "there has not been either witch or conjuror in America for these last fifty years, and more. If I live another day, I will go to the wharf and glad my eyes with the sight of that most happy vessel wherein the Thirteen Stripes of America are now floating in the river; nor will I refuse to give the right hand of fellowship to the meanest mariner or servant on board, but think myself honoured and happy in his grasp: for methinks there must be something soul-refreshing in the very voice and touch of persons coming from so pious a country. *Here* we speak with the tongues of worldlings; but *there* the common converse is framed out of that used by our ancient godly ancestors, who, for conscience sake, emigrated to the American deserts and forests. It is 'holy oil from the lamps of the sanctuary,' as the pious John Clarke calls it; a sort of blessed tongue, which——"

"You 're an awful smart chap, I calkilate," exclaimed a loud voice in the passage, with a most remarkable kind of twang; "you *are* mighty 'cute, but I rather guess now the 'squire is *to* home, and that I must see him right slick away at once, and so here I sticks."

"Yes, sure, he speak to massa," added another voice, evidently that of a negro, with a thick gobbling sound; "he berry 'ticklar message for him from berry ole friend." Then, in a lower tone, it continued, "He give Ivory lilly drop o' rum, Mister Spanker Pokehorn see him."

These speeches had followed a loud knocking at the door, and the servant's vain attempt to explain that Dr. Curetoun was engaged with visitors. The domestic, however, at length succeeded in tranquillising the guests, and then entered with a letter for the physician, of which he almost immediately announced the contents, by saying, "Well, Dr. Downwithit, you will now have it in your power to shake hands with a *real* American from yonder ship, without waiting till to-morrow, or even going down to the wharf; for I learn by this letter, that my old acquaintance Backwoodsley, who went to settle in Kentucky twenty years ago, has sent over his intended son-in-law, and one of his negroes, to collect his outstanding debts, and dispose of his property."

"By your favour, then, sir," said the clergyman, "I beg that we may presently have them both in."

The physician's orders to this effect being given, in a few seconds appeared the American and his negro. The former was a very tall and strong man, with a sallow and most audacious countenance, shaded by hog-colour hair, which grew in stiff pendent flakes; he was dressed in a large loose suit of coarse light-brown duffel, with a long and wide frock-coat and trousers, and a broad white hat. He carried a five-feet untrimmed bamboo in one hand, and in the other a Dutch pipe, which he continued to smoke and swing about, to the great molestation of Mrs. Cleopatra, who absolutely started with horror, at the sight of a human being clad in a style so savage, and so entirely opposite to the fashion of the time. Of the negro it is enough to say, that he was of the Dutch race, broad and big in person, very greasy in the face, something like a ship's cook; his mouth was of an enormous size, and evidently accustomed to both good laughing

and good living; and his dress consisted of coarse dark-grey cloth, with a tow shirt and trousers, and a dirty striped woollen cap. After a courteous welcome and introduction, the physician inquired after the welfare of his acquaintance in Kentucky, to which the American replied in the same loud nasal tone as before,—

"Why, the 'squire 's pretty kedge for an ould un, and I guess that I 'm cleverly myself; though, as I 've been progressing all day hither and yon, I arn't in such good kilter as I was when I first got in the ould country; for I reckon it rained some to-day, and was dreadful sloshy going, enough to make mankind slump at every step. It was mighty near four o'clock, too, afore I could see a plate-house to feed at; and when I made an enquerry for one, folk laughed and said nout, as if I 'd spoke Greek, or was moosical, for you doosn't talk such dreadful coorious elegant English here in your little place of an island as we do, I reckon. So I began to rile, I did; and grow tarnation wolfy: but at last I saw the New York Coffee-house, and in I turns, and spends the balance of the day there. They charged me four dollars for feed and drinking, they did; and yet couldn't give me a beaker of egging, or gin cock-tail, or a grain of sangaree, or any other fogmatic, or a dish of homminy. And now I should like to make an enquerry of you; what 's your names? and how have you got along?—I say, Ivory, you precious nigger!" he continued, suddenly turning round and aiming a long stroke at him with his rattan, "what do *you* do, in the 'squire 's keeping-room?"

"Massa help tell he to come in," returned Ivory, most adroitly edging and skipping out of the sweep of the bamboo.

"Yes, sir," interposed the physician, coming between them, "it was at my request he came, and so he is not at all to blame. My friend here is extremely desirous of hearing from your own lips something about a country which he esteems so *free*, so *pious*, and so *happy* as America." This he uttered with a peculiarly arch expression, and a side-glance at Downwithit; and then continued, "But first what refreshments shall we offer you, Mr. Pokehorn; I believe that 's your name?"

"Oh, I arn't nice, by no manner of means," returned the American; "I can take considerable of anything now, but the nigger will like a beaker of rum best."

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Cleopatra in a very stately manner, though meant to be very gracious, "what family has Mr. Backwoodsley? I was but a mere girl when he left Europe, though I *can* remember he was a fine tall portly gentleman."

"Possible! Well, now, ma'am, I should have guessed you 'd been raised a purty middling awful long time afore that, to look at you: but, as you say, the 'squire 's tall enough now, I calkilate, and so is all his family, for that matter; for Longfellow Backwoodsley, of Kiwigittyquag, measures six foot three in natur's stockings, and his sister Boadicea is but an inch and a half shorter. What family has the 'squire, did you say? Why, mighty near a dozen, I calkilate. Let 's see: there 's Travelout Backwoodsley, the oldest, he was the squatter as went to Tennessee; Longfellow, as I told you about, an awful smart gunner and racoon-catcher he is; Gumbleton, that is considerable of a lawyer in York State: Hoister, as went to sea; my ould

woman as is to be, Boadicea; Increase-and-Multiply, the schoolmaster in Connecticut; Brandywine, what keeps the Rock of Columbia hotel at Boston, and a mighty powerful log-tavern it is as you 'll see in a year's march; Leandish, that has the plate-house at Hoboken; Skinner, what set up the leather and finding store in Kentucky: I some think that 's the tote, but four or five squeakers, squealers, younkers, whelps, and rubbish, that keeps about the ould log-house at home as yet. Pray how ould 's your wife, 'squire? and where was she raised?"

"I suppose," said the physician, taking no notice of this question, "that Master Backwoodsley is growing rich, and likes his settlement, by his not coming to England."

"Oh yaas! he conducts well, and likes his location," was the reply. "He bought at a good lay first, and then filled it with betterments, and farming trade, and creturs, and helps, and niggers, at an awful smart outlay of the dollars, I calkilate; but he has got along considerable well for all that. For sartain he is the yellow flower of the forest for prosperity. As for coming back, he used to say, when the war had a closure he would go to the ould country, and bring away the plunder he left behind; but about last fall the ague give him a purty particular smart awful shaking, and put him in an unhandsome fix, so the journey wouldn't convene. So one day, as I was a-looking over my snake-fence at Rams-Babylon, almost partly opposite to his clearing, what doos I see, but the 'squire coming along the road at a jouncing pace on his Narragansett mar, what is a raal smasher at a trotting, and then he pulled up close to the zig-zag, and I stuck myself atop of a stake, and we held a talk. Says the 'squire, says he, 'Son-in-law Spanker P. Pokehorn as is to be'— my name 's Anthony Spanker Pendleton Pokehorn, but he always shorts it,—'Son-in-law Spanker P. Pokehorn, I 'll tell you what it is,—I guess I 'm getting ould now, and more than that, I 've a desp'ut ugly ague, what has made me quite froughy and brash to what I was, so that I should take two good blows of my fist to bring down a beef-cretur; which doosn't ought to be, when a man 's only sixty. Now, you see, as I can't go to get in my debits and plunder from the ould country, I 'll deed them all to you for thirty dollars cash, or lumber, or breadstuffs, or farmers' pro*duce*, if you admire; and the tote appreciates to mighty near two hundred, I guess.'"

"Well, sir," said Curetoun, "and on this account you have come to England?"

"Oh yaas!" answered the Columbian; "but at first I declined off to buy at a better lay; for, arter higgling back and forth for a while, I give the 'squire but twenty dollars in all, and he give me the nigger, Ivory Whiteface there, besides. Sartain he was awful sharp to make an ugly bargain; but if he *was* the steel blade, I guess I was the unpierceable di'mond; and, for fear he should squiggle, I got all set down in black and white afore the authority, and a letter to Lawyer Sharples. Now I calkilate to put up all at auction, and to sell some notions of my own, what I 've brought over in my plunder, to make more avails.—How do you allot upon that?"

"Why, sir," said Dr. Downwithit, "that sensible notions from America are very much wanted at this time, to show us the excel-

lence of her equitable laws and liberties, and the purity of her religion. I say, sir, publish them. There 's no doubt of their selling well and quickly; for any bookseller——"

"The Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Pokehorn, with a shrill whistle and a sidelong glance at the minister, and then, turning to Curetoun, he said, "The ould 'squire 's awful wordy; he 's a Congress-man or a slang-whanger, I guess, or else he 's mighty moosical, I reckon.—Bookseller! —Publish!—What doos he mean?—You tarnation nigger! who told you to laugh? You calkilate as I harn't got the cowskins here; but I 'll whop you cooriously all as one.—I 'll tell you what it is, friend, I doosn't know what you means, I doosn't."

"Why, Mr. Pokehorn, that you should print your American notions."

"Print!—Oh yaas! I guess now,—in the notice of vendue you mean. Why, there 's no merchants' trade, no awful package; only a few small little notions, and such wares, though they arn't got genoowine into the ould country, I reckon. It 's some Indian plunder as I cleared out when I came away."

"Is it possible, then," exclaimed Downwithit, "that the highly-favoured inhabitants of America deal in plunder! Restore that ill-gotten spoil of the Indians, young man, or——"

"What *doos* he mean?" interrupted Pokehorn, in a perplexed and angry voice. "Why, doosn't he understand English? Arn't plunder travelling stuff?—And what did you think notions was?"

"Sir," said the minister, "in our language the term signifies thoughts; and I supposed that you had meant intellectual, or moral, or religious views of America; not the base wares of worldly traffic."

"Perhaps, Mr. Pokehorn," said the physician, wishing to relieve both his guests, "you interest yourself more in the politics of your country. Did you witness any of the late actions? or was your residence near the seat of war?"

"Sartain!" returned the American. "I guess that we had purty considerable tough skrimmageing about us. What with the Indians, and the riglars, and the skinners, and the cow-boys, there warn't no keeping a beef-cretur in the pen, nor sleeping ten winks at a time. You 'd have thought the devil was let loose."

"And no doubt he was, as he always is in war," said Downwithit, "or rather he sent forth his legions to vex your persecuted land; for his only proper habitation on earth is this sin-devising city of London!"

"That a berry true, massa," interposed the negro, "for Massa Backwoodsley often say, 'Ivory, I whop you, sure as a devil in London;' and he always do it. But folk say, another devil in Ameriky, for all that. He know story of man what see um and talk to um. He not b'lieve it at all, dough. Good parson sometime preach about he's tempatation."

"That 's a fact," added Mr. Pokehorn, "and an awful strange history it is, if true. If you want to hear the story, the nigger can fix you; for he 's precious tonguey and wordy about them devildoms, and witches, and wild Indians, when he sits in the mud in the sunshine, at Rams-Babylon and High-Forks, keeping the helps from work, or at a maple-log fire in the winter."

"Then, my sable friend," said Downwithit, "with the good leave of all present, we 'll have it now."

"Why, I 'll tell you what it is," answered Pokehorn, "if it will happify the ould 'squire, the nigger shall have his own head for once in a while; so fire away, Ivory, and when you 're not right I 'll set you wrong myself."

"Iss, massa," began the negro; "ebbery body like a hear ole Ivory tell he story about a PLUNDER CREEK:

"In um ole ancient time of York, afore a great war, all a West Indy keys and a Long Island Straits and Sound war' a berry full of a ugly cruel pirates;—s'pose massa often heard of they;—and um ould folk, what sure to know, say a devil fuss help 'em get plunder, and then larn 'em how to hide it safe, in a middle of dark stormy nights, under bluffs, and up a creeks, all along shore, nighum Bowery Lane.—S'pose massa know a Bowery Lane, in um end of York?"

"Sartain the 'squire doos know that, you tarnation Guinea-crow, though he doos keep in the ould country," interposed Mr. Pokehorn; "but I guess it 's enough to make mankind rile to hear a body doubt it, sin' the Bowery Lane, in the free independent city of York, in York State, must be knowed by all the tote of the univarsal arth, I reckon! Well, now I calkilate it was a mighty coorious place for them ugly pirates, and did convene well, being partly all nigh the straits, awful rocky, and considerable full of trees hanging over, because there warn't then no clearing them away; and the say was, that the devil and them tarnation set of sarpents buried their plunder there, where mankind mought look for it till the week arter doomsday, and never get it out again. They say the devil's hands is cruel clitchy when he takes money to keep; and though a purty considerable banditti of money-diggers has often been arter it, they couldn't fix it, that 's a fact, and I some think that nobody never will now."

"Him that try a last," resumed the negro,—"a half-starve crazy schoolmaster and almanack-maker, name a Domine Crolius Arend Keekenkettel, what some call he Peep-in-a-pot,—he travel about and live by him wits, wherever him find good cupboard. He ask a ole governor of York let him conjure away a devil, and get up money for a state; only he want a pay first to help him dig. But golly! a governor he mighty smart for white man, and no fool; he say, 'Dere a shovel and pickaxe, dem all you want now, I guess. You go dig; you find considerable much treasure of a ugly pirates, you hab a half then, but no tink a get anyting afore, I calkilate.'"

"Shut your ugly beak, you croaking blackbird!" interrupted the American, incensed by Ivory's singular praise of the whites; "and doosn't be moosical upon your betters; though he was an Englisher, I reckon that he was a purty middling sight afore a small world of niggers. Well, the schoolmaster he contrived to make friends with a fat little Dutcher, which had to name Dyckman Deypester, and was located on a clearing in the Bloomendael, up the Bowery Lane, on the road to Yonkers and Tarry Town. The say was, that he had such an almighty quantity of dollars, that he floored his keeping-room with them under the bricks; and I rather guess that he did keep 'em awfullyclose out of the sight of mankind. I doosn't tell you this for sartain: but, to be sure, he was considerable of a farmer, he was; and

made as many betterments, and got as many humans and creturs about his clearing, as brought a whole banditti of suitorers arter his daughter Dortje; and she was besides a dreadful smart, clever, coorious lass as you shall see between Cow-neck and Babylon. There was young Louis Hudson, a springy, a*ctive* young fellow. He was a settler; but nobody knowed where he was born, nor himself neither, like a homeless and markless ram. I guess, though, he was raised to York State, he was such a flower of mankind. Then there was ould Morgan Hornigold, from Jamaica: belike he was a leetle of the buccaneer, for he 'd been to sea all his days, and looked some between a Jarman and a Spaniard, with a cross of the sea bull-dog. He was purty kedge still; but I some think he wanted to lay up for life where it warn't knowed what he had been. Then there was the almanack-maker, and a banditti of suitorers besides, as I said afore. I calkilate that dollars warn't awful plenty with any of them: but what they wanted in cash, they made up in fierce love to Doll Deypester; and stuff, and notions, and palaver to the ould Dutcher. He was a coorious smart individual, and considerab*ly* moosical, and so he let them think that they 'd got his good word by sarving as helps on his clearing, making his zig-zag grand against breachy cattle, or the likes of that; but I reckon that he warn't the fish to be caught without the golden hook: though, if the devil had been the fisherman *then*, he would have fixed the Dutcher. I some think that it was nigh spring that Doll Deypester's birth-day came about, and all the suitorers were awful earnest with ould Dyckman to fix for one of them; the woman being most for young Hudson, and the Dutcher for him as had most plunder, and could best get well along in the world. So says the mynheer, says he, 'I 'll tell you what it is,' says he; 'you 're all mighty smart fellows, you are; but afore I give my gal to any of you, I must know if you can pay the charges; for I reckon for me to give the dollars and the wife both is what I call a leetle too purty middling particklar. I won't have no squatting on my clearing, and no bundling with my darter, I won't; and so, to save squiggling, whoever of you can bring me first five hundred hard dollars on her birth-day shall have Dortje Deypester.'—That was what ould Dyckman said, only I rather guess that he didn't talk such coorious elegant English as I doos, because he was an awful smoker, and a Dutcher besides. Upon the hearing of this, they mighty soon took themselves slick right away off, all but young Hudson and the schoolmaster; for one knowed when he was in good quarters, and t'other loved Dortje too well, I calkilate, to leave till he couldn't stay no longer.—I say, Ivory, arn't you going to tell the 'squire the story, or do you calkilate as I should go the whole hog for you, you 'tarnal lazy log of ebony?"

"Him tinkee massa like to hear heself talk best," answered the negro. "Golly! he tell it awful elegant, sure;—most as well as ole Ivory. A day afore a Dortje's birth-day, come on mighty ugly storm, what a ole folk say tear up ebberyting he meet on a ground, and rocks on a shore, so that man see considerable much strange tings dere, what he never know afore or again. A wind crack a biggest trees, and snap a strongest zig-zags like a twigs, and a rain pour down like a water-spout. Toward a night a storm he little clear up, and a wind he blow but in puff and gusts, and a moon show heself, dough in

mighty cloudy watery sky. Then Louis he leave a house of ole Deypester, 'cause he not see Dortje give away next morning to Jamaica-man, and bote of 'em sad enough, he calkilate; but there no help, and away he go in despair. He not got far from a clearing when he see a moon shine down mighty ugly narrow gulf, where a road go to a Hudson River below, and he stop little and look, 'cause he never remember he to see a place afore. While he stand, he tink he hear man speak, and then he see him sitting on rock in a moonlight, half way down a gulf, and another standing by. Hudson then go down heself on a dark side, till he get opposite, and then he look over and see a Domine Keekenkettel talking to a mighty 'tickler handsome, grand, ole colour gentleum——"

"Sartain it was the ould gentleman, sure*ly*," interrupted the American, "in the shape of a nigger, which arn't considerably much of a hiding for the devil, I calkilate."

"I don't tink he look a bit of a devil," answered Ivory, somewhat offended. "A tink a devil so handsome as a colour man? Be sure he no devil, 'cause ebberybody know he all white!"

"Quit, you lying jackdaw!" replied Pokehorn with great promptness, and a long stroke at Ivory; "that 's only in Guinea, I calkilate, that he mayn't be mistaken for one of the family. Go on, and don't be moosical, or I trounce you."

"Well," resumed the negro, "Louis soon hear a domine say, 'This our bargain, then,—I take your place to watch a pirates' treasure,—I guess I soon fix him, and get him all slick away. But afore you and I deal, p'raps you show where a money is buried.' A stranger then point between a rocks beside him, and say in he's deep voice, 'Dere!' And then down by a colour man, Louis he see into a ground, what seem all full of treasure shining in a moonlight; here awful much gold and dollars, and dere a gold and silver plate, and a t'other place full of a di'monds and jewels, bright as stars in a night sky. Grach! I tink he won'er, and b'lieve he rile a little that a almanack-maker so easy get a five hundred dollars for Dortje Deypester. A domine stare into a cave as if he's eyes eat up all he look at; but at last he get up and say, 'I gree, and dere my hand on a bargain; I take care of all instead of you, and much more as you can show me.' So he fill he's pouches, and then go away to ole Deypester for a horses and bags to bring away a rest, dough he often turn a head to look back at a treasure. He hardly gone when a strange colour man call out to Louis in he's deep voice, 'This a dark night for a sad heart to journey in.' Louis turn he round directly, and see him close beside, berry tall and genteel, such a bootiful gentleum! dough he no make out he's face for a clouds over a moon. He little feared and won'ered at first, but soon he get up he's pluck and say, 'I guess it dark enough, but how you know my heart sad?' T' other answer him smart, 'That want no wizard, when he hear a sighs like yours. But he know little more yet: he reckon you want a five hundred dollars afore to-morrow, or lose your sweetheart, which a true shame for a*ctive* springy lad like you: a pirates' treasure dere, hab a ten thousand times as much, as he know by a watching it these twenty years.'—'In a God's name!' say Louis then, 'who are you,—and who set you there?'—'One of a last of a Spanish buccaneers,' say the other; 'that berry Captain Hornigold, what make

love to Dortje Deypester. He take a ship, and kill all on board but me and young child, that I slave to; then he bring us bote to a shore, where he hide all his plunder, and stab us, and tell a ghosts to watch it. A young child he live, and found on a river bank, and so called by it name—Louis Hudson, it yourself!—but I die, and wan'er about a treasure-grave till a captain come back, or another take my place, or a right owner come for his own. All that happen to-night, and I soon at liberty for ever!—You hear a money-digger say he look to a pirates' spoil hereafter, and be sure he never quit a creek again, dough he never find a gold any more. This treasure here, belong to a father, who killed in ship; it now all your own; take him, but take a nothing more;—use him well, and you be fifty times so rich as Deypester, and hab a blessing beside.—Hark! a bell strike twelve!—my time most up now, and dere come a captain!'"

"Ivory, you 'tarnal tonguey imp!" again interrupted the American, "doos you mean to keep on all night about that precious wordy black preaching in the creek? Now I 'll show you how to finish it all right slick away at once, I will.—You see, then, the captain comes trampoosing up from the river with a spade and a lanthorn, to dig for the treasure; and, as soon as he gets in, he cries out, 'Plunder and prize-money! this is a desp'ut ugly awful dark berth.—Is there anybody on watch, I wonder?' Upon which that dreadful big black comes up and says, 'Yes, I calkilate I 'm awake here; and now, as I 've kept the treasures of the bold buccaneers till you 've come back, if you admire we 'll go off together.'—'Bear a smart hand, then, with the plunder into the boat below, afore the tide falls,' says Hornigold. 'Clouds and midnight! how dark it is, and the gale blows stiffer than ever!—Seas and billows! why, the tide 's coming up the creek ten fathom strong!'—That 's all as was ever heard of the captain or the nigger, I guess; for what between the water as came roaring up, and the rain as came pouring down, they were carried off to sea with all their plunder, and nobody never saw or heard of them sarpents again!"

"A most astonishing and mysterious providence, truly," said Downwithit, "and worthy of being recorded with the narratives of Baxter, Reynolds, Janeway, and Mather.—But what became of the others?"

"Why," said Mr. Pokehorn, "as for Louis, he turned out to be some awful great man or other, and considerable rich. He showed ould Deypester a thousand dollars next morning, and married Dortje afore night. But Keekenkettel went mad outright, because he couldn't never fix the treasure again, and found that he 'd filled his pouches with shells and stones, as looked mighty like dollars and doubloons in the moonshine. Folk say he was only dreaming, and that there never warn't no such treasure for him to find; though they guessed that young Hudson got his money by the storm having washed it up out of the ground. But it 's a true fact, it is, that the domine always arter, kept camfoozling about the Pirates' Plunder Creek as long as he lived, as he bargained to do; and whenever there 's a mighty smart storm in the night, with a blink of moonlight, the say is, that he's to be seen there still."

THE SPECTRE.

It was a wild and gloomy dream: to think upon it now,
My very blood is chill'd with fear; and o'er my aching brow
Cold clammy drops are stealing down, I tremble like a child
Who listens to a story of the wonderful and wild!
And well a stouter heart than mine might quake with dread, I ween;—
But who hath ever gazed, like me, on such a fearful scene!

* * * * * *

Sleep dropp'd upon my wearied eyes, and down I sank to rest;
But no refreshing slumbers upon my senses press'd;
Ten thousand lights before my eyes were dancing,—blue and red;
Ten thousand hollow voices cried—I knew not what they said.
My brain wheel'd round—faint grew my limbs—I cried and scream'd in vain;
It seem'd as though some cursed imp had bound me with his chain!
My tongue clave to the parched roof,—a raging thirst was mine,
As I had drunk for months and months, nought else but saltest brine;
Thirst such as parched pilgrims feel who range the desert wide,
Or those who lie 'neath scorching skies upon a calmed tide.
My temples throbb'd as they would burst; and, raging through my brain,
The boiling blood rush'd furiously with sound like hurricane!
I rav'd and foam'd; my eyeballs strain'd, as though the nerves would burst,
As by my side appear'd a form—a demon form accurst!
And suddenly another came—another, and yet more,
All clad in dark habiliments;—a dozen—ay, a score!
On me they leer'd with savage joy, and seized me, every one,
And round and round about me went.—Oh! how my senses spun!
I thought the leader of that band of sprites must surely be
The Evil One, and I his prey. I vainly strove to flee:
I tried to pray,—my tongue was dumb;—then down upon the ground
I sank, and felt my every limb with fiery fetters bound.
I know not now, how long I lay; my senses all were gone,
And I with those infernal ones was left alone, alone.
At length I started with affright, and felt, or seemed to feel,
The blasts of hot sulphureous air across my forehead steal.
A horrid thought, as on we mov'd, upon my senses burst,
That they were bearing me away unto the place accurst.
Oh! language vainly strives to paint the horrors of that ride!
Two demons at my head and feet, and two on either side.
The stars above were bloody red—each one seem'd doubly bright,
And spectral faces glar'd in mine, with looks of grim delight.
Still slowly, slowly on we mov'd, that ghastly troop and I:
I questioned, where?—a fiendish laugh was only their reply.
On, onward I was borne. At last they stay'd, and in my face
A hideous visage peer'd on me with horrible grimace:
Then down they threw me (still unbound) upon a bed of stone,
And one by one they vanished, and I was left alone!

* * * * * *

How long I lay, I may not say. At length I saw a form
Beside me, and upon his brow there seem'd a gathering storm.
"Where am I?" loud I scream'd, and paus'd. Again I rav'd, and cried,
"And who art thou, thou evil one! who standest at my side?
What spectre art thou?" "Come," said he, "young feller, hold your peace;
You 're on the stretcher now, and I 'm the *'spector* of police!"

AUTHORS AND ACTORS;

OR, ENGAGING A COMPANY.

A Dramatic Sketch.

Scene—The Manager's Room. The Manager discovered.

Manager.—Well! my theatre is built at last, and I have now only to think about opening it. My walls are so dry that they cannot throw a damp upon my prospects. My stage is all ready for starting; and every one, I am happy to say, seems inclined to take the box-seat. Everything now must go as smooth as a rail-road. I have always heard that a manager must lead a devil of a life; but I am in hopes I shall be an exception to the rule, and that management to me will be a delightful pastime.

Fitz-Growl (*without*).—But I must see him.

Manager.—Who the deuce can this be?

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Servant.—If you please, sir, here 's a person wants to speak to you.

Manager.—I 'm busy about the opening of the theatre; tell him you can't get near me.

Servant.—But he says he 's an author, sir, and has called about his piece.

Manager.—His piece! why, these authors let me have no peace at all.

Servant.—He would come up, sir, though I told him you wouldn't suffer any one behind the scenes.

Manager.—And particularly an author; for he makes people suffer enough before them.

Servant.—Here he is, sir; he would force his way up.

(*Exit Servant. Enter Fitz-Growl.*)

Manager.—My servant says you would force your way up.

Fitz-Growl.—And isn't it natural an author should wish to do so?

Manager.—Well; but, sir, it is not usual in theatres for the manager to see any one.

Fitz-Growl.—Not usual to see any one! It must be a very poor look-out.

Manager.—Well, sir, as you are here, may I ask your business?

Fitz-Growl.—Why, being anxious for the success of your theatre, I sent you three of my pieces to begin with. Now, sir, I've had no answer.

Manager.—My dear sir, we cannot answer everybody. Theatres never answer in these times. However, your pieces shall be looked out. You can believe in my assurance.

Fitz-Growl.—Certainly; a manager ought to have assurance

enough for anything. But I tell you, sir, if you want to succeed, you must open with my piece.

Manager.—What is the nature of it?

Fitz-Growl.—Nature! The beauty of my piece is, that there 's no nature at all in it; it 's beautifully unnatural.

Manager.—Indeed! I hope there is some spirit in the dialogue?

Fitz-Growl.—Some spirit, sir! there is a ghost in it.

Manager.—A ghost, my dear sir! that won't do for my theatre; my audience would have too much sense for a thing of that kind.

Fitz-Growl.—Then you 'll never do any good, sir; but, may I ask what sort of pieces you intend producing?

Manager.—Variety and novelty, sir, will be my aim.

Fitz-Growl.—Novelty! then my piece is the very thing. I sink the whole stage.

Manager.—Thank you; but I 'd rather leave the task of sinking the stage to others; my aim shall be to raise it.

Fitz-Growl.—My dear sir, you know nothing of effect; if you could only cover the stage with people, and let them all down at once, it would be terrific!

Manager.—My dear sir, I don't want to cover my stage with people, and then let them down; I 'd sooner hold my performers up than see them let down.

Fitz-Growl.—That 's very fine talking; but you must get the money, and I can assure you mine are the only pieces to do it.

Manager.—Indeed, sir; then I 'm too generous to my fellow-managers to think of monopolising the only author whose pieces will draw.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant.—A gentleman named Scowl is below.

Manager.—Oh! the gentleman I was to see respecting an engagement. Beg him to walk up. (*Exit Servant.*)

Fitz-Growl.—Ah! he 's an old friend of mine. He plays the devil in all my pieces.

Manager.—Plays the devil, does he?

Fitz-Growl.—My best friend, sir; he has made the character I allude to his own.

Manager.—It is to be hoped, for his sake, that the character you allude to will not return the compliment.

(*Enter Scowl.*)

Fitz-Growl.—Ah! my dear Scowl, how are you?

Scowl.—So, so; I swallowed a quantity of the smoke last night in your new piece.

Manager.—Did the audience swallow it too?

Scowl.—Sir?

Manager.—I beg your pardon, sir; I believe you wish to lead the business at my theatre?

Fitz-Growl.—He 's the very man for it.

Manager.—What is your line, sir?

Scowl.—Why, I don't mind the heavy business; but I prefer the demons, or the singing scoundrels.

Manager.—But I don't think I shall do that sort of thing.

Scowl.—More fool you. If you want your theatre to pay, you must stick to the melodrama: the people are sure to come if you can only frighten them away.

Fitz-Growl.—Yes, I find it so with my pieces; they draw the same people over and over again, because they are forced to come several times before they can venture to sit them out.

Manager.—But I sha'n't aim at that.

Scowl.—More fool you. But if I can be of any service to you in the combat way,—I can fight with a sword in each hand, a dagger in my mouth, and a bayonet in my eye. What do you think of that?

Manager.—Astonishing!

Scowl.—My friend Mr. Fitz-Growl has written me an excellent new part.

Manager.—What 's that about?

Fitz-Growl.—Oh! nothing particular. I write down a few horrors, make a list of the murders, and my friend Scowl knows what to be up to.

Manager.—Really, gentlemen, I don't see that we can come to terms.

Fitz-Growl.—Don't see!—what! you don't want my pieces?

Scowl.—Nor my acting?

Manager.—Neither, gentlemen, I thank you.

Fitz-Growl.—Then I 'll go home and write a melodrama, called the "*Doomed Manager*," and you shall be the hero.

Manager.—Thank you.

Scowl.—And I 'll play the part.

Manager.—What! you represent me? That 's too cruel But I must wish you good morning.

Scowl.—Farewell! remember me!

Fitz-Growl.—And me too. I say, sir, remember me!

(*Exeunt Scowl and Fitz-Growl with melodramatic eye-rollings.*)

Manager.—Well, I hope all the applications won't be like this, or I shall never get a company.

(*Enter a Bill-sticker.*)

Manager.—Well, my good fellow, who are you?

Bill-sticker.—Why, I 'm one of your best friends; I 'm the bill-sticker. Nobody sticks up for you like I do.

Manager.—Well, but what do you want?

Bill-sticker.—Why, sir, I 'm sorry to say that as fast as I put your bills up, somebody else comes and pulls them down.

Manager.—How is that?

Bill-sticker.—I don't know, sir. It 's werry ungentlemanly,

whoever does it. The fact is, sir, your bills meet with as much opposition as bills in Parliament; and I 'm sure I don't know why, unless it is that they are what we call money-bills.

Manager.—Perhaps they are too large, and occupy too much space: you know the printing is very large, the type is bold, and the capitals are immense.

Bill-sticker.—That 's it, sir. It 's the immense capital; it 's such a novelty in theatres that they 're all afraid of it. Shall I pull down their bills, sir?

Manager.—Certainly not. I will never sanction those whom I employ in unworthily attempting to hurt the interests of others. My theatre is for the amusement of all, and the employment of many; but the injury of none.

Bill-sticker.—Oh! if that 's your motto, everybody ought to stick up for you; and I 'm sure I will for one.

Manager.—Thank you, friend, for the promise of your influence.

Bill-sticker.—And it 's no mean influence, either; for, though only one poor fellow, I carry more bills in a day than the House of Commons carries in a whole session.

(*Exit Bill-sticker.*)

Manager.—Well! management does not seem so smooth, after all: one meets with vexations now and then, I fear. Oh! who comes now?

(*Enter Queershanks.*)

Manager.—Your pleasure, sir?

Queershanks.—My name is Queershanks. You have built a theatre, have you not?

Manager.—I have, sir.

Queershanks.—Very good: then you will want a model.

Manager.—A model after it is built?

Queershanks.—Certainly: but not a model of a theatre; a model of a man.

Manager.—What for, sir?

Queershanks.—Why, sir, you will want occasionally to give representations of statues. I am an excellent hand at it.

Manager.—But, sir, my theatre is dedicated to Apollo.

Queershanks.—The very thing, sir: I have stood as the model of the Apollo Belvedere to the cleverest artists.

Manager.—They must have been clever artists to make an Apollo Belvedere with you for their model; but I cannot entertain your engagement in that shape.

Queershanks.—Not engage me in that shape! My shape is unexceptionable. Only look at this muscle. Here 's muscle for Hercules, sir! Feel it, sir; will you be so good?

Manager.—I see it.

Queershanks.—No,—but feel it.

Manager.—Quite unnecessary, sir. I don't think what you could do would suit our audience.

Queershanks.—Do you mean to say, sir, I should do you no good? Look at this muscle, sir. Would not muscle like that make a tremendous hit? (*Striking him.*)

Manager.—Sir, I 'm quite satisfied.

Queershanks.—Satisfied, sir! so you ought to be: I 've got the nose of Mars, sir.

Manager.—My dear sir, what is it to the public if you 've got Mars' nose and Pa's chin.

Queershanks.—I mean the classical Mars,—not my mother, you silly fellow. Then I 've got the eye of a Cyclop, and the whiskers of Virginius. As yours is to be a classical theatre, will you give me a trial?

Manager.—What can you do?

Queershanks.—I 'm very good in the ancient statues, only I've made them modern to suit the time. You know the "*African alarmed by thunder?*"

Manager.—Yes: a fine subject.

Queershanks.—I 've modernised it into the "*Black footman frightened by an omnibus:*" this is it. (*Music; he does it.*)

Manager.—Very good! What else have you? Can you give me "*Ajax defying the lightning?*"

Queershanks.—I have modernised it into the "*Little boy defying the beadle.*" (*Music; he does it.*)

Manager.—Capital! Have you any more?

Queershanks.—One more. You 've seen the "*Dying Gladiator?*" I think my "*Prize-fighter unable to come up to time*" beats it all to nothing. (*Music; he does it.*)

Queershanks.—That 's something like sculpture, isn't it?

Manager.—Yes; but it won't do in my theatre.

Queershanks.—Won't do, sir! what do you mean?

Manager.—Why, I think the audience I wish to attract will like something better than dumb show. Good morning!

Queershanks.—I 'm gone, sir; but remember you've lost me. I tell you, sir, that my statues would have made your season; but I leave you, sir, with contempt (*striking an attitude*). Do you know that, sir? It 's the celebrated statue of Napoleon turning with contempt from the shores of Elba, which, as you know, he left because he wanted more *elbow* room. (*Exit Queershanks with an attitude.*)

Manager.—Well; each person that applies for an engagement seems to think he is the man to make my fortune for me, and gets quite angry that I won't let him have an opportunity of doing so; but I begin to see I must think for myself.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant.—A lady and two children wish to see you, sir.

Manager.—Show them in. (*Exit Servant.*) Some new can-

didates, I suppose: here they come. Ladies! they are the first that have done me the honour to apply to me.

(*Enter Mrs. Fiddler, Miss F. and Master F.*)

Manager.—Your pleasure, madam?

Mrs. F.—My name is Fiddler, sir; did you ever hear of me? I 've got a friend, a supernumerary at Astley's, who has great influence in the theatrical world: he promised to speak to you; has he done so?

Manager.—Really, madam, I do not remember to have had an interview with any such person.

Mrs. F. —Indeed! that 's strange: but I suppose you 've heard of the clever Fiddlers?

Manager.—You mean Paganini, perhaps, and De Beriot?

Mrs. F.—No, indeed, I don't; I mean my clever children here, Master and Miss Fiddler.

Manager.—Indeed, madam; I 'm happy to make their acquaintance.

Mrs. F.—And so you ought to be, sir. Come here, Julietta: this young lady, sir, has got *such* a voice! It goes upon the high *C's* as safe as an East-Indiaman. I want you to engage her.

Manager.—I should like to hear her sing, before I thought of engaging her; she might fail.

Mrs. F.—And if she did, sir,—if the public were so unjust,—how great would be the consolation to you to know that you partially repaired the injury by paying the dear child a salary!

Manager.—I am afraid, madam, I could not proceed on that plan.

Mrs. F.—You will excuse my saying, sir, that you have strange notions of liberality; but you shall hear her sing. Come, my dear, let 's have the *Baccy-role;* it 's beautiful in your mouth, my dear.

Manager. —(*Aside.*) Baccy-role, indeed! (*Aloud.*) Let 's hear you, my dear. (*Miss F. looks stupid and does not sing a note. Mrs. F. moving her hands and arms, sings for her very badly, a bit of the Barcarole from Masaniello.*)

Mrs. F.—You see, sir, that 's what the dear child means; though she can't do it before you, she is so nervous. But all that will wear off when she gets before the audience.

Manager.—It 's to be hoped so; but what can the young gentleman do?

Mrs. F.—What can he do! anything—he 's a dancer; his pirouettes are tremendous: only look here! (*She turns him round and round till he falls down giddy.*) See! he spins like a top; in fact, he 'll soon be the top of his profession.

Manager.—Why, bless the boy! you don't call that dancing, do you?

Mrs. F.—Of course: the dear boy has over-exerted himself, that 's all; but he 'll soon come round.

Manager.—Why, he has come round too much; but I can't engage him.

Mrs. F.—Then, sir, let me tell you, you'll never do. (*Exeunt Mrs. F. Master F. and Miss F.*)

Manager.—Why, that's what everybody tells me. Here, Tom! don't let me be annoyed by any one else. I find there's no small difficulty in exercising one's own discretion in these matters. I may do much to improve the race both of authors and actors, if I think and judge for myself; but to render my efforts of any avail, the public must do so too. And when will they begin to do it? (*Curtain falls.*)

A CRITICAL GOSSIP WITH LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

The character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is about as little known to the generality of readers as the source of the Nile, or the precise position of the North Pole. She has taken her place in public estimation as a forward, witty, voluptuous woman of fashion, who flirted, if she did not intrigue, with Pope; who was initiated into all the mysteries of a Turkish harem, and who chronicled those mysteries with no very delicate hand:—who affected friendships, lampooned her associates, and wrote verses of *single-entendre;* who married rashly, loved unwisely, and led a life of ultra-friendship and long unexplained divorce. Such is Lady Mary Wortley Montagu supposed to be! so prone is biography to perpetuate the fleeting scandals of the day, to distort mystery or obscurity into indecorum or baseness, and to darken and discolour the stream of time with the filth that is vulgarly and maliciously thrown into it at its source. The period appears to have arrived at which Lady Mary's character has obtained the power of purifying itself. With many faults, constitutional as well as acquired, there can be no doubt that she was a lady of surpassing powers of mind, of extreme wit, an easy command of her own as well as of the learned languages, a surprising knowledge of the world even in her youth, a vivid poetical imagination, a heart full of foibles, but fuller of love for her *own* circle, and that of her friends; and, above all, an abundance of common sense, which regulated her affections, her actions, her reflections, and her style, so as to render her the most accomplished lady of her own, or of the subsequent age. We do not think we can do justice to this fascinating creature in a better way than by lounging through the three volumes which Lord Wharncliffe's ancestral love, literary ability, and elegant taste, have given to the world. We may gossip with this work as we might with her who originated it, stroll with her in her favourite gardens, listen to her verses, catch her agreeable anecdotes, receive her valuable observations on human nature, as though she were actually before us in her splendid and *eternal* nightgown, or in her Turkish dress, (so sweet in Lord Harrington's charming miniature,) or in her domino at Venice, or in her lute-string, or in her English court-dress. Our gossip,

however,—save as to the remarks we may, to use the phrase of the dramatist, utter aside to that vast pit, the public,—will very much resemble that between Macbeth and the armed head, at which the witches give their admonitory caution. That caution will not be lost upon us—for it will nearly be,—

"Hear *her* speak, and say thou nought."

The introduction to this interesting work is from the editor, and it is written with a Walpole felicity in its points, though we would rather have had it more continuous than anecdotical. Our purpose we have professed to be, to gossip with Lady Mary, and we therefore shall make but two extracts from the introduction,—the one because it is *perhaps* leaning to the unfeeling; the other, because it is indisputably the truth of feeling. Madame de Sevigné did not deserve the phrase which we have marked in italics in the following passage, and indeed Lady Mary, in one of her letters, announces herself as a successful rival of this very agreeable French letter-writer,—an announcement which ought to have cautioned an editor against depreciating the powers of one whom the edited had chosen to select as a rival.

"The modern world will smile, but should however beware of too hastily despising works that charmed Lady Mary Wortley in her youth, and were courageously defended by Madame de Sevigné even when hers was past, and they began to be sliding out of fashion. She, it seems, thought with the *old woman* just now mentioned, that they had a tendency to elevate the mind, and to instil honourable and generous sentiments. At any rate they must have fostered application and perseverance, by accustoming their readers to what the French term *des ouvrages de longue haleine*. After resolutely mastering Clelia, nobody could pretend to quail at the aspect of Mezeray, or even at that of Holinshed's Chronicle printed in black letter. Clarendon, Burnet, and Rapin, had not yet issued into daylight."

With the foregoing extract (and all critics should get rid of their bile as quickly as they can) all that is unpleasant is at rest. Let us give the following feeling, beautiful anecdote.

"The name of another young friend will excite more attention—Mrs. Anne Wortley. *Mrs.* Anne has a most mature sound to our modern ears; but, in the phraseology of those days, *Miss*, which had hardly yet ceased to be a term of reproach, still denoted childishness, flippancy, or some other contemptible quality, and was rarely applied to young ladies of a respectable class. In Steele's Guardian, the youngest of Nestor Ironside's wards, aged fifteen, is Mrs. Mary Lizard. Nay, Lady Bute herself could remember having been styled Mrs. Wortley, when a child, by two or three elderly visitors, as tenacious of their ancient modes of speech as of other old fashions. Mrs. Anne, then, was the second daughter of Mr. Sidney* Wortley Montagu, and the favourite sister of his son Edward. She died in the bloom of youth, unmarried. Lady Mary, in common with others who had known her, represented her as eminently pretty and agreeable; and

* Second son of Admiral Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich. Upon marrying the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley, he was obliged by the tenour of Sir Francis's will to assume his name.

her brother so cherished her memory, that, in after times, his little girl knew it to be the highest mark of his favour, when, pointing at herself, he said to her mother, "Don't you think she grows like my poor sister Anne?"

Lady Mary had Lord Byron's fate. She wrote a journal of her life; she became the historian of her own genius, her youthful love, and her young trials. It chanced to be her fate, that the one into whose hands her manuscript fell, considered it her duty (wisely and affectionately, or not, is immaterial for our purposes) to doom it to be a work of destruction. It is hard for genius that it cannot find an executor who regards the future in preference to the present; who cannot absolve himself from immediate ties, living incumbrances, pressing prejudices, conceived personalities,—to yield immortality its due!—who, in fact, in the blindness of temporary fears and temporary associations, classes that which he holds, erringly as that of the age,—which should be, and in its spirit was destined to be, "for all time." We have mentioned two immortal names; and before we pass into the three volumes, we cannot help endeavouring to connect them in the minds of our readers, as they are by their spirit connected in ours. Lord Byron was a moody, fiery, brooding child,—full of passion, obstinacy, and irregularity, in his teens;—Lady Mary was a single-thinking, classical, daring, inspired girl long under one-and-twenty. Lord Byron at a plunge formed his own spreading circles on the glittering still-life lake of fashionable society: Lady Mary with her beauty and her genius effected the same result by the same impetuosity. Lady Mary made, as it would appear, a cold unsatisfactory marriage, but, it must be admitted, with one possessed of a patience untainted by genius:—Lord Byron iced himself into the connubial state, but shuddered at its coldness. The press, and the poets, and the prosers united with serene ferocity against both. Both, alas! were

> "Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge was virtue!"

Their revenge was mutual-minded. Misunderstood, calumniated, they quitted the land which was not worthy of them. Genius-borne, they both passed to the east; and to them we owe the most sensible,—the most passioned,—the most voluptuous,—and the most inspired pictures of "the land of the citron and myrtle," that have ever waked the wish and melted the heart of us southron readers. A mysterious divorcement from the marital partner marked the absence—the long last absence—of each! Mind-banished,—person-expatriated,—they vented upon their country that revenge of which injured genius can alone be capable. And looking at the calumnies upon the one, and the female animosities towards the other,—regarding the banishment of mental beauty and magic power in both,—we cannot better convey to our readers the revenge which genius gave, and must ever give, than by making a common cause of the two, and explaining it in the inimitable lines of the one.

> "And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
> I shrink from what is suffered; let him speak
> Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
> Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak
> But in this page a record will I seek.

Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Tho' I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fullness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse.
That curse shall be *forgiveness!*"—

This is indeed the inspiration of forgiveness. We feel an awe after reading this humane and lofty imprecation, which calls for a pause. There is the same feeling upon us from which we cannot escape, as that to which we are subject when we wander under the arched roof and sculptured aisles,—in the breathing, breathless, cathedral silence,—in the awful stone repose,—in the contemplation of

"The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips!"

The similarity between the genius of Byron and that of Lady Mary, and their fates,—except as to the death and duration of life of the two, (the one dying at the age of thirty-seven, and the other at the age of seventy-three,—a sad and strange reverse of figures!)—are singularly interesting and affecting. The one,—sexually to distinguish them,—was *Rousseau* with a heart,—the other was *De Staël* with one. —But we grow serious, critical, and minute. We are not certain that we are not growing anatomical. We shall therefore enter upon our *conversazione* with our charming, high-born, easy caftan,—Minerva,—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu!

We pass silently over her biography, and at once commence with the unmarried *Lady Mary Pierrepont* and the married Montagu! What can be livelier than the following York-picture. It is *Hogarthian!*—and let it not be forgotten that the lady was only twenty, and unwedded.

"TO MRS. WORTLEY. "1710.

"I RETURN you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment as your letter in our cold climate, where the sun appears unwillingly—Wit is as wonderfully pleasing as a sun-shiny day; and, to speak poetically, Phœbus is very sparing of all his favours. I fancied your letter an emblem of yourself: in some parts I found the softness of your voice, and in others the vivacity of your eyes: you are to expect no return but humble and hearty thanks, yet I can't forbear entertaining you with our York lovers. (Strange monsters you 'll think, love being as much forced up here as melons.) In the first form of these creatures, is even Mr. Vanbrug. Heaven, no doubt, compassionating our dulness, has inspired him with a passion that makes us all ready to die with laughing: 'tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring at the honourable state of matrimony, and vows to lead a sinful life no more. Whether pure holiness inspires the mind, or dotage turns his brain, is hard to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Monday and Thursday market (*assembly* day) constantly; and for those that don't regard worldly muck, there 's extraordinary good choice indeed. I believe last Monday there were two hundred pieces of woman's flesh (fat and lean): but you know Van's taste was always odd: his inclination to ruins has given him a fancy for Mrs. Yarborrough: he sighs and ogles so, that it would do your heart good to see him; and she is not a little pleased in so small a proportion of men amongst such a number of women, that a whole man should fall to her share. My dear, adieu. My service to Mr. Congreve.

"M. P."

There is a charming poem by Lady Mary, which is singularly supported by her letters. It certainly acknowledges a love of pleasure which is not "quite correct;" but it is so unaffected,—so melodious,—so heartfelt,—so confiding,—that we could read it, and read it, "for ever and a day!"

"THE LOVER: A BALLAD.

"TO MR. CONGREVE.

"At length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, Congreve, at once the inside of my breast.
This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame:
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor are Sunday's sermons so strong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh! was there a man (but where shall I find
Good sense and good-nature so equally join'd?)
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design;
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, though not give the pain.

No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me;
In public preserve the decorum that 's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust!
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely pert, nor yet foppishly low.

But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champaign and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd;
In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can guide.
From such a dear lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe;
But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

I never will share with the wanton coquette,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
I loathe the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise:
Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies;
And as Ovid has sweetly in parable told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold."

This delightful epistle to Congreve appears to have been written at the time she resided at Twickenham,—lured there by the quiet and loveliness of that classic spot, and the fascination of Pope's society. The following letter would seem to confirm the sincerity of these racy verses;—and the presence of "Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay,"—ballad-writing too,—must have had some influence over the pen of the poetess.

"TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

"Twickenham, 17—.

"DEAR SISTER,—I WAS very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking. I wonder with what conscience you can talk to me of your being an old woman; I beg I may hear no more on't. For my part I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. I attribute all this to your living so long at Chatton, and fancy a week at Paris will correct such wild imaginations, and set things in a better light. My cure for lowness of spirits is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, *and a moderate glass of champaign at night in good company;* and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of filthy doses, and more filthy doctor's fees at the year's end. I rode to Twickenham last night, and, after so long a stay in town, am not sorry to find myself in my garden; our neighbourhood is something improved by the removal of some old maids, and the arrival of some fine gentlemen, amongst whom are Lord Middleton and Sir J. Gifford, who are, perhaps, your acquaintances: they live with their aunt, Lady Westmoreland, and we endeavour to make the country agreeable to one another.

"Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad,* which, if nobody else has sent you, I will, being never better pleased than when I am endeavouring to amuse my dear sister, and ever yours, "M. W. M."

What a picture we have of Mrs. Lowther! How the *Mall* is revived with its strollers of fashion and beauty!

"I am yet in this wicked town, but purpose to leave it as soon as the parliament rises. Mrs. Murray and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my way, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. Louther is still fair and young, *and in pale pink every night in the parks.*"

To the name of Mrs. Lowther is appended the following note,—and we do not know that we ever remember an anecdote, *in years*, better set off.

"Mrs. Lowther was a respectable woman, single, and, as it appears by the text, not willing to own herself middle-aged. Another lady happened to be sitting at breakfast with her when an awkward country lad, new in her service, brought word that 'there was one as begged to speak to her.'—'What is his name?'—'Don't know.'—'What sort of person? a gentleman?'—'Can't say rightly.'—'Go and ask him his business.'—The fellow returned grinning. 'Why, madam, he says as how—he says he is—'—'Well, what does he say, fool?'—'He says he is one as dies for your ladyship.'—'Dies for

* Published in Swift's Works.

me!' exclaimed the lady, the more incensed from seeing her friend inclined to laugh as well as her footman,—' was there ever such a piece of insolence? Turn him out of my house this minute. And hark ye, shut the door in his face.' The clown obeyed; but going to work more roughly than John Bull will ever admit of, produced a scuffle that disturbed the neighbours and called in the constable. At last the audacious lover, driven to explain himself, proved nothing worse than an honest tradesman, a dyer, whom her ladyship often employed to refresh her old gowns."

Can the following *trifle* of whipt fashion and satire be surpassed even by the pointed and light pleasantries of Walpole?

"Cavendish-square, 1727.

"My Lady Stafford* set out towards France this morning, and has carried half the pleasures of my life along with her; I am more stupid than I can describe, and am as full of moral reflections as either Cambray or Pascal. I think of nothing but the nothingness of the good things of this world, the transitoriness of its joys, the pungency of its sorrows, and many discoveries that have been made these three thousand years, and committed to print ever since the first erecting of presses. I advise you, as the best thing you can do that day, let it happen as it will, to visit Lady Stafford: she has the goodness to carry with her a true-born Englishwoman, who is neither good nor bad, nor capable of being either; Lady Phil Prat by name, of the Hamilton family, and who will be glad of your acquaintance, and you can never be sorry for hers.†

"Peace or war, cross or pile, makes all the conversation; this town never was fuller, and, God be praised, some people *brille* in it who *brilled* twenty years ago. My cousin Buller is of that number, who is just what she was in all respects when she inhabited Bond-street. The sprouts of this age are such green withered things, 'tis a great comfort to us grown up people: I except my own daughter, who is to be the ornament of the ensuing court. I beg you will exact from Lady Stafford a particular of her perfections, which would sound suspected from my hand; at the same time I must do justice to a little twig belonging to my sister Gower. Miss Jenny is like the Duchess of Queensberry both in face and spirit. *A propos* of family affairs: I had almost forgot our dear and amiable cousin Lady Denbigh, who has blazed out all this winter; she has brought with her from Paris cart-loads of riband, surprising fashion, and of a complexion of the last edition, which naturally attracts all the she and he fools in London; and accordingly she is surrounded with a little court of both, and keeps a Sunday assembly to shew she has learned to play at cards on that day. Lady Frances Fielding‡ is really the prettiest woman in town, and has sense enough to make one's heart ache to see her sur-

* Claude Charlotte, daughter of Philibert, Count of Grammont (author of the celebrated Memoirs), and "La Belle Hamilton," eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, Bart. was married to Henry Stafford Howard, Earl of Stafford, at St. Germain's-en-laye, 1694.

† Lady Philippa Hamilton, daughter of James Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Dr. Pratt, Dean of Downe.

‡ Youngest daughter of Basil fourth Earl of Denbigh; married to Daniel seventh Earl of Winchelsea; died Sept. 17, 1734.

rounded with such fools as her relations are. The man in England that gives the greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain, is a youth of royal blood, with all his grandmother's beauty, wit, and good qualities. In short, he is Nell Gwin in person, with the sex altered, and occasions such fracas amongst the ladies of gallantry that it passes description. You'll stare to hear of her Grace of Cleveland at the head of them.* If I was poetical I would tell you—

"The god of love, enrag'd to see
The nymph despise his flame,
At dice and cards misspend her nights,
And slight a nobler game;

"For the neglect of offers past
And pride in days of yore,
He kindles up a fire at last,
That burns her at threescore.

"A polish'd wile is smoothly spread
Where whilome wrinkles lay;
And, glowing with an artful red,
She ogles at the play.

"Along the Mall she softly sails,
In white and silver drest;
Her neck expos'd to Eastern gales,
And jewels on her breast.

"Her children banish'd, age forgot,
Lord Sidney is her care;
And, what is much a happier lot,
Has hopes to be her *heir*.

"This is all true history, though it is doggerel rhyme: in good earnest she has turned Lady D—— and family out of doors to make room for him, and there he lies like leaf-gold upon a pill; there never was so violent and so indiscreet a passion. Lady Stafford says nothing was ever like it, since Phædra and Hippolitus.—'Lord ha' mercy upon us! See what we may all come to!' "M. W. M."

Again—the following words are as colours taken from the pallet of a Sir Joshua:

"Cavendish-square, 1727.

"I cannot deny, but that I was very well diverted on the Coronation day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster-hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes, was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible

* Anne, daughter of Sir W. Pulteney of Misterton, in the county of Stafford; remarried to Philip Southcote, Esq. Died in 1746.

to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual: and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. J**n had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of M***se *crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face*, and my Lady P***nd (who is fallen away since her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics."

Lady Mary read, and of course loved, the writings of Fielding. He was related to her. She had in her service a Fanny at the time she read Joseph Andrews, and thus she writes of her:

"TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

"Venice, Oct. 1, N. S. 1748.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—I have at length received the box, with the books enclosed, for which I give you many thanks, as they amused me very much. I gave a very ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my grand-daughter than myself. I returned from a party on horseback: and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was ten at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it; and falling upon Fielding's works, was fool enough to sit up all night reading. I think Joseph Andrews better than his Foundling. I believe I was the more struck with it, having at present a Fanny in my own house, not only by the name, which happens to be the same, but the extraordinary beauty, joined with an understanding yet more extraordinary at her age, which is but few months past sixteen: she is in the post of my chambermaid. I fancy you will tax my discretion for taking a servant thus qualified; but my woman, who is also my housekeeper, was always teizing me with her having too much work, and complaining of ill health, which determined me to take her a deputy; and when I was at Louvere, where I drank the waters, one of the most considerable merchants there pressed me to take this daughter of his: her mother has an uncommon good character, and the girl has had a better education than is usual for those of her rank; she writes a good hand, and has been brought up to keep accounts, which she does to great perfection; and had herself such a violent desire to serve me, that I was persuaded to take her: I do not yet repent it from any part of her behaviour. But there has been no peace in the family ever since she came into it; I might say the parish, all the women in it having declared open war with her, and the men endeavouring all treaties of a different sort: my own woman puts herself at the head of the first party, and her spleen is increased by having no reason for it. The young creature is never stirring from my apartment, always at her needle, and never complaining of any thing. You will laugh at this tedious account of my domestics (if you have patience to read it over), but I have few other subjects to talk of."

Nothing can be livelier or happier than the following agreeable outbreak at Lady J. Wharton lavishing herself away upon one unworthy her.

"Lady J. Wharton is to be married to Mr. Holt, which I am sorry for;—to see a young woman that I really think one of the agreeablest

girls upon earth so vilely misplaced—but where are people matched! —I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven; as in a country dance, the hands are strangely given and taken, while they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done."

The observations on Richardson are a little too harsh,—but the sobbing over his works is a compliment which no criticism could dry up.

"This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works, in a most scandalous manner. The two first tomes of Clarissa touched me, as being very resembling to my maiden days; and I find in the pictures of Sir Thomas Grandison and his lady, what I have heard of my mother, and seen of my father."

Time having made us wiser than *the Wortley*, it is amusing to see her guessing at and confounding authors and their works.

"TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

"Louvere, June 23, 1754.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—I have promised you some remarks on all the books I have received. I believe you would easily forgive my not keeping my word; however, I shall go on. The Rambler is certainly a strong misnomer; he always plods in the beaten road of his predecessors, following the Spectator (with the same pace a pack-horse would do a hunter) in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper. These writers may, perhaps, be of service to the public, which is saying a great deal in their favour. There are numbers of both sexes who never read anything but such productions, and cannot spare time, from doing nothing, to go through a sixpenny pamphlet. Such gentle readers may be improved by a moral hint, which, though repeated over and over, from generation to generation, they never heard in their lives. I should be glad to know the name of this laborious author. H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife, in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and, I am persuaded, several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive Tom Jones and Mr. Booth are sorry scoundrels. All this sort of books have the same fault, which I cannot easily pardon, being very mischievous. They place a merit in extravagant passions, and encourage young people to hope for impossible events, to draw them out of the misery they choose to plunge themselves into, expecting legacies from unknown relations, and generous benefactors to distressed virtue, as much out of nature as fairy treasures. Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer, or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate: but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains. I guessed R. Random to be his, though without his name. I cannot think Ferdinand Fathom wrote by the same hand, it is every way so much below it. Sally Fielding has mended her style in her last volume of David Simple, which conveys a useful moral, though she does not seem to have intended it: I mean, shews the ill consequences of not providing against casual losses, which happen to almost everybody.

Mrs. Orgueil's character is well drawn, and is frequently to be met with. The Art of Tormenting, the Female Quixote, and Sir C. Goodville, are all sale work. I suppose they proceed from her pen, and I heartily pity her, constrained by her circumstances to seek her bread by a method, I do not doubt, she despises. Tell me who is that accomplished countess she celebrates. I left no such person in London; nor can I imagine who is meant by the English Sappho mentioned in Betsy Thoughtless, whose adventures, and those of Jemmy Jessamy, gave me some amusement. I was better entertained by the valet, who very fairly represents how you are bought and sold by your servants. I am now so accustomed to another manner of treatment, it would be difficult to me to suffer them: his adventures have the uncommon merit of ending in a surprising manner. The general want of invention which reigns among our writers inclines me to think it is not the natural growth of our island, which has not sun enough to warm the imagination. The press is loaded by the servile flock of imitators. Lord Bolingbroke would have quoted Horace in this place. Since I was born, no original has appeared excepting Congreve, and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellencies, if not forced, by necessity, to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world, he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. The greatest virtue, justice, and the most distinguishing prerogative of mankind, writing, when duly executed, do honour to human nature; but, when degenerated into trades, are the most contemptible ways of getting bread. I am sorry not to see any more of Peregrine Pickle's performances; I wish you would tell me his name."

An ancestor of Lord Moira was capable of making a nice distinction:

"I cannot believe Sir John's advancement is owing to his merit, tho' he certainly deserves such a distinction; but I am persuaded the present disposers of such dignitys are neither more clear-sighted, or more disinterested than their predecessors. Even since I knew the world, Irish patents have been hung out to sale, like the laced and embroidered coats in Monmouth-street, and bought up by the same sort of people; I mean those who had rather wear shabby finery than no finery at all; though I don't suppose this was Sir John's case. That *good creature*, (as the country saying is,) has not a bit of pride about him. I dare swear he purchased his title for the same reason he used to purchase pictures in Italy; not because he wanted to buy, but because somebody or other wanted to sell. He hardly ever opened his mouth but to say 'What you please, sir;' —'Your humble servant;' or some gentle expression to the same effect. It is scarce credible that with this unlimited complaisance he should draw a blow upon himself; yet it so happened that one of his own countrymen was brute enough to strike him. As it was done before many witnesses, Lord Mansel heard of it; and thinking that if poor Sir John took no notice of it, he would suffer daily insults of the same kind, out of pure good nature resolved to spirit him up, at least to some shew of resentment, intending to make up the matter afterwards in as honourable a manner as he could for the poor patient. He represented to him very warmly that no gentle-

man could take a box on the ear. Sir John answered with great calmness, 'I know that, but this was not a box on the ear, it was only a slap o' the face.'"

The following is a smart sketch—perhaps a little too piquant:

"Next to the great ball, what makes the most noise is the marriage of an old maid, who lives in this street, without a portion, to a man of 7,000*l. per annum*, and they say 40,000*l.* in ready money. Her equipage and liveries outshine any body's in town. He has presented her with 3,000*l.* in jewels; and never was man more smitten with these charms that had lain invisible for these forty years; but, with all his glory, never bride had fewer enviers, the dear beast of a man is so filthy, frightful, odious, and detestable. I would turn away such a footman for fear of spoiling my dinner, while he waited at table. They were married on Friday, and came to church *en parade* on Sunday. I happened to sit in the pew with them, and had the honour of seeing Mrs. Bride fall fast asleep in the middle of the sermon, and snore very comfortably; which made several women in the church think the bridegroom not quite so ugly as they did before. Envious people say 'twas all counterfeited to please him, but I believe that to be scandal; for I dare swear, nothing but downright necessity could make her miss one word of the sermon. He professes to have married her for her devotion, patience, meekness, and other Christian virtues he observed in her: his first wife (who has left no children) being very handsome, and so good-natured as to have ventured her own salvation to secure his. He has married this lady to have a companion in that paradise where his first has given him a title. I believe I have given you too much of this couple; but they are not to be comprehended in few words.

"My dear Mrs. Hewet, remember me and believe that nothing can put you out of my head."

The noble dukes of the present day, and the learned members of the faculty, are by no means of so sportive a turn as they were in the goodly times of Mrs. Hewet. We confess we should like to have to get up some fine morning to be in St. James's Park in time to see some such elegant struggle between the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Henry Halford as the following:

"There is another story that I had from a hand I dare depend upon. The Duke of Grafton and Dr. Garth ran a foot-match in the Mall of 200 yards, and the latter, to his immortal glory, beat."

With a strong turn for building herself, Lady Mary makes some sensible remarks on its folly in others.

"Building is the general weakness of old people; I have had a twitch of it myself, though certainly it is the highest absurdity, and as sure a proof of dotage as pink-coloured ribands, or even matrimony. Nay, perhaps, there is more to be said in defence of the last; I mean in a childless old man; he may prefer a boy born in his own house, though he knows it is not his own, to disrespectful or worthless nephews or nieces. But there is no excuse for beginning an edifice he can never inhabit, or probably see finished. The Duchess of Marlborough used to ridicule the vanity of it, by saying one might always live upon other people's follies: yet you see she built the most ridicu-

lous house I ever saw, since it really is not habitable, from the excessive damps; so true it is, the things that we would do, those do we not, and the things we would not do, those do we daily. I feel in myself a proof of this assertion, being much against my will at Venice, though I own it is the only great town where I can properly reside, yet here I find so many vexations, that, in spite of all my philosophy, and (what is more powerful,) my phlegm, I am oftner out of humour than among my plants and poultry in the country. I cannot help being concerned at the success of iniquitous schemes, and grieve for oppressed merit. You, who see these things every day, think me as unreasonable, in making them matter of complaint, as if I seriously lamented the change of seasons. You should consider I have lived almost a hermit ten years, and the world is as new to me as to a country girl transported from Wales to Coventry. I know I ought to think my lot very good, that can boast of some sincere friends among strangers."

But we must put an end to this agreeable conference,—though we think, that if we could for ever listen to such vivid gossip, we should never grow old. We had intended to have treated of the romantic intimacy, and subsequent determined hatred, that existed between Lady Mary and Pope; but our limits warn us that we must not indulge in a lengthy discussion of the subject. She, it is clear, was flattered by his wit and his mental beauty. In him real passion took root. His advances she appears to have repulsed, and he was thus suddenly driven to the galling contemplation of his own person, and he at once from the adoring poet became the "Deformed Transformed" into hate itself. Byron never forgave an allusion to his lameness. The separation of Mr. Wortley from his accomplished wife still remains unexplained; but it is clear that kindly and respectful feelings were preserved unblemished between them; and there is a delicate tenderness in each towards the other in the veriest trifles, which shows how feeble a thing is absence over sincere affections. We are rather surprised that no letters from Lady Mary to her grand-daughter Lady Jane, (one of the daughters of the Countess of Bute,) have not straggled into print. How beautifully must she have written to children, and particularly to such a child as Lady Jane appears to have been! The letters, however, we fear are lost.

If we might be permitted to adopt a new manner of life, and to pitch our tent in whatever part of his Majesty's dominions we pleased, —we have no hesitation in saying that we should lose no time in directing *those people*, however respectable they may be, who inhabit Strawberry Hill, to *get out!* We should then send down by the Twickenham carrier complete sets of the works of Pope, Swift, Johnny Gay, and the dear Arbuthnot,—of the Letters of Horace Walpole, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Pepys' Memoirs, Evelyn's Memoirs, Shakspeare, and some other works of trifling interest,—begging they may be placed in *that* little library with the stained glass. We should then Ourselves go down!—have a comfortable annuity from government, and a moderate handful of servants from the neighbourhood; and there we would pass away our life, "from morn to noon,—from noon to dewy eve,—a summer's day!" This plan has something in it so modest and reasonable, that we cannot help thinking it will attract the attention of the existing ministry, and in the end be realized!

A LAMENT OVER THE BANNISTER.

And have we lost thee!—has the monarch grim
To his dull court borne off the child of whim!
And art thou gone, *Oldboy*?[1] thou brave and good
Protector[2] of the *Children in the Wood*?

Then has the *World's* great *Echo*[3] died away;
Out of his time th' *Apprentice*[4] could not stay:
The *Squib's*[5] gone off, extinguish'd ev'ry spark,
And Momus mourns his region left so dark.

How oft, exulting, have we view'd the *Moor*[6]
For Christian captives open Freedom's door;
We've stared to hear the *Valet's*[7] ready fib,
And shudder'd when the *Cobbler*[8] strapp'd his rib.

How, when Barbadoes' merry bells did ring,
We've smiled to see thee *Trudge*[9] and hear thee sing;
Thy *Ben*[10] and *Dory*[11] were of right true blue,
Thy *Sheva*[12] warm'd us to respect a *Jew*.

To *Feign well*[13] thou indeed couldst make pretence,
Thy brilliant eye was all intelligence;
In thee we lost the flow'r of *City youths*,[14]
And now no *Lenitive*[15] our sorrow soothes.

We care not whether tithes be paid or left,
Since of our *Acres*[16] we have been bereft;
We dread Spring Rice's yearly fiscal bore,
But grieve *Thy Budget*[17] can be heard no more.

Great Garrick's pet,—an ancient fav'rite's son,—
Upon the stage thy public course was run,
Tho', in thy youth, a painter; and, as man,
Thou didst draw houses in a *Caravan*[18].

And well thou couldst support a *Storm*[19], but Gout
Life's *little farthing rushlight*[20] has blown out:
Thou 'rt gone, and from all further ills art screen'd,
For thou didst follow *Conscience, not the Fiend*[21].

Mourn'd in public and private, thou wouldst not come back;
"*Be quiet! I know it*"[22]—thou 'rt happier, Jack! J. S.

[1] Colonel Oldboy in Lionel and Clarissa.
[2] Walter . . . The Children in the Wood.
[3] Echo . . . The World.
[4] Dick . . . . The Apprentice.
[5] Sam Squib . . Past Ten o'Clock.
[6] Sadi . . . . The Mountaineers.
[7] Sharp . . . The Lying Valet.
[8] Jonson . . . The Devil to Pay.
[9] Trudge . . . Inkle and Yarico.
[10] Ben . . . . Love for Love.
[11] John Dory . . Wild Oats,
[12] Sheva . . . . The Jew.
[13] Colonel Feignwell . Bold Stroke for a Wife.
[14] Young Philpot . . The Citizen.
[15] Lenitive . . . The Prize.
[16] Acres . . . . The Rivals.
[17] Bannister's Budget . A Monodramatic Entertainment.
[18] Blabbo . . . The Caravan.
[19] Storm . . . Ella Rosenberg.
[20] Little Farthing Rushlight A popular song sung by Bannister.
[21] Lancelot Gobbo . The Merchant of Venice.
[22] Sir David Dunder . Ways and Means.

THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT, EXTRAORDINARY.

[As we might reasonably be expected to account for the possession of the following document, we beg to state that it was put into our hands by an unknown gentleman, who slipped unseen into our *sanctum*, clothed in a whity-brown suit, half-boots, and blue cotton stockings. The gentleman apologized for the negligence of his attire, by stating that he was in "reduced" circumstances. His employers, he said, had hit upon an ingenious mode of reimbursing themselves for the losses they sustained by trading under the market price,—which was simply paying their workmen one half of their wages, and owing them the other. On our inquiring with great sympathy, whether he was not desirous to get the last-mentioned moiety, he replied with real feeling, that he wished he might. He then begged the loan of a small pinch of snuff, sighed deeply, and withdrew.—Ed. B. M.]

Messrs. Four, Two, and One, many years resident on the Surrey side of the river Thames, beg most respectfully to announce to the play-going public, that in consequence of the increasing demand for all sorts of low-priced theatrical articles, they have at length succeeded in securing and entering upon those large, commodious, and formerly well-known high-priced premises situate in Drury-lane and Covent-garden; and having by this arrangement prevented the possibility of competition, they are determined to do business in future upon the Surrey-side system only. To prove the sincerity of their intentions, Four, Two, and One take this opportunity of making known to the directors of theatrical establishments, that they have a number of hints ready cut and dried, upon the necessity of a general reduction of the salaries of the principal English *artistes*, which will be found singularly useful to managers taking a Continental trip for the purpose of securing Foreign talent for the London market.

F. T. and O. also recommend their celebrated elastic, self-acting, portable, Anglo-Parisian pen, skilfully contrived to fit all hands, and which enables the writer, after six lessons upon the Hamiltonian system, to translate any French piece into *Surrey-side English;* thereby superseding the necessity of employing and paying any author or adapter who thinks it worth his while to embarrass himself with the study of reading, writing, or any other abstruse or outlandish knowledge whatsoever.

F. T. and O. cannot conclude without returning their most sincere and heartfelt thanks to the nobility, gentry, and friends of the drama generally, by whom their endeavours have been so eminently patronized. In particular, they should consider themselves guilty of the grossest ingratitude, did they omit this occasion of acknowledging their infinite obligations to the proprietors of the Patent establishments, who (by their active zeal, and indefatigable industry in the great cause of general reduction,) have placed Four, Two, and One, in their present premises, and have thereby enforced and illustrated this incontrovertible fact,—that Sheridan, Harris, and Colman were mere humbugs and imposters compared with F. T. and O.; and, that during their long and high-priced professional career, they did nothing to obtain or preserve the protection of a candid and enlightened public.

THE ABBESS AND THE DUCHESS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Abbess.

Who is knocking for admission
At the convent's outer gate?
Is it possible a lady
Can be wandering so late?
Let me see her through the lattice,
And her story let me hear;
—Oh! your most obedient, madam;
May I ask what brings you here?

Duchess.

You will very much applaud me,
When you hear what I have done;
I 've been naughty,—I 'm a peni-
-tent, and want to be a nun.
I 've been treated most unfairly,
Though 'tis said I am most fair;
I am rich, ma'am, and a duchess,
And my name 's La Vallière.

Abbess.

Get along, you naughty woman,
You 'll contaminate us all;
When you touch'd the gate, I wonder
That the convent did not fall!
Stop! I think you mention'd money,—
That is—penitence, I mean:
Let her in,—I 'm *too* indulgent;—
Pray how are the king and queen?

Duchess.

Lady Abbess, you delight me,—
Oh! had Louis been as kind!
But he used me ungenteely,
To my fondness deaf and blind.
Oh! methinks that now I view him,
With his feathers in his hat!—
Hem!—beg pardon—I 'm aware, ma'am,
That I mustn't speak of *that*.

Abbess.

Not by no means, madam, never;
No—you mustn't even *think*;
(Put your feet upon the fender,
And here 's something warm to drink:
Is it strong enough?—pray stir it:)
What on earth *could* make you go
From a palace to a convent?
Come,—I 'm curious to know?

Duchess.

Can you wonder, Lady Abbess?—
At the change *I* should rejoice,—
I of vanities was weary,
And a convent was my choice.

I have had a troubled conscience,
And court manners did condemn,
Ever since I saw King Louis
Making eyes at Madame *M*.

Abbess.

Oh! I think I comprehend you:
But take care what you 're about;
Though 'tis easy to get *in* here,
'Tan't so easy to get *out*:
You 'll for beads resign your jewels,
And your robes for garments plain;
Ere you cut the world, remember
'Tis not cut and come again!

Duchess.

I am willing in a cloister
That my days and nights should pass;
—(This is very nice indeed, ma'am;
If you please, another glass)—
As for courtiers, I 'll hereafter
Lay the odious topic by;
Oh! their crooked ways enough are
For to turn a nun awry!

Abbess.

Very proper: to the sisters
'Twould be wrong to chatter thus;
Now and then, when snug and cosey,
'Twill do very well for *us*.
It is strange how tittle-tattle
All about the convent spreads,
When the barber from the village
Comes to shave the sisters' heads.

Duchess.

Do you really mean to tell me
I must lose my raven locks?
Then I 'll tie 'em up with ribbon,
And I 'll keep 'em in my box:
Oh! how Louis used to praise 'em!
Hem!—I think I 'll go to bed.—
Not another drop, I thank you,—
It would get into my head.

Abbess.

Benedicite! my daughter,
You 'll be soon used to the place;
Though at meals our only duchess,
You will have to say your grace:
And when nonè can interrupt us,
You of courtly scenes shall tell,
When I bring a drop of comfort
From my cellar to my cell!

EDWARD SAVILLE.

A TRANSCRIPT. BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

THE doctor tells me I must take no wine. Pshaw! It is not that which mounts into my brain; and sometimes—but I must not wander—wine is the best corrector of these fancies. One bottle more of sober claret, and I shall be able to finish before midnight the brief sketch of my life which I promised Travers long ago.

It were worse than useless to set down any particulars of my boyhood. An only son is usually a spoiled one, and that which is so easy and delightful a task to most parents was by no means difficult or unpleasant to mine; and yet, to do myself justice, I believe I was not more conceited, insolent, selfish, and rapacious than others are during those days of innocence, as they are called,—those days of innocence which form the germ of that noble and disinterested creature, man.

At the age of three-and-twenty I succeeded to my father's estate. It was to divert a sense of loneliness which beset me, that I plunged into—as they term it, but the phrase is a wrong one—that I ventured upon the course of folly and dissipation into which so many young men of fortune like myself hurry themselves, or are led, or are driven. But why recount these scenes of pleasure—so called, or miscalled—whose reaction is utter weariness, satiety, and disgust?

I was at the theatre one night, when the friend who accompanied me directed my attention to a very lovely girl, who, with her mother and a party of friends, occupied the next box. She was, certainly, the loveliest creature my eyes had ever lighted upon; with a sylph-like form, (that is the usual phrase, I believe,) wanting perhaps that complete roundness of limb which is considered essential to perfect beauty in a woman—but she was barely sixteen—and yet suggesting, too, the idea of consummate symmetry. Her face—but who can describe beauty? who even can paint it? Let any man look at the finest attempts to achieve this impossibility by the old masters, and then let him compare them with the faces he has seen, and may see every day. Heavens! what inanities! Can a man paint a soul upon canvass? And yet the artist talks of his "expression."

I watched her closely during the performance,—indeed, I had no power to withdraw my gaze from her; and once or twice her eyes met mine, and I thought I could perceive she was not altogether displeased at my attention. Her confusion betrayed that to me, and in one short hour I was a lost man.

When the play was over, I framed a miserable excuse, which I thought at the time a most ingenious one, to my friend for not accompanying him home to supper, as I had promised; and hastening after my unknown and her mother, who had left the box, was just in time to see them enter a coach. I contrived to keep pace with it, and saw it deposit its beautiful freight at a house in a small private street near Portman Square.

I could laugh—unaccustomed as I am even to private laughing now-a-days—when I think, as I do sometimes, on those days of sentiment. It were as futile to attempt to renew that sentiment after thirty, as to strive to recal those days, and to bid them stand in next year's calendar. The green wood is out of the tree by that time;

and the trunk becomes hard, and gnarled, and stubborn. Now is the time to enjoy life. At five-and-thirty the blood and the brain act in concert, and the heart beats not one pulse the quicker, while they do their spiriting—not gently always.—To return.

I went home that night altogether an altered man, and rose next morning from a sleepless bed, absorbed with the one idea which had worked so miraculous a change within me. All that day, almost without intermission, did I pace up and down the street in the hope of seeing her; but in vain. Not once did she approach the window; and I did not deem it prudent to question one of the servants who came out of the house several times during the day. I betook myself, therefore, towards evening to a green-grocer's shop in the neighbourhood; and the purchase of some fruit gave me a privilege to indulge in a little chat with the good old woman who conducted the business. I affected to be chiefly solicitous respecting the elderly lady, whom I had seen by chance, and believed to be a friend of my father, but whose name I could not, for the life of me, remember. The old woman smiled at my shallow artifice, but proceeded to inform me that the elderly lady was the widow of an officer who had been killed in the Peninsular War, leaving an only daughter, at that period an infant. I begged pardon—the name? did she know the daughter's name?

"Oh yes! it was Isabella Denham."

It was an era in my life, the first sound of that name. I thanked my kind informant, and withdrew.

I need not tell how unremittingly, and for how many weeks, I paced up and down that street, with various success; how regularly I attended the church she frequented; and how at length I obtained an introduction to the family.

I found Isabella Denham more captivating than the accumulated fancies and self-willed convictions of months had pictured her to me. It is no unusual result in such cases; but whether it be that the object transcends the imagination, or that the imagination subserves the object, I know not. It was so, however; for feeling upon these occasions takes the place of reason, which is an impertinence.

Let me be just. I think, had I loved Isabella Denham less, I should equally have admired her. She had a mind and a heart; she was accomplished; she was beautiful, gentle, and good; and she loved me. Yes, she loved me. I believed it then, and I am certain of it now. How I loved her, she never knew: that was for Time to show, and he has shown it.

I offered her my hand in due time, and was accepted. How I despised the sneers and banter of some of my friends who could not conceive the idea of a marriage with fortune on one side, and none on the other, and yet were endeavouring at the same time to effect an engagement of a similar nature in their own favour! How I disregarded the gratuitous advice of sundry of my officious relatives, who thought that all love had died when their own gave up the ghost, and who sometimes prophesied truly because they were always prognosticating evil!

We were at length married; and the close of the fourth year saw no diminution of our happiness. We were domestic enough without seclusion, and went into as much company as sufficed to make

us feel that home was the happiest place after all. One circumstance had contributed to augment my felicity,—the birth of a son, which took place about a year after our marriage.

I know not what some people mean, who tell you that when a man becomes married, love subsides into affection, and friendship takes the place of passion. It was not so with me. I loved the wife as much as I had adored the mistress. To make her happy was myself to be so; and to have made her so, I would have laid down my life. Some, indeed, hinted that I indulged her too much—that I let her have her own way in everything. And why not? Did I marry to make my wife the creature, or the slave, of some system of management, rule of action, or principle of conduct? phrases which I abhor. No—no; be they as wise as they will, I was right. I am convinced of it. *That* was not the cause. We were happy.

It was by the merest chance that I one day encountered Hastings in the street—my friend Hastings. We had been companions at Eton, and at college our intimacy had grown into friendship. Were I now asked for what particular quality of mind or heart I had chosen Hastings for a friend, I should find some difficulty in answering the question. He was what is termed "a good-natured fellow;" there was nothing gross or offensive in his gaiety, and he was always the same. His feelings never led him to make a fool of himself, which is much to say of a young man. They might be called good *plated* feelings, which answered the purpose well enough, and sometimes passed for more costly articles. It is much, after all, to possess a friend between whom and yourself you can draw comparisons favourable to the latter, and who is perfectly content that you should do so.

He dined with me on the next day. His powers of conversation were certainly much improved since we had last talked together. He could turn the most superficial reading to admirable account; and so minute was his observation, and so faithfully and graphically could he describe manners, and the surface motives of men, that it almost appeared like a profound knowledge of mankind. Isabella was pleased with his society; and after she had retired to the drawing-room, my friend expatiated somewhat at large upon her beauty and elegance, and, above all, upon the good sense which characterised her. I need hardly say that I also was delighted with him, and when we shook hands for the night, I could have hugged the man for his glowing eulogy. I almost loved every one who admired her. I was too weak—too weak.

He visited us often, for his time was altogether his own. He was living upon expectancy, and accordingly had more leisure than money. At various periods I pressed him to make my purse his own, and he did so. I had, indeed, more money at my disposal than I cared for, or knew what to do with; and at that time I thought, when I served a friend, that I had found the best employment of it. It is strange,—and yet perhaps it is not by any means strange,—how men alter in this particular as they grow older. The heart-strings and the purse-strings are not so easily drawn then.

Well, I was his banker, and felt myself sufficiently repaid by his society. About this time, also, I was greatly occupied in business of a somewhat troublesome nature, to conclude which it was necessary

that I should visit my estate. My probable term of absence was to be about six weeks. The fashionable season was in its meridian, and I could not be cruel enough to ask Isabella to accompany me. She had latterly taken more pleasure in parties, and balls, and concerts than heretofore. Perhaps I had kept her too close; we were too domestic. After all, it was not the way of the world. I thought so, and Hastings agreed with me;—I would see it reformed altogether when I returned.

In the mean while I begged Hastings to look in now and then, and see that she was not lonely and out of spirits. It was natural to expect that my first absence from her would cause her to feel so. He promised to do as I requested, and I set off into the country, where I was detained more than two months; and at length, finding myself released from an irksome attendance on very unpleasant business, I took post-horses, and with all the ardour of a lover returned to London.

I returned to London.—

I remember the minutest particulars of that scene so well! Not a tittle of it has escaped my memory—not a word, not a syllable! It will never depart from my mind—from my soul!

When the porter opened the door, I hastened through the hall, and sprang up stairs into the drawing-room. She was not there; but my little boy, hearing my well-known footstep, came from the adjoining room and ran towards me. I caught him in my arms, and gave him a thousand kisses.

"Well, my dear little fellow, and where is mamma?"

"Not here—not here," said the boy, looking around; "but I 'm so glad you 've come back!"

Isabella was gone out, doubtless. I rang the bell. I did not observe Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, enter the room,—I was still caressing the child.

"Ha! Mrs. Martin—But what 's the matter? You look ill.—Where is Mrs. Saville?"

The woman spoke not, but trembled violently, and turned very pale. I motioned her to take a seat. She did so.

"My dear madam, you alarm me," said I. "Is anything wrong—your mistress——"

Tears were streaming down the woman's face, as she arose suddenly, and with her hands clasped before her she came towards me.

"Oh, sir! bear it like a man," she cried, weeping bitterly;—"do bear it like a man, sir! That I should live to tell you this!—I, who have carried you in these arms, and have prayed a thousand times for your happiness when I should be dead and gone!"

She paused. Perhaps my face revealed the sickness of heart which at that moment overcame me. I could not rise from my seat; I could not lift the child from my knee, as he lay upon my bosom with his head pressed against my heart.

"Merciful Heaven!—Isabella is ill—she is dying!—at once, at once tell me——"

"No, no," said the woman bitterly, "she is not ill or dying. Mr. Saville, I durst not tell you my suspicions before you left town—I durst not, sir. For mercy's sake compose yourself! My mistress left this house last Tuesday night with Mr. Hastings."

That horrible shriek still rings in my ears. I remember thrusting the child from me, and clasping my head with my hands; and then I was smitten down—struck to the earth—worse than dead—oh, how much worse than dead!"

It was a long, long, hideous dream that succeeded, full of woe, and lamentations, and weeping, and curses, and despair. But I awoke at last from that dream. Where was I? It was a very narrow, but lofty room; the walls were whitewashed, and there was one small window about twelve feet from the floor. I was seated on a low truckle-bed; and as I turned my eyes from the light of the window, they fell upon my hands, which were laid before me. Around my wrists there were deep marks, as though they had been tied together with cords; and when I moved, a sharp pain went round me, like a girdle. But the rope had been loosened, and was no longer about me. A man entered the room.

"How do you feel yourself now?" said he, laying his hand upon my shoulder.

I looked up. Methought I recognised the voice, and the face was almost familiar to me, and repulsively so.

"I am well—very well," I answered. "Where am I?"

The man said nothing, but silently left the room, presently returning with a gentleman, of whom, as of the man, I had an indistinct remembrance.

"You will be better soon, sir," said this person kindly, as he felt my pulse; and he turned towards the man, and spoke to him in an under-tone. "Let him be kept very quiet," was all I heard, and he retired shortly after.

Yes:—I had been mad—raving mad—for two years, and was now slowly struggling back into consciousness. Feeble glimmerings of the past came upon me at first, and then farther half-revelations were extended to me; until at length *the cause*, dimly and remotely, but gradually nearer and more near, stood before me like a curse. It is well for me that I did not then relapse into madness; but I wrestled with it, I overcame it, and in a month was taken away in my own physician's carriage, and brought back home. Home?—that had been destroyed.

My friend, Dr. Herbert, was, and is, the best fellow breathing. He devoted for some weeks nearly the whole of his time to me. He endeavoured to draw my mind away from the one subject, which might, he thought, if entertained, once more overthrow my reason. He was mistaken. The very endeavour to discard that memory, as often as it recurred, would soon have distracted me. I encouraged it, therefore, and was strengthened by it;—my mind throve upon it,—it was a comfort to me.

The many slight indications of an attachment—of a passion—between *her* and this man Hastings,—and they must have been but slight indications,—were presented to me now grossly and palpably. I could see them all,—they stung me;—and I would curse my fool's nature that was blind, or would not see and provide against the consequence. And why did I curse my easy nature? Could I have borne to live a wretched turnkey, a miserable listener at key-holes, a dealer out of "punishment, the drudgery of devils?" Did I marry to suspect virtue, or to control vice? Neither; and I was glad that,

when they did wrong me, they permitted me to know it. These thoughts never affected my brain;—there was no fear of that. I thought no longer from the brain;—these thoughts were in my heart, and never moved thence.

One evening, as I was ascending the stairs, I overheard the child inquiring of one of the servants "who that white-haired gentleman was, and why he lived in the house?" I had hitherto refused to see the child; but I now rang the bell, and ordered the housekeeper, who constantly waited upon me, to bring him to me.

He was much grown since I had last seen him, and was a fine boy. He did not know me, and was at first fearful of approaching me; but I induced him to sit upon my knee, and, putting his hair from the forehead, asked him if he would not give me a kiss. As he lifted his face, and looked up at me—that look! his very mother was gazing through those eyes! A sudden faintness possessed me. I lifted the child gently from my knee, and motioned the housekeeper to take him from my sight. I did not see him again.

But there was comfort still:—Hastings was in London,—I was certain of it.

And so he was. One night, about a fortnight after my return to town from Paris, where I was told he had been seen, and where I had sought him in vain, I was proceeding home, baffled in my endeavours to discover him in some of his old haunts, which I had ascertained after many and fruitless inquiries. I was walking rapidly down a miserable street in the vicinity of Clare Market, when a squalid wretch, issuing from a public-house, came in contact with me. I think no human being in the world would have recognised him but myself. Hideously changed as he was, I knew him instantly. The half-shriek that burst from him as he recoiled from me showed that he had recognised me also. The struggle was a short one,—I had omitted to put my pistols in my pocket on that evening. With what a savage triumph, when I had dashed him on the pavement, did I stamp upon the prostrate carcass of the groaning wretch! But my joy was brief; for I was suddenly seized by three or four men, who held me firmly by the arms. I could not get at him. Heedless of my ravings, they assisted the miscreant to rise, who, casting one glance of terror towards me, darted down an alley, and was lost to me for ever. He had escaped me.

How I reached home I know not. Herbert, who visited me next morning, forbade me to rise from my bed. He said my brain was unsettled, and I believe it was. But I was well again in a month.

The one idea pervaded my whole being when I arose from my bed. My rencontre with Hastings had whetted my appetite for revenge so keenly, that no reason, no thought, no feeling could control me. He was evidently in a state of the most abject beggary and want. That conviction did not disarm me; it rendered me only the more determined and inflexible.

I went forth one evening, and with much difficulty discovered the public-house from which I had seen him emerge on *that* night. From the landlord I obtained every particular I required to know. Hastings had, it seemed, changed his name;—it was now Harris. He resided in one small room on the first floor of a house in a filthy court hard by; that is, if he had not left the neighbourhood, for the man had not seen him for a month past.

It was well. I drank two glasses of brandy, for it was a cold night, and proceeded towards my destination. I found it easily. There was a light in the window, and, from the reflection of a man's figure on the wall, I judged he was at home. The house-door was open, and I entered the narrow passage. At that moment I trembled, and for an instant could not proceed. No: it was not that which made me tremble; I knew, and was prepared for, what I had to do. It was the other,—it was that face which I feared I could not bear to behold.

This was, as I have said, the weakness of a moment. I mounted the stairs, and burst into the room suddenly. A man and a woman were seated at a small fire, who arose abruptly on my entrance. It was not Harris and—his wife.

"Where is the man—Hastings?" I exclaimed, addressing the old couple.

As I uttered these words, a loud shriek proceeded from a bed behind me, and a female dropt upon the floor. I knew that voice,—I knew it well;—but it did not move me.

"Mrs. Harris is ill," said the old woman; "permit us to pass you, sir;—it is one of the fits to which she is subject."

I allowed the woman to step by me, who, raising the lifeless form beside her, drew it into an adjoining room.

"What do you want, sir? what is your business here?" inquired the man.

I placed one hand into my coat-pocket and grasped a pistol, and with the other seized the man by the collar.

"Where is Harris?" said I. "You had best tell me; you are a dead man else. He is hid somewhere—he is below, in the house—where is he?"

"He is there," gasped the man; and he pointed towards the bed, upon which a body was lying, covered with a linen cloth.

I sank upon a chair. Hastings had indeed escaped me, and for ever. I was left alone, for the man had hurried from the room. I cannot describe the agony of feeling which I underwent during the next half-hour. I took the light, and, walking to the bed, drew the linen cloth from the face of the corpse.

How awful! how mysterious is the power of death! The man who had insulted, who had wronged, who had betrayed me,—whose ingratitude—of all crimes the vilest and the basest—had inverted my very soul,—this man lay before me cold, serene, tranquil, miserable, callously insensible,—and yet I had no power to curse him. There was no serenity, no tranquillity upon the face, when I gazed upon it more closely. The brow was corrugated, the cheeks collapsed, and the eyelids sunken; and there was the soul's torture, as it left a tortured body impressed upon the face. Enough to have mitigated a more implacable hatred than mine!

I left the room, and walked down stairs. As I proceeded along the passage, the man whom I had before seen came out of a lower room, and opened the door for me. I was about to depart, when he caught me gently but firmly by the arm.

"Oh, sir!" said he earnestly, "do not leave the house without seeing Mrs. Harris. She has relapsed into another fit; but when she comes to herself, it will be a comfort to her to see a friend of her husband. You knew him, sir, when living; and for his sake, perhaps—"

the man paused for a moment, and continued,—"you have a benevolent heart, sir,—I am sure you have,—and if you knew all, even though he may have wronged you——"

It was an unseasonable time for an appeal of this nature. The passions that had been forced back upon my heart had yet scarce begun to subside, but I spoke calmly.

"You will tell her Mr. Saville has been here;" and I was going.

"Mr. Saville!" repeated the man. "Oh, sir, we have heard that name mentioned frequently of late. You will come again, or send, perhaps;—will you not, sir?"

"She will know where to find me, should she wish to see me, which I think is hardly probable;" and with a cold "good-night" I left him.

I called upon Herbert on my way home, and told him all that had taken place. He was surprised and shocked.

"Saville," said he, after a long pause, during which he had been absorbed in reflection, "this cursed affair is destroying you. I am a plain man. You may shake your head, and tell me coolly and calmly that you have ceased to feel the injury which all the while is preying upon you. It is that calmness which I fear most; it will kill you, or worse than that,—you understand me. You must pursue this matter no farther. The man is dead, and your wife—— Well," he resumed, "I beg your pardon; I was wrong to call her by that name. May I speak plainly?"

"You may."

"She is evidently in a state of want—of destitution. This must not be. You must allow her—settle upon her—enough to rescue her from poverty and its temptations. She must not starve;—I see you could not bear that. And you must forget her. It will not do to see a young man like yourself sacrificed, self-sacrificed, to the villany of a scoundrel. I will say no more, Saville. Vice has too much homage paid to her when an honourable man is made her victim."

Herbert was right—he was always so. No, no;—she must not starve. That were indeed a miserable triumph to me. I went to my solicitor on the next morning, and a deed was made out, settling a competence upon her, and I sent with it as much money as she could require for immediate exigencies. And I was resolved that I would forget her. The worst was past, and time and occupation would do much, and I would think this misery down. But the worst was not yet past.

I was informed, one morning, that a woman in the hall desired to speak with me. Concluding that she was one of the many persons who are accustomed to wait upon the wealthy with petitions, I ordered the servant to admit her. A woman meanly dressed, and whose countenance was concealed, moved towards me, and sinking upon her knees, with her palms pressed together and raised towards me, looked up into my face. Madness in me, and misery and famine in her, must have wrought more strongly, if that were possible, than they had done, could I have failed to recognise that face instantly. Her lips moved,—she would have spoken, but she had no power to speak,—and with a deep and heavy groan she fell upon the floor before me. I rang the bell violently. A servant entered the room.

"Send Mrs. Martin to me instantly. Mrs. Martin," said I, as the

woman hastened into the room, "let Dr. Herbert be sent for immediately. You must take care of her. See that she wants nothing."

"Gracious God! it is my mistress!" said the woman, as she raised her head upon her knee. "You will let her remain in the house, Mr. Saville?—in one of the upper rooms?"

"In her own room, Mrs. Martin.—I commit her to you. When she recovers, we can make other arrangements."

It is out of the power of fortune or of fate to excite such feelings within me now as pressed upon my heart for some days after this scene. I thank God for it. Human strength or weakness could not again endure so dreadful a conflict of brute passion and of human feeling. That piteous face raised to mine would not depart from me. That she should kneel,—that she should have been degraded abjectly to crouch before me for forgiveness, for pardon, for the vilest pity,—and that I should know and feel that the base expiation was the poorest recompense—oh! I cannot pursue this farther.

Some days after this,—it was on a Sunday forenoon,—Mrs. Martin entered the room. She took a seat opposite to me.

"I am come to speak with you, Mr. Saville," she said.

"Well, madam, proceed."

"Mrs. Saville, my mistress, sir, is dying."

I spoke not for some minutes, although I was not altogether unprepared for a communication of this nature.

"You will take the child to her, madam; she will wish to see him."

"Oh, sir, she has seen him every day since she came here, and he is with her now. You will not be offended, sir, if I tell you that she has seen him many times within the last two years. Yes, sir, when you were ——"

"Mad, madam!—speak plainly!—I *was* mad."

"She came, sir, to me, and fell at my feet, imploring to see the child, and I could not refuse her. I could not bear that my mistress should kneel to me, and not be permitted to behold her own son;" and here the woman wept bitterly.

"It is very well," said I, after a pause; "I do not blame you. It is better, perhaps, that it should have been so."

"Could I prevail upon you, sir?" she continued, wiping her eyes; "might I be so bold as to hope——"

I anticipated the woman's thoughts.

"She has expressed no wish that I should see her, Mrs. Martin."

"She does not mention your name even to me," said she; "but she must not die without seeing you;—she *must* not, Mr. Saville."

My nature at times was changed from what it had been since I was released from the mad-house. I cast a glance at the woman, which she understood and feared.

"Mention not this subject again, madam, and leave me. I would be alone."

I was disturbed by what the housekeeper had told me. She was dying. It was well. I wished her to die. I felt that until she was dead, my heart could not be brought to forgive her.

I walked out, and bent my steps towards the lodging which Hastings had formerly occupied. I found the woman of the house at home, and, with a calmness which I have since marvelled at, I drew from her all the particulars of their sojourn at her house. They had been