LOOKING AT LIFE;

OR,

THOUGHTS AND THINGS.

BY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK," "GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT,' "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH," ETC. ETC.

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE,
FARRINGDON STREET.
NEW YORK: 56, WALKER STREET.
1860.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Papers comprised in the present Volume appeared originally in the pages of HOUSEHOLD WORDS, at various intervals, between the close of 1851 and the early part of the year 1856; and they are now reprinted, in a collected form, with the sanction of Mr. Charles Dickens, the proprietor of that publication.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MONSIEUR GOGO'S	1
CITIES IN PLAIN CLOTHES	12
MINE INN	25
SLANG	31
ALWAYS UNITED	44
LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, AND MUSKETRY	55
DOORS	69
FOUR STORIES	80
THE GREAT HOTEL QUESTION (IN FOUR CHAPTERS)	
CHAPTER I. FRENCH AND SWISS HOTELS	95
,, II. GERMAN HOTELS	109
,, III. ITALIAN AND AMERICAN HOTELS	119
,, IV. ENGLISH HOTELS	134
THE PRESENT MOMENT	147
A PEEP AT DUBLIN; ALL ALONG THE QUAY	153
AN IRISH STEW; ANOTHER PEEP AT DUBLIN	163
A GOOD CHAMPION; OR, THE LITTLE BLUE MANTLE	172
SUNDAY MORNING	179
SUNDAY OUT	187
SUNDAY MUSIC	198
SUNDAY TEA-GARDENS	208

PAGE

SECOND-HAND SOVEREIGNS 216

TIME AND THE HOUR 228

MY MAN. A SUM. 284

PHILIP STUBBES; OR, VANITY FAIR IN THE OLDEN TIME . . . 243

QUEEN MAB; A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS 265

THE OLD MAGICIAN; ANOTHER CASE OF REAL DISTRESS . . . 273

NUMBERS OF PEOPLE; COUNTED AND SIFTED IN 1851 289

A DEAD SECRET 305

TEN MINUTES "CROSS-COUNTRY" 328

THE DALGETTY RACE 333

MARS A LA MODE 345

COUNTY GUY 352

SHOPS 356

THE GREAT INVASION 366

YADACÉ 377

POOR ANGELICA 387

OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENTS 401

THE FACULTY 412

A HANDFUL OF FOREIGN MONEY 426

ROGER THE MONK 436

LILE JACK:

CHAPTER I. THE DODDERHAM WORTHY. 447

„ II. THE COMPASSIONATE BROKER 454

BULLFROG. 465

LOOKING AT LIFE;

OR,

THOUGHTS AND THINGS.

MONSIEUR GOGO'S.

THERE is, in the famous city of Paris, between the Champs Elysées and the Park of Monceaux, a street called the Rue Miresmonisl. When we were novices in the Trivia, or art of walking the streets, of Paris, and consequently erred like lost sheep therein, this Miresmonisl was to us a harbinger of a discovered territory; for when we found it, we found a clue to the intricate maze of thoroughfares we were threading. Miresmonisl, or as, in the innocence of our hearts and our then imperfect French, we were wont to call it, Mirrlymonizzle, led, or seemed to lead, to every place of note in Paris. It adjoined the Tuileries; it was hard by St. Honoré; it was over-against the Boulevards; it was the way into town, and out of town. It led into the Rue de la Pepiniere; it conducted the wayfarer into the Rue de Courcelles, where, standing half-way between one of the slaughter-houses, the Abattoir du Roule, and the hotel whilom occupied by Queen Maria Christina of Spain, was an establishment with which we have at present more particularly to do. This was the Pension Gogo. We were brought up by M. Gogo.

We were for a long time brought up there. In consideration of a sum of one thousand francs, paid quarterly, we were instructed in the usual branches of a polite education—boarded, lodged, and washed. Moreover, the Pension Gogo

was a school of ease—a *succursale*, as it is called, to the Collège Bourbon, now Lycée Bonaparte, which did not receive boarders; and from the Pension to the College we were daily conducted (when sufficiently advanced in our humanities to profit by the collegiate course of instruction), returning to our meals at stated periods.

The prospectus of the establishment (printed on superfine paper, with gilt edges) stated it to be situated "in the midst of vast gardens and orchards filled with the most delicious fruit." We confess that the vastness of the gardens and the deliciousness of the fruit were of no very special benefit to us boys; for they both belonged to as ill-tempered a market-gardener as ever wore a straw hat and carried a scarlet gingham umbrella, and who let loose fierce mastiffs at us when we were bold enough to scale his wall to recover lost balls or shuttlecocks, who maliciously whitewashed his peaches and nectarines, in order to render them nauseous to our taste, after we had been at the trouble of stealing them, and who was notoriously suspected, and was, we verily believe, guilty, of the cold-blooded and cowardly ferocity of placing large cat's-head apples and juicy jargonelle pears as decoy ducks within our reach, which were filled with jalap and tartar emetic. "The house, or rather the *château*," (the prospectus went on to say) "covered a large extent of territory, and was adjoined by beautiful pleasure-grounds." In good sooth, it was a spacious range of buildings, (for we had fifty boarders, or *internes*, and upwards of a hundred *externes*, or day-boys, to accommodate,) arranged round a good-sized gravelled square or play-ground; one side of the quadrangle being formed by the master's house; the side opposite him by the boundary-wall, separating us from the morose market-gardener, and the two lateral ones by the school-rooms and dormitories of the boys.

Straight, as we write, rises up before us portly, bass-voiced, important, and inflexible (though dead and cold these half-dozen years), the master—*directeur*, he was called—of the pension, M. Napoleon Gogo. Large was he in person, black of hair, whiskerless of countenance, stern of mien. He wore shoes, and was addicted to strongly perfumed snuff. He never taught us anything himself; but would come in while we were

droning over our lessons, and listen, with his head cocked a little on one side, and with his fat finger gently scratching one ear, as though he knew all that had been said, and even all that was coming. We thought him a monument of learning, wisdom, and wit; but we have grown sceptical on that subject now, and are very much afraid that we should not be unjust to him if we were to say that he was a good-natured, decently intelligent, but somewhat illiterate man (striving, however, to get the best masters for his boys and to do his duty by them generally). He reprimanded us occasionally in a loud sonorous voice, pulling our ears and rapping our knuckles; but he never beat us without a cause, nor starved us, nor cheated us; and the remembrance we have of him now, has more of love and of regret about it than of the fear, and horror, and disgust with which the bare recollection of a schoolmaster inspires us sometimes.

M. Gogo was married: his wife was a large, vulgar, tender-hearted, industrious, Normandy matron, who physicked, scolded, petted, and took care of the boys indefatigably. Though her husband was rich, she had not the slightest pride. were it not that, indeed, of owning that her parents were small cultivators—peasants, in fact—near Caen. Twice a-year these good people used to pay her a visit: the father, a grey-haired, apple-faced agriculturist, in a cap with a green shade, gold ear-rings, an elaborately embroidered blouse, and sabots; the mother, a regular "*bonne femme de Normandie*," in coarse-ribbed worsted stockings, a lace apron, a Normandy cap, or *cauchoise*, of astonishing loftiness, and bearing the never-failing umbrella. The days for coming were the *Jour de l'an*, when M. Gogo invariably presented his father-in-law with a loaf of white sugar; and Madame Gogo's fête day, on which occasion the old lady never failed to bring her daughter her patron saint in gilt gingerbread. The head of the Pension Gogo had also a daughter—a comely maiden, with whom we were all, of course, desperately in love; but who, to our great grief, became a *Sœur de Charité*. Also, he had a son, a brown-faced little ragamuffin, called Desiré, but generally known by the name of "Lily," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, we suppose. We used to admire with fond fear the Spartan impartiality of M. Gogo, in pulling Lily's ears,

placing him on a bread-and-water diet, and causing him to stand in the corner whenever he had rendered himself liable to those penal inflictions.

We had three resident masters of the three different classes of the school, and a classical master, who saw that the boys got up their college exercises, and attended to them generally. M. Thénard was the master of the first class. We remember him well: incorrigibly snuffy, inconceivably dirty, prodigiously learned. He positively eat books—grasped them fiercely—knawed at their leaves and covers—wrenched the learning from them, as it were. He had a greasy old Homer, printed at Amsterdam, in 1630, on which he constantly sat during school hours, which he read, or rather devoured, in recreation-time—which he hugged convulsively under his arm at other seasons—with which we are seriously of opinion that he slept. When he explained a passage to you, he pinched you fiercely, or twined his long fingers in your garments. He was dreadfully unshaven, and his long, unkempt, greasy hair, fell straggling over the collar of a coat that was more greasy still. It will be a long time before we shall forget him, his learning, his dirt, his scared eager face, and his large gold spectacles. He had a tender heart, for all his fierce aspect, though: and the boys loved him. The great Gogo was gentle with him; and Madame Gogo forbore to scold when he lost (as he was always losing) his pocket handkerchief. Once we were telling him, in our boyish way, what our idea of human happiness was: a pretty white cottage, green trellis work, a vine, and a flower-garden. "I have possessed them," he said; and the gold spectacles were dimmed, and two rivulets meandered down the dirty cheeks. He took us, we remember, too, one whole holiday, to visit his mother, a grand old lady, at a real spinning-wheel, and with hair glossier and whiter than the flax she was spinning. Some dim recollection have we of some half-uttered sentences, which, putting this and that together, as boys will do, created an impression on our mind that he had another name besides Thénard—a name as noble, perhaps, as Noailles-Noailles, or Rohan Rochfort; and that fire and sword, the guillotine, and an unthankful prince, had had something to do with his unhappiness, his learning, and his dirt.

Mr. Lacrosse reigned supreme in the second class. He was a scaly, hard-featured, angular sort of man, full of hard geometrical problems, which he was always working out on the large class-room black board, for our edification, and in secret, on bits of broken slate, for his own. In his geological formation, chalk had decidedly the best of it. His fingers, hair, and costume were always thickly powdered with that substance; if a boy offended him, he chalked his name up on the wall, or behind the door; if he wished to instruct others, or to amuse himself, he still continually chalked.

The third class was governed by a mild man, whose hair was red, and whose name was Moufflet. To his care were confided the very little boys—the *moutaros*, as in the Pension Gogo we called them. He disliked tuition, and was reported to have wept because his parents would not allow him to be apprenticed to a hair-dresser. He endeavoured with laudable though unrewarded perseverance, to cultivate a moustache; but after nine months' endeavours, failing lamentably, he resigned his situation, and we saw him no more.

As to the classical master, M. Galofruche, the less said of him, we are afraid, the better. He was a scholar of considerable acquirements, but erratic to the extent—so the report ran among the boys—of having his hair curled, and of going to balls every night (he did not sleep within the walls of the Establishment Gogo). He was continually humming *refrains* of vaudeville *couplets*, when he should have been attending to our scanning. M. Gogo once discovered a crushed rose and a *billet doux* on pink note-paper, between the leaves of his Greek Gradus; so, between these and other misdeeds, he came to shame. Contradictory rumours were current as to what became of him after his Hegira or flight (for he bolted in debt to his washerwoman, and to several of the senior boys). Some averred that he had become a tight-rope dancer at one of the small Boulevard Theatres; others, that he had offered himself as a substitute for the conscription, and had joined the banner of his country in Algiers.

There were, besides these masters, or *professeurs*, as they were more politely styled, certain unhappy men, called *pions*, martyrs, whose lamentable duties consisted in watching the

boys during their hours of recreation; in accompanying them when they went out walking, and seeing that they did not eat too much sweet-stuff; in conducting them to bed, to the bath, and to church; in fact, in being their assiduous overlookers, guides, philosophers, friends, and slaves. They had a hard life of it, those poor *pions*—young men, mostly of some education, but without means; they tyrannised over the little boys; they succumbed ignominiously and cringed dolefully, to the bigger ones; the director Gogo snubbed them; the partner of his joys openly and blatantly bullied them. They were the unclean things—the Parias of the Pension.

Pardon us, oh reader! if we have been somewhat too diffuse regarding the executive staff of the establishment. But from the men ye shall know the things. Let us linger for a moment to give a line to Jugurtha Willoughby, LL.D., Bachelier-es-Arts of the University of France, and Professor of the English language and literature. He came twice a week, and was the English master. We looked at him as something connected with *home*, though he had been in France so long, that he spoke French much better than English, and could even have taught, we think, the former language better than the latter. He had a sufficiently numerous class, the members of which were supposed to study the English tongue in its most recondite branches, but whose progress in the Anglican vernacular appeared to us always to stop at the enunciation of two simple and expressive words, "God-dam," and "Rosbif;" to both of which they persisted in attaching significations utterly irreconcilable with their real meaning, and which they delighted in applying to us, as a species of reproach for our Britannic origin, personally and offensively.

The dancing-master's name we forget: we remember him only as "*Cours de danse*," he being in the habit of inundating the columns of the newspapers, and stencilling the walls of Paris with an announcement bearing that heading. He had an immense golden or gilt snuff-box, and told us, in the intervals of the *Pastorale* and the *Cavalier seul*, genteel anecdotes of the aristocracy, and particularly of a mythical personage, one "Kin," the friend of the Prince Regent of Britain, and for a long period of time the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Britain. We conjecture he must have meant Edmund

Kean. He, *Cours de danse*, was a worthy man, and had an excellent method of teaching a boy to waltz well. He waltzed with the patient himself, and whenever he made a false step, trod inexorably on his toes. So at last the boy got sore and sure-footed. Kammeron, the professor of music and singing, only merits a passing word. He was remarkable for wearing orange-coloured pantaloons, and was insufferably vain. We rather liked him; for so soon as he sat down to the piano, so sure was he to burst forth into vocal and instrumental illustration of one of the innumerable romances he had composed; and while he pounded and howled, we played odd and even.

Our daily life at Monsieur Gogo's! First, there was the Bell. A dreadful bell it was. Loud of utterance, harsh, jangling, fierce of tone. We hated it; for it rang us to bed the first night we were left at school—a night daguerreotyped with painful minuteness, and marked with the blackest of stones, in our and in most boys' minds. The woful change from the soft couch and gentle nurturing of home; the gentle hands that drew the curtains; the kind voices that bade us good night; to the hard pallet, damp, mouldy atmosphere, bare floor; the bedfellow who kicked you, and deprived you of your legitimate share of counterpane; the neighbour who pelted you with hard substances; the far-off boy in the corner, who reviled you and mocked you sorely, not through any special deed of your own, but because you were a "new boy;" and in the morning the cruel bell,—ding-a-ding-dong, ding-a-ding-dong, it went ruthlessly, remorselessly, unceasingly, as it seemed. It hung close to that portion of the wall touched by our bed-head; and at five o'clock every morning, summer and winter, it woke us from dreams of mothers and sisters far away in the British Islands, to the stern realities of a strange school. It pealed again in five minutes, to remind us of the necessity for getting up (as if we ever could forget it after hearing it once); and again in three, after which time any boy found in the dormitories was punished. Pass over the moist lavatory, where, shivering, we endeavoured to turn indomitable taps, and to mollify unsoftenable soap. Pass over the five minutes past in the refectory for prayers (how sincerely, though undevoutly, we

used to wish it was for breakfast, where a Pater noster, an Ave Maria, and a Pro peccatis were said by the boy who had it in rotation to do so). Pass over these, and come with us to our class-rooms—long, bare, desk-furnished, map-hung galleries, the only difference between which and English school-rooms was, that the masters had pupils instead of desks, and that one extremity of the apartment was garnished with a huge black board called the "*tableau*," on one side of which hung a sponge fastened to a string, and on the other a box of pieces of chalk.*

We confess we never could manage the before-breakfast lessons to which, from six till eight, we were daily doomed. In summer we sighed for a run in the fields; in winter the attention due to our Cæsars and Virgils was wofully disturbed by attempts to keep our fingers warmed by blowing on them. There was a stove situated very nearly at the top or post of honour of the class; and we are afraid that our occasional elevation to the post of "first boy" was due more to our love of warmth than to our love of learning. At eight—after more, though briefer, prayer—we adjourned in joyous file to the refectory, where to each boy was served a capacious bowl, holding about a quart of hot milk, into which was poured about a gill of coffee. With this we were entitled to take literally as much bread as ever we chose; large hunches of the staff of life, cut from loaves bearing a strong resemblance, in size and shape, to cart-wheels, being assiduously handed about in baskets. Twenty minutes were allowed for this meal; then followed a scamper in the play-ground till nine o'clock, when the day-boys arrived; the middle-aged boys into their respective classes, and the collegians to the Collège Bourbon, which was in the adjacent Rue St. Lazare, and approached, of course, through the never-failing Miresmonisl. We were too closely under the surveillance of our *pions* to turn our short daily voyages in the streets to any advantage in the way of purchasing forbidden dainties, visiting wax-work shows, or indulging in any of those eccentricities in which it is the nature of boys,

* We speak of the black board, as peculiar to French schools, as it was a score of years ago; but its use is becoming very general now in English places of education, especially in those conducted on the Pestalozzian system.

when "out of bounds," to delight. Indeed, we should have preferred, on the whole, performing the daily journeys to and from college in carriages; for we were, on most occasions, sadly harassed and maltreated by hosts of the little blackguard boys—those long-haired, short-bloused, ragged urchins, the *gamins de Paris*. They lay await for us in shady places and dark entries; they made savage forays on us from solitary *portes cochères;* they flung offensive missiles at us, and splashed the malodorous contents of gutters in our faces. Their principal enmity to us, we suppose, was caused by our not having holes in our trousers, as they had.

The class-rooms at college were very like our class-rooms at school, save that there were no desks, and we wrote upon our knees, and that the masters wore square black caps, and long gowns, somewhat resembling those in which are apparelled the vergers of our ancient and venerable cathedrals. Here, at college, we asked, from nine till twelve, for what soft youth Pyrrha decked her golden hair; we expressed our indignation at the conduct of the faithless shepherd, Paris; we despised the ostentation of Persian magnificence, and we performed those curious and intricate feats of tumbling with Greek verbs, which always remind us now of the acrobatic gentlemen in spangles and cotton drawers, who tie themselves into knots, and twist themselves in the boa-constrictor manner about the legs and backs of chairs. At twelve we went back again to the Pension, where we made breakfast Number Two off hot meat, vegetables, fruit, with the fourth of a bottle of wine for each boy. Then, play till two; school or college till five; back to dinner, where we had pretty much the same sort of repast as breakfast Number Two, with the addition of soup, cheese, and a larger allowance of wine (*vin ordinaire*), be it understood. After dinner we played until seven; got up our exercises for next day until nine; then, after another Pater noster, Ave Maria, and Pro peccatis, went to bed.

Of course, we grumbled: boys always will—even men occasionally will. We threw out scornful insinuations respecting the quality of the soup. One of our middle-aged boys averred that he had seen, with his own eyes, François, the servant, filling up the wine-bottles at the pump. We grumbled at the eggs or lentils on Fridays and fast-days; at the

quality of the bread; at the ill-temper of the masters; at the length of the lessons; at the brevity of the play-time. Yet, putting the Pension Gogo in comparison with some highly-respectable, and even expensive (and of course aristocratic) establishments for the education of youth in this favoured island—remembering the "stick-jaw pudding," "resurrection pie," sour table-beer, and hound-like treatment boys occasionally meet with in Albion the free—it strikes us that we were really not badly treated in the victualling line, and that we had not much cause to grumble.

There were three remarkable characteristics of the Pension Gogo, to which we would wish to call attention; yea, three marvels, which deserve, we think, a line apiece. The boys seldom, if ever, spent their pocket-money in the purchase of saccharine or savoury edibles, as is the custom of our English youth to do. Secondly, each boy brought with him a silver spoon and fork, and a holder for his table-napkin, which, *mirabile dictu*, when he left *were* returned to him! Thirdly, in the whole of the Pension Gogo there were to be found nor birch, nor cane, nor strap.

The school was managed entirely without corporal punishment. In the three years we were there, a few boxes on the ear may have been administered in extreme cases; a few pair of ears may have been pulled; and one boy, we remember, who was extraordinarily contumacious, was, by the Principal, solemnly, though softly, kicked from the class-room. But we had no daily—hourly—exhibitions of torture; no boys writhing under a savage cane; no counting the weals on your arms when you went to bed, and declaring you could bear thrashing better than So-and-so. We don't know whether these things are really "better managed in France;" but we aver, that afterwards, when we were beaten like a dog, at an English school, we preferred the system of the Pension Gogo, where a hundred and fifty boys were kept in order without beating.

You are not to suppose that at the Pension Gogo there were no punishments. There were divers pains and penalties to which recalcitrant boys were liable. Fines, bad marks, impositions, deprivation of recreation, were among these. For graver offences the culprit knelt on a form, or in a corner, which to us seemed ridiculous, and not salutary; for the kneel-

ing one generally employed himself in making hideous grimaces at us, or at his instructor, when that sage's back was turned. The *ultimo ratio regum*, the *peine forte et dure*, was incarceration in a grim apartment contiguous to the wine-cellar, called the Cave, where bread-and-water was the diet, solitude the adjunct, and of which dreary legends of spectres and rats were current. The punishment, however, which we most dreaded was the weekly bulletin—*Bulletin hebdomadaire*. This was a ceremony which took place every Saturday afternoon, at dinner-time. The Principal Gogo, just as we had finished our soup, and were preparing for an onslaught on the *bouilli*, would fortify himself with a huge pinch of snuff, and read from a paper as long and as ominous-looking as an inn-reckoning, or a bill-of-costs, the register of our conduct, our studies, our progress during the week. When the good boys' names were mentioned, with favourable comments on their rectitude of conduct, they simpered over their meat, and eat their victuals with blushing satisfaction. But when it came to the turn of the idle, the contumacious, the naughty boys, how they writhed—how they groaned! Marginal references as to their incorrigible disposition were inscribed on the Bulletin. "Abominable," "execrable," "insupportable;" these were chalked against their names, or thundered at them by the indignant Gogo. The *Bulletin hebdomadaire* spoilt many a boy's dinner in *our* time; for that we can avouch.

CITIES

IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

THERE is a class of thinkers, who, right or wrong, are never satisfied with the bare assurance that every medal has its reverse, and every shield a gold as well as a silver side, but are continually striving to make themselves acquainted with the side opposite to that ordinarily presented to them. In so doing, they ask obtrusive questions, take liberties with established cobwebs, and overturn received and accepted ghosts in order to inquire into the physical peculiarities of the turnips, broom handles, and calico sheets of which those ghosts are sometimes composed. Not satisfied with Philip sober, they have the impertinence to scrutinise Philip drunk; not content with the due execution of justice upon a culprit, they must needs know what becomes of the executioner afterwards; and as though they had not enough of things as they are, clamour for things as they were, and as they ought to be. These embarrassing thinkers are distinguished in infancy by a propensity for poking their flaccid little fingers into the eyes of their nurses and relations, doubtless following out some infantine theory as to the structure of the orbs of vision; in childhood, by constant endeavours to teach difficult feats of gymnastics to dumb animals and to make them eat strange viands;—such as wooden pine-apples glued on the plate; and, by the ripping up, scraping, pegging, and otherwise mutilating all their toys—notably in the case of Shem, Ham, and Japhet from the Noah's ark, whom they make to swim in the wash-hand basin (in company with the magnetic duck and the elastic eel), and otherwise maltreat till every vestige of paint disappears from their strange faces and stranger costumes, and Ham, the traditional blackamoor of the family, has nothing to reproach himself with on the score of colour. At school they

are remarkable for surreptitiously keeping hedge-hogs in their lockers, flaying the covers off grammars and copybooks to make silkworm boxes, and for persisting in the refusal or inability to acknowledge that the angle A B is equal to the angle C D, stating that it isn't and is much larger. In manhood and mature age, they either become busy-bodies, insufferable bores telling you irrelevant history and "trying back" a score of times during the narration to relate the lives and adventures of the actors therein, and of their relations; or, they invent steam-engines and cotton-looms, discover planets, settle the laws of gravitation, and found systems of philosophy. The astronomer and the quidnunc; Plato and the child who does Shem, Ham, and Japhet's washing, Sir Isaac Newton and the gentleman in the sky-blue coat, green umbrella, white hat, striped calimancoes, eye-glass and Hessian boots, with whom Mr. Wright, comedian, is acquainted; have more in common than you would imagine, sometimes.

I must confess, myself, that my train of thought is essentially of a Bohemian and desultory nature. My life has been a digression. I never could remember a thing in time, or forget it in season; for, though I respect and glory in the statute of limitations as a legislative enactment, I can't apply it to men or to things. I was always more curious about the strings than about the puppets. I like Punch; but I like the velveteen-clad histrion who lies perdu behind the striped drapery, and without whose aid Punch could not squeak, and Shallaballah would be yet unbastinadoed; much better I like the "flies" and the mezzanine floor than the green-room or the prompt box. I have a desultory unprofitable fancy for old books, old pictures, and old furniture; but, like the imprudent poor relation who was disinherited for liking gravy, I am sensible of having lost several friends by an inveterate habit of rummaging over ragged book-stalls and brokers' sheds, and standing, speculating, before rag and bottle-shops. I was cut dead once by an intimate acquaintance for walking down Drury Lane with two copper candlesticks, of curious make, which I had just purchased of a neighbouring broker, who tempted me sadly, besides, with a human skull, a life-preserver, and two volumes of "Elegant Extracts," for five shillings—a bargain.

Some random speculations I have already indulged in as to some curious dualities of costume and character in man and woman-kind. I find myself constantly recurring to the same subject, constantly poring over that eccentric etching by Gillray, called the "*doublures*," where heads of dukes and politicians, philosophers and divines, cast shadows on the wall, which, though rendering feature for feature, yet are strangely metamorphosed into satyrs, demons, donkeys, and Silenuses. If I have not hopelessly wearied you with double men, will you accord me, reader, a modicum of patience while I babble of double cities.

Of cities in plain clothes rather—in their apparel of home-spun, very different from the gala suit they wear on high days and holidays, and in books of travel. And, I pray you, do not taunt me with being fantastic for giving corporeality to mere agglomerations of houses, and for assuming that cities may wear clothes, plain or otherwise. I appeal to the walls and ceilings of Greenwich Hospital, Windsor Castle, and Hampton Court, where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre. Cities of all sorts sprawl incarnate on those gigantic works of art; painted by the mile, and paid for, as the bills delivered of the artists inform us, by the yard. The galleries of Versailles boast battalions of personified cities, some in holiday clothes, some in plain clothes, and not a few with no clothes at all. Louis Philippe commissioned Pradhier to execute two statues of Lille and Strasbourg for the Place de la Concorde—which stand there to this day, and are noble specimens of embodied cities, though I certainly miss the *paté de foie gras* from the trophies on the pedestal of the latter capital. If the "gentle Severn" be allowed to have a "crisp head;" if half-a-dozen rivers embodied in bronze are allowed to empty water-jugs in the court-yard of Somerset House; if the very north wind itself is with impunity individualised and made to figure in pictures and sculpture as a blustering railer, with puffed-out cheeks, I certainly may be allowed to give my cities flesh and raiment. Moreover, I have history and custom on my side. Doesn't Mr. De Quincey call Oxford Street, and by implication, London, a "stony-hearted step-mother?" Is not Venice called the Queen of cities? Was not Babylon the great distinguished by a very rude

name? *She* must have worn plain clothes even, besides the historical scarlet.

I don't exactly envy, but I sigh for the lot of those who possess imagination, for I have none. If I had, I should be contented with the ideal and imaginative garments of a city, without meddling with those coarser, plainer habiliments, which to dull realist eyes they wear. I should be content with the cities that poets sing, that painters limn, that rapturous tourists describe, but for this infusion of realism in the nectar of ideality, that shows them very different and changed.

Let me take a city.—Constantinople. What a holiday dress she wears in Mr. Thomas Allom's pictures, in the pages of Byron and Hope, in Mr. Lewis's lithographs, in the eyes even of the expectant tourist on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, who, disappointed with Naples, Malta, and Athens, opens wide his eyes with wonder, admiration and delight, when he first surveys the City of the Sultan from the Golden Horn; when he sees glittering against the blue sky the thousand minarets, the fairy-like kiosques, the solemn dome of Saint Sophia, the shining cupola of the mosque of Achmet, the seraglio, the arsenal, the palaces of the Pachas, the grove of masts of all nations, the sparkling shoals of caiques, with the gaily dressed boatmen. Let us enter into that tourist for a moment. He is a native, we will say, of Clapham; Stockwell was his *alma mater;* Camberwell resounds with his erudition. He is well read in that curious repertory of books that go to make up in England the usual course of reading of a young man in the middle classes of society. He is decidedly imaginative, passably prejudiced and opiniated, after the manner of free-born Englishmen, and is the hope and joy of a wholesale house in the Manchester line, and in Bread Street, Cheapside. We will call him Moole.

"A few moments," cries Mr. Moole, "a few trifling formalities at the Custom House, and I shall land in the city of Constantine, the Stamboul of the Muslim, the Istambol to which the noble Childe fled, leaving behind him at Athens his heart and soul in the care of the Maid of Athens—now, Mrs. Black. I shall pass by the gates of the Seraglio, where

the heads of rebellious pachas scorch in the noon-tide sun; where fierce eunuchs guard the sacred approaches: but all their glittering blades will not prevent me from revelling in imagination amidst the fragrant gardens of the Seraglio, in the soul-entrancing glances of the gazelle-eyed Gulbeyaz, Dudus, Gulnares, and other lights of the harem. 'I shall listen to the dulcet notes of the mandolin, hear the pattering fall of perfumed waters, catch heavenly glimpses of dark-eyed beauties behind lattices, puffing lazily at the aromatic chibouque, or perchance become an unwilling witness of some dark and terrible tragedy,—the impalement of a grand vizier, or the sack-and-salt-waterising of some inconstant houri of the Padisha. A few moments," this enthusiast from the Surrey hills continues, "and I shall pace by the sacred mosques; and, entering them, gaze at the fretted roofs, and the outspread carpets checkered with worshippers, with their faces turned towards Mecca. I shall see the stately Moslem career by on his Arab Barb, wrapped in his furred pelisse, his brows bound with his snow-white turban, his glittering *handjar* by his side, his embroidered *papouches* on his feet. I shall stroll through the crowded Bezesteen, where the rich and varied wares of the Oriental world are displayed. Courtly Armenian merchants, with coal-black beards, will invite me into their cushioned warerooms, present me with coffee and pipes, and show me gorgeous wares and intoxicating perfumes. Anon, the clamour of military music heralds the passage of a legion of janissaries, clad in 'barbaric pearl and gold.' Anon, I stroll into a coffee-house, where a Greek storyteller is relating the legend of the 'Fisherman and the Geni' to the Capitan Basha, the Kislar Aga, the Bostangi-bashi, and the Sheikh-al-Islam. Now, a horde of dancing dervishes whirl fiercely by; now, a band of Almé dancers remind me, in their graceful *poses*, of Herodias, Esmeralda, and Mademoiselle Cerito. Now, a black slave invites me to the splendid mansion of a venerable Barmecide close by; who—after making believe to eat, pretending to wash his hands, and to get drunk with visionary wine—entertains me with a banquet of pilaffs, and stewed kids, stuffed with pistachio nuts, washed down by wine of Cyprus and sherbet, cooled with snow. And now, oh! joy of joys, I catch a pair of black eyes circled with henna,

fixed on me with a glance of tender meaning, through the folds of a silken veil. I see a little fairy foot peeping from loose Turkish trowsers: the vision disappears—but an old woman (the universal messenger of love in the East) accosts me mysteriously, and presents me with a bouquet composed of dandelions, bachelor's buttons, and the fragrant flower known as 'cherry pie,' all of which say as plainly as the language of flowers (known at Stamboul as at Stockwell) can speak: 'Meet me at eight this evening at the secret gate opposite the third kiosque past Seraglio point.' What tales I shall have to tell when I get back to Clapham."

Land, if you like, at Pera, the European suburb. Plenty of plain clothes here. A mangy hill spotted with leprous houses, and infested by scurvy dogs. The English embassy, looking like an hospital; the Russian ditto looking like a gaol. A circus for horse-riders, and one or two ramshackle hotels, claiming decided kindred in the way of accommodation and general aspect with the fifteenth-rate foreign houses in the back settlements of Leicester Square; and in respect to prices, with the Clarendon or Mivart's. A population strongly resembling that of London, when Doctor Johnson affirmed it to be the "common sewer of Paris and of Rome." Dirt, dead dogs, oyster-shells, dust; no pavement nor lamps, no gutters, no sewers. Houses that would have rejoiced the heart of that Chinese sage, who invented roast-pig, for they are delightfully easy to be burnt down, and are being burnt continually. Such are the plain clothes of Pera. Land at Galata, Mr. Moole; you come across more dogs, live and dead, more dirt, oyster-shells, dust, and leprous houses. Land at Scutari, and ask for sewers, lamps, or gutters, and you shall find none. Instead of them you shall find unwholesome streets; or, rather, alleys resembling the worst parts of Church Lane, Saint Giles's, dovetailed on to the Rue-aux Fèves in Paris, and the Coomb in Dublin. Ask for horrible smells, infected hovels—where the great adjuster of the population, the plague, hides from year to year, every now and then leaping from his hole to take the census with a sword: ask for these and they will start up by hundreds. Ask for the stately Moslem, and you shall be shown a fat man with a sleepy expression of countenance, and looking remarkably

uncomfortable in an ill-made European coat and a red skull cap. Ask for the Bezesteen, and you shall elbow your way through a labyrinth of covered lanes, giving not a bad idea of Rag Fair, the Temple in Paris, and the Soho Bazaar, squeezed into Newgate Market. Ask for the dancing Dervishes, you shall see a set of dirty old ragamuffins executing lewd gambadoes for copper paras. Ask for Saint Sophia, and you will be enabled to speculate on the white-washed mosaics, and the tawdry gimcrack lamps and carpets, and eggs strung on strings. Ask for the lights of the harem, and you shall meet a succession of black silk pillow-cases, capped with white ditto, shod with yellow shoes down at heel, shuffling through the lanes, or jolting about in crazy carts drawn by bullocks. Ask for the janissaries, and you will be told that they were all massacred on the plain of the *Atmeidan* more than thirty years ago, and in their stead, are slouching louts of peasants in uncouth and mongrel European costume. Peep slyly into a harem (which you will not succeed in doing, my friend), and you will see fat women with coarse features lolling wearily on carpets, in rooms with bare walls, and the principal furniture of which is composed of French clocks. Ask for Stamboul the romantic, the beautiful, the glorious, the Constantinople of the last of the Paleologi, the Byzantium of the Romans, the Istambol of Bajazet and Mahomet the conqueror, and you shall be told that this dirty, swarming, break-neck city is it. You are a young man of a strongly imaginative temperament, Mr. Moole, I therefore advise you to go on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer again as fast you can; from whose deck you may again survey the enchanting and superb prospect of the city, and solace yourself with engravings after Messrs. Allom and Lewis. These will be a great consolation to you when you are frying in quarantine on your road home, and you may conjure up quite a splendid court-suit for Constantinople, and forget all about its plain clothes.

> "Lives there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said"—

Venice? Beautiful Venice? Ah! Mr. Moole, says Imagination, if you had gone *there*, you would not have been disap-

pointed. Realism can't sneer away the Campanile, the Grand Canal, the Ducal Palace, the Dogana, and the Bridge of Sighs. Madam Imagination, if you please, let me peep at Venice, at the commencement, let me say, of the last century. Forthwith Imagination calls from the ends of the earth four score poets, twelve score sentimental tourists, a bevy of blooming young ladies, far too numerous for me to count, and the editors of six defunct landscape annuals. "Venice, if you please, ladies and gentlemen," she says to them. "Marble halls," they answer in a breath. "Landscapes, or, rather, water-scapes, with crimson, green, and gold skies, orange waves, and blue palaces (see Turner); or gondolas with pea-green hulls, and feluccas with crimson velvet sails (see Holland). The Doge, a venerable old man, with a white beard and a high cap, constantly occupied with dandling the lion of St. Mark, curry-combing the winged horses, spending his afternoons with his ear close to the 'Lion's mouth,' jotting down mems. of conspiracies hot and hot, and going out twice a week in a gilded galley to wed the Adriatic; varying occasionally these pursuits, by putting his sons to the torture, pursuing with fire and sword people who wrote impertinent things about his wife on the back of his chair, and making fierce last-dying speeches to the people from the top of the giant's staircase. The Council of Ten, meeting every day, masked every man jack of them; [Gentlemen! says Imagination, expostulatingly] no; not masked, but dressed in crimson velvet cloaks, each councillor sitting under his own portrait by Titian, who died some time before; but never mind that. A carnival all the year round, and *such* a carnival; the Piazza San Marco thronged with masquers in every variety and shade of splendour of costume. All the canals (all bordered by palaces decorated by Titian and Sebastiano del Piombo) studded with gondolas, painted with fanciful arabesques, hung with splendid tapestry, filled with purple velvet lovers and white satin angels (see Lake Price), making love and eating ices beneath a moon certainly twice as large as any French, German, or English one. The gondolier, in his picturesque striped silken sash, guides his frail bark, standing gracefully on one leg, and warbling a hymn to Our Lady of the Sea. But ah! little does the purple satin lover

whom he is conducting to a rendezvous, and who sits jauntily at the prow, sweeping the strings of his guitar with an agile hand, and calling up echoes from the distant lagunes—little does that cavalier reck that the treacherous boatman has betrayed him to his enemy—that at this very moment, behind the waterspout of the Palazzo Boffi, the wicked Cavaliere Lazaro di Hardoppari is waiting for him with two *bravi* and three poignards, and that at the moment when his white satin enchantress, the Lady Bianca, is descending the marble staircase to meet him, and before even he has time to invoke his patron saint, San Giacomo Robinsino, he will be laid at length on the Boffi terrace, his guitar shattered, his head towards the stairs, and his toes turned up. Woeful history! followed by the despair, madness (in white satin) and death of the Lady Bianca, the tragical end of Hardoppari (poisoned by his brother the Cardinal in a venison pasty), and the remorse of Sproggino, the gondolier; who, after performing amazing feats of piracy in the Grecian archipelago, founded a convent and asylum for dissolute boatmen, died in the odour of sanctity, and was canonised. (His picture winked only last Pentecost.) Such is Venice, please your ladyship;" and the whole army of poets, engravers, sentimentalists, and young ladies break forth into such a strumming of guitars and bleating of "Beautiful Venice, city of sunshine!" "The merry gondolier," the engravers accompanying them with such force with their burins on their steel plates—that I am fain to stop my ears, the din is so great.

Can this city, so brave in purple velvet and white satin, condescend ever to wear plain clothes? Ay, that she can—very plain clothes: rags, dirty, greasy, unmitigated rags. Study the pictures of an artist, whose plain clothes' name was Antonio Canal, whose gala name is Canaletto, and who painted what he saw and knew—and you will discover these rags, sweltering too, on the palsied limbs of beggars in the gay Piazza di San Marco. Not confining yourself to Canaletto consult a certain Goldoni, one Gozzi, and one known as Filippante. They will show you Venice in plain clothes in the last century:—mud in the canals, griping poverty in the palaces, impudent intolerance in the churches, rapacious waiters in the coffee-houses (waiters in Venice!), and oh,

realism of realisms! oh, quietus of romance! the Doge of Venice in a bag-wig, powdered, and a cocked hat! The Carnival, they will tell you, was merely a harvest-time for theatrical managers, silly Venetian "gents," who had a difficulty to play the fool with a mask on with any greater degree of completeness than they were in the habit of doing with uncovered faces; and other classes, not here to be mentioned. They will inform you that no inconsiderable portion of the Venetian nobility lived by selling counterfeits of their pictures to amateurs; by farming gaming-tables, and by trafficking in the honour of their daughters. They will show you that the race of Jaffiers, Pierres, and Belvideras is quite extinct; that the lion's mouth is grown rusty; and that poniards are not more in use than they are now in every wine shop in the Levant, when foreign sailors fall a quarrelling. As for the gondolas, instead of the arabesques and the tapestry, you will see shabby little boats with an awning like a carrier's cart, painted with funereal black, and rowed by a swarthy varlet, who has preserved at least the traditions of Venetian mosaic work in the darning and patching of his garments, who talks a patois unintelligible to many Italians, and who is egregiously extortionate. Such is "beautiful Venice." Not that I am for denying the claims of the Bride of the Adriatic for romance *in toto;* but I stand for the existence of the plain clothes as well as the masquerade suit, for the existence of such homely things as Venice turpentine and Venetian blinds, as well as Venetian Doges and Venetian Brides. There is plenty of sustenance for the romantic minds in Venice even to-day, when the Austrian "autograph," as Professor Dandolo expressed it, has planted his banners on its towers. There is romance in that strange fantastic basilica, which brings old Rome, Byzantium, Greece, and modern Italy to the mind at once; in the hot summer nights, when the Venetians lounge outside the *cafés*, and listen to Donizetti's music played by a Croat or Sclavonian band, and watch the padded Austrian officers twirling their tawny moustachios; in the stones of that dreary Prison-palace, where so many true men have chafed to death beneath the burning *piombi*, for daring to think or to write that man has a heritage of freedom, which all the Autocrats in the universe cannot wholly waste or alienate.

And, ere I leave Italy, one glance at the wardrobe of another Italian city—Naples. She has her court dress; Cardinals in red stockings, Virgins in jewelled petticoats, the bay, Vesuvius, and Pompeii. But what a suit of plain clothes! what squalid tatters! what looped and windowed raggedness! Those walking rag-shops in monkish garb, those dismal scarecrows, the romantic lazzaroni, those fetters and felon dresses, those hideous dungeons by the blue sea! Imagination incorrigible, in three vols. post 8vo, just out (see Evening paper), persists in seeing only Naples the sunny, the romantic, the beautiful. "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori,*" "See Naples and die," says Imagination. "See Naples," says Reality sternly, in the shape of Mr. Gladstone, "see St. Januarius' sham blood, and Poerio's fetters, and Ferdinand's Shrapnel shells, and then die with shame and horror."

Paris during the Regency of Gaston of Orleans. An escape from plain clothes, at least here:—we know all about that dear delightful period. The free, jovial Regent, with his embroidered coats of many colours, and that dear eccentric Abbé Dubois, his minister. And Mr. John Law's scheme,—rather expensive it must be allowed—but Monsieur Law gave such magnificent entertainments at his hôtel in the Place Vendôme, and such a crowd of archbishops, princes, dukes, and noble ladies, that followed at his heels, begging and praying for shares. And there was Cartouche, that romantic robber; and that other brigand, whose name we forget, but who was nick-named Monseigneur, from his perfect courtesy and politeness of manner. And there were the *petits soupers*, and the *petites maisons*, and the *loges grillées*, and the balls at the Opera, and the grey mousquetaires, and hoops and powder, and patches, and buhl tables, and china monsters, and poets who recited their verses in the boudoirs of Duchesses, and painters who transferred those Duchesses to canvas. Why, the whole of that merry, spangled Regency was one long holiday! Granted. France, during the Regency, wore a brilliant holiday costume: a peach-coloured velvet coat, barred with gold and festooned with diamonds, cloth of gold waistcoat, crimson brocade smalls, fifty thousand livres' worth of lace at the throat and wrists; silk stockings, gold clocks, red heels, jewelled-hilted

swords, powder, patches, a dancing master's kit in one hand and a pasteboard puppet in the other; pockets crammed with pink *billet doux*, *lettres-de-cachet*, and John Law's Mississippi shares; folly on his lips and vice in his heart. But were there none who wore other raiment during that same Regency. How many hundred half-naked prisoners were languishing in the dungeons of the Bastile, by the orders of the eccentric Cardinal Abbé Dubois? What sort of clothes wore those men, prosperous merchants once, ruined by John Law's famous scheme, who went forth to beg on the highway? What clothes had the poets and the painters when they went from the Duchess's boudoir to die in the hospital, like Guillebert and Lantara? What clothes, if any, had the miserable serfs, who writhed beneath the thraldom of the holiday makers in velvet—of the Abbés who wrote sonnets, and read their breviaries in the intervals of a *petit souper*—who lived on the black, filthy, nauseous substance complacently termed bread, and a loaf of which the Duke de la Vallière threw down on the council-table before the boy King, Louis the Fifteenth, saying, "There, Sire. Some millions of your subjects eat *that!*" Did you ever hear of one Barbier, Advocate of the Parliament of Paris, whose private journal of the Regency was lately published? Barbier was the French Pepys, a gossiping, meddling, ill-conditioned busybody; but without Pepys' good-nature or hospitality. He had an auctioneer's talent for description, and a keen nose for scandal; and half-an-hour's desultory sauntering through his slipslop pages, will teach you some strange secrets of the plain clothes of the good City of Paris during the Regency.

If I name Paris during the Revolution, and especially during the reign of terror, the one-sided enthusiasts fly into the opposite extreme. Even then, Paris wore other clothes than the bloody masquerade dress she did her butcher's work in at the Abbaye, the Conciergerie, and in the Place Louis Quinze. She laid aside, sometimes, the scarlet Phrygian cap and the red flag. Fouquier Tinville, Collot d'Herbois, and other like "friends of the people," were not always sanguinary tyrants with their sleeves tucked up. They were, I dare say, over their dinners in the Palais National—with short-waisted coats, flapped waistcoats, buckskins, and top-boots—mighty pleasant

fellows to meet. Some of the most bloodthirsty of the Committee of Safety were dramatic authors; and, Paris in plain clothes,—quite another Paris from that yelling from the mouths of *poissardes* and *tricoteuses* for the lives of the aristocrats—sat smilingly listening to such pieces as "*La Mère Coupable*," and "*Robert, Chef de Brigands*," which were all the rage then. There were stage-dresses for the Convention, the club of the Jacobins, the Noyades, and the feasts of the Goddess of Reason; but there were plain clothes in houses and shops, yea, and peace and quiet in families and hearts far from the great tempest. For all the gory fever raging, there must have been, as now, men and women unmindful of aristocrats and democrats, little heeding the republic one and indivisible, and whose whole hearts were in the quiet but deadly fight for bread; who achieved fortunes or dreaded bankruptcies; who hung on the smile or frown of a mistress or a lover; —to whom every day brought its little private good and evil.

Be not angry with me, sentimental tourists, and writers of stanzas, and imaginative painters. You have your Venices and Stambouls. But I have seen so many plays, and taken so many bad half-crowns, in my life, that I grow sceptical, and look twice at cities and at men, before I take them for granted.

MINE INN.

"SHALL I not take mine ease in mine inn?" asked that portly, witty, but most immoral and unprincipled knight who missused the king's press so—somethingably—in the matter of his charge of foot; and, whilom, was so staunch a supporter of the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap. Many men have taken their ease in their inn since the days of Sir John Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly. The meanest and the most famous have reposed in "mine inn;" and millions of reckonings have been paid, and millions of inn-frequenters take their ease now in that great, quiet hostelry, the Grave.

To the contemplative man, and to the lover of social antiquities, the subject of inns is associated with the pleasantest, the kindliest, the most genial, and the most elevated humanities. Our interest in inns is as old as Christianity itself; and, in one instance, our interest is mingled with awe and reverence and loving gratitude. The good Samaritan took the wounded man to an inn, and left there twopence for his subsistence; and, to leave sacred for profane history, were there not inns in ancient Greece and Rome? Were not the remains of inns discovered in the excavations of Pompeii? Can any of us forget Horace's inn adventures in his journey to Brundusium? In England, inns are full of interest from the earliest ages. The brightest landmarks of our literary history lie in inns. From the "Tabard Inn," in Southwark, set forth that gallant company of Canterbury Pilgrims, whom Chaucer has rendered famous to all ages. The knight and the pardoner, the cook, and the wife of Bath: we can see them now, ambling, jingling, rustling in their quaint costume; laughing, and story-telling, as they issue from the low portal of the old "Tabard." They shall not die, nor shall the pleasant memories of the

"Tabard" and its fellow inns fade away while we have eyes to scan, and pens to transmit, the eulogies of Chaucer's glorious verse and of Stothard's pencil.

The "Boar's Head" in Eastcheap was a tavern; but it must have been an inn likewise. At least Dame Quickly "let out beds;" for did not Sir John board and lodge there? Was it not in the dame's dolphin chamber, by a sea-coal fire, that the knight sat while the placable landlady was dressing his wounded head, broken by Prince Hal for likening his father, the King, to a singing man at Windsor? Was it not into that dolphin chamber that entered unto Mrs. Quickly her gossip, the butcher's wife, who came to borrow a mess of vinegar for her dish of prawns; whereupon Sir John did desire to eat some, and was told by his considerate hostess that they were ill for a green wound? Did he not in that same chamber bid the dame fetch him forty shillings? How many score of times forty shillings had been borrowed there, I wonder? Was it not in a room at the "Boar's Head" that Sir John departed his merry, disreputable life. There "he picked at the sheets, and babbled o' green fields, and there was but one way with him, for his nose was as sharp as a pen." Here he died, and I will wager that had even that stern Chief Justice (who was so hard upon the knight for his excesses) read the exquisite account our Shakespeare has left us of Falstaff's death, the solemn magistrate would have dropped one tear to the memory of that humorous, incorrigible, immortal old sinner.

Fat Jack had his country as well as his town inns. In the "Garter Inn," at Windsor, the glorious intrigue of the "Merry Wives" is chiefly conducted. Hither comes mine host of the "Garter," and Master Brook, jealous and mysterious, and Bardolph with his flaming nose, transformed into a decorous drawer, fetching in Sir John a cup of sack—"simple? No, with eggs." Here was that notable quarrel between Falstaff and his acolytes, touching the stolen fan and the fifteenpence the knight received as his share, on the ground that he would not endanger his soul gratis. I doubt if Sir John ever paid his reckoning at the "Garter" after his discomfiture, and he had begun to perceive that he had been made an ass. I doubt very much indeed whether mine host

jolly and joke-loving as he was, ever had the face to present his little bill to the crest-fallen knight.

Inns, as I have said, abound with literary and historical land-marks. Ben Jonson's last comedy was called the "New Inn." The first Protestant bishop (so Catholics say) was consecrated at an inn—the "Nag's Head," in either Holborn or the Poultry. The ruin of King Charles the First was consummated in an inn. Old Hooker, the divine, coming to London to preach at Paul's Cross, and alighting very wet and weary at an inn mostly resorted to by clergymen, was so kindly received by an artful landlady; so coddled and cockered up with possets and warm toasts, that, being a simple-minded, guileless man, he was easily inveigled into marrying the landlady's daughter, an ignorant wench and a shrew. The poor man went to the altar like a witless dolt to the correction of the stocks: to his correction, indeed; for his wife led him a dreadful life. One of his old pupils, a bishop's son, visiting him afterwards in his country parsonage, found him tending sheep with one hand and holding a Greek folio in the other; and even from this employment he was called by his virago wife to rock the baby's cradle! Sir Bulwer Lytton has a pleasant reminiscence of poor Hooker's married life in a scene in Pelham.

Sir Walter Scott is great on inns at home and abroad. Julian Peveril's despatches are stolen from him at an inn: the fearful tribunal of the Vehmgericht hold their sittings in some awful subterranean cave beneath a German inn. The first scene of Kenilworth is laid at an inn: the most amusing scene in Rob Roy takes place in the "Clachan" inn of Aberfoil. Then we have the roadside inn, where the author of Waverley, in a white top coat and top boots, appears so mysteriously, and consumes so many beefsteaks: we have the inn where Rob Roy, decently disguised as Campbell, forces his company on Morris; also, the inn for which Dick Tinto painted the sign: we have the inn of inns, which has immortalised the Tweedside village of Innerleithen, where Meg Dods holds her hosterial state, and bids defiance to commercial travellers. I might multiply instances of the lustre which the Great Wizard has shed over inns, at home and abroad, until you and I were tired.

There is scarcely a great work by a great writer, but I find some pleasant mention of "mine inn" therein. To the "Hercules' Pillars" Squire Western sent his chaplain to fetch his tobacco-box. At an inn did dear old Parson Adams fall into one of the most dreadful of his dilemmas. Don Quixote and inns are inseparable: in an inn he was drubbed; in an inn he was tossed in a blanket. Gil Blas received many lessons of practical philosophy in inns. In one did the sycophant praise him inordinately and devour his fish and his omelettes; telling him afterwards never to place confidence in any one who told him that he was the eighth wonder of the world. The first provincial letter of Pascal was written to a friend supposed to be lodging at an inn. The best French vaudeville I know (and from which our own "Deaf as a Post" is translated) is called *L'Auberge Pleine*—The Full Inn. Sir John Suckling the poet died at an inn in France. His servant had robbed him and absconded, and his master, hastily pulling on his boots to pursue him, drew a rusty nail into his foot; the wound from which mortifying, Sir John Suckling died. At an inn at St. Omer Titus Oates hatched some of his subtlest plots and made some of his grandest Popish discoveries. The inn adventures of the Chevalier de Grammont will not readily be forgotten. Beaumarchais, the famous author of the *Mariage de Figaro*, was arrested at an inn in Vienna by order of Maria Theresa. To step centuries back, it was also in a Viennese inn that our Richard the Lion-hearted was discovered and captured by his perfidious enemy, the Duke of Austria. The author of Manon Lescaut died at an inn; and in an inn (or at least a private hotel) in Bond Street died Laurence Sterne. It was his wish to die so, tended by the hands of strangers, and his wish was accomplished to the letter. He had himself in his works helped to immortalise "mine inn." At the village inn lay sick to death Lieutenant Lefevre: there he was tended by his son; from that inn, and truly, staunch Corporal Trim declared that he would never march again; from that inn my Uncle Toby vowed that he *should* march. And the man who could write the story of Lefevre could be a sensualist, and wish to die at an inn, untended and uncared for by friends and relatives, and could, and did die so.

"In the worst inn's worst room"—you know the rest—died the great George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He had out-lived his fame, his health, his fortune, and his friends, and expired miserably at the house of a tenant at Kirby Moorside in Yorkshire. The deathless lines of Pope still place before us vividly the wretched apartment, half hung with mats, the plaster walls, the flock bed repaired with straw, the tape-tied curtains, the diamond George dangling from the bed where tawdry yellow vied with dirty red.

Verily inns have their moralities as well as their humours. While the glasses jingle, and toasts and healths are drunk, and the song circulates in the parlour, mortality is putting on immortality above stairs, clay is returning to clay, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, Georges and Garters, stars and ribbons, pomps and vanities, all sinking quietly into nothingness; there is nothing but a dead man in number three, and the undertaker must be sent for, and business will be rather dull above and brisk below until the gentleman in number three is buried. Do you remember that curious story in one of Theodore Hook's novels of the dead young lady in the inn bedroom? There is a whole history of inn philosophy in that. We sing and rejoice: hot meats are brought in and out, and presently there drives up to the door a hearse, and something is brought down the stairs—the same stairs we have so often mounted to the club-room; the mourners hide their faces in their white pocket-handkerchiefs; the mutes take their last drain of gin or porter; the "black job" (as the crazy Lord Portsmouth used to call a funeral) moves slowly off; the traveller who had put up at that inn sick and had died there, is borne off on that journey from which no traveller returns; the windows are thrown up, the shutters opened, number three is dusted and arranged for, peradventure, wedding guests, and the inn resumes the current of its existence. Such are inns and such is life.

I have been so prolix about famous men who have, by their lives and writings, cast immortality upon inns that—not forgetting I have as yet omitted to notice how many good writers of our own time have been eloquent upon inns—we are not, with impunity, to forget the many excellent inns as excellently depicted in the novels of the author of Pelham.

There is a certain "Slaughters," an inn for military gentlemen; also a "Bootjack Hotel;" also a villanous thieves' inn, where one Corporal Brock and an Irish gentleman have a difficulty with Mrs. Catherine Hayes; all of which inns are artistically described in the best style of inn lore by a certain author, who may as well be nameless here, inasmuch as everybody knows him and his writings. And that famous scribe Washington Irving, has he not discoursed delightfully of inns in Flanders, to which bold dragoons resorted; of inns in England, notably at Stratford-on-Avon; and of a never-to-be-forgotten inn, in rainy weather, where there was a Stout Gentleman? Inns are not without their white days, their chronicles of royal and noble authors. From Apuleius in the Golden Ass to the editor of the *Times* in his yesterday's leaders, the wisest and most solemn big-wigs of literature have not thought inns (for praise or blame) beneath their notice.

It is not my intention in this present paper to enter upon the subject of hotels; the younger yet aristocratic brothers of inns. Touching hotel life, hotel charges, and hotel character, I have, saving your excellencies' permission, acquired a considerable amount of experience and information, which I purpose to dispense for the general benefit, by and by. Meantime I would commend to you the consideration of inns. "Mine Inn" is rapidly becoming an institution of the past; it will soon be numbered among the things departed. The roadside inn, and the coaching inn, should have disappeared with post-chaises and fast stage coaches. They still linger on; but they are daily being pushed from their stools by Railway Hotels, Terminus Taverns, and Locomotive Coffee-houses. They will soon have to say with the Latin Accidence, *eramus*—we were.

SLANG.

It has been a pleasant conceit with philosophers and writers to distinguish the successive ages of what, in the plenitude of their wisdom, they call the world, by some metallic nickname. We have had the Golden Age, and the Silver Age, the Age of Iron, and the Age of Bronze; this present era will, perhaps, be known to our grandchildren as the age of Electro-plating, from its general tendency to shams and counterfeits; and, when the capital of the Anglo-Saxon Empire shall be, some hundreds of years hence, somewhere in the South Seas, or in the centre of Africa or interior of China, the age that is to come may be known as the Age of Platina or that of Potassium, or some one of the hundreds of new metals, which will, of course, be discovered by that time.

However this present age may be distinguished by future generations, whether ferruginously, or auriferously, or argentinally, there can be no doubt that the Victorian era will be known hereafter—and anything but favourably, I surmise—as an epoch of the most unscrupulous heterodoxy in the application of names. What was once occasionally tolerated as a humorous aberration, afterwards degenerated into folly and perversity, and is now a vice and a nuisance. Without the slightest regard to the proprieties of nomenclature, or to what I may call the unities of signification, we apply names to objects, abstractions, and persons, stupidly, irrationally, and inconsistently: completely ignoring the nature, the quality, the gender, the structure of the thing, we prefix to it a name which not only fails to convey an idea of what it materially is, but actually obscures and mystifies it. A persistence in such a course must inevitably tend to debase and corrupt that currency of speech which it has been the aim of the

greatest scholars and publicists, from the days of Elizabeth downwards, to elevate, to improve, and to refine; and, if we continue the reckless and indiscriminate importation and incorporation into our language of every cant term of speech from the columns of American newspapers, every Canvas Town epithet from the vocabularies of gold-diggers, every bastard classicism dragged head and shoulders from a lexicon by an advertising tradesman to puff his wares, every slip-slop Gallicism from the shelves of the circulating library; if we persist in yoking Hamlets of adjectives to Hecubas of nouns, the noble English tongue will become, fifty years hence, a mere dialect of colonial idioms, enervated ultramontanisms and literate slang. The fertility of a language may degenerate into the feculence of weeds and tares: should we not rather, instead of raking and heaping together worthless novelties of expression, endeavour to weed, to expurgate, to epurate; to render, once more, wholesome and pellucid that which was once a "well of English undefiled," and rescue it from the sewerage of verbiage and slang? The Thames is to be purified; why not the language? Should we not, instead of dabbling and dirtying the stream, endeavour to imitate those praiseworthy men of letters who, at Athens, in that most miserable and forlorn capital of the burlesque kingdom of Greece have laboured, and successfully laboured, in the face of discountenance, indifference, ignorance, and a foreign court, to clear the Greek language from the barbarisms of words and phrases, Venetian, Genoese, French, Lingua Franca, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Spanish, Sclavonic, and Teutonic, which, in the course of successive centuries of foreign domination and oppression, had crept into it; and now (though in the columns of base-priced newspapers, printed on rotten paper with broken type) give the debates of a venal chamber, and the summary of humdrum passing events, in the language of Plato and Socrates. These men have done more good and have raised a more enduring monument to the genius of their country, than if they had reared again every column of the Acropolis, or brought back every fragment of the Elgin marbles from Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

It is no excuse for this word-sinning of ours to say, that we

have learnt a great portion of our new-fangled names and expressions from America. The utterer is as bad as the coiner. It is true that our trans-atlantic cousins have not only set us the example, but have frequently surpassed us in their eagerness to coin new words, and to apply names to things with which they have not the remotest relation. The Americans call New York the "empire city," as if a city—and in a republic moreover—could be under any circumstances an empire. Another town of theirs is the "crescent city," and so fond of the name of city are they, that they frequently apply it to a group of half-a-dozen log cabins and a whiskey shop in a marsh, on the banks of some muddy, fever-haunted river. Every speculator in "town lots" (slang again) in the States has founded half-a-dozen such "cities."

In the United States if half-a-dozen newspaper editors, post-masters, and dissenting ministers, two or three revolvers, a bowie knife, a tooth-pick, and a plug of tobacco get together in the bar room of an hotel, the meeting is forthwith called a "caucus" or a "mass-meeting." If Joel J. Wainwright blows out General Zebedee Ruffle's brains on the New Orleans levee, it is not murder but a "difficulty." In South America, if a score of swarthy outlaws—calling themselves generals and colonels, and who were muleteers the week before—meet in an out-house to concert the assassination of the dictator of the republic, (who may have been the landlord of a *venta* or a hide jobber a year ago,) the ragged conclave calls itself a "*pronunciamento*."

And touching the use of the terms, "monster," "mammoth," "leviathan," how very trying have those misplaced words become! Their violent transformation from substantives into adjectives is the least of their wrongs; the poor harmless animals have been outraged in a hundred ways besides. The monster, I believe, first became acquainted with a meeting in connection with that great agitator, so calm now in Glasnevin cemetery, and whose agitation has been followed by such a singular tranquillity and apathy in the land he agitated. As something possibly, but not necessarily expressing hugeness (for the most diminutive objects may be monstrous) the term of monster was not inapplicable. But in a very few months every re-union of four-and-twenty fiddlers in a row was dubbed

a monster concert; a loaf made with a double allowance of dough was a monster loaf; every confectioner's new year's raffle was a monster twelfth cake; we had monster slop-selling shops, and the monster pelargonium drove our old familiar friend, the enormous gooseberry, from the field. Then came the mammoth. An American speculator—who in the days when spades were spades, would have been called a showman, but who called himself a "professor and a tiger king," neither of which he was—had a horse, some hands above the ordinary standard of horseflesh, and forthwith called him the mammoth horse. That obsolete animal the Mammoth being reputed to have been of vast dimensions, gave to the horse this new nickname; but in a short time there started up from all quarters of the Anglo-Saxon globe, from the sky, the earth, and from the waters under the earth, a plethora of mammoths. The wretched antediluvian beast was made to stand godfather to unnumbered things that crawled, and things that crept, and things that had life, and things that had not. The mammoth caves of Kentucky howled from across the Atlantic. Peaceable tradesmen hung strange signs and wonders over their shop doors; and we heard of mammoth dust pans, and mammoth loo tables, and mammoth tea trays. Large conger eels, fruits of unusual growth, and cheeses made considerably larger than was convenient, were exhibited in back streets at sixpence a head, under the false pretence of being mammoths. If anybody made anything, or saw anything, or wrote anything big, it became a mammoth, that the credulous might suppose the Titans, Anak and all his sons, were come again, and that there were giants in the land. We wait patiently for a plesiosaurus pumpkin, or an ichthyosaurus hedgehog; and we shall have them in good time, together with leviathan lap-dogs, behemoth butterflies, and great-sea-serpent parliamentary speeches.

Brigands, burglars, beggars, impostors, and swindlers will have their slang jargon to the end of the chapter. Mariners, too, will use the terms of their craft, and mechanics will borrow from the technical vocabulary of their trade. And there are cant words and terms traditional in schools and colleges, and in the playing of games, which are orally authorised if not set down in written lexicography. But so

universal has the use of slang terms become, that in all societies, they are frequently substituted for, and have almost usurped the place of wit. An audience will sit in a theatre and listen to a string of brilliant witticisms, with perfect immobility; but let some fellow rush forward and roar out "It's all serene," or "Catch 'em alive, oh!" (this last is sure to take) pit, boxes, and gallery roar with laughter.

I cannot find much tendency to the employment of slang in the writings of our early humorists. Setting aside obsolete words and phrases rendered obscure by involution, there are not a hundred incomprehensible terms in all Shakspeare's comedies. The glut of commentators to the paucity of disputed words is the best evidence of that. We can appreciate the humour of Butler, the quaintness of Fuller, the satire of Dryden, the wit of Congreve and Wycherly, nay, even the scurrilities of Mr. Tom Brown, as clearly as though they had been written yesterday. In Swift's Polite Conversation, among all the homely and familiar sayings there is no slang; and you may be sure, if there had been any of that commodity floating about in polite circles then, the Dean would have been the man to dish it up for posterity. Fielding and Smollett, in all their pictures of life, with all their coarseness and indecency, put little slang into the mouths of their characters. Even Mr. Jonathan Wild the great, who, from his position and antecedents, must have been a master of slang in every shape, makes but little use of it in his conversation. And in that rogue's epic—that *biographia flagitiosa*—the Beggars' Opera—we can understand Macheath, Filch, Jenny Diver, and Mat of the Mint without dictionary or glossary. The only man who wrote slang was Mr. Ned Ward; but that worthy cannot be taken as an exemplar of the polite, or even of the ordinary conversation of his day.

It may be objected to me, that although there may be a large collection of slang words floating about, they are made use of only by loose, or at best illiterate persons, and are banished from refined society. This may be begging the question, but I deny the truth of the objection. If words not to be found in standard dictionaries, not authorised by writings received as classics, and for which no literary or grammatical precedents can be adduced, are to be called slang

—I will aver that you shall not read one single parliamentary debate as reported in a first-class newspaper, without meeting with scores of slang words. Whatever may be the claims of the Commons' House to collective wisdom, it is as a whole an assembly of educated gentlemen. From Mr. Speaker in his chair to the Cabinet ministers whispering behind it—from mover to seconder, from true blue protectionist to extremest radical, Mr. Barry's New House echoes and re-echoes with slang. You may hear slang every day in term from barristers in their robes, at every mess table, at every bar mess, at every college commons, in every club dining-room.

Thus, with great modesty and profound submission, I must express my opinion, either that slang should be proscribed, banished, prohibited, or that a New Dictionary should be compiled, in which all the slang terms now in use among educated men, and made use of in publications of established character, should be registered, etymologised, explained, and stamped with the lexicographic stamp, that we may have chapter and verse, mint and hall-mark for our slang. Let the new dictionary contain a well-digested array of the multitude of synonyms for familiar objects floating about; let them give a local habitation and a name to all the little bye-blows of language skulking and rambling about our speech, like the ragged little Bedouins about our shameless streets, and give them a settlement and a parish. If the evil of slang has grown too gigantic to be suppressed, let us at least give it decency by legalising it; else, assuredly, this age will be branded by posterity with the shame of jabbering a broken dialect in preference to speaking a nervous and dignified language; and our wits will be sneered at and undervalued as mere word-twisters, who supplied the lack of humour by a vulgar facility of low language.

The compiler of such a dictionary would have no light task. I can imagine him at work in the synonymous department. Only consider what a vast multitude of equivalents the perverse ingenuity of our slanginess has invented for the one generic word Money. Money—the bare, plain, simple word itself—has a sonorous, significant ring in its sound, and might have sufficed, yet we substitute for it—tin, rhino, blunt, rowdy, stumpy, dibbs, browns, stuff, ready, mopusses,

shiners, dust, chips, chinkers, pewter, horsenails, brads. Seventeen synonyms to one word; and then we come to species—pieces of money. Sovereigns are yellow-boys, cooters, quids; crown-pieces are bulls and cart-wheels; shillings, bobs, or benders; sixpenny-pieces are fiddlers and tizzies; fourpenny-pieces, joeys or bits; pence, browns, or coppers and mags. To say that a man is without money, or in poverty, some persons remark that he is down on his luck, hard up, stumped up, in Queer Street, under a cloud, up a tree, quisby, done up, sold up, in a fix. To express that he is rich, we say that he is warm, comfortable, that he has feathered his nest, that he has lots of tin, or that he has plenty of stuff, or is worth a plum.

For the one word drunk, besides the authorised synonyms tipsy, inebriated, intoxicated, I find of unauthorised or slang equivalents the astonishing number of thirty-two; viz., in liquor, disguised therein, lushy, bosky, buffy, boozy, mops and brooms, half-seas-over, far-gone, tight, not able to see a hole through a ladder, three sheets in the wind, foggy, screwed, hazy, sewed up, mooney, muddled, muzzy, swipey, lumpy, obfuscated, muggy, beery, winey, slewed, on the ran-tan, on the re-raw, groggy, ploughed, cut, and in his cups.

For one article of drink, gin, we have ten synonyms; max, juniper, gatter, duke, jackey, tape, blue-ruin, cream of the valley, white satin, old Tom.

Synonymous with a man, are a cove, a chap, a cull, an article, a codger, a buffer. A gentleman is a swell, a nob, a tiptopper; a low person is a snob, a sweep, and a scurf, and in Scotland a gutter-blood. Thieves are prigs, cracksmen, mouchers, gonophs, go-alongs. To steal is to prig, to pinch, to collar, to nail, to grab, to nab. To go or run away is to hook it, to bolt, to take tracks, to absquatulate, to slope, to step it, to mizzle, to paddle, to cut, to cut your stick, to evaporate, to vamose, to be off, to vanish, and to tip your rags a gallop. For the verb to beat I can at once find fourteen synonyms: thus, to thrash, to lick, to leather, to hide, to tan, to larrup, to wallop, to pummel, to whack, to whop, to towel, to maul, to quilt, to pay. A horse is a nag, a prad, a tit, a screw. A donkey is a moke, a neddy. A policeman is a peeler, a bobby, a crusher; a soldier a swaddy,

a lobster, a red herring. To pawn is to spout, to pop, to lumber, to blue. The hands are mauleys, and the fingers flippers. The feet are steppers; the boots crabshells, or trotter cases, or grabbers. Food is grub, prog, and crug; a hackney cab is a shoful; a Punch's show a schwassle-box; a five pound note is a flimsy; a watch a ticker; anything of good quality or character is stunning, ripping, out-and-out; a magistrate is a beak, and a footman a flunkey. Not less can I set down as slang the verbiage by which coats are transformed into bis-uniques, alpacas, vicunas, ponchos, anaxandrians, and siphonias.

The slang expressions I have herein set down I have enumerated, exactly as they have occurred to me, casually. If I had made research, or taxed my memory for any considerable time, I have no doubt that I could augment the slang terms and synonyms to at least double their amount. And it is possible that an accomplished public will be able to supply from their own recollection and experience a goodly addition to my list. The arrival of every mail, the extension of every colony, the working of every Australian mine would swell it. Placers, squatters, diggers, clearings, nuggets, cradles, claims —where were all these words a dozen years ago? and what are they, till they are marshalled in a dictionary, but slang? We may say the same of the railway phraseology: buffers, switches, points, stokers, and coal bunks—whence is their etymology, and whence their authority?

But slang does not end here. It goes higher—to the very top of the social Olympus. If the Duchess of Downderry invites some dozen of her male and female fashionable acquaintances to tea and a dance afterwards, what do you think she calls her tea-party? A *thé dansant*—a dancing tea. Does tea dance? Can it dance? Is not this libel upon honest Bohea and Souchong slang?—pure, unadulterated, unmitigated slang.

The slang of the fashionable world is mostly imported from France; an unmeaning gibberish of Gallicisms runs through English fashionable conversation, and fashionable novels, and accounts of fashionable parties in the fashionable newspapers. Yet, ludicrously enough, immediately the fashionable magnates of England seize on any French idiom, the French themselves not only universally abandon it to us, but positively

repudiate it altogether from their idiomatic vocabulary. If you were to tell a well-bred Frenchman that such and such an aristocratic marriage was on the *tapis*, he would stare with astonishment, and look down on the carpet in the startled endeavour to find a marriage in so unusual a place. If you were to talk to him of the *beau monde*, he would imagine you meant the world which God made, not half-a-dozen streets and squares between Hyde Park Corner and Chelsea Bun House. The *thé dansant* would be completely inexplicable to him. If you were to point out to him the Dowager Lady Grimguffin acting as *chaperon* to Lady Amanda Creamville, he would imagine you were referring to the *petit Chaperon Rouge*—to little Red Riding Hood. He might just understand what was meant by *vis-à-vis*, *entremets*, and some others of the flying horde of frivolous little foreign slangisms hovering about fashionable cookery and fashionable furniture; but three-fourths of them would seem to him as barbarous French provincialisms, or, at best, but as antiquated and obsolete expressions picked up out of the letters of Mademoiselle Scudéri, or the tales of Crébillon the younger.

But, save us, your ladyship, there are thousands of Englishmen who might listen to your ladyship for an hour without understanding half-a-dozen words of your discourse. When you speak of the last *faux pas*, of poor Miss Limberfoot's sad *mésalliance*, of the Reverend Mr. Caudlecup's being "so full of soul," of the enchanting *roulades* of that ravishing *cantatrice* Martinuzzi, of your dinner of the day before being *recherché*, of your *gens* being insolent and inattentive, how shall plain men refrain from staring wonderstruck at your unfathomable discourse?

And when your ladyship *does* condescend to speak English, it is only with a delightful mincingness of accent and a liberal use of superlatives. The Italian singer you heard last night was a "divine creature;" if you are slightly tired or dull you are "awfully bored" or "devoured with *ennui*;" if your face be pale you vow you are a "perfect fright;" if a gentleman acquaintance volunteer a very mild joke he is a "quizzical monster"—a dreadful quiz, he is so awfully satirical; and the comic actor last night was "killing;" and Julie, my child, hand me my *vinaigrette*, and take a shilling out of

my *porte-monnaie*, and tell Adolfe to get some *jujubes* for Fido; and, let me see, if I go out in the pilentum to-day, or stay, the barouche (we have a *char-à-banc* down at our place, Doctor), I will wear my *moire antique* and my *ruche* of Brussels lace, and my *mantelet*, and my *châtelaine*, with all the "charms" Lord Bruin Fitzurse brought me from Dresden, and then we will take a drive in the Park, and I will leave a card at Bojannee Loll's for my next "Thursday," for really, my dear, "lions" are so scarce now, that even Bojannee Loll will be an acquisition: and so on.

I believe the abominable slang practice of writing P.P.C. on a card of leave-taking, and R.S.V.P. at the bottom of a letter when you wish an answer to it, is gone out of fashion, and I rejoice that it has.

Young Lord Fitzurse speaks of himself and of his aristocratic companions as "fellows" (very often pronounced "faywows"); if he is going to drive a four-horse coach down to Epsom Races, he is going to "tool his drag down to the Derby." Lord Bobby Robbins's great coat, which he admires, is "down the road." An officer in the tenth hussars is "a man in the tenth;" a pretty young lady is a "neat little filly;" a vehicle which is not a drag (or dwag) is a "trap" or a "cask;" his Lordship's lodgings in Jermyn Street are his "crib," his "diggings," or he "hangs out" there. His father is his "governor;" his bill-discounter a "dreadful old screw," if he refuses to do a "bit of stiff" for him. When his friend has mortgaged his estate, he pronounces it to be "dipped." Everything that pleases him is "crushing, by Jove!" everything that displeases him (from bad sherry to a writ from his tailor) is "infernal."

Then there is the slang of criticism. Literary, dramatic, artistic, and scientific. Such words as æsthetic, transcendental, the "harmonies," the unities, a myth: such phrases as an exquisite *morçeau* on the big drum, a scholarlike rendering of John the Baptist's great toe; "keeping," "harmony," "middle-distance," "aërial perspective," "delicate handling," "nervous chiaroscuro," and the like, are made use of pell-mell, without the least relation to their real meanings, their real uses, their real requirements.

And the stage has its slang, both before and behind the

curtain. Actors speak of such and such a farce being a "screamer," and such and such a tragedy being "damned" or "goosed." If an actor forgets his part while on the stage, he is said to "stick" and to "corpse" the actors who may be performing with him, by putting them out in their parts. A "part" has so many "lengths;" a piece will "run" so many nights. Belville is going in the country to "star" it. When no salaries are forthcoming on Saturday, the "ghost doesn't walk"—a benefit is a "ben," a salary a "sal;" an actor is not engaged to play tragedy or comedy, but to "do the heavy business," or "second low comedy," and when he is out of an engagement he is said to be "out of collar."

Thus through all grades and professions of life runs this omnipresent slang.

In the immense number of new words which are being continually coined and disseminated throughout our gigantic periodical press lies, I conceive, the chief difficulty of the English language to foreigners. The want of any clear and competent authority as to what words are classical and what merely slang, what obsolete and what improper, must be a source of perpetual tribulation and uncertainty to the unhappy stranger. If he is to take Johnson and Walker for standards, a walk from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, an hour at a theatre, or an evening in society, will flood his perturbed tympanum with a deluge of words concerning which Johnson and Walker are absolutely mute. How is the foreigner to make his election? Suppose the unfortunate Monsieur, or Herr, or Signor should address himself to write as De Lolme did, a treatise on the English constitution. Suppose he were to begin a passage thus:—"Though Lord Protocol was an out-and-out humbug, Sir Reddy Tapewax was not such a flat as to be taken in. He proved the gammon of Lord Protocol's move, and, though he thought him green, did him completely brown." How many young politicians would not think it beneath them to talk in this manner, yet how bitterly the foreign essayist would be ridiculed for his conversational style of composition.

The French have an Academy of Letters, and the dictionary of that Academy, published after forty years' labour, nearly

two centuries ago, is still the standard model of elegance and propriety in composition and conversation. The result of this has been, that every work of literary excellence in France follows the phraseology, and within very little the orthography which we find in the poetry of Racine and Boileau, and the prose of Pascal and Fénelon. And the French has become, moreover, the chief diplomatic conversational and commercial language in the world. It is current everywhere. It is neither so copious, so sonorous, or so dignified as English or German, but it is fixed. The Emperor of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey may write and speak (accent apart) as good French as any Parisian. But in England an Englishman even has never done learning his own language. It has no rules, no limits; its orthography and pronunciation are almost entirely arbitrary; its words are like a provisional committee, with power to add to their number. A foreigner may hope to read and write English tolerably well, after assiduous study; but he will never speak it without a long residence in England; and even then he will be in no better case than the English-bred Englishman, continually learning, continually hearing words of whose signification he has not the slightest idea, continually perplexed as to what should be considered a familiar idiom, and what inadmissible slang.

To any person who devotes himself to literary composition in the English language, the redundancy of unauthorised words and expressions must always be a source of unutterable annoyance and vexation. Should he adopt the phraseology and style of the authors of the eras of Elizabeth or Anne, he may be censured as obsolete or as perversely quaint. Should he turn to the Latin tongue for the construction of his phrases and the choice of his language, he will be stigmatised as pedantic, or with that grave charge of using hard words. And, should he take advantage of what he hears and sees in his own days and under his own eyes, and incorporate into his language those idiomatic words and expressions he gathers from the daily affairs of life and the daily conversation of his fellow men, he will have no lack of critics to tell him, that he writes insufferable vulgarity and slang. Her Majesty Queen Anne is dead; but for her Majesty's decease we should have

had an Academy of Letters and an Academy Dictionary in England. There are two opinions in this country relative to the utility of academies; and, without advocating the formation of such an institution I may be permitted submissively to plead, that we really do want a new dictionary—if not in justice to ourselves, at least in justice to foreigners, and in justice to our great-great-grand-children.

ALWAYS UNITED.

As we grope through the mental gloom of the Dark Ages, stumbling over the lamentable ruins of libraries and schools, and arts, it is sometimes the good fortune of the student to see, glittering at his feet, a jewel of price and brilliancy—glittering among the crushed and irrecognisable fragments of arts gone by, and the gross and clumsy paraphernalia of a barbarian epoch.

As bright a jewel as ever shone in a century of intellectual darkness and ignorance was a man admired, revered, beloved, hated, followed, celebrated in his own age; and who has been famous to successive ages, and to this age almost universally, not for what he had the greatest cause to ground his fame upon—for his learning, his eloquence, or his philosophy—but for being the hero of one of the most romantic love stories the world ever wept at—for being Abelard, the husband of Heloïse.

The story of Abelard and Heloïse, if it be not universally known, is at least universally public. That a thing can be the latter without being the former I need only call Dr. Johnson (in his criticism on Kenrick) to prove. Every pair of lovers throughout the civilised world have heard of Abelard and Heloïse. They are as familiar in the mouth as Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, Cupid and Psyche, Darby and Joan, Jobson and Nell. Yet beyond their names, and the fact that they were lovers, not one person in twenty knows much about any of these personages. Every visitor to Paris has seen the Gothic tomb of Abelard and Heloïse in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Every reader of Pope will remember his exquisite poetical paraphrase of Heloïse's epistles to Abelard. Every student of the urbane and self-devouring Jean-Jacques

Rousseau has once wept, and now yawns over, the philosophic sentimentalities of La Nouvelle Heloïse. The names, indeed, of these immortal lovers are on the lips of the whole civilised world; but of the man Abelard and of the woman Heloïse, what they really were like, and what they really did and suffered, the knowledge of the vast majority of readers is very limited indeed. Their renown has been transmitted from century to century with the triple consecration of genius, passion, and misfortune; yet their works have been forgotten, and the history of their lives has become a tradition rather than a chronicle.

It is remarkable, as showing how much of our acquaintance with the subject of this paper—in England, at least—is purely legendary, that in the voluminous catalogue of the library of the British Museum there is but one work to be found in English concerning Abelard and Heloïse; and this is but a trumpery imitation of Pope's poetical version of the letters. Scattered through the various biographical dictionaries are sundry meagre notices of Abelard and his spouse. These are all founded upon the only English work of importance on this topic that I have been enabled to meet with (and the Museum does not possess it): "The History of the lives of Abeillard and Heloisa, by the Reverend Joseph Berrington: Basle, 1793." This is an excellent book, containing, in addition to the biography, sensible translations of the *Historia calamitatum* of Abelard, and of Heloïse's letters; but the good clergyman has not thought it worth his while to consult the authorities contemporary with his hero and heroine; and has, in writing their lives, taken for granted as historical and authentic all the romantic figments of a certain clerical rascal, one Dom Gervaise, formerly a Trappist, but who had been drummed out of that austere society; and who, in 1720, published a "History of Peter Abeillard, Abbot of St. Gildas, and of Eloïsa his wife." This work was interesting and piquant certainly; but in it the plain facts of the case were, for purely bookselling purposes, overlaid with a farrago of romance and legendary gossip. However, Mr. Berrington's well-meaning quarto, and the dictionary memoirs founded upon it, together with Pope and his imitator, are all the authorities we can muster on this world-known theme. One would imagine that

the Germans—fond as they are of sentimental metaphysics—would have eagerly seized upon the history of Abelard for elucidation and disquisition. Yet it will scarcely be credited that only three German authors of any note have thought it worth while to write at any length about Maitre Pierre and his wife. Herr Moritz Carrière has undertaken to elucidate Abelard's system of philosophy; in which he has done little more than translate the remarks of the most recent French writers thereupon. Herr Fessler, in the true spirit of a metaphysical *littérateur*, has taken the subject up in the most orthodox style of Fog; descanting, and doubting, and redoubting, until the Fog becomes positively impervious; and Abelard disappears entirely within it, leaving nothing before the eyes but a hazy mass of black letters sprawling over whitey-brown pages, in a stitched cover of blue sugar-paper. The third sage, Herr Feuerbach (Leipsic, 1844), is yet bolder in his metaphysical obscurity. His book is called "Abelard and Heloïse;" but, beyond these names dimly impressed on the title-page, the beings they stand for are not once mentioned again throughout the work, and M. de Remusat conjectures that by Abelard and Heloïse, the foggy Herr means Art and Humanity. This is *lucus à non lucendo* with a vengeance!

In France, however, to make amends, the lives and writings of this unhappy pair have been a fertile theme for the most illustrious of modern French scholars. The accomplished Madame Guizot, the academicians Villenave and Philarète-Chasles, the erudite Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), have all written, and written well, on the subject of Maitre Pierre. Nor must we forget M. Victor Cousin, who, in 1836, first published a work from the pen of Abelard himself, the *Sic et non* and the *Odæ Flebiles*, or Songs of Lamentation of Abelard, from a manuscript which had been recently discovered in the Vatican library. The earliest of the modern writers upon Abelard was the famous and brilliant Bussy-Rabutin; the latest M. Charles de Remusat; who, in 1846, published in Paris a voluminous and elaborate work entitled Abelard. No; not the last. M. de Remusat is but the penultimate; for, the great master of philosophical biography, M. Guizot himself, has lately entered the lists, and has added his Abelard to the distinguished catalogue.

Yet, with all this, the story of the lives of Abelard and Heloïse remains to be written. Elaborate as M. de Remusat's work is, it is more a scholarlike explanation and examination of the system of philosophy and theology professed and taught by Abelard, than a life-history of the Abbot of St. Gildas, and the Abbess of the Paraclete. The field is yet open for a history of the lives and adventures, the fortunes and misfortunes of Abelard and Heloïse; of Abelard, more especially, could his history be separated from that of his partner in joy and misery—for Abelard was the glory of his age. Far removed above those obscure school-men of the Middle Ages whose names are only dimly remembered now in connection with some vain polemical dispute, he was a poet, a musician, a philosopher, a jurist; a scholar unrivalled; a dialectician unmatched, a theologian, whose mouth—as his adversaries confessed—was only to be closed by blows. His profound learning, his commanding eloquence, the charms of his conversation, the beauty of his person, the purity of his morals—until his fatal passion—made him the delight, and wonder, and pride of France, and of Europe. He was the only man among crowds of schoolmen and scholiasts, and casuists and sciolists who was wise enough to comprehend, and bold enough to defend the sublime doctrine of Plato, "that God is the seat of ideas, as space is the seat of bodies, and that the soul was an emanation of the divine essence, from whom it imbibed all its ideas; but that having sinned, it was degraded from its first estate, and condemned to an union with the body, wherein it is confined as in a prison; that its forgetfulness of its former ideas was the natural consequence of that penalty; and that the benefit of religion consists in repairing this loss by gradually leading back the soul to its first conceptions." This doctrine, in contra-distinction to the ridiculous figments of the Nominalists, and Realists, and Conceptualists of his age; this the philosophy of Plato—illustrated by the polemics of Aristotle, enriched by the schools of Alexandria, and afterwards matured by Mallebranche, Descartes, and Leibnitz—was taught by Peter Abelard to thousands of scholars of every nation in the twelfth century, while the Norman Kings of England were laying waste their own dominions to make hunting forests for their beasts of venery;

while princes and emperors were signing proclamations with their "mark," made by their gauntlet-fingers dipped in ink; while the blackest ignorance, the most brutal violence, the grossest and most debasing superstition, overran the fairest portion of Europe. The friends of Abelard were the noblest of the noble; his admirers the fairest of the fair; his very adversaries were popes, saints, and martyrs.

In the year of grace 1118, when Louis the Fat was king of the French people, the metropolis was entirely contained in that space which at the present day forms one of its smallest sections—the Cité of Paris. In this famous island, dividing, as all men know, the river Seine into two arms, were concentrated all the grandeurs of the kingdom—the church, the royal palace, the law, the schools. These powers had here their seat. Two bridges united the island to the two shores of the river. The Grand Pont led to the right bank, towards the quarter where, between the ancient churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and St. Gervais, a few foreign merchants had begun to settle, attracted by the already considerable renown of the Lutetia of the Gauls. Towards the left bank the Petit Pont led to the foot of that hill, then, as now, crowned by a church dedicated to St. Génévière, the patroness of Paris. The neighbouring meadows or *prés* (particularly towards the foot of the Petit Pont) became gradually frequented by the scholars, or students, or *clercs*, who attended the scholastic concourse in the Cité. The number of these noisy and turbulent young men, always increasing, soon overflowed the confined limits of the Cité. So they crossed the Petit Pont into the meadows at the foot of the hill of St. Génévière—first to play and gambol and fight on its pleasant green sward; afterwards—when inns and lodging-houses were built for their accommodation—to dwell in them. Thus, opposite the city of commerce grew up little by little a city of learning; and, betwixt the two, maintained its grim state the city of law and the priesthood. The quarter inhabited by the students came soon to be denominated *le Pays Latin*, and it is thus called to the day I write in.

In the Cité, opposite to the sovereign's palace—where in those days the sovereign himself administered justice, and where in these days justice is yet administered in his name—

stood the great metropolitan church of Notre Dame; and, around it, were ranged fifteen other churches, like soldiers guarding their queen. Notre Dame, or at least the successor of the first Basilica, yet frowns over the Cité in massive immensity; but, of the fifteen churches, not one vestige remains. Here, in the shadows of these churches and of the cathedral; in dusky cloisters; in sombre halls; upon the shadowy lawns of high-walled gardens, went and came a throng of students of all degrees, of all occupations, of all nations. The fame of the schools of Paris drew towards them (as in one department, medicine, they do still) scholars from every land on the face of the yet discovered globe. Here, amidst the confusions of costumes, and ranks, and languages, and ages, glided solemn priests and sage professors. Above them all, pre-eminent, unrivalled, unquestioned in his intellectual sovereignty, moved a man in the prime of life, with a broad and massive forehead, a proud and piercing glance, a manly gait, whose beauty yet preserved the brilliancy of youth, while admitting to participate with it the deeper hues of maturity. The simple elegance of his manners, alternately affable and haughty, an imposing yet graceful presence; the respectful curiosity of the multitudes whom he did not know, the enthusiastic admiration of the multitudes he did know, who hung upon his words, all announced in him the most powerful in the schools, the most illustrious in the land, the most beloved in the Cité. Old men uncovered as he passed; women at the doors held out their little children to him; maidens above drew aside the curtains from their latticed casements, and blushingly glanced downwards towards him. The men and the children all pressed to see, and stretched their necks to hear, and shouted when they had seen and heard Maitre Pierre—the famous Abelard—as he went by.

He was now thirty-nine years old. He was the son of Beranger, the seigneur of his native place, Pallet, near Nantes in Brittany, where he was born in the year 1079. He was the eldest son; but, no sooner had the time arrived for him to choose a profession, than, eschewing arms—the profession of every seigneur's eldest born—he openly avowed his preference for letters and philosophy. He abandoned his birthright to his brothers, and returned to his studies with renewed

assiduity. He had soon mastered all, and more than he could be taught in the schools of Brittany, and accordingly removed to the University of Paris; where he studied under William of Champeaux, afterwards bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne, and who subsequently became a monk of Citeaux. This reverent man was the most renowned dialectician of his time, but he soon found a rival, and next a master, in Abelard. Warm friends at first, their friendship changed to the bitterest enmity: a public quarrel took place between them, in consequence of which Abelard removed from Paris, first to Melun and next to Corbeil; in both of which retreats he was followed by crowds of admiring and enthusiastic scholars. After a sojourn for the benefit of his health in his native Brittany, he returned to Paris, having been absent two years. A reconciliation was effected between him and William de Champeaux, and Abelard next opened a school of rhetoric. It speedily became the most famous school in Europe. Of this school were Guy de Chatel, afterwards cardinal and pope under the title of Celestine the Second; Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris; Godefroye, bishop of Auxerre; Berenger, bishop of Poitiers; and the holy abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard himself. In this school Abelard taught logic, metaphysics, physics, mathematics, astronomy, morals, and philosophy. His lectures were attended by all that Paris could boast of nobility, of beauty, of learning, and piety.

If Abelard had died in his golden prime, at thirty-nine years of age, it would have been well. But Wisdom had decided otherwise. Pride was to be humbled, the mighty were to fall, and wisdom and learning were to be a mockery, a warning and an example to the meanest.

It is not my purpose to tell the miserable love story of Abelard and Heloïse. I wish to treat of Peter Abelard, the scholar and the philosopher—of that phase of his character which has been obscured and almost extinguished by the ghastly brilliancy of his passion for the niece of the Canon Fulbert. All who know the names of Abelard and Heloïse know the tragical history of their loves.

After his marriage the forlorn, broken, and ruined victim, who had once been the renowned Maitre Pierre, retired to the Abbey of St. Denis, to hide in the cloister his misery and his

remorse. He became a Benedictine Monk. Previous to his incloistration, however, he prevailed upon Heloïse to take the veil. She obeyed the mandate of him whom she yet loved with all the fondness and fervour of their first fatal passion; but she did so with a breaking heart. The cloister was a refuge to Abelard; to Heloïse it was a tomb. Young (not twenty years old), beautiful, accomplished, she felt her life in every limb—she saw herself condemned to a living death. She who had pictured to herself a life of refined luxury and splendour; of being, perchance, with him to whom she had given her whole heart, the ornament of courts and cities, had before her the dreary prospect of a life-long dungeon.

The sojourn of Abelard in the Abbey of St. Denis was not long and not happy. Now that his glory was departed; that his reputation for sanctity and purity of manners was tarnished; those who had long been his enemies, but whose carpings and croakings had been rendered inaudible by the trumpet voice of his eloquence, arose in numbers around him, and attacked him with that persevering ferocity which malignant cowards only possess. He was assaulted by the weakest and most contemptible. The most ignorant monks of the ignorant brotherhood of Saint Denis hastened in their presumption to challenge his arguments and to question his orthodoxy. He was accused of heresy, of deism, of pantheism, of Arianism—of a host of doctrinal crimes, and eventually expelled the order. The dispute which led to his removal or rather expulsion from St. Denis was as ridiculous as it was savagely pursued, and its relation will serve to show the futilities of monastic erudition in the days of Abelard.

One day as Maitre Pierre was reading the Commentary of the Venerable Bede upon the Acts of the Apostles, he came to a passage in which the holy commentator stated that Denis the Areopagite was bishop of Corinth, and not of Athens. Now the founder of the abbey of St. Denis (the saint with his head under his arm) was, according to the showing of his own "Gesta," bishop of Athens; and according to the monks of St. Denis he was also that same Areopagite whom St. Paul converted. Abelard quoted Bede to show that the Areopagite was bishop of Corinth; the monks opposed their authority, one Hilduin, who had been abbot of St. Denis in the reign of Louis le Debon-

naire. Maitre Pierre contemptuously replied that he could not think of allowing the testimony of an ignorant friar to weigh against that of a writer who was revered for his learning and piety by princes, and kings, and pontiffs. This so enraged the monks that they complained to the king and to the archbishop of Paris. They drew down upon the unfortunate Abelard royal reproofs and ecclesiastical censures; and, not content with this, they positively scourged him as a heretic and blasphemer!

New troubles were yet to come. A book he had written, called The Introduction to Theology, was declared by his enemies to be full of heresies. He was cited before the Council of Soissons, badgered with interrogatories, threatened, rebuked; and was compelled to burn the obnoxious book with his own hands. It is upon record that Abelard wept. It must have been no ordinary sorrow to have brought the tears welling from the eyes of the stern philosopher. Love and pride and his good name among men lay all a-bleeding. A hangman's brazier and a hangman's office were all the rewards of long years of patient study and research and soul-engrossing meditation. The glory of the schools, the master of masters, was reduced to the level of a convicted libeller; lashed like a hound, driven forth from among his fellow men like a Leper or a Pariah.

Hunted about from place to place; pursued by mandates, censures and decrees; without shelter, without resources, almost without bread, Abelard hid himself in a solitude near Troyes. Here, in a barren and desolate heath, he built with his own hands a wretched hovel of mud and wattles. This hovel was afterwards to become the Paraclete.

Unable to dig, ashamed to beg, yet compelled to seek some means of subsistence, Abelard commenced expounding the Scriptures for his daily bread. He soon gathered round him a considerable body of scholars. Before long their number amounted to upwards of three thousand! Some rays of his ancient glories seemed to return to him. From the fees he received from his scholars, he was enabled to build a chapel and convent, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. But his enemies were indefatigable. The dedication was declared heretical; and, to appease his adversaries, Abelard changed

the name of his convent to that of the Paraclete or Consolation. When, at length, wearied with continual disputes and vexations, Abelard accepted the Abbacy of St. Gildas-des-Rhuys in the diocese of Vannes, he signified to Heloïse his desire that she should take possession of the Paraclete with her nuns. Her learning and renown had already elevated her to be the Abbess of the convent of Argenteuil, in which Abelard had placed her, but Suger, the Abbot of St. Denis, had laid a claim against the lands and buildings attached to it; and she accordingly availed herself of the asylum provided for her by Abelard.

Abelard was not happy in his new position. He found himself in a barbarous district. His convent was rudely built and scantily furnished. His monks were dissolute and insubordinate. When he endeavoured to rebuke their excesses, and to reform their way of life, he was met with taunts of the scandals of his past life. Yet here he remained during many years; and here he composed the pathetic poems called the *Odæ Flebiles*—the Songs of Weeping; in which, under a thin vein of biblical fiction, he poured forth his own unutterable woes. Here he received, after the silence of years, those impassioned letters from Heloïse, which will be read and wept over in all time. He replied to her; but in a stiff, constrained and frigid tone. The man's heart was dead within him. His misery was so immense that the selfishness of his grief can be pardoned. To the expressions of endearment, the written caresses that reached o'er hundreds of leagues, he could only return philosophic injunctions to resignation, and devout maxims and discourses. *He* was her "best beloved," her "life." *She* was his "dear sister in the Lord." He took considerable interest in the prosperity of the Paraclete. He framed a rule of discipline for the guidance of the sisterhood; he even visited the Paraclete. After several years, Abelard saw Heloïse again. He was no longer Abelard; but the abbot of St. Gildas: she no longer Heloïse, but the abbess of the Paraclete. There were visitations, benedictions and sermons; and so they met and so they parted.

His enemies again renewed their attacks—his heresies were again brought against him. A great ecclesiastical council was held at Sens, before which Abelard was summoned. There,

his principal adversary was the abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard. He was held up to execration as an abbot without monks, without morals, without faith; as a married friar; as the hero of a disgraceful amour. St. Bernard compared him to Arius—to Nestorius—to Pelagius. He was fully condemned. His life was threatened. He appealed to Rome. "Shall he who denies Peter's faith take refuge behind Peter's chair?" exclaimed St. Bernard. His appeal was at length ungraciously allowed, and he set out for Rome. But on his way thither, "weary and old of service," he was induced to accept the asylum offered him by Peter the Venerable in the monastery of Cluny. There, in prayer and mortification, he passed the brief remaining time he had yet to live. And in the priory of St. Marcel—an establishment dependent upon the monastery of Cluny—Peter Abelard died in the year 1142, being then sixty-three years old. Heloïse survived him twenty-one years. Their son, Astrolabius, survived his father but not his mother. He died a monk.

The remains of Abelard were, in the first instance, interred at St. Marcel. They were reclaimed by Heloïse; and, the reclamation having been allowed by Peter the Venerable, the corpse was removed to the Paraclete, where it was buried. The tradition runs, that when Heloïse died, her body was deposited in the same tomb; and that, as the corpse was lowered into the vault, the skeleton of the dead Abelard opened its arms to receive her. The truth, however, is that they were not at first buried together. It was not till 1497 that Catherine de Courcelles, seventeenth abbess of the Paraclete, caused their remains to be placed in one coffin. This double coffin was discovered and exhumed at the French Revolution; and the popular fury which destroyed the convent of the Paraclete respected the bones of Abelard and Heloïse. After many changes of domicile, the bones were removed in the year 1800 to the garden of the Museum of French monuments in Paris. Hence, in 1817, they were finally removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they were placed beneath a monument formed from the ruins of the Paraclete. Their names are alternately engraved on the plinth, together with these Greek words:—ΑΕΙ ΣΥΜΠΕΠΛΕΓΜΕΝΟΙ, or Always United.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, AND MUSKETRY.

We were three Englishmen travelling by the mail-train from London to Dover, on our way to Paris, one evening in the month of December, 1851. The extensive horse-dealer in the multiplicity of thick great coats—the quiet Cambridge man reading a shilling reprint of Macaulay—and the present writer—did not find the eighty miles or so, lying between London Bridge and the Custom House Quay at Dover, hang at all heavy on their hands. There was a thick white fog outside, and a trifle of drizzling rain, and enough frost to make the rails slippery; but we were as jovial, notwithstanding, as old travellers ought to be. The horse-dealer talked voluminously of divers "parties" having a knowledge of "little mares;" and told us, quite confidentially, that he intended to put the brown horse in harness next week. The Cantab discoursed of "men" who were going "up" to the University; of Brown of "Maudlin" wineing somewhat too copiously with Jones of Trinity; of how Muffle beat the Bargee, and how Snaffle of Trinity had been chased four miles through ploughed fields by a determined proctor, anxious to ascertain his name and college. As to the scribe, he passed no inconsiderable portion of the time in endeavouring to pull a pair of worsted stockings over his boots; in talking a little, sleeping a little, and reading a little for a change.

Now, on the Tuesday immediately preceding the eve of our journey, there had been an intricate political evolution performed in Paris, called a *coup-d'état*. People have grown so accustomed to revolutions, that they took this last revolution very quietly; expecting, doubtless, reciprocal tranquillity on the other side of the Channel. There was a harvest of the evening papers, a run of luck for the gossips, an ill wind blowing some considerable good to the "patterers" who pervaded the fashionable squares until a late hour, proclaiming, with

sonorous solemnity, Paris in flames, the red flag waving, and the President assassinated.

We went about our business, however, very comfortably and quietly, crossed the Channel, and started from Boulogne with the mail-bags and a locomotive post-office, at two in the morning of Thursday, seeing nothing of revolution, and nothing of arms or an army, save one very imposing gendarme —a prize gendarme, with a wonderful cocked hat, a beard and moustache most martial, a sword prodigiously long, and calculated, generally, to strike terror into the disaffected, and to awe the malcontents. But, as I had seen him in the same marvellous costume several times before (I even think I can remember him before they changed the uniform, and when he wore jack-boots and leathers), and as I know him to be a peaceful warrior, willing, when off duty, to partake of a *verre d'anisette* or *Cassis* with you, I did not argue, even from his *grande tenue*, any very alarming state of things.

The stations, as in the grey dawn we were whirled past them, were all filled with soldiers. This had an ugly look. My co-occupants of the carriage made various manifestations. The pretty traveller from America began to get frightened;—a pretty girl in a pretty bonnet; showing, as subsequent events disclosed, a prettier face. She had a large fur mantle, and a soft voice with a slight lisp, had come straight from New Orleans to New York, from New York to Liverpool, from Liverpool to London, and so, by this mail, to Paris, alone. Come! The world is not so bad as some would accuse it of being, when a timid girl, not twenty years of age, can travel so many thousands of miles, and talk with a smile of travelling back again, when she has seen her friends in Paris!

The horse-dealer, the Cantab, the writer, and, I grieve to say, the disagreeable gentleman with the seal-skin cap, made divers futile attempts to sleep, and many more successful to converse from Paris to Lille. In the carriage, likewise, was a very large cloak, which, partially disclosing a despatch box, and a button with a crown on it, I conjectured to form a portion of a sleeping Queen's messenger.

So, in the cold foggy morning, past Beauvais, Clermont, Creil, St. Denis; and, by nine o'clock, into the Paris terminus.

The look of things in general assumed an uglier appearance. The dwarfish little soldiers, with their shabby great coats and bright muskets, swarmed in waiting-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and offices. The gallant officers (why *will* they wear stays?) in baggy trousers promenaded gravely, and inspected us suspiciously. Yet no one asked us for passports; the inspection of luggage went on as quietly as usual, and we were free to depart.

Now, I dwell, when in Paris, in a hostelry in the Rue St. Honoré, close to the church of St. Roch. To reach its hospitable *porte-cochère*, one is apt, when tired, sleepy, and incumbered—with a carpet-bag, a hat-box, and a great coat or two—to take a cab; and, being resolved to take one, I sallied forth into the court-yard of the terminus. There were no cabs, no omnibuses, no vehicles of any description. Not even a wheelbarrow. Berlines, citadines, fiacres, dames blanches, sylphides, coucous, voitures bourgeoises—all the multifarious varieties of French equipages, had disappeared. The shops were shut, and the streets were apparently deserted, though impassable. The truth was, I had stepped into a besieged city.

I asked one of the railway porters where I could get a vehicle? "Monsieur," he replied, very politely, "nowhere." Could I walk down the Rue St. Denis, and so by the Boulevards into the Rue St. Honoré? "Monsieur, it is impossible; circulation is impeded." What was I to do? My friend, the porter, had got an hour for his breakfast, and he would be *enchanté* to carry my bag, and to conduct me to my destination by streets where there was no apprehension of disturbance.

And so we set out. I longed for the most extortionate of cabmen. I could have embraced the most insolent of omnibus conductors. Tramp, tramp, tramp, through dreadful little streets, choked with mud; now, stopped by barricades in course of construction or of demolition: now, entangled in a mob of the lowest riff-raff; thieves, *gamins*—vagabonds of every description—flying before the gendarmes: now stopped by a cordon of soldiery drawn across a street, hustled into the presence of the commanding officer, interrogated, brow-beaten, and dismissed. When I state that the railway terminus is near Montmartre, and that I entered Paris by the Barrière

de l'Etoile, the courteous reader who knows Paris can form some idea of how very muddy, weary, and savage-tempered I was when I arrived at mine inn; earnestly desiring to be able to take "mine ease" in it.

Everybody knows the court-yard of a French hotel. How the host of waiters, chambermaids, porters, and general hangers-on, all appearing to have nothing to do, lounge about, doing it thoroughly, all day long. How the landlord sits placidly, in a species of alcove summer-house, smoking cigarettes, drinking sugar and water, and surveying each new comer with the satisfied look of a boa-constrictor just getting over the digestion of his last rabbit, and ready for a new one; how the cook—"*chêf*," we beg his pardon—flirts, white-capped, and white-jacketed, with the pretty daughter of the *concièrge*. On the momentous morning of my arrival, all these things were changed. Waiters, chambermaids, boots, landlord, cook, *commissionnaires*, *concièrge*, were huddled together in the hall. The cabmen attached to the hotel, slumbered within their vehicles, reduced to a state of compulsory inactivity. The porter—a torpid *Auvergnat*—vaguely impressed with a conviction that there was danger somewhere, had let loose an enormous dog, with rather more of the wolf in his composition than was agreeable. The *concièrge's* pretty daughter had disappeared from human ken altogether; the *concièrge* himself, deprived of his usual solace of the *feuilleton* of the "Constitutionnel," smoked morbidly, gazing with a fixed and stony rigidity of vision at one of the dreadful proclamations of the Government, which was pasted against his lodge, and which conveyed the ominous intimation that every one found with arms in his hands, on, behind, or about, a barricade, would be instantly shot—*fusillé sur le champ*.

Everything, in fact, spoke of the state of siege. The newspapers were in a state of siege; for the Government had suspended all but its own immediate organs. The offices of the sententious "Siècle," the mercurial "Presse," the satiric "Charivari," the jovial "Journal pour Rire," were occupied by the military; and, to us English, they whispered even of a park of artillery in the Rue Vivienne, and of a Government proof-reader in the printing-office of "Galignani's Messenger," striking out obnoxious paragraphs by the dozen. The pro-

visions were in a state of siege; the milk was out, and no one would volunteer to go to the *crêmiers* for more; the cabs, the *commissionnaires* with their trucks, were besieged; the very gas was slow in coming from the main, as though the pipes were in a state of siege. Nobody could think or speak of anything but this confounded siege. Thought itself appeared to be beleaguered; for no one dared to give it anything but a cautious and qualified utterance. The hotel was full of English ladies and gentlemen, who would have been delighted to go away by the first train on any of the railways; but there might just as well have been no railways, for all the good they were, seeing that it was impossible to get to or from the termini with safety. The gentlemen were valorous, certainly —there was a prevalence of "who's afraid?" sentiments; but they read the French Bradshaw earnestly, and gazed at the map of Paris with nervous interest—beating, meanwhile, the devil's tattoo. As for the ladies, dear creatures, they made no secret of their extreme terror and despair. The one old lady, who is frightened at everything, and who will not even travel in an omnibus, with a sword in a case, for fear it should go off, was paralysed with fear, and could only ejaculate, "Massacre!" The strong-minded lady of a certain age, who had longed for the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," had taken refuge in that excellent collection of tracts, of which "The Dairyman's Daughter" is one; and gave short yelps of fear whenever the door opened. Fear, like every other emotion, is contagious. Remarking so many white faces, so much subdued utterance, so many cowed and terrified looks, I thought it very likely that I might get frightened, too. So, having been up all the previous night, I went to bed.

I slept; I dreamt of a locomotive engine blowing up, and turning into the last scene of a pantomime, with "state of siege" displayed in coloured fires. I dreamt I lived next door to an undertaker, or a trunk-maker, or a manufacturer of fire-works. I awoke to the rattle of musketry in the distance —soon, too soon, to be followed by the roar of the cannon.

I am not a fighting man. "'Tis not my vocation, Hal." I am not ashamed to say that I did *not* gird my sword on my thigh, and sally out to conquer or to die; that I

did not ensconce myself at a second-floor window, and pick off, *à la Charles IX.*, the leaders of the enemy below. Had I been "our own correspondent," I might have written, in the intervals of fighting, terrific accounts of the combat on cartridge paper, with a pen made from a bayonet, dipped in gunpowder and gore. Had I been "our own artist," I might have mounted a monster barricade—waving the flag of freedom with one hand, and taking sketches with the other. But being neither I did not do anything of the kind. I will tell you what I did:—I withdrew, with seven Englishmen as valorous as myself, to an apartment, which I have reason to believe is below the basement floor; and there, in company with sundry *carafons* of particular cognac, and a large box of cigars, passed the remainder of the day.

I sincerely hope that I shall never pass such another. We rallied each other, talked, laughed, and essayed to sing; but the awful consciousness of the horror of our situation hung over us all—the knowledge that within a few hundred yards of us God's image was being wantonly defaced; that in the streets hard by, in the heart of the most civilised city of the world, within a stone's throw of all that is gay, luxurious, splendid, in Paris, men—speaking the same language, worshiping the same God—were shooting each other like wild beasts; that every time we heard the sharp crackling of the musketry, a message of death was gone forth to hundreds; that every time the infernal artillery—"nearer, clearer, deadlier than before"—broke, roaring on the ear; the ground was cumbered with corpses. Glorious war! I should like the amateurs of sham fights, showy reviews, and scientific ball practice, to have sat with us in the cellar that same Thursday, and listened to the rattle and the roar. I should like them to have been present, when, venturing up during a lull, about half-past four, and glancing nervously from our *porte-cochère*, a regiment of dragoons came thundering past, pointing their pistols at the windows, and shouting at those within, with oaths, to retire from them. I should like the young ladies who waltz with the "dear Lancers," to have seen *these* Lancers, in stained white cloaks, with their murderous weapons couched. I should like those who admire the Horse Guards—the prancing steeds, the shining casques and cuirasses, the mas-

sive epaulettes and dangling sabres, the trim moustache, irreproachable buckskins, and dazzling jackboots—to have seen these cuirassiers gallop by: their sorry horses covered with mud and sweat; their haggard faces blackened with gunpowder; their shabby accoutrements and battered helmets. The bloody swords, the dirt, the hoarse voices, unkempt beards. Glorious war! I think the sight of those horrible troopers would do more to cure its admirers than all the orators of the Peace Society could do in a twelvemonth!

We dined—without the ladies, of course—and sat up until very late; the cannon and musketry roaring meanwhile, till nearly midnight. Then it stopped—

To recommence again, however, on the next (Friday) morning. Yesterday they had been fighting all day on the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Temple. To-day, they were murdering each other at Belleville, at La Chapelle St. Denis, at Montmartre. Happily the firing ceased at about nine o'clock, and we heard no more.

I do not, of course, pretend to give any account of what really took place in the streets on Thursday; how many barricades were erected, and how they were defended or destroyed. I do not presume to treat of the details of the combat myself, confining what I have to say to a description of what I really saw of the social aspect of the city. The journals have given full accounts of what brigades executed what manœuvres, of how many were shot to death here, and how many bayoneted there.

On Friday at noon, the embargo on the cabs was removed—although that on the omnibuses continued; and circulation for foot passengers became tolerably safe, in the Quartier St. Honoré, and on the Boulevards. I went into an English chemist's shop in the Rue de la Paix, for a bottle of soda-water. The chemist was lying dead up-stairs, shot. He was going from his shop to another establishment he had in the Faubourg Poissonière, to have the shutters shut, apprehending a disturbance. Entangled for a moment on the Boulevard, close to the Rue Lepelletier, among a crowd of well-dressed persons, principally English and Americans, an order was given to clear the Boulevard. A charge of Lancers was made, the men firing their pistols wantonly among the flying crowd;

and the chemist was shot dead. Scores of similar incidents took place on that dreadful Thursday afternoon. Friends, acquaintances, of my own, had friends, neighbours, relations, servants, killed. Yet it was all accident, chance-medley —excusable, of course. How were the soldiers to distinguish between insurgents and sight-seers? These murders were, after all, but a few of the thorns to be found in the rose-bush of glorious war!

From the street which in old Paris times used to go by the name of the Rue Royale, and which I know by the token that there is an English pastry-cook's on the right-hand side, coming down; where in old days I used (a small lad then at the Collège Bourbon) to spend my half-holidays in consuming real English cheesecakes, and thinking of home:—in the Rue Royale, now called, I think, Rue de la République; I walked on to the place, and by the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and that of des Italiens, and so by the long line of that magnificent thoroughfare, to within a few streets of the Porte St. Denis. Here I stopped, for the simple reason, that a hedge of soldiery bristled ominously across the road, close to the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, and that the commanding officer would let neither man, woman, nor child pass. The Boulevards were crowded, almost impassable in fact, with persons of every grade, from the "lion" of the Jockey Club, or the English nobleman, to the pretty grisette in her white cap, and the scowling, bearded citizen, clad in blouse and *calotte*, and looking very much as if he knew more of a barricade than he chose to· aver. The houses on either side of the way bore frightful traces of the combat of the previous day. The Maison Doré, the Café Anglais, the Opéra Comique, Tortoni's, the Jockey Club, the Belle Jardinière, the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, and scores, I might almost say hundreds, of the houses had their windows smashed, or the magnificent sheets of plate-glass starred with balls; the walls pock-marked with bullets: seamed and scarred and blackened with gunpowder. A grocer, close to the Rue de Marivaux, told me that he had not been able to open his door that morning for the dead bodies piled on the step before it. Round all the young trees (the old trees were cut down for former barricades in February

and June 1848), the ground shelves a little in a circle; in these circles there were pools of blood. The people—the extraordinary, inimitable, consistently inconsistent French people—were unconcernedly lounging about, looking at these things with pleased yet languid curiosity. They paddled in the pools of blood; they traced curiously the struggles of some wounded wretch, who, shot or sabred on the kerbstone, had painfully, deviously, dragged himself (so the gouts of blood showed) to a door-step—to die. They felt the walls, pitted by musket bullets; they poked their walking-sticks into the holes made by the cannon balls. It was as good as a play to them.

The road on either side was lined with dragoons armed *cap-à-pié*. The poor tired horses were munching the forage with which the muddy ground was strewn; and the troopers sprawled listlessly about, smoking their short pipes, and mending their torn costume or shattered accoutrements. Indulging, however, in the *dolce far niente*, as they seemed to be, they were ready for action at a moment's notice. There was, about two o'clock, an *alerte*—a rumour of some tumult towards the Rue St. Denis. One solitary trumpet sounded "boot and saddle;" and, with almost magical celerity, each dragoon twisted a quantity of forage into a species of rope, which he hung over his saddle-bow, crammed his half-demolished loaf into his holsters, buckled on his cuirass; then, springing himself on his horse, sat motionless: each cavalier with his pistol cocked, and his finger on the trigger. The crowd thickened; and in the road itself there was a single file of cabs, carts, and even private carriages. Almost every moment detachments of prisoners, mostly blouses, passed along escorted by cavalry; then a yellow flag was seen, announcing the approach of an ambulance, or long covered vehicle filled with wounded soldiers; then hearses; more prisoners, more ambulances, orderly dragoons at full gallop, orderlies, military surgeons in their cocked hats and long frock-coats, broughams with smart general officers inside, all smoking.

As to the soldiers, they appear never to leave off smoking. They smoke in the guard-room, off duty, and even when on guard. An eye-witness of the combat told me that

many of the soldiers had, when charging, short pipes in their mouths, and the officers, almost invariably, smoked cigars.

In reference to the discipline of the French soldiery, and their extreme trustworthiness against their own countrymen, I have heard some wise men, much astonished by, and virtuously indignant at, the testimony of certain witnesses, published in the "Times" newspaper. They have their confirmation though (new and strange as they are to such authorities) in the evidence of an officer of some merit, called The Duke of Wellington, before a Select Committee on Punishments in the Army. The following passage occurs:

"Upon service, do you conceive that the discipline of the Army, which you had under your command in the Peninsula, was superior to the discipline of the French troops opposed to you?—I have not the most distant doubt of it; infinitely superior.

"Superior in respect to the treatment of the country in which they were serving?—Not to be compared with it, even in their own country, an enemy's country to us; and to them, their own country.

"In what respect was the French Army so inferior to *ours*?—A general system of plunder; great laxity in the performance of their duty; great irregularity; in short, irregularity, which we could not venture to risk existence on.

"Was it not the fact, that the people came home to their houses when the English were to occupy them; having left them when the French were to occupy them?—Yes, that was the case."

At three, there was more trumpeting, more drumming, a general backing of horses on the foot-passengers, announcing the approach of some important event. A cloud of cavalry came galloping by; then, a numerous and brilliant group of staff-officers. In the midst of these, attired in the uniform of a general of the National Guard, rode Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

I saw him again the following day, in the Champs Elysées, riding with a single English groom behind him; and again in a chariot escorted by cuirassiers.

When he had passed, I essayed a further progress towards the Rue St. Denis; but the hedge of bayonets still bristled as ominously as ever. I went into a little tobacconist's shop; and the pretty *marchande* showed me a frightful trace of the passage of a cannon ball, which had gone right through the

shutter and glass, smashed cases on cases of cigars, and half demolished the little tobacconist's parlour.

My countrymen were in great force on the Boulevards, walking arm and arm, four abreast, as it is the proud custom of Britons to do. From them I heard how Major Pongo, of the Company's service, would certainly have placed his sword at the disposal of the Government in support of law and order, had he not been confined to his bed with a severe attack of rheumatism; how Mr. Bellows, Parisian correspondent to the "Evening Grumbler," had been actually led out to be shot, and was only saved by the interposition of his tailor, who was a Serjeant in the National Guard, and who, passing by, though not on duty, exerted his influence with the military authorities, to save the life of Mr. Bellows; how the reverend Mr. Faldstool, *ministre Anglican*, was discovered in a corn-bin, moaning piteously; how Bluckey, the man who talked so much about the Pytchley hounds, and of the astonishing leaps he had taken when riding after them, concealed himself in a coal-cellar, and, lying down on his face, never stirred from that position from noon till midnight on Thursday (although I, to be sure, have no right to taunt him with his prudence); how, finally, M'Gropus, the Scotch surgeon, bolted incontinently in a cab, with an immense quantity of luggage, towards the *Chemin-de-fer du Nord;* and, being stopped in the Rue St. Denis, was ignominiously turned out of his vehicle by the mob; the cab, together with M'Gropus's trunks, being immediately converted into the nucleus of a barricade:—how, returning the following morning to see whether he could recover any portion of his effects, he found the barricades in the possession of the military, who were quietly cooking their soup over a fire principally fed by the remnants of his trunks and portmanteaus; whereupon, frantically endeavouring to rescue some *disjecta membra* of his property from the wreck, he was hustled and bonneted by the soldiery, threatened with arrest, and summary military vengeance, and ultimately paraded from the vicinity of the bivouac, by bayonets with sharp points.

With the merits or demerits of the struggle, I have nothing to do. But I saw the horrible ferocity and brutality of this ruthless soldiery. I saw them bursting into shops, to search

for arms or fugitives; dragging the inmates forth, like sheep from a slaughter-house, smashing the furniture and windows. I saw them, when making a passage for a convoy of prisoners, or a wagon full of wounded, strike wantonly at the bystanders, with the butt-ends of their muskets, and thrust at them with their bayonets. I might have seen more; but my exploring inclination was rapidly subdued by a gigantic Lancer at the corner of the Rue Richelieu; who seeing me stand still for a moment, stooped from his horse, and putting his pistol to my head (right between the eyes) told me to "*traverser!*" As I believed he would infallibly have blown my brains out in another minute, I turned and fled. So much for what I saw. I know, as far as a man can know, from trustworthy persons, from eye-witnesses, from patent and notorious report, that the military—the sole and supreme masters of that unhappy city and country—perpetrated most frightful barbarities after the riots were over. I know that, from the Thursday I arrived, to the Thursday I left Paris, they were daily shooting their prisoners in cold blood; that a man, caught on the Pont Neuf, drunk with the gunpowder-brandy of the cabarets, and shouting some balderdash about the *République démocratique et sociale*, was dragged into the Prefecture of Police, and, some soldiers' cartridges having been found in his pocket, was led into the court-yard, and, there and then, untried, unshriven, unaneled,—shot! I know that in the Champ de Mars one hundred and fifty-six men were executed; and I *heard* one horrible story (so horrible that I can scarcely credit it) that a batch of prisoners were tied together with ropes, like a fagot of wood; and that the struggling mass was fired into, until not a limb moved, nor a groan was uttered. I know—and my informant was a clerk in the office of the Ministry of War —that the official return of insurgents killed, was *two thousand and seven*, and of soldiers *fifteen*. Rather long odds!

We were in-doors betimes on Friday evening, comparing notes busily, as to what we had seen during the day. We momentarily expected to hear the artillery again, but, thank Heaven, the bloodshed in the streets at least was over; and though Paris was still a city in a siege, the barricades were all demolished; and another struggle was for the moment crushed.

The streets next day were full of hearses; but even the number of funerals that took place were insignificant, in comparison to the stacks of corpses which were cast into deep trenches without shroud or coffin, and covered with quicklime. I went to the Morgue in the afternoon, and found that dismal charnel-house fully tenanted. Every one of the fourteen beds had a corpse; some, dead with gunshot wounds; some, sabred; some, horribly mutilated by cannon balls. There was a *queue* outside of at least two thousand people, laughing, talking, smoking, eating apples, as though it was some pleasant spectacle they were going to, instead of that frightful exhibition. Yet, in this laughing, talking, smoking crowd, there were fathers who had missed their sons; sons who came there dreading to see the corpses of their fathers; wives of Socialist workmen, sick with the almost certainty of finding the bodies of their husbands. The bodies were only exposed six hours; but the clothes remained—a very grove of blouses. The neighbouring churches were hung with black, and there were funeral services at St. Roch and at the Madeleine.

And yet—with this Golgotha so close; with the blood not yet dry on the Boulevards; with corpses yet lying about the streets; with five thousand soldiers bivouacking in the Champs Elysées; with mourning and lamentation in almost every street; with a brutal military in almost every printing-office, tavern, *café;* with proclamations threatening death and confiscation covering the walls; with the city in a siege, without a legislature, without laws, without a government—this extraordinary people was, the next night, dancing and flirting at the Salle Valentino, or the Prado, lounging in the *foyers* of the Italian Opera, gossiping over their *eau-sucrée*, or squabbling over their dominoes outside and inside the *cafés*. I saw Rachel in "Les Horaces"; I went to the *Variétés*, the *Opéra Comique*, and many other theatres; and as we walked home at night through lines of soldiers, brooding over their bivouacs, I went into a *restaurant;* and, asking whether it had been a ball which had starred the magnificent pier-glass before me, got for answer, "Ball, sir!—cannon-ball, sir!—yes, sir!" for all the world as though I had inquired about the mutton being in good cut, or asparagus in season!

So, while they were shooting prisoners and dancing the Schottische at the Casino; burying their dead; selling *breloques* for watch-chains in the Palais Royal; demolishing barricades, and staring at the caricatures in M. Aubert's windows; taking the wounded to the hospitals, and stock-jobbing on the Bourse; I went about my business, as well as the state of siege would let me. Turning my face homeward, I took the Rouen and Havre Railway, and so, *viâ* Southampton, to London. As I saw the last cocked hat of the last gendarme disappear with the receding pier at Havre, a pleasant vision of the blue-coats, oil-skin hats, and lettered collars of the land I was going to, swam before my eyes; and, I must say that, descending the companion-ladder, I thanked Heaven I was an Englishman. I was excessively sea-sick, but not the less thankful; and getting at last to sleep, dreamed of the Bill of Rights and Habeas Corpus. I wonder how *they* would flourish amidst Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Musketry!

DOORS.

An ingenious writer or talker, I am not certain which, once proposed to trace the progress of human civilisation by the number of prongs in the fork with which we eat our food. The imperfectly civilised man, he showed, ate with a skewer or a fish-bone; our middle-age ancestors were content with a dagger or a hunting-knife to sever their victual and convey it to their mouths; then came the fork with two prongs, which is yet used by the peasant in some remote parts of England. Advancing civilisation brought with it the three-pronged fork —of fiddle, king, or prince's pattern; and now that we are in the apogee of our refinement, the gourmand demands, obtains, and uses the fork of four prongs. Each succeeding age may add another prong to the fork, until the number amount to ten; then perhaps extremes will meet, and we shall revert to the simple austerity of savages, and eat with our ten fingers.

I scarcely know why I should have noticed this ingenious theory, for I am not at all inclined to agree with it, and do not, myself, see any special analogy between civilisation and forks. For the most civilised nations and renowned epicures of antiquity used not any forks—save to make furcifers, as a mark of ignominy for criminals; and the most ancient people and most elaborate professors of social etiquette in the world —the Chinese—have no forks to this day, and have no better conductors to their mouths for their stewed dog and edible bird's-nests than chop-sticks. I take Sir John Bowring to witness. However, just as that valiant Field Marshal Thomas, alias Thumb, was accused of making his giants before he slew them, and as an advertising tradesman mentions his rival's wares in order to decry them and puff his own, it may be that I have touched upon the theory of civilisation and forks to enable me with a better grace to introduce my own theory of civilisation and doors.

The savage has no door to his dwelling. Even when he has ceased burrowing in the ground like a rabbit or a wild dog, and has advanced to the dignity of a hut, or kraal, a hunting-lodge, a canoe turned keel upwards, or any one of those edifices in resemblance between a wasps'-nest and a dirt-pie, in which it is the delight of the chief and warrior to dwell, to dance, to howl, to paint himself and to eat his foes, he never rises to the possession of a door. The early Greeks and Romans had doorways, but no doors. Noah's ark—the ridiculous toy-shop figment notwithstanding, could not have had a door. Mordecai sat in the gate, but Haman's door is nowhere mentioned. The old painters who represent Dives take care to show you an opening into the street, but no door; and through the entrance you see Lazarus lying, and the dogs licking his sores. The mouths of caves and sepulchres in oriental countries where the dead were buried were closed with huge stones; it was reserved for our age of funeral furnishers and cemetery companies to build a mausoleum over our dear brother departed with a door with panels, and knobs, and nails, and carvings, wanting only a brass knocker to have everything in common with the door of a desirable family mansion. The Parthenon had no door: go and look at its modelled counterfeit in the British Museum; through the lofty portal you see the wilderness of columns and the gigantic statue of the goddess. The great temples of Nineveh and Babylon, of Ephesus and Egypt, had no doors. Skins and linen veils, tapestries and curtains of silk, were hung across doorways then—as, in the East, they are now—to ensure privacy to those within; Gaza had gates, and so had Somnauth; but the door, the door-knocker, the brass-plate, the bells that flank it, for visitors and servants, the iron chain, the latch-key, the top and bottom bolts—these are all the inventions of modern times, and the offshoots of modern civilisation. Wherever there is most luxury, you will find most doors. Poverty, dirt, barbarism, have little or no doors yet. Again, where manners are rude and unpolished, a post, a pit, a cellar, a cage, suffice for the confinement of a criminal; but where men congregate thickly—where art, learning, and commerce flourish, where riches multiply, and splendour prevails—men must have prisons with many doors: ten, twenty,

thirty, one inside the other, like carvings in a Chinese concentric ball.

Doors have as many aspects as men. Every trade and calling, every sect and creed, every division and subdivision of the body social, have their several characteristic doors. As in the curious old toy-clocks made at Nuremburg, the apostles came out at one door; an angel at another; the cock that, crowing, confounded Peter, at another; while Judas Iscariot had a peculiar low-browed door to himself, from which he popped when the hour struck; so now-a-days, in our clock of life, every grade has its special doors of ingress and egress. Royalty rattles through the big door of Buckingham Palace; while Lieut.-Colonel Phipps modestly slips in by the side-postern, hard by the guard-house, and the grooms and scullions, the footmen and turnspits, the cooks and bottle-washers, modester still, steal round the corner into Pimlico, and are admitted by a back door opposite the Gun tavern. So the Duke of Mesopotamia's guests to ball or supper are ushered up the lofty flight of steps, and in at the great hall-door; while Molly the housemaid's friend creeps down the area steps, and taps at the door opposite the coal-cellar. So the theatre has its doors—box, pit, and gallery—with one private, sacred portal for the Queen Bee when she condescends to patronise the drama; a door leading into a narrow, inconvenient, little passage generally, with a flight of stairs seemingly designed for the express purpose of breaking the neck of the stage-manager, who walks in crab-like fashion, before Majesty, backwards, in an absurd court-suit, and holding two lighted tapers in battered old stage candlesticks, hot drops of wax from which fall in a bounteous shower upon his black silk smalls. Just contrast this multitude of doors with the simple arrangements of the Roman amphitheatres. Apertures there were in plenty to allow the audience departure, but they were common to all; and the patrician and his client, the plebeian and the freedman, struggled out of the Coliseum by the same vomitories. There was but one special door in the whole circus; and that was one, entrance through which was envied by nobody, for it was of iron, and barred, and on the inside thereof was a den where the lions that ate the gladiators lay.

The church has many doors. One for the worshippers who are lessees of pews, or are willing to pay one shilling a-head for doctrine; one leading to the ricketty gallery where the charity children sit; one which the parson and clerk more especially affect, for it leads to the vestry; and one—a dark, dank, frowning door—in a sort of shed in the churchyard; this last is the door of which the sexton has the key—the door of the bare room with the whitewashed walls, the brick floor, and the tressels standing in the midst—the door of the house of death.

Then there is the great door of justice in the hall where that glorious commodity is so liberally dispensed to all who seek it; though, to be sure, the dispensation is not in bright, sterling, current coin, but is ordinarily given in kind: horse-hair, sheepskin, pounce (some while called devil's dust), words, stale jokes, wigs, and lies being (per force) taken in lieu of cash—as poisonous, sloe-juice port wine and worthless pictures are from a Jew bill-discounter. This is the great door that must never be closed against suitors; and never is closed—oh, dear no!—any more than the front door of the mansion inhabited by my friend Mr. Webspinner the Spider, who keeps open house continually, and—hospitable creature!—defies malevolence to prove that he ever closed his door against a fly. Justice has more doors. There is the private door leading to the judges' robing-room; the door for the criminals, and the door for the magistrate in the police-court. There is the great spiked door through which the committed for trial enter into Newgate; and there is the small, black, iron-gnarled door above the level of the street—the debtors' door, where the last debt is to be paid, and whence come in the raw morning the clergyman reading of the resurrection and the life, and after him the pallid man with his arms tied with ropes, who is to be hanged by the neck until he be dead. After this, there is but one more door that will concern him—the door that must concern us all some day—the door covered with cloth, neatly panelled with tin-tacks or gilt nails, according to our condition; with an engraved plate, moreover, bearing our name and age: the door that opens not with a handle, or closes with a lock, or has hinges, but is unpretendingly fastened to its house by screws—the door that has

no knocker, for the sleeper behind it must be wakened with a trumpet, and not a rat-tat.

Bid me discourse (but you won't, I am afraid), and I could be eloquent upon the doors of prisons. How many times have I stopped in the thronged, muddy Old Bailey (it is muddy even on the sunniest, dustiest of August days) and gazed long and wistfully, albeit the quarter chimes of St. Sepulchre (they seem to succeed each other more rapidly than any other chimes) bade me move on, at the dreadful doors of Newgate. Ugh! the great door. I remember as a boy wondering if any famous criminal—Turpin, Duval, or Sheppard—had ever worn the ponderous irons suspended in grisly festoons over the gateway: likewise, if the statues in the niches flanking it were effigies of men and women that had been hanged. To this day, I cannot make up my mind as to whether those festooned fetters are real or sham—whether they ever encircled human ankles or not. I am afraid, in any case, that they have more of reality in them than the famous highwaymen whom I once supposed them to have held in durance. The laced coats, the plumed hats, silver-hilted swords, blood-horses, under-ground stables, Pollys and Lucys, titles of captain, and connections among the aristocracy of those worthies, have long since turned out notable shams. There is no reality to me now in the gallant highwayman in woodcuts and penny numbers (with number one of which was given away part the first of "Ralph Rullocks the Reckless, or the Poetical Pirate") careering about Hounslow Heath, with a chivalrous, mad-cap whim of robbing their uncle the earl in his travelling carriage. I have found out the highwayman by this time as a coarse, depraved, strong-water-drinking ruffian, who had merely the advantage over the ordinary larcener in being a horsepad in lieu of a footpad.

The subject of fetters (this is but a random gossip on a doorstep after all, or I would not digress), brings to my mind an appalling day-vision I once had of a man in fetters—a vision slight, every day, common-place it may be, but one which I shall never forget, living. I lived, when I saw the thing, in one of the crowded streets of London—a main thoroughfare to everything metropolitan—and in a front room. Moreover, next door there was a large public-house,

I must still linger a moment by the door in the Old Bailey; for underneath the fetters there are many other suggestive things. That half door—the barrier between liberty and freedom, surmounted by spikes, curled corkscrew-wise, like the snakes in the furies' love-locks. The gloomy, roomy, dusky lodge, where there are more fetters I know, and bluff turnkeys with huge bunches of keys, and many many more doors leading into stone corridors and grim paved yards, at the end of which are other doors. That tremendous black board in the lodge covered with the tedious inscription in white paint. Do the turnkeys ever read it, I wonder? Do the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs? Does the Ordinary? Did ever a criminal brought from the dark van into the darker prison read that inscription through, I should like to know? I opine that what is written upon it must be something about prison rules, Acts of Parliament, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with a possible allusion to the Common Council and the Court of Lieutenancy; but I can fancy, with a shudder, how it must read, if read at all, to the handcuffed man who stands in the entrance lodge of Newgate, fully committed. Did you ever read a writ, and see Victoria by the Grace of God figuring up and down on the paper with Lord John Campbell at Westminster, until there seemed to be fifty sovereign ladies and fifty chief justices conglomerated into the narrow strip? Did you ever read a letter in which it was told you that a dear friend was dead; and though the manner of his death was therein set down at length, see nothing but dead! forty times in every line of forty? Did you ever receive a ten-pound note when you were desperately poor, and at bay with hunger, and find nothing but tens all over the note—ten Mr. Mathew Marshalls, ten Britannias, ten times ten promises to pay ten pounds? Some such optical reiteration must there appear to the prisoner who gazes on the sad black board, I should think. Or, his thoughts full of fear and horror, must fly to the board, and fixing themselves there, multiply themselves horribly in a medley of despair. Fully committed, fully committed. To the place from whence you came. From whence you came. For the term of your natural life. Your natural life. Your life. By the neck until you be dead. Be dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul. Your soul.

The pot-boy who carries beer into the lodge of Newgate; the unshaven man from the coffee-shop opposite, who brings hot coffee and thick wedges of bread and butter; the waiters from the eating-house do not trouble themselves much about the philosophy of prison-doors, I dare say. Nor does the Lord Mayor himself condescend, I should think, to hang about the door of Newgate, and descant in a rambling, vagabond fashion on it. By the way, I could pass a pleasantly profitable hour by his lordship's own door in Charlotte Row, Mansion House. I could say something neat, had I time, about the tremendous flunkies—the absurd people with bald heads and wig-bags (what on earth can a bald wigless man want with a wig-bag sewn on to the collar of his coat?) and court dresses, who drive up in tinsel chariots to the door of the civic king. Also about the smell of hot meats that comes gushing from the door from above and below it on the night that the Lord Mayor has "spreads." The Lord Mayor's door would fill some pages of instructive reading, and I will book it. But what should "Moon—Mayor" care about the door of Newgate? What should the turnkeys care about it, save to see that it is properly bolted and barred every night? What should the policemen, those unconcerned stoics, to whom all the world are but so many million men, women, and children —so many of whom have been or have not been in custody—but probably will be, some day. But to the prisoner the gaol-door must be awfully suggestive—full of dreadful memories—for ever and ever.

The prison-door is the gate of horn that *will* substitute itself for the gate of ivory, in his dreams of pleasant crime. At the door he leaves the world—wife, children, friends—exchanges the apparel of his station, be it satin or serge, for one uniform livery of degradation—leaves behind his very name, and becomes No. 96. On one side of the door—love, friendship, wealth, wine, tobacco, music—all: on the other side a cell, gruel, spiked-walls, silence, solitude, coarse rugs, keys, a man in a gray jacket and trousers marked with a number, and doors. Doors open and shut to let him pass to chapel, exercise, dinner, punishment, execution. The last thing he hears at night is the echoing clang of the door as the turnkey shuts him in his lonely cell. The first thing he

watches for in the morning is the noise of the key turning in the lock of the door. That door may creakingly turn upon its hinges soon, and bring the governor with a discharge. It may bring the chaplain with the last fatal tidings. At the gaol-door money, and victuals, and letters, when the prisoner is allowed to receive them, are left. Nor farther than the door can the wife and children—who love him in spite of all his crimes, all his brutality, all his madness—come; save at rare intervals; when they can see and speak to him through more doors—double doors of iron bars—with a turnkey sitting in the space between. At the door waits for him, when the term of his imprisonment has expired, the haggard woman with bruises scarcely yet healed, for outraging whom the prison door was closed on him six months since. She waits for him in love, and patience, and long-suffering; or now it is the mother, whose heart he has broken, and whose gray hairs he is bringing with sorrow to the grave, who, forlorn, trusting old woman, waits to give him money and clothes, and hails him into a cook-shop, that he may eat a hearty meal of victuals, which he *must* want, she thinks, after all these months; and, while he eats and drinks, sobs on his shoulder and cries over his potatoes, praying God to bless and mend him, and crying that she will do anything—anything for him, if he will only be good. And, at the prison-door, alas! wait often the companions of the cursed old days. Tom, with the red neckhandkerchief; Ned, with the curl on his cheek and the coat with pearl buttons; old Verdygreens, the white-headed dwarf, who buys old iron and lead piping; bouncing Sal, that Amazon of Westminster Broadway, who muzzled the bull-necked Bobby, single-handed. They all throng round him at the door and clap him on the back, and cry shame on the authorities for his loss of weight in flesh. Then off they go to the other well-known door—that of the public-house, to drink—cards, dominoes, raffles, robbery, plots, and, in due course of time, to the old door again of Newgate, Milbank, Tothill or Cold Bath Fields. Inveni Portam!

In the vast freestone desert of Newgate there is one bright little oasis of a door that I cannot forbear mentioning. It is reached by a flight of trim, neatly hearthstoned steps. It is

a pleasant, cheerful, bright-coloured coquettish-looking door, with a brass knocker, and on its resplendent doorplate are engraven, in the handsomest Roman capitals you would desire to see, the words, W. W. Cope. It does me good to see this door; for, on each side of it are windows with cheerful coloured curtains, and in one window there is a birdcage, and through the little polished panes I did, one day, descry the features of a pretty housemaid. This door is the jewel in the head of the Great Toad-like prison. Yet, I grow nervous about it occasionally, thinking what an awkward thing it would be if some Jack Sheppard of modern times, who had forced through the inner windows of the gaol, were to pop out of W. W. Cope's dandified door some day, and dance a hornpipe, in fetters, upon the snowy doorstep.

But I must close the Door, for this time, at least. I cast one hasty glance at the mysterious door in the shed in the Sessions House yard, in which—as legends of my youth used to run—the gallows and the posts of scaffolds were kept. It is a door I would not see opened, willingly; so I leave Newgate, that vast congeries of doors, and which, in good sooth, was one Great Door itself before it was a prison.

FOUR STORIES.

I MUST express my belief that a Frenchman's rooms have far greater claim to be considered his castle than an Englishman's house has. There are no landladies, there are no maids-of-all-work, there are no door knockers (none are used at least), and no parish fire engines. The law, as represented by the Commissary of Police, is the only visitor you, as an occupant of a French house, are *compelled* to admit; and, though in times of commotion you are certainly subject to an irruption of cocked hats, jack boots, and clinking sabres into your domicile, a general turning over of your papers, and ripping up of your feather beds, to facilitate the discovery of treasonable documents, you may at all other seasons proudly call your house (whether it consists of saloon, bedroom, antechamber, and boudoir, or simply of a *mansarde au sixième*, or garret on the sixth floor) your castle. You have the key of it, and as long as you pay your rent you are absolutely master therein. If you choose to have your bed made, the lodge keeper will make it for the consideration of twentypence paid monthly; if you choose to make it yourself you can do so; if you prefer it not made at all, and choose to keep pigs and a few live rabbits under the pillow, you may. Only, if your *concierge*, or porter, doesn't see you pass the lodge once in a week or so, he smells a rat, and fetches a Commissary of Police. The Commissary arrives; makes the customary summons in the name of the law, and breaks the door open, legally. Suppose you have died of starvation: suppose you have suffocated yourself with the fumes of charcoal: justice informs itself; a *procès verbal* is drawn up, and if you have no relations and no friends, you are put into a wooden box and driven off in a something like an omnibus with the sides knocked out, by a driver in a cocked hat, and put into a grave in the cemetery of Montmartre.

The house I live in is four stories high and a perfect citadel of separate little fortalices. The inhabitants are subjected, it is true, to domiciliary visits, and to the complaints of their neighbours should they practise the big drum, or the Sax-horn, rather too loudly or too often; but setting these little matters aside, they are as completely masters at home as ever baron of old was in his battlemented barbican. There is a staircase common to the whole house (and not very clean) which is neutral ground; a very place of *réunion* for the cats of the different stories, and for quiet afternoon gossips, should number twelve feel conversationally inclined towards number five. But the castles themselves are inviolable.

There is a great deal of social kindliness, and cheerful neighbourship in our four stories; but our castles are our castles irrevocably and intact, and we have our more than Eleusinian mysteries. In an English lodging-house a tenant could not reside three weeks without his avocations, his friends, and general social position being more or less known, or certainly assumed. But in our four-storied house, the first-floor might be occupied by a wild beast tamer (with his menagerie occupying the boudoir), the second by a secret society of Illuminati, and the third by a private lunatic asylum, for aught the fourth-floor knew, and so *vice versâ*. Sometimes, after a three or four years' sojourn, it is bruited about that in one of the garrets lives an old lady who has known Voltaire, Rousseau, and Pilatre de Rosier, has supped with Sophie Arnould, and danced with M. de Mirabeau. Sometimes (as happened the other day), a little old gentleman belonging to the second-floor, very fond of snuff-taking, and leaning on a stick, dies; and the neighbours hear, amazed, that the defunct is such a person as Don Manuel Godoy, prince of the peace, a man whose fame has filled all Europe, whose name (for good or evil) is in every mouth, whose memoirs are on every bookstall on every quay in Paris. Everybody has heard of the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin, and Paris is the only place where such a hermit could dwell. I should like to see a hermit in High Holborn, or New Bond Street! Though the street door of our four-storied house stands wide open, the porter and the police are the sole depositaries of the secret of our whereabouts; for which

reason I would specially recommend one of our four stories to all persons fond of retirement or encumbered with too numerous an acquaintance.

But I, the indigent philosopher, whose vocation is to observe, and from the kennel of social peculiarities, fish, with the crook of reflection, queer fragments of life and manners—I, the ragged moralist, may know more about my neighbours than my neighbours about me. Perhaps I have won the porter over to my interests, perhaps I am one of that numerous, astute, indefatigable, but ill-paid class, the subordinate police spies of Paris. At all events I know my four stories by heart, and can (and hereby do) present a prose paraphrase of Béranger's jovial lyric, *les quatres étages*.

To begin at the beginning: the house itself. It is an hotel with a small court-yard in the Rue Coquelet, which, as everybody ought to know, is in the historical Faubourg St. Germain. The Rue Coquelet is a silent street made up of similar hotels, interspersed with little milk shops, fruiterers', bakers', and wine shops. For a mile on every side extend equally silent streets, some half shops, half hotels, as ours; others occupied solely by gloomy *portes cochères*, through which, when they open (which is rarely), you may catch glimpses of gloomy hotels. Silent streets, little shrunken shops, gloomy gates, shabby little carriages, street-porters sleeping in the sun, devout old ladies trotting to early mass, stealthy priests gliding along in the shadow of the walls, Dukes and Marquises, chevaliers and abbés, yet abide there—black silk smallclothes, hair-powder, pig-tails, and satin calashes yet linger in its solemn hotels—but the *ancien régime*, the old school, is dying fast, oh! how fast away.

Our house, in the old times of wigs and rapiers, *petit soupers* and the *droit de jambage*, belonged to a Farmer-General of the French finances. John Law and the Mississippi scheme were the ruin of *him*, and he was forced to sell his house to Mademoiselle Catin of the Comédie Française, who suffered three months' imprisonment at the Madelonnettes for refusing to sup with the Cardinal Archbishop of Carpentras, and who subsequently married Milord Peef, "*gentilhomme anglais*," who was no other than Tom Pilfer, who turned his wife's four-storied hotel into a gambling-house, and had

here that famous duel with the Chevalier de Rougeperd which compelled him to fly to America (with Mademoiselle Catin's diamonds), where the war of independence had just commenced, and where he was hanged at Saratoga Springs for deserting seven times backwards and forwards, in three campaigns. The community of St. Bumptious afterwards settled down in the hotel, where they set a brilliant example of orthodoxy to the neighbourhood, and burnt an octavo edition of the works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau with great solemnity; but the revolution of 1789 supervening, they were summarily ejected by a Republican chief of the sections, who gave a lecture every evening to a select assembly of fish-women, and administered justice to the aristocrats on the premises. He however retired, alleging that the monks had left so many fleas behind them that the place had become unbearable; and as the house had by this time got a bad name, it remained shut up and deserted till 1806, when, as it belonged to nobody in particular, the Emperor Napoleon conferred it on one of his senators, who furnished it from head to foot in marble, mahogany, crimson, and gold, had gilt eagles stuck on all the ceilings and over all the doors, and a portrait of the "Emperor" hung in every room. Came 1815, notwithstanding, and the downfall of the empire. The senator sold his house to a boarding-school master, who sold it to a dyer, to let it to a retired perfumer, who converted it into what it is now—an *Hôtel Garni*, or furnished lodging-house, let out in separate floors and tenements like the "Flats" of a house in the old town of Edinburgh.

Our house is of no particular form or shape, the four stories being piled one a-top of another, very much in the fashion of packing-cases in a railway booking-office. A certain number of rooms was what the architect seemingly had in view, preferably to symmetry of arrangement, so that if any order of architecture does prevail in our house, it is the higgle-piggledy. We have rather a superabundance of lath and plaster, too, compared with party walls, and in wet weather you had better look out of window as seldom as possible, as there is a species of Penelope's web of waterspouts outside, which produce perplexing cascades from window to window.

There is a porter's lodge just inside the *porte cochère*, within whose marble halls (stuccoed brick, in plain prose) the porter of the hotel has his abode. His name is Monsieur Stidmann, and to his high and responsible post of porter, he adds the supplementary calling of tailor. A print of the fashions for 1824 hangs over his porcelain stove, which, if the illustrative portraits thereof are to be taken as evidence, would prove him to be an adept in the confection of habiliments for the dignitaries of the Church, the State, and the Army, of ladies' riding habits, and of liveries of the highest style and fashion. I rather think, though, that Monsieur Stidmann, if he ever exercised the above-named branches of the profession, has long since abandoned them; for I cannot discover that he exercises any more important branch of the sartorial art, now, than the repair of dilapidated galligaskins, and other garments rent by accident or by age. I have even heard his skill as a "botcher" (if I may be allowed to apply that familiar term to the mystery of clothes' mending) called into question; for M. Adolphe, the notary's clerk, on the fourth floor, assures me that, confiding to him, on an emergency, a dress coat for purposes of repair, he absolutely sewed a green cuff on to a black sleeve, besides leaving a box of lucifer matches in the left tail pocket, which together were the means not only of M. Adolphe's becoming a subject for universal risibility to a select society in the quarter of the Marais, but also very nearly caused him to set fire to himself and the company in the most critical portion of the *Pastorale*. Adolphe, to be sure, laughed at the mistake and forgave it; but for reasons which I may afterwards feel myself called upon to explain.

This unsuccessful tailor is always known as Father Stidmann, probably from the habit the Parisians have of attributing paternity to every man above the middle age, but he also rejoices in the appellation of father to Mademoiselle Eulalie Stidmann, a remarkably pretty little blonde (Stidmann is an Alsatian), eighteen years of age, who, to the confusion and envy of all the grisettes of the quarter, has lately abandoned the little round lace cap, as distinguishing a mark of the grisette as the yellow head-dress of the Jews in Turkey, and has taken to wearing a real bonnet, in which, and with a roll

of music under her arm, she goes daily to the *Conservatoire de Musique*, of which institution she is a pupil. Her generous father bought her a dreadful old square piano (Raclet, 1802), which I should like to see broken up for fire-wood, confound it; but which she punishes tremendously every evening, setting Meyerbeer and Thalberg to hard labour till my ears are pierced through and through, and the old porter weeps with pride and pleasure. Besides the piano and the stove, and the print of the defunct fashions I have spoken of, the lodge boasts also a framed and glazed portrait of Béranger, an old caricature by Carte Vernet, representing some notable intrigue of some notable political personage, whose intrigues and whose notability have been smoke as his body has been dust, these thirty years; and a print crimped like a fan, presenting at one point of view an effigy of Napoleon, and at another, that of the Duc de Reichstadt. Above hang a rusty sword and cartouche belt (for Stidmann has served, and in the grand army too); round the pipe of the stove are twined some palm branches, which here remain from Palm Sunday to Palm Sunday; and from nails on the wall hang two withered laurel wreaths, old trophies of prizes for good conduct and application, won by pretty little Eulalie when she was at school. Then, close to the door, a considerable portion of the wall is covered with the keys of the different occupants' castles, here deposited (if they like) when they go out; underneath these is a little shelf for the respective wax night-lights (wax candles are cheap in France, and even the tenant of a garret would blush to consume vulgar tallow). Monsieur Stidmann is of an indefinite age, and has a face so seamed with the small pox, that it is all holes and knots like a cane-bottomed chair. I am inclined to think that he wears a fur cap, but I could not undertake to point out which is his cap, and which his natural head of hair, both are so curiously alike. He is a decent man to speak to, doing all sorts of things for you, and about the house, without ever seeming to move his short pipe from his lips or himself from his stool, or a greasy number of the *Constitutionnel* from before his eyes. I think his political opinions verge towards Orleanism. Orleanists are good tenants, and give handsome New Year's gifts. Socialists he looks upon with abhorrence, as persons who run away the day before their rent

is due, and burn, in the composition of pestilential works, wax candles which they never pay for. A lodger without a trunk he always sets down, before-hand, as a rank Socialist. Carpet bags and republicanism are inseparably connected in his mind. He grumbles a little if you ring him up after midnight, and has a weakness for losing letters sent to you by post, and for telling you that somebody has called to see you a week or ten days after the visit has taken place. But this is an advantage if you wish to be retired.

I can but spare a line to Madame Stidmann, who wears a preposterous cap, and is always muddling over a *pot au feu* or some other savoury dish, the smell of which continually pervades the lodge and its approaches. She has a rabid reverence for the memory of the emperor; and, I am certain, must have belonged to the grand army, for she has the voice of a grenadier, and the walk of a sapper and miner, and swears like a trooper. I would rather not say anything more about her, here, for on a disputed question of reckoning once, she pursued me with a stew-pan, and she is a formidable person for a nervous man to deal with.

At the door of our house stands, night and day, a little fellow about four feet seven inches high, with a terrific moustache, and clad in a greyish blue coat, brickdust-coloured trousers, gaiters instead of stockings, a black leathern belt round his waist, and a knapsack covered with something resembling the piebald top of a travelling trunk. He carries a musket and bayonet much taller than himself, and is full private in the hundred and fiftieth regiment of the line. It is not through any special merit or respectability possessed by our house that he is here stationed, but simply because in the first floor lives M. le colonel de la Gamelle, commanding the hundred and fiftieth, whose right it is to have a sentry at his door.

The colonel is a stout, a very stout warrior, with grey whiskers and moustaches, and a wife who always puts me in mind of the giraffe at the Jardin des Plantes, for she has a meek eye, a distressingly long neck, and persists in wearing a yellow dress with crimson spots. They have one son, who is at the Lycée Louis le Grand now, and wears a semi-military uniform. He was born in Algeria, and nursed by a soldier's

wife. He comes home on Sundays, when his father gives him lessons in fencing, and in the broad-sword exercise; and, in the evening, takes him to the *café* to play billiards or dominoes. When he is old enough he will go to the school of St. Cyr, or to the Polytechnic. *His* career is marked out plain enough. Born and bred, he will probably die in the purlieus of a barrack—the roll of drums in his ears, and harness on his back. As for the colonel, he rose from the ranks, and tells you so. Why should he be ashamed of being what Soult or Ney were, and what Bedeau and Reille have been? Also his language savours a little of the guard-room, and he spits and swears a little too frequently in company. He is quite a different sort of colonel to the commanding officer of one of our regiments. He has neither cab nor tiger. He has his horse (found by the Government), but I doubt whether he knows the favourite for the next Chantilly cup, or has made up a book on the Versailles steeple-chase. He is uneasy in plain clothes, which, to the British warrior, are garments of delight. He lives on his pay; and, not having anything beside it to live on, does not eke out a supplementary income by betting, kite-flying, or horse-dealing. He knows every man in his regiment by name, and stops to speak to his privates in the streets, and rates them soundly if he finds them slovenly, or frequenting the wine-shop immoderately. They call him "*notre colonel*," and the kindly familiarity he entertains with them does not breed contempt, but rather love and affectionate respect. Yet I am bound to add, that colonel de la Gamelle is *not*, what we in England call, a gentleman. He is rough, boorish, and often brutal, in his manners; he smokes a short pipe in his drawing-room; and his only relaxation is the *café*, where, with other colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors, he plays innumerable pools at billiards for drops of brandy, just as the captains do in their *cafés*, and the lieutenants and sous-lieutenants in theirs. As for Madame, his wife, she is of a meek and somewhat lachrymose temperament, and reclines all day on a sofa, reading the novels of the admired M. de Balzac. She is perfectly contented with her husband, whom she scarcely ever sees, but who always leaves her a touching souvenir in the shape of stale tobacco-smoke, which she bears with patience. The

colonel's swords, kepis, burnouses, shabragues, Algerian pipes, camel-saddles, guard-papers, boots, and dressing-gowns, are strewed about the apartments in loving confusion with her caps, shoes, and paper-covered novels. She has a *femme-de-chambre*, Mademoiselle Reine, who has already refused a drum-major, but is suspected of a tenderness for one of the light company, who is attached to the colonel in the capacity of body-servant, and is eternally brushing a uniform coat in the yard, on a temporary gibbet formed of two broom-handles.

On the same floor as the colonel, but in a much larger suite of apartments, lives M. Ulysse de Saint-Flamm, forty-five years of age, decorated, wearing a white neckcloth, and living at the rate of fifty thousand francs per annum, which is a pretty high figure to exist on in Paris. Were a census-paper to be sent to him, I doubt whether he would not be puzzled as to what to describe himself. He is not a man of independent fortune, for he works like a carthorse. He is not a stockbroker, though he is every day on the Bourse, frantic with financial combinations, bursting with bargains. He is certainly not a shopkeeper, nor is he a merchant. He does not discount bills, though he is up to his neck in stamped paper at various dates. He does not borrow money, for he is always borrowing prodigious sums. He does not live by the play-table, for he spends half his gains there. He is one of those financial anomalies to which the revolution of 1830 gave birth—a walking incarnation of *agiotage*, shares, dividends, and per-centage. He is a projector—a speculator. He is on a great scale (and avoiding the Court of Assize) what the immortal Robert Macaire was; what the admirable Mercadet, of De Balzac (put into an excellent English dress in the "Game of Speculation"), was; what hundreds of eager, bustling, astute, unprincipled, successful men are this moment in France. He is a speculator. We can scarcely realise the character in England to its full extent, speculative as we are, for the English projector generally confines himself to one or two branches. The mammoth of the ring stakes his thousands on the chances of a horse race; the mastodon of the Stock Exchange risks his tens of thousands in bonds and loans; the leviathan of the share-market leaps madly over railroads to plunge into gold mines; the colossus of

Mark Lane gambles furiously in corn. These speculate in philanthropy; those in religion; these in sending treacle to Jamaica; those in carrying coals to Newcastle. But M. de Saint-Flamm is all and everything. All is fish that comes to his net: wherever there is a chance (and where is there not?) he speculates upon it. He speculates in asphalte pavements, in gold mines, railways, water-works, home and foreign funds, theatres, agricultural societies, winter gardens, newspapers, pleasure gardens, steam-boats, charcoal burning, loan contracting, marsh draining, and so on. He is chairman of an Association for marrying couples in humble life at reduced rates; of a Company for conveying emigrants to California; for supplying lucifer-matches at half the usual price; of the "Literary Pantechnicon," or Society for publishing translations of Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, and Xenophon, at two sous per volume. He is the sort of man that if you took him a proposal for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or supplying the blind with green spectacles, would clap down a provisional committee on the back of an envelope, and register the scheme before you could say Jack Robinson.

I never knew but one Englishman who had the same Crichtonian aptitude for speculation. He was always, when he met you, going to borrow twenty-seven thousand pounds for the Duke of Seedyland, which must be had before seven o'clock this evening, by Jove; and was the first newspaper proprietor who gave a gingham umbrella and a bottle of blacking to each quarterly subscriber. He broke his heart in an unsuccessful attempt to establish a soup kitchen in connection with a Dental Surgery for the Million and General Tooth-drawing Company, and I have never seen his equal.

M. de Saint-Flamm's apartments are magnificently furnished. There might be a little more elegance, perhaps, and a little more good taste; but you could not find a greater profusion of gilding, crimson damask, marble-covered furniture, and plate-glass (taking space into consideration) anywhere out of the Tuileries. There is a deluge of clocks, all of different size and make, which, as they all strike the hour at different times, produce a charming diversity of effect. Engravings of rather questionable taste and execution, enshrined in costly frames, hang on the walls. Porcelain

monsters and curiosities crowd the mantel-pieces and consoles. There is a circular table on claw feet, with a marble top, inlaid with Italian mosaics, like a tailor's book of waistcoat patterns. There are ottomans, *causeuses*, *dormeuses*, refinements of couches for every depravity of lolling, lounging, sitting, or reclining. Finally, there is M. de Saint-Flamm's bed-chamber (which he never sleeps in), a little paradise of Persian carpets, lion-skins, alabaster, and satin, and muslin curtains held up by gilt Cupids. The ceiling was painted by Henri Baron, and cost five thousand francs. A genuine Raphael hangs in the embrasure of the window, with a genuine Correggio as a pendant. M. de Saint-Flamm speculates largely in pictures.

The speculator keeps a brougham, a cabriolet, an English groom, and a *valet-de-chambre*, who wears elaborately embroidered shirts, and whom I took for a marquis, meeting him on the stairs one day. M. de Saint-Flamm dines usually at the Café Anglais, or at the Rocher de Cancale; but he gives sumptuous dinners, occasionally, at home (there is a kitchen in his suite of apartments), when some friendly duke lends him his cook, and he dazzles his guests with a gorgeous service of plate. He is a bachelor, but no man ever had a larger collection of three-cornered notes on pink paper than he has, nor possessed, I suppose, a larger female acquaintance. Is he rich? Are the grand dinners paid for? Is the furniture his own? *Ma foi*, the questions are facile to ask, but difficult to answer. He is a speculator; and though perhaps he may be worth a million of francs to-day, he may sleep in the debtor's prison of Clichy to-morrow. M. Stidmann looks upon him as a Crœsus; and, as I saw him throw a five-franc piece to a ragged little organ-grinder the other day, I don't think that he is avaricious.

We must mount another flight of stairs, for we have to do with the second-floor lodgers. And *imprimis*, of these let me introduce M. le Docteur Jaconnet, a mild, pale, elderly young man, with a prematurely bald head, gold-rimmed spectacles, an olive-coloured surtout reaching to his heels, and a broad-brimmed hat. Each of his wan cheeks is ornamented with a scalene triangle of hay-coloured whisker, met at the apex by the straggling tufts of his straw-coloured hair.

He is blessed with a wife, a sparkling little brunette from the Pays des Vosges, who has the olive complexion, the piercing black eyes, and symmetrically arched eyebrows of Lorraine, and who has borne him six children—all alive, all with shock heads of straw-coloured hair, and to find bread and soup for whom the worthy Doctor must, till lately, have been sorely puzzled. He was, when a medical student, one of the noisiest and most racketty in the Quartier Latin; was the admiration of the *grisettes*, the terror of the Chaumière, and the cynosure of cafés in the Place de l'Odéon, and the Rue de la Harpe. He wore the longest beard and the nattiest velveteen gabardine, with the broadest brimmed hat in the Quartier; he was a dab at billiards; a neat hand at smoking clay pipes to a jetty black; an unrivalled singer of students' songs and chorusses; and an adept at the difficult and ingenious art *de tirer la carotte*, or science of extracting (under pretexts of book-purchasing, sickness, or other extraneous expenses) more than the stipulated monthly allowance from the parents and guardians of the student. But when all his examinations had been passed, and he was received Doctor of Medicine, when he had sold his *cornet-à-pistons*, and broken his blackened tobacco-pipe, shaved off his beard, and, finally, buried the beer-imbibing dancing student in a decorous coffin of black broadcloth, with white wristbands and shirt front; when he had taken to himself a wife, and so become a respectable man with a definite social position, he found that there were yet several items wanting to complete his sum of happiness: namely, patients. He certainly had an opportunity of studying infantile maladies in his yearly increasing family; but the Quartier was an obstinately healthy one, or else he was not sufficiently known in it, for few or none came to invoke his healing knowledge. Our poor Doctor was almost in despair, and had begun to think of emigrating to Nouka-hiva, or turning travelling physician, in a red coat, a cocked hat, and top-boots, with a horse and gig, and a black servant, after the manner of the famous Doctor Dulcamara—when he was one evening summoned to attend M. de Saint-Flamm, who was suffering from a slight indigestion, brought on by eating too many truffles, washed down by too much Sauterne. He so effectually relieved that capitalist, as to awaken within him something like a sense of

gratitude, patronising, of course, as from a millionnaire to a poor devil of a patientless physician, but which was productive of good fruits. M. de Saint-Flamm took Doctor Jaconnet in hand; he "formed" him, as he called it. After debating whether his *protégé* should resort to Homœopathy or Animal Magnetism, he finally decided upon the Puff-Specific mode of obtaining popularity; and one fine morning all the walls and posts in Paris were stencilled, and all the advertising columns of the newspapers inundated with high-flown announcements of the marvellous properties of the "Water of long life" of the Doctor *en médécine* Jaconnet. Since that period I have observed a sensible improvement in the dress and general appearance of the family; whether they drink the *Eau de longue vie* themselves, or whether they profit by the sale thereof—(in family bottles, price twelve francs: none being genuine unless they bear the signature of the inventor, Paracelse Caraguel)—they are certainly much better for the water cure. Jaconnet's colleagues call him a quack; but, bless you, they have all *their* little specifics. Doctor Galen has an infallible paste for catarrh; Doctor Hippocrates has a cure for the rheumatism; and Doctor Esculapius one for corns and bunnions. Medical quackery, when unauthorised by a diploma, is so rigidly pursued, and so severely punished in France, that it takes refuge, occasionally, in the ranks of the profession itself.

The Doctor's neighbour on the second floor is one M. Bonfons, a retired perfumer, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour—why, I am unable to tell, (the Doctor has got *his* scrap of red ribbon since the water of long life)—an old gentleman of intensely regular habits, a mild and placid demeanour, and, I should say, of some fifty years of age. He goes out every morning at the same hour, breakfasts at the same café off *café au lait* and a *flûte*, or long soft loaf; takes a walk in the Tuileries gardens, or reads the papers in a reading room if it rains; breakfasts *à la fourchette* at another café; takes another walk on the Boulevards; dines at the same *traiteur's*, and, generally, off the same dishes; goes to another café, where he has strong coffee without milk and *petit verre*, the evening papers, two games at dominoes, one at piquet, and one glass of *absinthe*. Winter and summer he goes to bed at ten o'clock. He seems to have no relations,—no

friends, save coffee-shop acquaintance, and he appears to be perfectly happy. I dare say he is.

The third floor of the Hôtel Coquelet is likewise divided into two tenements, in each of which lives a different tenant. Both are single; one an old spinster, the other an old bachelor. Mademoiselle de Keraguel lives on the right hand side of the staircase. She is seventy years of age, and has been very beautiful once, and very unhappy. Her brother was a marquis of the old *régime*, and she comes from Brittany; but she is the last Keraguel now. She has outlived friends, relatives, fortune, happiness, everything but religion. So she is what the Parisians call a *dévote*. She goes to matins, complins, high mass, and vespers. She has an occasional assemblage of old friends in her plain salon; two or three old priests, an old countess whose children were weaned from her by the guillotine, and a weasened old chevalier with the cross of Saint Louis. These she regales with tea and snuff. They talk politics of the year 1780, and of those subsequent to the year 1816. All intervening years are to them a blank. The reigning king is at Frohsdorf, as he was at Holyrood and at Goritz. With them Napoleon is always M. de Buonaparte; Louis Philippe, the Duke of Orleans. They never mention the name of Robespierre, they speak of him as "*lui.*"

Mademoiselle de Keraguel has for neighbour an old gentleman with a bald and polished head, who would be one of the most amiable of mankind, were he not so enthusiastic a naturalist. He is as modest as a girl of fifteen, yet I elicited from him one day an admission that he was a member of half-a-dozen European academies, and had written half-a-score of erudite volumes on some much desiderated spiders, of which nothing but a portion of a fossil hind leg was as yet known to naturalists. It is precisely his erudition and enthusiasm in the cause of science that render him so unpleasant a neighbour. He has a huge collection of live black beetles, the habits of which he is busy studying just now; several tame snakes, an arsenal of spiders, some abominable blue-bottles, and some rare and hideous specimens of the lizard tribe, to say nothing of a Norwegian rat or two, and three Siberian toads. If he kept rabbits, cats, dogs, mice, owls, a

happy family of animals in short, we should know what to expect; but it is in reptiles, vermin, noxious insects, that he delights. His loathsome lodgers crawl about the stairs; they invade the sanctity of Mademoiselle de Keraguel's apartments; they frighten Doctor Jaconnet's children, and drive the martial Madame Stidmann to a state of culinary frenzy.

Ouf! I am out of breath. Only one pair of stairs yet remain. One peep into the trim little chamber of M. Adolphe, the notary's clerk, who hopes to be a notary himself some day. He has a neat little bed in an alcove, a little bureau in walnut-wood, and a bookshelf on which repose his "Code Civile," his treatise on Roman law, his "Paroissien complet," &c. Adolphe is a decently conducted young fellow; does not wear moustaches, smokes in moderation, makes quiet and unobtrusive love to Mademoiselle Eulalie, in the lodge below, and will be quite a model of a chief clerk when he is elevated to that responsible situation.

I wish I could say the same of Timoleon Cassemajou, *artiste-peintre*, who occupies the next room. Of all the able, idle, witty, pipe-smoking, worthless professors of the fine arts, this lazy colossus with a red beard is the very king and kaiser. He would have won the *prix de Rome* at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, if he had tried, but he wouldn't; he might make ten thousand francs a year by portrait-painting, but he won't; he won't do anything save smoke, and fence with vagabond geniuses like himself, and lie on the bed in his boots, and scrawl careless, clever sketches on the walls.

But enough of my four stories at present. There are other rooms to be visited, other sequestered little cabinets, such as where I, the scribe, dwell; where sleeps the shabby little man in the green coat, of whose identity I was for a long time ignorant, but whom I ultimately discovered to be the proprietor of the house; where works and sings, and sings and works, Mademoiselle Bijou, the dressmaker; where hides (in misery I am afraid) Count Schalingski, the Polish refugee; where the mysterious man holds out who copies manuscripts and music, and finds out genealogies, and hunts up dates, and is a gentleman by birth, doing anything for a crust. Some day, perhaps, we shall change our lodgers, and I may have something more, and something better to tell you of the four stories.

THE GREAT HOTEL QUESTION:

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

FRENCH AND SWISS HOTELS.

Hotel nuisance, Mr. Albert Smith calls it, discoursing of English hostelries. But I say, "Question," thinking the point moot.

There are not many men so thoroughly well qualified and entitled as Mr. Albert Smith is to advance an opinion (and in a cathedral manner, too) upon the three subjects obviously evolved from the Great Hotel Question; namely, travelling, comfort, and cheapness. As a traveller, Mr. Smith must be intimately acquainted with every considerable hotel in Europe; from Misséris, at Constantinople, to the Hôtel de Londres at Chamounix, which last appertains to him of course in fee, and of right as an appanage to his kingdom of Mont Blanc. It is barely possible that one or two Queen's messengers, a few commercial travellers, and an occasional sketching correspondent of the Illustrated London News may have surpassed the gentleman arrayed in the robe of ice, and crowned, long ago, with the diadem of snow, in the way of mere mileage; but it would be difficult to find any rolling stone that has gathered so much instructive and amusing moss as Mr. Albert Smith. His polyglot vocabulary of hotel signs must be of a nature to drive a countess's courier to despair; and his passport must be viséd and reviséd, till not a square inch of the original blank paper remains.

Of the second subject—travelling—I would conceive him to be as excellent a judge as Mr. Clark, in his watchbox is, of the performances of the long-legged "cracks" at Newmarket, if we may take as evidence the Albertian conversion of the Mont Blanc room, at the Egyptian Hall (that former unsightly home for living skeletons, Hottentot Venuses, and Tom Thumb

dwarfs) into the snuggest and most elegant apartment, replete with appliances for seeing, hearing, and enjoying a pleasant and rational entertainment. As for cheapness, who does not recollect Mr. Albert Smith's lively Reminiscences of a Cheap Tour? I forget how much he went to Milan and back for; but the sum total was something astounding in the annals of fiscal moderation. I remember, however, one passage, in which tact and generalship were admirably displayed. Journeying through Switzerland—unless I am mistaken—a halt took place, and the majority of the travellers adjourned to dine at the *table-d'hôte*. Now, this Mr. Albert Smith knew or surmised to be indifferent in quality and extravagant in price. What did he do? Why, instead of dining at the hotel, he went out and bought a pie and a bottle of wine; and, while his companions were disbursing their five or six francs for a bad and dear dinner, he was enjoying his simple but succulent repast in view of the most delightful scenery in Europe. There is a profundity of viatorial experience and knowledge of the world in this performance that calls to my remembrance the act of another sage; who, eschewing the expensive bill of fare of some mediæval banquet, retired into a corner—likewise with a pie—and being rewarded for his abstinence and *savoir-vivre*, with the discovery of a rich and rare plum in the pasty's doughy depths, could not refrain from an expression of self-gratulation. Need I mention the lamented name of Horner?

But one cannot always dine on a meat-pie, especially in London streets, nor sleep on an iceberg: we must have hotels, hotel dinners and beds; and, seriously, this paper owes its composition to the perusal of a very succinct and sensible pamphlet on "English Hotels, and their abuses," by the kindly and keenly observant writer to whom I have just made allusion.

What is an hotel? I don't mean in the dictionary sense of the word: Ignoramus can tell me that without book (what a magnificent dictionary all that Ignoramus knows, and all that he doesn't know would make!) but what is an hotel in this year of grace, civilisation, and perfection? What is it like—this mansion of mine, where I (and Mr. Albert Smith) expect to take mine ease, without having my pocket picked;—the place where, the poet tell us, the traveller often finds his

warmest welcome; where I have to sleep, and eat, and drink, and pay, and be received by landlords, and "Yes Sir-ed" by waiters, till the railway of life issues no more time-bills and the terminus is gained? To what degree of perfection have we—ceaselessly rushing about the world, ceaselessly writing letters to the Times, ceaselessly adopting new systems, ceaselessly clamouring for comfort and cheapness—been able to bring the establishment in which we pass so large a portion of our restless lives. What is an hotel at this present day?

The hotel in Paris, what is that like? I think it is a huge barrack of a place, no one knows exactly how many stories high; because no one knows where the servants and waiters sleep; their beds being always some flights above the loftiest occupied by any of the lodgers: far, far above the *cinquième*. If ever you pass the palace of the Tuileries by night, and watch the lights glimmering from little casements one above another—still ascending, coruscating the slated roof, mingling with the chimney-pots, and at last shouldering the stars in the sky almost, and winking at them as if in companionship—you will be able to form an idea of the number of stories a first-class Paris hotel consists of. It must be more crowded than a palace (though occupying less space), since it frequently lodges a king or two on the first-floor, a sovereign duke on the second, and a Kamschatkan ambassador on the ground-floor, all with their respective suites; and, in addition to the regular hotel lodgers fugacious and permanent, the hair-dresser, the tailor, and the boot-maker, who are announced to have their place of business *dans l'hôtel*. The building includes, of course, a vast *jardin*, a spacious court-yard, coach-houses and stables for the carriages and studs of the wandering English nobility; a suite of apartments for the landlord and his family; a smaller set for that dweller on the threshold, the lodge-keeper and his family; a long range of kitchens and offices; the public saloon for *table-d'hôtes* (always advertised as the biggest in Paris), and, indispensably, a complete hummums, or pile of buildings devoted to hot and cold baths.

All this is in a narrow street with no perceptible frontage, and hemmed in by tall houses, always threatening to topple over, always being pulled down by the authorities, and always, of course, *Pour cause de prolongation de la Rue de Rivoli*. The

"vast garden" is hemmed in by other tall houses; the hot and cold baths have an entrance in an alley, seemingly half-a-dozen streets off; and, when you have walked a few hundred yards in another direction, and turned to the right and the left, and think you are on your way to the Seine, you look up, and see a great blank wall staring behind a barricade of chimney-pots, and stencilled high up, somewhere about the seventh heaven, that this is the "Grand Hôtel des Empereurs Chinois;" which you thought you had got rid of, but which you can't get rid of, and which follows you about and pervades all Paris.

The number of clocks (all gilt, and with pedestals representing groups from the Iliad or the Æneid, and all with thin-blown glass cases, which the chamberman breaks with the handle of his feather-broom, and you are charged a hundred francs in the bill for not breaking)—the number of clocks, I say, is simply incalculable; because every apartment, from the drawing-room of the Kamschatkan ambassador on the ground-floor to the undiscoverable sky-parlours in the roof, occupied by the scullions and floor-polishers, has its clock on the mantelpiece. None of these clocks keep any time save their own; which is a distracting, inconsistent, and hideous mockery of chronology. They make unearthly noises in the night-season; sometimes as if they had swollen tonsils, sometimes as though they were possessed by demons in their inner works. Invariably—at unseasonable times when you are in bed, and falling in or out of a refreshing sleep—the door is opened to give entrance to a strange man in a black velvet cap, who scrutinises you with a half-complimentary expression, as if you were a new-found acquaintance; half disparagingly, as if he were a broker come to take stock of your personal effects; but, on the whole, authoritatively, as if he knew that you owed or must owe him money, and he had your comfort and your luggage in his hands. This individual, armed with a great iron instrument of torture, proceeds to wind up the clock; which doesn't seem to like the operation at all, and moans piteously; then the mysterious operator shuffles out on his carpet slippers, and the clock goes worse than ever; and you catch the next flying waiter who brushes past your door, and asking him who the clock-torturer is, are

told that it is Monsieur, by blue; who is a sergeant in the national guard, a great frequenter of *cafés*, an ardent speculator on the Bourse, a revered authority at dominoes, and a complete nonentity and cipher standing for zero in the house of which he is landlord and proprietor.

Yes, he is the landlord: although hitherto you have been accustomed to regard, as the supreme authority of the establishment, Madame, the dressy young matron, in the gold chain and ribbons, who sits down-stairs, in the rosewooded and pier-glassed bureau, with a white-headed grandmother, probably ninety years old, on one side, and a blooming *jeune personne* demure (precisely dressed; pretty and speechless) on the other,—a young person who works interminable crochet, and makes out endless bills of indictment against travellers, arraigning them for their culpable consumption of wax-candles and beetroot-sugar; patiently awaiting the time when she shall be claimed by some other clock-winder, domino-loving and *café*-hunting; and, with her hundred thousand francs of dowry, go to occupy the bureaucratic throne of some other hotel.

French hotel landlords seldom appear to you under any other guise than this. They wind up your clocks, and you see them no more till you don't pay your bill; when they pursue you with the rigour of the law, and arrest you. I knew one landlord in one of the stateliest hotels in Paris who deviated from this rule. He was—no other term more refined, less idiomatic, will serve—an out-and-out swell. He had his brougham, from which I have often seen him stepping at the doors of expensive restaurants and boulevard shops, accompanied by a lady in velvet, crinoline, ringlets, and jewels, followed by a little dog in a paletot, and who was *not* the lady in ribbons whom I have seen in the bureau. He used to breakfast at a table by himself in the *grande salle-à-manger*, and drink the very best of wines, call off the waiter who was attending on me, and behaved just as if he were a real traveller who paid his bill. I met him one night in the orchestra-stalls of the Théâtre Français; he was attired like the Muscovite proprietor of many thousand serfs of the Ukraine; and he looked at me with a vague superciliousness, as if it had occurred to him mentally, "I must have seen that (*ça*) some-

where before; he may be, perhaps, one of the wandering aliens to whom I condescended to give hospitality in my palatial hotel; but, at all events, that is evidently a thing of very little consequence; has probably come to the theatre with an order, and I need not trouble myself as to who that may be."

It may, perhaps, have been a judgment upon this exceptional landlord that he failed shortly afterwards, and for something huge in the way of thousands of francs. An arrangement, of a separation-from-bed-and-board description, took place between him and the legitimate proprietor of the ribbons, and he was so reduced that he was obliged to become chairman of an assurance company or director of a railway, or something penurious of that sort.

This is the great Paris Hotel—with its suites upon suites of rooms; its gilded and painted and satin-hung saloons for kings and ambassadors; its mean little slices of bedchambers for bachelors and dependents (narrow make-shift apartments with beds in alcoves); beds with delightful spring-mattresses that send you up ceiling-wards, like Jack in the box, and sometimes tilt you on to the floor playfully; which floor, being bees'-waxed and varnished to the polish of a mirror, affords you admirable opportunities for studying the art of in-door skating. You have a little scrap of carpet, seemingly torn from the bottom of a defunct Eastern Counties Railway carriage; insubstantial chairs, clad in red velvet,—of course, a really comfortable arm-chair; a most uncomfortable table, if you wish to write, for it is all legs and crossbars and has no available top; a horrible little gulf, misnamed a fire-place; where you incur sciatica in kneeling down to light the fire, and disease of the lungs in blowing the damp green wood. Perhaps, you succeed at last—after a despairing expenditure of time, patience, and fuel, and pulling up and down a little iron screen, or blower, which has the perversity of 5000 female imps, and sometimes will descend, and more frequently will see you at Jericho first—in kindling a diminutive, sputtering little blaze, the major part of which goes up the chimney (and often sets it on fire), while the remainder deposits a modicum of caloric on the toes of your boots, and sends a momentary thaw to the tip of your frost-bitten nose once in a dozen hours. You have a chest of drawers, with a grand mahogany top,

but with all the rest sham—sham keys, sham drawers (to judge by their obstinate refusal to open), sham locks, and especially sham handles; which last artfully pretend to give you a good purchase to pull open a drawer, and then come off, sarcastically, in your hands, and throw you backward. These interesting articles of furniture are plentifully provided with skirtings, bronze cornices, and sham veneering work, which tumbles off of its own accord to your destruction, and for which you are made to pay.

With a nicely damped ceiling; with partition-walls just thick or thin enough for you to hear your next-door neighbour every time he turns in bed, and for you to have the agreeable certainty that he has heard every word of your ill-tempered soliloquy on the subject of the fire; with a wash-hand basin not much bigger than a pie-dish; an ewer about the size of a pint pot, and two towels almost equalling, in superficial area and variety of hue of ironmould, the pocket handkerchiefs on which the flags of all nations are printed—(by this hand, the very vast majority of continental hotel-keepers have not yet modified their views on the quantity of water necessary for purposes of ablution!); with a little dark dressing closet, utterly useless from its obscurity for any toilette purposes, but which is full of clothes' pegs, gloomily tempting Miserrimus, who has but one coat, to hang himself on one of the vacant pegs; with in all seasons an insufficient quantity of sheets and blankets—the former of strange texture and full of ribbed seams; the latter a sleezy, cobwebby, hairy genus of coverlets, bearing very little resemblance to the stern but serviceable British Witney—with windows that never shut properly, and gauzy curtains that wave to and fro in the draughts like banshees; with a delightful door, which if you happen to shut by accident from the outside, leaving the key inside, can never be opened till the locksmith—who most probably has his *logement* also *dans l'hôtel*—is summoned and fee'd to pick the lock; with never the shadow of a portmanteau stool; with very seldom even an apology for a foot-bath; but always with two gleaming wax-candles in bronze sconces, and haply, for another franc a-day, a cornice of artificial flowers round the ceiling, and your bed-curtains tied with silken cords in a true-lover's knot. All this you have.

Countless little dark corridors—now soup-smelling, now sewer-smelling, but always narrow, and with highly polished floors—lead to these chambers of delight; and what a gratification it must be to think that you can retain one of these paradises at so low a rate as three francs a day—that you are living in a first-class hotel, and that on the first floor there may be residing the King of Candy (incog. as Count Sucre d'Orge), or the reigning Duke of Saxe Schinkelstein-Phizelwitz in saloons with malachite doors and velvet hangings, and who have dinners of five-and-twenty covers served every day?

This is the great Parisian Hotel with its *salle-à-manger* as large as the Guildhall of many an English corporate town, and in decoration a repetition, on a grand scale, of the painting, gilding, and polishing of the saloons above stairs. This is the Hall of the Table d'hôte, where confiding travellers pay blithely their six francs, under the impression that they are partaking of a real French dinner, and of the *ne plus ultra* category. This is the field of the cloth of damask; and, from its extremities, issue the luxurious Tabagie, or smoking-room, with its marble *café* tables, and its emollient, elastic, velvet-draped divans; also the *salon*, or drawing-room, for the ladies, where you are to find the *vrai* "*comfort*" *Anglais*, a floor nearly entirely carpeted, a fire-place with a real English grate, a real poker, tongs, and shovel, and an almost total absence of the two pervading household smells of Gaul, soup and cigar-smoke. They say the Tuileries is redolent of both odours; I know the Luxembourg is, though that is but a palace turned into a picture-gallery; so, who is to complain of the Great Hotel of the Chinese Ambassadors, if the perfume of the worst-grown and worst-manufactured tobacco in Europe, and of the fragrant but powerful *pot au feu* cling to it like the scent of the roses to the vase that is broken and ruined?

This is the Parisian Hotel with its great vestibule or entrance-hall leading to the grand double staircase (more bees'-waxed than ever, if perchance its steps be not of Sienna marble), and its balustrades of bronze scroll-work gilt, and its stair-rail covered with velvet. The vestibule is crowded with faultlessly attired waiters, talkative couriers, pompous English flunkeys; with, now and then, a flying figure in a white night-cap and apron from the culinary regions, or female domestic

employed in some back-stairs capacity (for she waits upon no guest), voluble in talk, heavy gold-earringed, and scarlet kerchiefed head-encircled, as it is the wont of the French domestic womankind to be. There yet wants the bureau—a glass-case with rosewood panelings, hung with an armoury of keys and pigeon-holes with numbers over, and wax candles in brass candlesticks within them: the bureau where sit the ribboned lady with her relatives, whom you have heard of, passing the livelong day in one slow, grinding round of Rabelaisian quarter-hours, and drawing out those frightful little accounts which, when the feast is over, make men laugh no more. There needs also the double range of bells; some of which are always ringing, and are watched by a fat man in a blue apron, the indoor porter, who lazily nods his head to each oscillating *tintinnabulum*; and when the number seventy-two has rung himself into a frenzy of rage and impatience, calmly calls out to some placid waiter, who is collectedly cracking nuts in the sunshine, that he thinks the Numero *soixante-douze* is on the point of ringing his bell.

Little more is required to complete the hotel *tableau*. Throw in a noble semi-circular flight of steps leading to the door; with one or two Englishmen, either railway-rugged and vulgar, or shooting-jacketed and solemnly aristocratic; the spacious court-yard, with more gossiping servants and cooks; a row of neat, brougham-looking vehicles, or *voitures bourgeoises*, with the drivers all placidly asleep on their boxes; an Auvergnat water-carrier; a big dog; a little boy in a go-cart; with a black silk pudding round his head; a knot of noisy, garlic-smelling, worthless interpreters and *valets de place* pretending to a knowledge of all languages, and conversant with none. Then the outer *conciergerie* or porter's lodge, smelling more of soup and smoke than the whole house put together, and giving forth sounds of a jingling piano and the hammering of pegs into boot-heels, and this is, I think, positively all—— Stay, painter! as a final dash of your pencil, depict me, hovering about—unobtrusively, but most observantly—a non-moustachioed man, spare in stature, mildewed in garb, forbidding in demeanour; who is not anything particular, and does not want to be thought anything particular, but who, for all that, knows where the Rue de Jerusalem is, who the

prefect of police for the time being is, where the commissary of police for the quarter has his bureau, and what is the daily pay of a *mouchard*, or gentleman attached to the spy department of police, in a purely friendly manner; who watches patiently over the movements of the guests at the great caravanserais; dispensing his silent courtesies in a most Catholic and impartial manner; now playing the spy on an ambassador, and now prying into the affairs of a commercial traveller from Marseilles.

There is, I take it, in the great French hotel, as in the great French palace, and in the great French nation itself, a wonderful mixture of the admirably great and the absurdly mean. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step, we know; but, in that excellent, generous, inconsistent land, the sublime and the ridiculous go arm in arm. Here, in England, we are either gloomily grand, sublimely stupid, or else squalidly, wretchedly, nakedly, low, paltry, and contemptible. There is not one flaw in the aristocratic orthodoxy of Belgrave Square; but there is not one sound inch in the rags of Church Lane, St. Giles's. With us it is either Mivart's or the Clarendon, and the Blue Pump or the Cadgers' Arms. But in France, the high and the low, the gorgeous and the ragged, the blouse and the embroidered coat, the palace and the hovel, the bees'-waxed oak and the bare red tiles, are all mixed in a marvellous and incongruous salad. Give me the grandest hotel, the stateliest mansion, that Paris can boast of, and I will find you, within eyeshot of the gilt and frescoed saloons, holes and corners such as we would not lodge an English hound in. Among appliances of the most exquisitely advanced civilisation, peeps out a want of common cleanliness, of common household A B C. To the waiter, accomplished as a marquis, succeeds a man to make your fire and bed, who is not only a boor, but has a considerable spice of the savage in him. The carved and bronzed locks drop off for sheer rottenness; the mother-of-pearl handled knives won't cut; the gilded and paneled doors won't shut; the whole reminds me of a stately volume magnificently bound and embossed, and printed on superfine paper; but full of the grossest typographical errors.

This is the great Parisian, and, with very trifling variations

in Italy and Germany, the great continental hotel; which we are to take for a model and cynosure in our reform, or rather revolution, of our own cumbrous, uncomfortable, expensive, extortionate English hotels. But I am not retained on either side as yet. I am neither Rowland, Sergeant, nor Oliver, Q.C. My task is to portray, not to argue.

There is the second-class Paris Hotel, scarcely inferior in size to the home of the Chinese ambassadors; but minus the gilding, bees'-waxing, and artistic decorations. The deficiency is amply made up, it must be admitted, by an additional hundred and fifty per centum of villainous odours, horrible uncleanliness, and ignorance of the rudiments of comfort. The second-class Paris hotel is the first-class provincial one; and I say advisedly, that in such hotels, in Paris, Marseilles, Rouen, Bordeaux, Lyons, Amiens, there are landlords whose notions of soap, water, mops, and flannels, are not much above those of a half-caste Indian—the dirtiest specimen of humanity I can call to mind; whose dinners are villainously cooked and filthily served, and whose charges are so exorbitant that the traveller of imaginative temperament might, by a trifling exercise of fancy, assume himself to be in a cave of robbers such as the Seigneur de Santillane has described and Salvator Rosa has painted.

The Students' Hotel in Paris is simply a den. Here, red tiles for flooring revel; here, a toothbrush would be looked at with about the same ignorant curiosity as the pocket-mirror of Pharaoh's daughter. Dirt—genuine, unadulterate, uninfluenced-by-English-alliance dirt reigns supreme. Ask any medical student who has varied his studies at Guy's or Bartholomew's by an anatomical excursion to the Clamart. Ask him which he prefers; Lant Street, Lower East Smithfield, Chiswell Street, Nassau and Charles Streets, or the Rue St. Jacques de la Harpe, de l'Ecole de Médecine, and the Place de l'Odéon?

Boulogne, Calais, Havre, Dieppe, Cherbourg, being watering-places much in vogue with pleasure-seekers and invalids both French and English, have another species of hotels. They are large, roomy, airy, cheerful, elegant; and, with some exceptions—foremost among them, the excellent "Hôtel des Bains" at Boulogne—intensely uncomfortable. Comfort, to be sure, is not much wanted under a broiling July sun in the height

of the bathing season; but I can conceive no more lamentable picture than that of a chilly English traveller shivering in one of the dear big bed-rooms of an "Hôtel de la Couronne"; a room pierced with doors everywhere save where it is pierced by windows; the walls papered in a pattern resembling one of Mr. Albert Smith's own Mont Blanc placards—all icicles and snow-drops; the waves howling outside like an ogre for the blood of those that go down to the sea in ships; the searching wind peering into every nook, and cranny, and crevice, like a custom-house officer, or a raven, or an ape.

Of the purely English hotel abroad, the less said, I think, the better. The worst features of the continental system are grafted upon the worst features of the English; the cheapest foreign things are charged for at the dearest home rates; and the result is, the enriching of the knave, and the despair of the dupe. You have, to be sure, the consolation of being swindled in your own language by your own countrymen, and of being bitten into frenzy by vermin that may, haply, have crossed the Channel in British blankets. You have also an opportunity of witnessing how kindly the rascality of dear old England will flourish on a foreign soil; how a dirty, inattentive, clumsy, uncivil English waiter will put forth stronger blossoms of those desirable qualities abroad; and you are initiated into quite a new phase of the mysteries of foreign exchanges by learning that an English sovereign is worth about fifteen francs French money, and an English shilling somewhere bordering on ninepence halfpenny.

I have been thus prolix, and perhaps prosy, on the theme of French hotels, because in their chiefest features they are identical with the hotels of the other parts of Europe. But this survey is cosmopolitan, and must not be confined to one country.

What has the land of Alp and glacier, *châlet* and chamois, flat watches and Ranz des Vaches, done, that it is not to have its hotels mentioned? They are, I take it, in many respects superior to, in many wofully beneath, their French neighbours. Spacious, well-aired, and cheerful they are certainly; often elegant; always possessing, and vauntingly too, a certain outward and visible cleanliness that is not always, alas! borne out inwardly. The *table-d'hôtes* are crowded, are con-

versational, spruce, modish, and excellent in quality; but to me they are Barmecide feasts. The truth is, that, with the exception of Germany, where the bill of fare gives me an indigestion, I never could get enough to eat abroad. I am not a glutton. Perhaps I am nervous, and don't like to ask for things. I have paid high prices, and sat at boards of almost innumerable courses; yet I never could obtain a thoroughly satisfying meal. There are *épergnes* full of sham flowers; there are waxen fruits on pseudo-Sèvres dishes (I saw a stopped clock on a *table-d'hôte* once); there is a grave waiter in evening costume for the soup; there are men in livery to take away your plate.

Most people are acquainted with the theory about Switzerland. It is held by scientifically travelled men, that the thirteen cantons are, in winter-time, tracts of country as flat as Holland, and as bare as a Siberian steppe. The inhabitants burrow under the ground like moles; and they pass their time in practising their factitious Ranz des Vaches, learning to pretend that they are expiring of home-sickness, and making musical snuff boxes and flat watches. They are visited occasionally by their friend and patron, Mr. Albert Smith, who teaches them how to make toys in carved wood, and brings them prints of sham Swiss costumes from Paris, against the summer masquerading time. When the tourist season is about to commence, Mr. Beverly and Mr. Danson, from the Surrey Zoological Gardens, send over a staff of scene-painters and carpenters; and the Switzerland of travellers, of dioramas, and of landscape annuals, is built up. The toy *châlets* are put together like huts for the Crimea, or houses for Australia; valleys are excavated by Messrs. Fox and Henderson; the mountains are "flats," the rocks "set pieces," the cataracts canvas on rollers. Mr. Murray's Guidebook-maker is in the secret, and writes the bill of the performance; and Mr. Gunter does Mont Blanc by contract. As for the guides and chamois-hunters, after the Italian opera season is over, and no more "supers" are wanted for Guillaume Tell, or the Donna del Lago, their services are very easily secured at two francs a-day and their travelling expenses. Mr. Nathan the Fancy-Ball Costumier finds the wardrobe; a good stock of the villainous Swiss coinage—*batzen* and *rappen*—is obtained from the

marine store shops about Drury Lane; and the proprietor of Wombwell's menagerie kindly lends a few real chamois and dogs with goitres. There is a grand dress rehearsal of "Switzerland as it isn't" just before the prorogation of Parliament; and then the thirteen cantons are ready for the avalanche of lords, invalids, Cambridge tutors, Oxford undergraduates, French countesses, German barons, travelling physicians, landscape-painters, fashionable clergymen, old maids, and cosmopolitan swindlers.

But, as this grand Spectacle costs a great deal of money, the wary Swiss set about recovering their outlay by erecting gigantic hotels: for this they have illimitable *table-d'hôtes*: for this they issue advertisements in execrable English to entrap unwary voyagers: for this they retain bands of touters —not the ragged wretches who besiege you at the custom-house doors in seaport towns, who fight like wolf-cubs for your luggage, and yell hoarsely, "Hôtel d'Angleterre!" "Hôtel des Princes!" "Ver good Inglis Otel, Sare!"—but civil, well-dressed, well-bred villains, male and female, who travel with you by rail and steamboats, who meet you in reading-rooms and on mountain summits, who are baronesses, artists, widowers, citizens of the world, *veuves de la grande armée*, single married ladies who have lost all they possess in the service of "*la branche aînée*," and sigh for the return of the heaven-born Henry Cinq. They know all the sights, all the legends and traditions, all the best wines; and they (confidently, mind you) advise you, if you want really good accommodation at a most reasonable tariff, to put up—"descend" is the word—at the "Belvedere," or the "Trois Couronnes," or the "Goldener Drachen," at such-and-such a place. Curiously, they always happen to have a card of the particular hotel about them. Accidentally, of course.

The Swiss have been renowned for ages as adepts in the art of war. But the Helvetian Gasthof keepers know, or at least practise, only one military manœuvre; that is—charging. They charge like Chester; they are "on" to you like Stanley. They would pick the bones of Marmion as clean as dice. Charge! the Guards at Waterloo, the Irish at Fontenoy, the Dutch troopers at Aughrim, the Six Hundred at Balaklava,—none of these charges could approach the exterminating onslaught of

the terrible Swiss landlord-landsknechts. You are too glad to escape with your minor baggage, and leave your military chest behind you. You look at the bill, in after days, as you would at a gazette after a battle, gorged with the list of killed, wounded, and missing £ *s. d.* Few men have the courage to read a Swiss hotel bill straight through, or even to look at it in its entirety. The best way to take it, is by instalments; folding it into slips like a large newspaper in a railway carriage. Read a few items, then take breath. Read again, and grumble. Read again, and swear. Then, make a sudden dive at the sum total, as at a hot chestnut from a fire bar. Reel, turn pale, shut your eyes, clench your teeth. Pay, and go thy ways; but to the "Belvedere" no more.

CHAPTER II.

GERMAN HOTELS.

A GERMAN hotel I take to appear in three distinctive phases. There is, first, the watering-place hotel—let us say, the "Gross-Herzog Albrecht," at Saxe-Roulettenburg.

It is *the* building in the little capital of the Duchy; for the Grand Duke never could raise money enough to finish his freestone palace on the Eselskopf-platz, and lives chiefly at a shabby little hunting-lodge, in a forest, with turrets like pepper-boxes, and walls like those of a raised pie. Albrecht-Maximilian the nineteenth—whose privy purse it would be emphatically filching trash to steal—derives a large portion of his revenue from the "Gross-Herzog," not, perhaps, from the actual hotel department of the establishment, but from certain succursal institutions under the same roof, to wit, the "Kur-saal"; comprising dancing, conversation, and reading saloons; together with two gaily-decorated apartments, which you would take to be the most innocent chambers in the world, but which nevertheless lead straight down to—well, to the infernal regions; for there are played the infernal games of the *trente-et-quarante* and *roulette*. Brauwer and nephew are the landlords of the hotel, and the lessees of the adjacent

inferno; and a very handsome royalty they pay to the nineteenth Albrecht. I know we have some peers of the realm in England who are coal-merchants, and some deans and chapters not above receiving rents for the dens where thieves dwell; but I don't think any member of our royal family has condescended to go snacks in the profits of a gambling-house yet.

The "Gross-Herzog" needs be a splendid edifice, for it is the resort of the flower of Europe, both aristocratic and financial. About the month of August in every year, the most astonishing symptoms of ill-health begin to manifest themselves in families whose members have more money than they know what to do with, and doctors, with extraordinary unanimity, concur in recommending, as the certain and only cure, the famous baths of Saxe-Roulettenburg. The affection is quite cosmopolitan, being felt simultaneously by *blasé* Russian nobles in the far north, who forthwith importune the Czar for an *exeat* to travel; and by nankeen-clad Planters, enervated by a long course of tobacco chewing and gin-cocktails in the recesses of the Old Dominion and South Carolina. No home chalybeates can approach the medicinal virtues of Saxe-Roulettenburg; so, hither they come, to the great pleasure and profit of Herren Brauwer and nephew, the increase of the grand ducal revenues; and, through him of course, though indirectly, the greater glory of the Germanic Confederation.

I cannot help alluding to the annual August malady as curious. But the most curious thing of the whole is, that at the selfsame time all the chief rascals in Europe begin to feel ill too. I don't mean the dirty, ragged, penniless, rascals; but the well-dressed scoundrels, with travelling carriages and cheque-books. They—who have no right to have any lungs at all, and have certainly no hearts—suddenly grow nervous about their respiratory organs, and they too are off to Roulettenburg. Then there is such a getting up-stairs, with portmanteaus and carpet-bags in the "Gross-Herzog"; such a playing of quadrille bands in the "Kursaal"; such a rattling of rakes and turning of wheels in the gambling-rooms; such laughing, flirting, dancing, dicing, duelling; such a delightful *salmagundi* of pleasure, and elopement, and

love, madness, Rhine-wine, swindling, squandering, lying, cigar-smoking, boar-hunting, landscape-sketching, and suicide, that you might fancy Vanity Fair, as the Pilgrim saw it, come again. Only, Christian does not come that way, and Hopeful has long since given up the place as a bad job.

Looking at it in a purely hotel point of view, the "Gross-Herzog" leaves little to be desired. There are music-rooms, billiard-rooms, morning parlours, evening saloons. There are two amply-spread *tables-d'hôte* a-day; the first at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the natives, who are early feeders; the second at half-past five, for the foreigners. The fare is abundant and substantial; a little too sour in some instances, perhaps; a little too greasy in others; a little too powerfully smelling altogether. But there are a great many courses: and, as long as you steer clear of the fish, and studiously avoid the pastry (which is cold shot in the guise of dough), and give the *sauer kraut* a wide berth, you may fare sumptuously. For the Rhine wines are excellent, the fruits delicious, the meats tender and well-flavoured. You can get even beef. The bedrooms are light and airy; the waiters (though obstinately opposed to washing) are civil and obliging; and the head-waiter, or Herr Oberkellner, is a majestic-looking man, with a ring on his thumb and a watch in his fob; of whom there is a tradition among the servants that he is a born baron, and who is so grave, so erudite in appearance, so metaphysically mysterious, that you would not be at all surprised if he were to turn out some day to be Professor Busschwigg of the University of Heligoland, and bring you a thesis on the non-existence of matter instead of your bill.

One feels inclined to go with Mr. Albert Smith to the full tether of his advocacy of German hotels; at least, while the bathing season at the "Gross-Herzog" lasts. I know no French hotel that can at all compare with it for cheerful elegance. This is the life I lead there. I have a spacious chamber in an airy corridor, not too high up. The furniture of my room is handsome, but substantial. I have a big bed with an eider-down quilt (they don't give you the regular German doubled feather-bed at the G. H.); there are pictures on the walls, representing subjects full of the sly, obese, rather cruel-humour, which distinguishes the Teutons—school-

masters discovering boys robbing orchards; old ladies dragging out hussars by the ear from under the kitchen-dresser; trouts and pikes facetiously angling for human sportsmen; elephants sportively overturning their howdahs and playfully kneeling on their drivers. The Germans like these snug little practical jokes. Wherever I go about the hotel, there is music; a brass band on the terrace, a blind clarionet-player at the back of the house; a harp and violin in the court-yard, and half-a-dozen pianofortes in as many private sitting-rooms. A waiter off duty is practising the accordion in a summer-house; and a white-capped cook, whose hour of returning to penal fires is not yet come, is leaning out of a window, gravely whistling a motivo from the First Walpurgis Night. There is music on all sides, from the horn of the omnibus conductor, executing a lively fantasia as the ramshackle old vehicle sets off for the railway-station; from that solemn, pudgy little boy who is sitting on a doorstep and composedly thwacking a tambourine, instead of going to school; from the two carpenters who are sawing beams in a half-finished house, and who suddenly knock off work, place their arms round one-another's necks, strike A natural with a tuning-fork, and break out into a *trinklied*, singing first and second with admirable correctness; and when the duet is concluded returning to their labour, as if choral-carpentry were the most natural thing in the world. Were my tympanum sensitive enough I might hear, I dare say, the stout-ankled, fubsy, ruddy, yellow-haired, German maidens singing in chorus as they wash their linen in the little river Knaster; the Lifeguardsmen of his Impecuniosity, the Grand Duke, growling forth bass ballads as they black their jack-boots; nay, even the melancholy-winding *cor-de-chasse* of his Impecuniosity's chief *jäger*, as the Grand Ducal hunting-party set forth from the Schloss in the forest to track the wild boar. They say his Impecuniosity makes five hundred a-year by consigning his hams to the English market.

Surely Germany is the Own Home of music. The bells at the horses' collars, the snuff-boxes, the clocks, the children's toys; all play some tune or other. All the people—save the deaf and dumb—sing and whistle; and, as for the birds, I never heard the feathered choristers to so much advantage in any other part of the continent. The hours I have passed in

Germany, lying on my back, under a tree, and listening to the birds;—the pounds of tobacco I have smoked for the sake of the skylarks; the castles I have built in the air; the bottles of Hochheimer I have drunk in the morning, because I have heard the nightingale the night before—Are not these all written in the Book of Pleasant Memories?—the book clasped, locked, sprucely bound, gilt-edged, that stands side by side in the mind's library, with the great black book of things that should never have been.

Back to the "Gross-Herzog:" a week there will chase away all your splenetic humours; be they as numerous as an Englishman's in a French vaudeville. I have described my chamber. In the morning I take my walk into the delightful country, and watch the blue smoke of my cigar, curling and eddying in relief against the great black belt of forest in the distance. Then I join the early crowd of promenaders at the Marguérite Fontaine, and wish I were Lavater, or Gall, or Spurzheim, that I might found some arguments upon the wondrous countenances in every variety of grimace that are swallowing the abominable ferruginous water at the hot-springs. Heaven help us! What mountebanks we are! How we catch at the frailest straw of an excuse to be able to indulge in our pet vices! I do believe that if I had a well, and could contrive to keep a constant stock of rusty keys in it, or any other substance that would make the water permanently nasty; if I could afford to build a neat *ridotto, casino, kursaal* near it, with every appliance for flirting, leg-shaking, and gambling, and hire a quack to write a pamphlet about he medicinal virtues of my spring, I—or you—or Jack Pudding yonder, would have as crowded a gathering as the "Gross-Herzog" attracts every year. Yes, and the people will know me to be a humbug, and the pamphlet a lie, and the rusted iron water a blind; but they will come and make my fortune all the same. That fellow who used to sell straws with seditious songs in the good old Sidmouth and Castlereagh times, was a philosopher. Dear me, sell us but one blade of morality, one little ear of pious chickweed, and we will accept a whole stack of wickedness—free gratis. When I see the pure-minded aristocracy gambling for dear life at German spas, under sanitary pretences, I think of the straws and the sedition.

During the rest of my day I behold Palsy ogling under pink bonnets; *barège* muslins flirting with scoundrelism in lacquered moustaches; eighty years and eighty thousand pounds in a Bath chair, besieged by a fortune-hunter; your tailor with a valet-de-chambre and a courrier; your wife's milliner in ruby velvet; the English peerage punting for half-crowns; blacklegs running on errands for Duchesses; ballet-dancers making Russian princes greater slaves than their own serfs; French actresses enjoying more of the revenues of Lord Muffineer's broad acres than would furnish marriage-portions for all his daughters; French *feuilletonistes* living at the rate of two thousand a-year, and trying to believe that they have it; English barristers persuading others that the fatigue of the practice (which they never had) has rendered the baths of Saxe-Roulettenburg essential to their health; dissenting dowagers finding the chances of the rouge and the noir superior in excitement to the sermons of the inspired Habakkuk Goose-call of Tiglath-Pilesar chapel—these are the sights and people you see at the "Gross-Herzog." You sit opposite them at the *table-d'hôte*, and their contemplation is more nourishing than the five-and-twenty courses. What a delightful, wicked masquerade it is. What is the Grand Opera with its *débardeurs*, hussars, *titis*, *vivandières*, cossacks, Robinson Crusoes, *Incroyables* and Pierrots, in comparison with this travestie?

One word before leaving the naughty little place. Is the "Gross-Herzog" comfortable? On my word, I think very few people have ever taken the trouble to ask even themselves that question. There is such a continuous round of amusing folly, gaiety, and excitement; you lose and win so much money; you fall in love (or out of it) so often, that you have really no time to inquire whether the doors and windows are properly fastened, whether the chimneys smoke, or the sheets are well aired. For the same reason, although Herren Brauwer and nephew stick it on very heavily in the bill, no one cares to dispute the items. What does it matter to Captain Flash, who has just won eighteen hundred Napoleons, whether he has been charged two florins for a bottle of Cognac or six? Especially, how does it concern the captain, should he be charged even ten florins for the same, when, after an unlucky night at *rouge et noir*, in which he has lost

all, he has been obliged to borrow Captain Raff's passport and run away to Frankfort, without paying his bill at all? No definite judgment can be passed on the degree of comfort attainable at the "Gross-Herzog;" for nobody stops there in winter-time. It is believed that Brauwer and nephew go to Paris, where they dine at the "Café de Paris," and pass themselves off as Moldo-Wallachian Waywodes. The "Kursaal" is deserted, the natives break in upon the *table-d'hôte*, and in revenge for the French cookery of the season, hold Saturnalia of cabbage-soup and suet-puddings; the croupiers practise the flute, and the waiters play at roulette for *silbergroschen* and button-moulds. My friend Niggerlegge, formerly of the Buffs, who has lived over the tobacconist's shop in the Boodelstrasse at Saxe-Roulettenburg for ten years, and makes three pounds a-week the year round at *rouge* (the only income, in fact, that the worthy man has to live on)—Niggerlegge tells me that, if a chance traveller alights at the "Gross-Herzog" in the winter-time, the waiters fall upon and embrace him; the Life-Guardsmen at the palace present arms to him as he passes; the band serenade him; and the *oberkellner* lets him have for a florin a-day the gorgeous suite of apartments occupied during the autumn by her Serene Highness the Dowager Duchess Betsy-Jane of Bavaria. It is something to sleep in a Grand Duchess's bed; but then it costs you some six florins a-day in fuel to keep the enormous rooms at anything like a comfortable temperature.

The second class of German hotels are found in the towns, not the watering places. The hotel of "Der König von Cockaign" may be in the ancient German town of Lieberschweinsgarten. It is on the Dom-Platz—that ancient, gloomy, jagged-paved expanse, hemmed in by tall, frowning, many-casemented houses, and dominated by the old cathedral —like a tall carved cabinet in stone, which was built, as the legends tell, by Frederick the Wicked, assisted of course by the devil, and will never be finished till the Lust-Berg—that lofty mound outside the town, cast there one night by Satan in a frolicsome mood—tumbles bodily into the river Schnappsundwasser. The "König von Cockaign"—who is depicted on a swinging sign in the costume of a *landsknecht* in complete armour, with a tremendously rubicund nose, and mounted

on a white charger like a rampant beer-barrel—is goodness knows how many centuries old. Walter Biber, the landlord's father, kept it in the time of the French invasion, when it was sacked by a disorderly squad of republican grenadiers. It looks as if it could stand a stout siege now. Walter Biber's great grandfather entertained the Elector of Hanover there, on his way to England to assume the crown. There, it is said, the great Guelph ate the last bad oyster which was to pass his royal lips in Vaterland. Walter Biber's great great grandfather may have lodged Wallenstein in his rambling old inn, and have been threatened by Max Piccolomini with the loss of his ears for bringing him an extortionate bill. Walter Biber keeps the "König" himself now. He is a villain. He is a fat, scowling, shock-headed old man, with a face covered with warts, a cap with a green shade, and a wash-leather waistcoat. He is a widower, and childless. He had a nephew once (all German hotel-keepers have nephews)—young Fritz Mängelwurzel, his sister's son. This youth offending him, on a disputed question of over-cheating a traveller, he formally renounced and disinherited him, to the extent of refusing him bread, salt, a feather-bed, beer and tobacco, which are the sacramental elements of German hospitality; and, after deprivation of which, nothing can be done. More than this, he complained of him to the senate of the town; and Fritz, being very unpopular with the burghers, and too popular with the burghers' wives, the conscript fathers of Lieberschweinsgarten forthwith picked a German quarrel with him (which is about equivalent to a Welsh jury finding a man guilty of forgery, because he can't drink nine quarts of ale at a sitting), and solemnly banished him the town. Young Fritz—who had a pretty fortune of his own in Marks-banco—went to Strasburg, where he plunged into the delirious dissipation of that Alsatian capital, to the extent of spending all his Marks-banco among the breweries and the broom-girls. Then he went to play the violin, for a livelihood, in a theatre at Brussels; and then he went to the assistant architect of the cathedral of his native town—whose name I need not mention, your ears being polite. So Walter Biber keeps the "König von Cockaign" all to himself, and sits in his musty little counting-house, like a son of Arachne—a big, bloated, cruel, morose

spider—spinning his webs of *rechnungs*, or hotel bills, for unoffending travellers day by day.

The house is one big, lumbering, furniture-crowded nest of low-ceilinged parlours and bed-rooms, like cells in an antediluvian beehive. The beds surpass in size and clumsiness the English four-posters, on which Mr. Albert Smith pours out so many vials of wrath. As to the furniture, it is so heavy, clumsy, close-packed, impossible to move, that you are compelled to thread a winding labyrinth between chairs, tables, sofas, and cabinets, before you can accomplish the journey to bed. When you do reach that great mausoleum of Morpheus, you are stifled beneath an immense feather-bed, in addition to the one you lie on; when you lay your head on the pillow, surging billows sprayed with feathers rise on either side of you, and engulf you; and there you lie, panting, seething, frittering into an oleaginous nonentity as Geoffrey Crayon's uncle—that bold dragoon—did in the inn at Antwerp. You don't sleep. I should like to see you try it. First, you are asphixiated; then, you have incipient apoplexy. Afterwards, you have the nightmare. The "König von Cockaign," in his full suit of armour, comes and sits on your chest, and scorches you with his red nose. Then Frederick the Wicked brings the dome of the cathedral, and claps it on your head, searing your eyeballs meanwhile with red-hot knitting-needles; Walter Biber sitting at the foot of the bed, all the time, chanting the *rechnung* of the hideous morrow to you, to the tune of the Dead March in Saul. The rats, the ghosts in white, the vampire bats, the spiders in the bed-curtains, and the ten thousand unbidden, unseen guests in brown great coats, who do not smell of attar of roses, but who feast upon your carcase, and suck your blood, need scarcely be mentioned; they are part of the bill of fare of the "König von Cockaign." Confound the King of Cockaigne!

The charges are abominable, the cooking intolerable, the waiters sleepy and clumsy. There is an odour of stale tobacco smoke in the very bread. The beer is sour and mawkish. There is nothing to read in the coffee-room except a *Lieberschweinsgartener Zeitung* three weeks old, and printed on paper that we would not wrap a pound of mutton candles in at home. The wine is inferior vinegar, bottled to be a standing

libel on the Rhine and the Moselle. There is a hideous old woman with a beard, perpetually peeling carrots under the gateway. She ought to be in one of Gerard Dow's pictures, where she would be at home; but, in the flesh she is unbearable. There are two-score repetitions of the old women crouching under red umbrellas at the base of the cathedral-wall, with monstrous cabbages and radishes like yams for sale. If you dispute Walter Biber's hotel charges, he threatens you with the *Polizei-Bureau*, and half hints that you are a political refugee recently escaped from Spandau. You have been told that in cases of extortion you can appeal to the burgomaster. The burgomaster is Walter Biber's uncle. Perhaps the senate will pick a German quarrel with you. You make haste to pay the accursed ***rechnung*** (after having changed a five-pound note at a Jew banker, who swindles you out of about eleven per cent. for variations of exchange, pestiferates you with garlic, and calls you "my lord"), and make haste to escape from Lieberschweinsgarten, with a firm resolve never to visit it again.

Of the third class of German hotels I am not qualified to speak, inasmuch as I have never been in any of them. From Mr. Albert Smith's account of the "Drei Mohren"—the Three Moors—at Augsburg, it is an hostelry which, however deficient in comfort, must approach perfection in the cellar department. Only listen to the recital of only a few of the wines which are in bottle, of prime quality and in first-rate condition. At the "Drei Mohren" you can have Schloss Saalecker, Oberingelheimer Walpazheimer-Kirchwein, Drachenfelser Drachenblut, Liebfraumilch, Cantenac de la Domaine du Prieuré, Grand Larose du Baron Sarget Bethman, Muscat de Rivesaltes, St. Peray mousseux, Solera generoso, Canariensekt von Teneriffe, Witte Constantia von Löwenhof, Roode Groote Constantia van Cloote (a terrible Turk of a wine, I should think, this), Erlauer-Magyar Korona-bor, Neczméły, Refosco d'Isola, Aleatico di Ponte a Marino, Est Est Est di Montefiascone (the well-known ecclesiastical neat wine), Falernum Calenum, Calabria di diamante, Lwadia von Heraclia bei Athen, Cypro-Zoopi, Tenedos Leucophrys, and Vinum sanctum Bethlehemitanum! I long for an opportunity to put the promises of the "Three Moors" to the test.

CHAPTER III.

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN HOTELS.

THE Yankees (by whom I mean the pure New Englanders alone) are reckoned to be the most inquisitive race of people upon the face of the habitable globe. They kill you with questions. All Europe has heard—through the sapient and incomparable Diedrich Knickerbocker, the Herodotus of the Manhattoes—of Anthony van Corlear the trumpeter, who was questioned out of his horse by a cunning man of Pyquag, and sent back to New Amsterdam on a vile calico mare. There is no escaping the interrogations of a Yankee; whether in railway-car, on steamers' hurricane-deck, or in hotel parlour; and this the Honourable Amelia Murray (may she never be kidnapped and sold down South, there to experience the blessings of slavery!) knows full well. There is but one instance on record, I believe, of a Yankee being worsted, in the query line of conversation; and this was the questioning Yankee who persisted in asking the dyspeptic man with the wooden leg how he had lost his missing leg, and after much pressing was told, on a solemn promise that he would ask no more questions, and under a penalty of dollars uncountable, that it had been bit off; whereupon, in an agony of uncertainty as to who or what had bitten it off, and how—whether it had fallen a victim to the jaws of deadly alligator, or catawampous panther, or fiercely-riled rattlesnake; and, fearing to break his word, or lose his dollars, he was crestfallen and confounded, and, ignominiously sloping, was seen no more in that territory.

But I should like to know what interrogatorial exigence could equal the pertinacity with which—to the extent, even, of three mortal chapters of letter-press—I have been putting the Great Hotel Question, and, not content with seeking information, have volunteered replies myself? Can anyone wish to know anything more about hotels? This is not a blue-book; and yet I feel myself already arrived at question number 9004; and I have scarcely left the Royal Hotel, Dan, and feel it a duty to travel as far as the Grand Junction Hotel, Beersheba, before I have finished asking questions.

How about Italian hotels? The discursive mind at once travels to the Seven Taverns, the hostelry at Brundusium, to which Horace travelled; and to that choice resort of the Roman fancy in Pompeii, where Burbo was licensed to sell neat Falernian; where the young patricians were drunk on the premises, and where there was doubtless commodious stabling for gilt-wheeled chariots, and the wild-beast studs of sporting swells of the equestrian family. But, putting a bar of twenty centuries, what have I to say of the Italian hotels of the present day?

There is the great Caravanserai of travelling milords: say in Rome, Milan, or Florence, the Casa Borbonica. This was, in old times, the palazzo of the princely Cinquantapercento family: the last prince of that illustrious house—which has given cardinals to the Church, generals to the army, gonfalonieri to the towns, and worthless drones to the social hive for ages—is now a snuffy old reprobate, burrowing in a mean *entresol* in a dark little street of a Parisian Boulevard. He has sold all his Titians and Guidos to the Jews. The *brocanteurs* have all his statuary and carved furniture, down to the damascened suit of armour in which his great-grandfather went to the battle of Rustifustiacone, and ran away in; and the inlaid dagger with which his grandmamma slew the monsignore who had written an epigram against her: but he has still his coat of arms, with its seventy-five quarterings; and in the picture-gallery of his once palace, now the *salle-à-manger*, there is yet the picture of his ancestor Hercules, son of Latona, subduing the Nemæan lion (Menditore, *fecit*). The Casa Borbonica (the Comte de Chambord sent to engage apartments there once, but didn't come; whence its Legitimist name) has been an hotel these thirty years. It has a fine frontage to the river Piccolitto, and is big enough for a barrack or a small-pox hospital. Indeed, the somewhat dilapidated condition of its exterior ornamentation suggests, in no remote degree, the idea of its being pitted with that latter ailment. It has acres, so to speak, of vast, lofty rooms; it has a grand saloon, the ceiling painted in fresco with a copy of Guido's Aurora; it has a marble paved vestibule, with a fountain in the middle; it has a grand staircase of scagliola, on whose steps several members of the Cinquantapercento

family have been, in desirable old romantic picturesque keep-sake days, done to death by the rapiers and partizans of their friends and relatives; the ground-floor gives on to a terrace, and that again on to a garden in the real Italian style: fountains, straight clipped avenues, filagree gates, casts from the antique gods and goddesses, and sham ruins; there are vases full of flowers; there are Renaissance doors; there is the suite of rooms in malachite and gold; there is the suite in blue-fluted satin (the Countess de Demimondoff's rooms); and the suite in ivory and black velvet; there are countless bed-rooms full of marble, fresco-painting, and fluted columns; there are, almost everywhere, the elements of grandeur, luxury, and artistic taste.

Gaetano Montepietà is the landlord of the Casa Borbonica. He was a Colonel in the army of Italy, under Beauharnais originally (surely those Italian colonels are only approached, numerically, by the American militia-generals); then he was Lord Scamperland's courier; then he kept the Hôtel des Etrangers in Little Nick Street, Leicester Square, London; and, realising a handsome competency in that cosmopolitan but unsavoury locality, returned to his native land, and invested his savings in the hotel which you see. In the great traveller's book you are at liberty to register your opinions and impressions for and against the comfort, cheapness, and convenience of the Casa Borbonica. Be just, and write with a firm hand that in summer weather the rooms are delightful; that—the smell of decayed melons and warmed up maccaroni apart—it is very pleasant to have the run of a vast, gaily-decorated palace, amid orange-flowers and bubbling fountains; that the blue sky is glorious through the casements, and the shade of the lofty walls delightful in the noontide to smoke cigars and drink lemonade in; that ice-eating in the garden by moonlight is delicious; that almost every article is really exceedingly cheap (unless, indeed, you are known to be a milord, when you are swindled on the ground that you are accustomed to, and like it); that even if you are notoriously wealthy and liberal, the rent of the malachite and gold, or of the ivory and black velvet suite, lags far behind the jocundly extortionate price which you have to pay for a first-floor in the Rue de la Paix, or a garret in Pall Mall; that the waiters

are civil, obliging, quick-witted, and grateful; and that the cooking, though decidedly oily, and not over neat, is substantial and succulent. But here you must stop. Commendation can go no further. You have been just; now be candid. Put down in burning characters that Gaetano Montepietà is a humbug; a cringing, insolent (when he dares), hypocritical, unveracious son of a Lombardian keeper of hogs. I will not say that he is a Roman—no; he is not quite so great a scoundrel as that; but the Emperor of Austria has had very few more finished humbugs among his Italian subjects. I am aware of you, mio amico Gaetano. I have been up to your little game for a long time. I know how you pop down in my bill *lire* and *soldi* for sugar I have never eaten, and wax candles I have never burnt. I know how, when I breakfast out, you slily mulct me in two breakfasts instead of one, as a warning and a punishment. You are own brother, O Gaetano, to the widow Fizzicatti, who keeps the furnished lodgings in the Strada Smifferata (she has cousins in Camden Town), who makes me sign a list of furniture, crockery, et cetera, supposed to be in her abominable chambers, when I take them by the month, and brings me in a bill, long, venomous, and tortuous as a serpent, when I leave, for jugs I have broken and never saw, and tablecloths I have inked and never heard of.

Gaetano and his wax candles: to listen to the honest Mont Blanc chronicler, one would think the candle grievance was exclusively confined to England. Why, the whole Continent cries out against them. You pay but seventy-five *cents* a-piece for them, to be sure; but you are made to burn or to pay for myriads of them. Bougie, bougie, bougie,—bougie here, bougie there, and bougie everywhere—take your old hotel bills out of your trunk and add up the amount of *francs, lire, florins,* or *carlini,* candles have cost you; and you will find that you might have had an exhibition of fireworks all to yourself every autumn, and have been economical. I think continental hotel-keepers and waiters feel a savage pleasure in bringing you fresh wax-candles, as I am certain they do in winter time, in cramming your cupboard with new supplies of logs and faggots. I have often, during a bougie nightmare, fancied a congress of waiters in the corridor, dancing a wild saraband, and singing an atrocious Carmagnole till the scene

changed to a patent candle factory, and candles and waiters whirled off in a wild Sahara waltz into infinite space.

Lift not your pen also from the travellers'-book (stern candour demands it) till you have recorded this,—that there never was an Italian hotel that was clean or sweet-smelling. That those at Venice in particular rejoice in an odour that makes you sick, giddy, and bilious; a smell of which it can with little exaggeration be said, as of some London fogs, that you could cut it with a knife. Set down also, in a firm Roman hand, that the rooms are awfully damp, and in cold weather afflicted with distracting, gusty, piercing draughts; and that, after every shower of rain, the grand frescoed saloons are pervaded by sundry unwelcome visitants from the gardens—not to say reptiles, of the most hideous coleopteric descriptions; which crawl, and wriggle, and buzz, and fly, and leap, and shake their hundred legs over your clothes and food till you are blind and mad. Tell the truth, and acknowledge that with all the malachite and gold, Aurora frescoes, scagliola staircases, and romantic Cinquantapercento reminiscences, the grand Italian hotel is but a seedy, poverty-stricken, dilapidated, tumble-down, vermin-haunted, quasi-rotten institution after all.

In Rome, there is a special hotel which appears to lie fallow during fifty-one weeks in the year, and suddenly to start up into life, with a teeming crop of guests, in Holy Week. Then, and for the succeeding days of the carnival, the Romans going stark staring mad, invite all the sight-seers of the world who have money and leisure to cross the Alps to play with them. They make a Guy of the poor old Pope; they spoil their clothes with wax-candle droppings in the chapels; they crush each other's toes, ribs, fans, and hats, in their struggles to see the losel pilgrims' feet washed; they scream, and jostle and bribe chamberlains, and run broken-kneed horses in the Corso, and dress themselves up in masquerade costumes, and pelt each other with chalken and plaster of Paris abominations, and tell Christendom that they are celebrating a great religious festival. Now it is that the special hotel becomes manifest. Nobody heard of the Hotel del Matto Forestiere, or of the Madonna di Scarlatina, since last carnival; but now, sallow commissioners rampage about

Rome, lauding the unrivalled accommodations of these hotels. Whole English families, who have been unable to obtain rooms in the Piazza di Spagna or Del Popolo are hustled almost involuntarily into atrocious Bug-parks in remote quarters of the city. Principi Inglesi find themselves dwelling among the Trasteverini; and travelling archdeacons are pent up in outhouses among mouldy old convents, and churches, and seminaries, where the Scarlet Lady rides rampant. To be sure, to obtain a bed at all in Holy Week is very nearly as dear and difficult as to secure a cardinal's hat. The prices quoted are fabulous. Romantic stories are told of the wonderful substitutes for bedsteads which travellers have been obliged to put up with; of how Sir Newport Pagnell, Bart., and family occupied a detached building formerly the residence of some four-legged, curly-tailed animals of the porcine persuasion, which had been removed to better lodgings; how Captain and Mrs. Gunwale, R.N., had paid five dollars a day for a cockloft; how one of the 370 Prince Galitzins in the peerage of Russia was sojourning in a wood-cellar; and how young Rougebox of the Florentine Legation slept two nights in a well, and one on a staircase. The Beppos, Francescos, Luigis, and Tommasos, who conduct these special houses of entertainment clear profits, while the excitement lasts, of about 600 per cent.; but their prosperity is as transitory as that of Cowes landladies in regatta time, or of lodging-house keepers in an assize town when there is a good murder case to be tried. For the rest of the year, nobody hears anything more of the Matto Forestiere or the Scarlatina; and the Beppos and Francescos may, for aught I know, earn a livelihood in sitting as models for the painters, grinding hurdy-gurdies, or goading buffaloes.

Country Italian hotels are not much removed, I fancy, from the likeness of that renowned inn at Terracina, where the Englishman met the fair Venetian, and had afterwards the adventure with the brigand. There are five metropoli: Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, and Milan. I will throw in Genoa, to make up the half-dozen; so say (and I give a margin of two digits) twelve good hotels in all. The provincial ones are simply execrable, for the simple reason that they are not patronised by continuous relays of strangers. Who stops,

longer than he can help, in a small Italian town? We scamper from capital to capital, charging through galleries and museums in a Cossack fashion, seeing a thousand pictures and statues, remembering, perhaps, a score, and understanding, very often, not one. Some day, very likely, the small towns will be opened up by railways, and we shall have good hotels in them.

I have two additional remarks to make on Italian hotels, and I have done with the boot-shaped peninsula. Imprimis,—about Naples. In that delightful city the hotel-dweller may enjoy a lively but expensive gratification over and above all the pleasures of the sea, the sky, and the *table-d'hôte*. The gratification (which is not charged for in the bill) consists in being robbed—I don't say by the waiter—I don't say by anybody in particular—but I think by every man, woman, and child, who can gain access to your apartment, your pockets, your trunks, or your generous feeling. From the coachman who drives you to your hotel, to the waiter who bows you from it, be assured every mother's son has something about him which belongs not to him, but to you. It matters little what they steal, a pocket-handkerchief or a purse of gold. It matters less who is the thief, the heir apparent, or one of the lowest lazzaroni of the Quai Santa Lucia—robbers there must and robbed you must be. I don't know what the Neapolitans will do between their hang-dog government and the threatened extinction of Vesuvius. Honest men won't come under the sway of the glorious, generous king, and sight-seers won't go to see Naples, if there be no burning mountain. Fancy 350,000 thieves with nothing to steal! A pitiable case, indeed. They will die of grief; and I did once hear of a waiter at a Neapolitan hotel who was found by an Englishman sitting on the staircase, and weeping bitterly; and, being asked the cause of his sorrow, answered, amid heartrending sobs,—the signor is unjust, the signor is ungenerous, the signor performs not his duty towards men. He locks up all his drawers, and leaves not a rag about, and one cannot steal the value of a *carlino* from him!

What do I know about Spanish hotels?—nothing. I might, indeed, conjure up an unsubstantial word-picture about omelets, oil, garlic, *puchero*, *funcions*, muleteers, *gregos*,

slouched-hats, and swarthy dons laying down their cigarillas to eat their soup, and resuming them while waiting for their olla-podrida. I might fill in a back-ground with Señora Perea Nena dancing, while Señor Alfonzo Ruiz plays lithely on the castanets; or with Don Quixote charging the windmill, or Dorothea taking her eternal footbath in the distance. But this would be but a blurred, unfaithful photography, and worthless. Let us be truthful or we are nothing. The Spanish campaign is yet to come. Nor can I tell you what the hotels in the Tyrol are like (though I have been told those at Ischl are charming); nor can I perorate on the great, bare, ruinous Khans of Asia Minor. When my uncle—Colonel Cutcherry—comes home from Madras, I will collate his experience as to the capacities of the Overland Route hotels at Cairo and Alexandria; and you must wait till I have entered the College of the Propaganda, and till I have been sent to China as a missionary, till I am enabled to describe, in the manner of Father Huc, the hotels of the middle kingdom. I must no longer tarry in Europe (though due in an English hotel soon), for my boat is on the shore, and my bark is on the sea; yet, before I go, here's a double health to a continental hotel I have ungenerously passed over. I allude to the *Grand Laboureur*, and that, for once, in my fantastic roving commission, is its veritable name. I have nothing but what is favourable to say of that sumptuous traveller's joy. Good dinners, clean beds, excellent services, moderate prices, —all are to be found at the Great Labourer, of Antwerp, and he is worthy of his hire.

I have been purposely silent on the subject of the hotels of Constantinople, because they are in a transition state, like Turkey itself, at present. It is to be hoped that the mighty influx of military visitors, and the T. G.'s who will be sure to keep on flocking thereto for some years to come, will work wonders of improvement in the hotels of Byzantium. The Old Pera Hotel, kept generally by an equivocal Levantine, or an unmistakeable Maltese, was decidedly of the bad-dear, dirty, and uncomfortable.

My boat being on the shore, it is necessary that you should enter it with me, in order to reach my bark on the sea; for

we have a journey of 3500 miles to make before we can reach an hotel, without a description of which these papers would be maimed and imperfect. I will trouble you also to disburse a matter of thirty guineas (exclusive of wines and liquors) for a state-room on board the "Great Bear of Michigan," mail steamer; furthermore, to hurry down to Liverpool by express, get on board the tender, tell your friends to expect you back in about six months, and prepare yourself for a ten days' sojourn on the briny ocean; for you, and I, and her Majesty's mails, are all bound, in the spirit, to New York.

The steamer in which you make the easy, rapid passage, is, in truth, and in almost every respect, a great floating hotel in itself. The steam-boat company having had the ingenuity to divine that a sea voyage, even of ten days' duration, is despairingly tedious, have come to the conclusion that the best methods of wiling away the time lie in eating, drinking, and smoking; and have most wisely afforded the amplest accommodation for the indulgence of these three pastimes. The passengers add a little gambling by way of rider to the staple amusements. With an excellent library, a spacious promenade, a luxurious table, a snug bed-chamber, and congenial society of both sexes, he must be a misanthrope or a hypochondriac, indeed, who could find a trip in an Atlantic-steamer tedious. It has not unfrequently occurred to me that, if I had money, I might do much more foolish things than pass a year sailing backwards and forwards between New York and Liverpool; and I can imagine a traveller, inimical to change and fond of sitting down when he finds himself comfortable, as reluctant to quit the steamer at the end of the voyage, as the life-long prisoner was to leave the Bastile. Talk of a ship being a prison with the chance of being drowned. I should like Dr. Johnson to have sat at the sumptuous table of the "Great Bear of Michigan" on a champagne day. He would have taken wine with Captain Wobble, I warrant.

There has been a rough day or two, and you have been sea-sick in a gentlemanly way, and you have touched at Halifax and Boston, and you enter, at last, the incomparable Bay of New York. You see the pilot-boats, the groves of masts, the sunny islands; you are boarded by the news-boys;

you hear all the shouting, smell all the cigar-smoke, pass the Custom House, and land. A ragged Irishman immediately reminds you that Donnybrook Fair is immortal; fights a pitched battle with seven other Irishmen raggeder than himself, dances a jig on your luggage, and hustles you into a villainous cab, for which, at your journey's end, he makes you pay very nearly as much as suits his own sweet will, abusing you terrifically if you dispute his fare. Only take one cab in New York, and you will be perfectly convinced of the existence of thorns in a rosebush. He rattles you through broad streets: you catch glimpses of immense buildings of white marble and coloured bricks, of a blue cloudless sky, of slim young ladies dressed in bright colours, of news-boys smoking cigars, of vast storehouses, of innumerable repetitions of the ragged Irishman, of bearded men, of tarry sailors, of ugly churches, of flaunting flags, of tearing fire-engines with red-shirted firemen. You don't know whether you are in Paris, or in Dublin, or in Liverpool, or in Wapping, or in America; and you are set down at last at the great New York Hotel—the St. Boblink House.

The "St. Boblink House" is a mighty edifice of pure white marble. St. Boblink is much too noble a saint to be canonised in compo. The windows sparkle like gems in a queen's diadem, and seem as numerous as the facets in a crystal. Wide yawning is the doorway; countless are the columns; lofty and aërial the balconies; vividly verdant the verandahs; and high up above the topmost balustrade floats, self-assertingly in the air, the great banner of the Stars and Stripes. This is an hotel with a vengeance, but run not away with the impression that it is unique—a solitary monster, like the "Sphinx," the "Grand Hôtel du Louvre," or the "Great Western Hotel," Paddington. It has brothers, and cousins, and children as capacious, if not more so, than itself, on either side, and up and down, as far as the eye can reach, in the great transatlantic Boulevard—the Straightway. The "St. Boblink House" is but one among an army of colossal hotels. The "Parvarer House," the "St. Hominy House," the "Golden Gate House," the "Amalgamated Squash Hotel," and other high-sounding hostelries. The "St. Boblink" is a vast eating and drinking factory; an Eastern caravanserai

opened up by American enterprise; an emperor's palace let out in room-lots at three dollars a-day; a Vatican for voyagers.

People say that there are above two thousand rooms in that same Vatican. I shouldn't like to bet; but to guess, from the hordes of travellers that the "St. Boblink" gives shelter to, it would really seem as though his Holiness the Pope had the smaller house of the two. The ear of man has not heard how many the "St. Boblink" would accommodate at a pinch; and no one is in a position to dispute the boast of Washington Mush, its landlord (now travelling with his family in Europe, his suite consisting of a secretary, a courier, a tutor, a governess, and two ladies' maids), that he could take the whole of Congress in to board; provide beds, in addition, for the British House of Lords, if they felt inclined to come over and see the workings of the American constitution; and find, without much trouble, shake-downs into the bargain for the House of Commons.

You may have rooms, and suites of rooms, at the "St. Boblink," at a sliding scale of prices. If you are inclined to do the Sardanapalus, you can revel in splendour, and ruin yourself if you like; but if you are but a simple, sensible, single traveller, who has travelled, perhaps, 1200 miles with no more luggage than a valise, or a shiny carpet-bag, you may board and lodge, and enjoy your thousandth share of all the luxuries in this hotel-palace for the moderate sum of three dollars, or twelve shillings and sixpence per diem. There are even cheaper, and not much less splendid hotels; but the "St. Boblink" is a first chop—an A-1 house.

For your three dollars a-day you have the run of all the public apartments, a noble billiard-room, where you may win or lose dollar-bills of or to excitable southerners and senators in want of excitement, to your heart's content; reading-rooms, where the 10,000 newspapers of the Union—all printed on the largest possible paper in the smallest possible type—are spread on the green-baize tables; smoking-rooms, where you may taste the flavour of real Havannahs, or luxuriate in the mastication of the fragrant pigtail; writing-rooms, audience-rooms; cloak-rooms; lavatories, conversation-parlours, and lounging-balconies. I don't know whether they have fitted up a whittling-room at the "St. Boblink" yet; but I dare

say that convenience will be added to the establishment on the return of Washington Mush, Esq., from Europe. At the same time, perhaps, it would be as well to erect an apartment devoted exclusively to the national pastime of expectoration. At present, for want of a special location, the whole palace is one huge spittoon, which is inconvenient to foreigners.

The bar-room of the "St. Boblink" may be imitated, but it can never be equalled in Europe. No efforts of plastic art, of upholstering ingenuity, of architectural cunning, of licensed-victualling cunning, could produce such a result as is here apparent. The green velvet spring couches, with carved oak arm-rests, that artfully invite you to lounge; the marble mantel-pieces and stove-tops that seem to say, seductively, "Come, raise your heels above the level of your heads, and show the European stranger a *chevaux de frise* row of black pants;" the rocking-chairs; the dainty marble and bronze tables (transatlantic reminiscences of Parisian *cafés);* the arabesqued gas-burners; the cut-glass looking-glasses, gilt frames, and Venetian blinds; the splendiferous commercial advertisements that so worthily usurp the place of stupid high art pictures and engravings; for who would not rather see "Fits, fits, fits!" in chromo-lithography, or "Dr. Turnipseed's Medicated Mangelwurzel," or "The Patent Heracleidan Detective Padlock," sumptuously framed and glazed, than Sir Edwin Landseer's "Deerstalking," or the Queen after Winterhalter? But I do the bar of the "St. Boblink" injustice. There are some engravings. The massive head of Daniel Webster frowns upon the sherry-cobler drinkers; proudly (in a print) in the muddy Mississippi, defiant of snags and sawyers, steams along the "Peleg Potter" steamer —huge, hurricane-decked, many-portholed, high-pressured, and hideous; her engines working in sight, as if her boilers were impatient to burst, and had come up from the engine-room to see how many passengers there were, before bursting. Then there is a grand view of the palace itself—the "St. Boblink"—as large as life (at least on the scale of half an inch to a foot), lithographed by Messrs. Saxony and Mayor. The bar-room has almost made me forget the bar itself; though surely one visit to it is sufficient to stamp it in your remembrance for ever. There, on that great marble field of

Bacchus, are sold the most delicious thirst-quenchers in the two hemispheres. It is not necessary that I should enumerate them. The names, at least, of Egg-noggs, Juleps, Brandy-smashes, Timber-doodles, and Stone-fences, are known in Europe; and there are already several *buffets* in Paris where you can be supplied with the cool and cunning drink known —wherefore I am ignorant—as a "Fiscal Agent." The bar-keeper is a scholar and a gentleman, as well as an accomplished artist, captain of a fire company, and, I believe, a man of considerable property, and has unapproachable skill in compounding and arranging these beverages, and making them not only exquisite to the taste but delightful to the view. His drinks are pictures. See that tall tumbler, gracefully proportioned, elegantly chased. See through its pellucid walls the artfully-chiselled blocks of purest ice, the frozen powder at the top, the crisp icicles, spear, arrow, halberd-headed, that cling about the rim like bronze scrolls on a buhl cabinet. See the blessed liquor within—ruddy, golden or orange tawny—dancing in the sunlight, sparkling in the glassy depths, purling through fissures, rippling through the interstices of the ice, and seeking the lowest depths, the remotest caverns, where the seaweed (represented by a sprig of mint) is, and the mermaids dwell. See the summit, crowned by a blushing green-crested strawberry! Do you not feel inclined to sing with the poet:

> Hide, O hide those hills of snow
> Which thy frozen bosom bears,
> On whose tops the pinks that grow
> Are as those that April wears.

You feel inclined at least to hide the pink strawberry by swallowing it, and to melt the hills of snow by sucking them up through a delicate straw together with the dancing golden liquid, and all the by-delights that lie hidden in that glorious drink. Then you may retire into a corner, and, kicking up your heels even unto an altitude of six feet from the ground, rest them there on some friendly ledge, and enjoy your mild Havannah, or your keif, or your quid, or your passion for castle-building. There are degrees, my son, in human enjoyment. A cool tankard and a long pipe in an arbour looking upon a smooth bowling-green has, ere now, been the dearest

solace of scholars and divines. Others can find no enjoyment more gratifying than a bright fire, close-drawn curtains, a silver teapot, and an uncut number of the Quarterly. There are men whom you could not tempt with gold or jewels or tickets for the Lord Mayor's banquet, to say there was a greater pleasure in life than playing with their children. Sugar-and-water and a toothpick will content some; a cigar and cold toddy on the tiles others; but, for my part, I do not know a pleasanter animal enjoyment, of the tranquil, meditative kind, than an American drink and a cigar, and my keif afterwards. Yet even these *réjouissances* are transitory: a melancholy bubbling in the straw tells of the last drop of the "Fiscal Agent." Then comes the empty glass, and payment, and remorse.

The bar-keeper and his assistants possess the agility of acrobats and the prestidigitative skill of magicians. They are all bottle-conjurors. They toss the drinks about; they throw brimful glasses over their heads; they shake the saccharine, glacial, and alcoholic ingredients in long tin tubes; they scourge eggs and cream into froth; they send bumpers shooting from one end of the bar to the other without spilling a drop; they give change, talk politics, tell quaint anecdotes, swear strange oaths, smoke, chew, and expectorate with astonishing celerity and dexterity. I should like to be a bar-keeper, if I were clever enough.

It is in the "St. Boblink House" that you can comprehend, in its majestic amplitude, the great American institution of liquoring. Here, where the desopilated loafer and the shrewd merchant, sallow from Wall Street bargains; the over-dressed, over-smoked, over-saturated-with-tobacco-juice aristocrat from Fifth Avenue; the cotton-sampling clerk; the dry-goods selling dissenter, not being an advocate of Maine, its liquor-law, or a sitter at the feet of John B. Gough; the Congress colonel; the courteous steamboat captain; the scorched southerner; the apathetic Dutchman, from his Hudson farm; the turn-down-collared lecturer; the black-satin-waistcoated editor; the raw-boned Kentuckian; the blue-eyed German; the boastful Irishman, mingle and drink, and drink again. The thing is gravely done—sternly, almost solemnly. The drink is a duty, as well as a mere relaxation and refreshment. It is

a part of the mission of the sovereign people; and the list of American drinks should be hung up in the national museum; along with the national tar-bucket, the national feather-bed, the national revolver and bowie-knife, the national declaration of independence, and the national and almighty dollar.

I have no hesitation in saying that the *table-d'hôte* at the "St. Boblink House" is the very best array of eatables in the whole world. In cookery, the subtlety of the sauces, and refinement of the flavouring, may be surpassed by some few European diplomatic *chefs*; but the quantity and quality of the viands do, to adopt a native locution, "whip all creation." Roast and boiled, fried and stewed, fish, soups, including the delicious terrapin, and the famous Gumbo; oysters (such oysters!), game, poultry, rice birds from South Carolina infinitely preferable to ortolans, pastry, sweets, jellies, blancmanges and ices. For an Apician feast, commend me to the "St. Boblink." Sing, muse, too, of its breakfasts, with their plethora of strange but delicious fishes, and their hundred varieties of bread, hot and stale.

This is, then, the "St. Boblink Hotel," with its clerks' office like a banker's counting-house; with its courteous, accomplished clerks in rings and chains; with its bridal chambers fitted up in white satin, ivory and gold, for new married couples on their wedding tour; with its hundred mechanical appliances for bell-ringing, message-calling and trouble-saving of every description; with its electric telegraph laid on like gas or water, its countless waiters, its really moderate charges, and admirable management and discipline. Can anything be wanting to make it perfect? Little, perhaps, save the conversion of the bedrooms into which single travellers are put, from comfortless, scanty, draughty dogholes, into decently furnished and moderately comfortable chambers, and save the abolition or banishment of that great nuisance, and curse, and scandal, the expectoration of tobacco juice.

Come away from the "St. Boblink House," traveller, for we are wanted in Europe again. By the time we return to the States, perhaps the giant palace will have been burnt down and built up again, bigger and handsomer than ever.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLISH HOTELS.

I HAVE already striven to set down the chief characteristics, outward and inward, of foreign hotels. When we are told that we have so much to learn from them, and that no more praiseworthy models could be offered for our guidance, it is meet at least that we should know what they are really like; where lie their exemplary excellences, where their most notable defects. There are more Poll Parrots in the world than are to be found in brass wire-work cages. We are but too glad to save ourselves the trouble of thinking for ourselves, by appropriating and repeating the thoughts and *dicta* of other people. No doubt there were many things much better managed in France than in England when the Sentimental Traveller gave to the world his travelling experiences; yet I am of opinion that there are some few things we can manage in our own way, and in our own land, with no indifferent success, and in whose management we need not cede to our continental neighbours.

I will first put up at "JALABERT'S" first-class inn.

"Jalabert's" is designed for the accommodation of The Superior Classes. What free-born Briton's frame is free from a tingle of respect, admiration, pride, when he hears the term Superior Classes? That a duke, a lord, a baronet, a bishop —a superior class man, in a word—should be content to leave the Assyrian magnificence of his half-dozen town and country palaces, even for a season, and put up at a mere hotel, is in itself an act of such condescension and abnegation of self, that the least we can do is to have a "Jalabert's" to receive him, and that it should be well and universally understood that Jalabert's is devoted to the reception of the superior classes, and of those only—not of the profanum vulgus.

Now "Jalabert's," the great London hotel for the superior classes, is situated in Purple Street, Flaxen Square; which, as all men know, is within 250 miles of Old Bond Street. It was originally an old, cooped-up, inconvenient, George the Second house, which was the bachelor residence of the well-known Claribel Claribel, Esquire, a great friend of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a member of parliament for my

Lord Mintoncomyn's borough of Heeltap, and Assistant Commissioner of Lunacy for the liberty of St. Kits—which last snug little sinecure brought him in just 1900*l.* a-year. On the lamented demise of Mr. Claribel, which occurred one day, in consequence of a surfeit of mushroom patties and Maraschino, as he was stepping into his chair at White's, after winning a few hundreds at E. O. of Mr. Selwyn; his mansion in Purple Street became the property, by testamentary bequest, of the Sieur Dominique Jalabert, formerly of the Canton des Grisons, his attached hairdresser and valet-de-chambre. Dominique turned the place into an hotel, and prospered exceedingly. Although a foreigner, he manifested a decided predilection for guests of the English nation; and, at the epoch of the Great French Revolution and emigration, discouraged the patronage of the superior classes of the continent. He made an exception, indeed, in favour of the Prince Trufflebert de Perigord Dindon, who had adroitly escaped from France before the confiscation, had sold all his estates for cash, and had brought away all the family jewels sewn up in his wife's brocades. Of the friendship and countenance of this noble *émigré* Jalabert constantly boasted. He would have been glad for him to stay years in his hotel, because the most elevated members of the British aristocracy condescended to play hazard with the prince; nevertheless Jalabert seized the boxes of the Cardinal Duke de Rohan Chambertin for the amount of his bill, and locked up poor M. le Chevalier de Rastificolis in the Marshalsea for a similar reason.

At the peace of 1814, however, a sudden change came over the spirit of Dominique Jalabert's dream. He suddenly conceived a profound and enthusiastic affection for foreigners—superior foreigners. He was proud to accommodate allied sovereigns. He doated on ambassadors. A Hetman of the Don Cossacks was his delight. Not a strong politician ordinarily, he believed fanatically in the Holy Alliance; and his fanaticism culminated into idolatry when a Holy Ally travelled with a large suite, and sent a courier on before him to order a suite of apartments.

It was at this time that Dominique bought the freehold of Lord Pyepoodle's house, next door to the right; subsequently adding to it, to meet his increasing hotel requirements, old

Mr. Pillardollar the banker's house, next door to the left; and lastly, the roomy mansion of Lord Chief Justice Tripple-tree (afterwards raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Hempshire) round the corner. The original Jalabert died immensely rich, about five and twenty years ago. Latterly he wore a wig and a shirt-frill, and was quite a respectable man; indeed it is said that he never recovered the shock he felt at the death of the Emperor Alexander. His son, Castlereagh Pitt Jalabert, Esq., lives at a park in Somersetshire, rides to hounds, and has served the office of High Sheriff. I should not at all wonder if the next heir were created a baronet, and the family name Anglicised into Jollybird.

Messrs. Salt and Savoury are the present proprietors of "Jalabert's." S. and S. are also landlords of the "F. M. Prince Albert," close to the North Polar Railway Station; the "Grand Pagoda Hotel" (formerly the "Brown George") at Brighton; the "Mulligatawny House," at Cheltenham; the "Benbow and Badminton," at Greenwich; and the "Kehama Hotel," at Windermere. Salt and Savoury belong to the great consular hotel-keeping families, who have their caravanserais all over England, and whose names there should be a Sir Bernard Burke to register. "Jalabert's," their great London hotel, has grown from Claribel Claribel's two-storied hencoop-looking bachelor residence, into an immense establishment. It is six houses rolled into one. The streets on which it looks are narrow and gloomily genteel; its brick walls are dingy and smoke-blackened; its windows dark and diminutive: but its vastness is untold. When I lose myself accidentally in the labyrinthine regions of Flaxen Square, or take a solitary walk there, to air myself in the regions of aristocracy, I look with awe and trembling on "Jalabert's." It has so many doors. It seems so proudly contemptuous of the struggles and exertions of new hotels that strive to push themselves into notice and patronage, by show architecture and newspaper puffs. "JALABERT'S," on a tarnished brass plate; that is all you see,—the place might be a doctor's or a solicitor's; but, ah! what patrician grandeur there is in that reserved waiter on the doorstep, the portly man with the large whiskers who calmly picks his teeth (he has turtle every day, I am sure) and half closes one eye to look at the street-

scape as though it were a glass of generous port. I wonder, when I look at him, whether he powders his hair to wait on an ambassador, and whether he brings in dinner in a court suit, and with a sword by his side.

"Jalabert's" is dear, enormously dear. What else can be expected? A traveller sojourning at such an hotel, acquires a sort of collateral interest in the peerage, the diplomatic service, the maintenance of our institutions, and the divine right of kings. He who stays at "Jalabert's" is tacitly recognised by the establishment as a NOB, and the dignity is charged for in the bill. They would perform ko-tou there to the Emperor of China; they would burn incense to the Grand Llama of Thibet; they would light the pipe of the Great Sachem of the Blackfoot Indians; they would even sacrifice a junior partner to Juggernauth; but they would charge for it in the bill. There is nothing unattainable at "Jalabert's." There are bills in the books, I dare say, running "His Highness Hokeypokeywankeyfum: Jan. 13,—cold boiled middle-aged gentleman, 18 guineas; baked young woman, 20*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*; baby *en papillottes*, 5*l.* 5*s.*;" or "His Holiness the Pope [he was at "Jalabert's" *incog.* as the Bishop designate of Hylogiopotamus *in partibus infidelium*] Baldaquin, 8*l.*; paid for triple crown (packing, wadding, and box), 97*l.* 3*s.*; embracing toe (four times), 50*l.*" Such things must be paid for. Honours, glories, adulations, incense, ko-tous, toe-kissing are expensive articles. You must have a "Jalabert's" for such luxuries, even as you have strawberry-leaves, gold sticks, stoles, and dog-latin rolls of King Richard the Second for peers, a bald-headed man in spectacles at 800*l.* a-year to hold up the tail of the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons, and eight cream-coloured horses to draw the Queen's coach.

A housemaid who had once taken service at "Jalabert's" told me that the internal arrangements of "Jalabert's" are splendid beyond compare. There are the largest looking-glasses in the sitting-rooms that ever were seen; only the apartments are so small and dark, that those vast mirrors are lost in obscurity, and waste their sweetness on the dingy air. The passages are all thickly carpeted. The service of plate is of enormous value. You dine there off silver and Sèvres, and

Dutch linen and damask. You have an *épergne*, if you like, to yourself. Every refinement of luxury, every item to the most infinitesimal of comfort, you may and do have. The head-waiter—I beg pardon—the groom of the chambers—is a funded gentleman, and has a villa, with a conservatory, at Mitcham. Wealth, pride, dignity, dulness, noiselessness, and secrecy, distinguish "Jalabert's."

"Jalabert's" is not for you or me, my brother. It is as far beyond our reach as the *entrée* at St. James's, or as a seat in the royal pew at church. I question even if a man having 20,000*l.* a-year, not being a Nob, could have the moral courage to drive to "Jalabert's." His voice would falter as he ordered apartments; he would call the waiter Sir, and the groom of the chambers would very probably say to him, "My good man, it really appears to me that you must have made some mistake." Then he would drive away, crestfallen and mortified, to Euston Square or Paddington. Why the very boots at "Jalabert's" must be a Nob. The boots! he must be called the Hoby, or the Patent Leathers, surely. He never whistles or hisses while he polishes. He wears a white neck-cloth, and reads the "St. James's Chronicle," perhaps. The only way for the plebeian to be enabled to enjoy "Jalabert's" costly and exclusive hospitality seems to me to be this. Emigrate to America. Make a fortune. Renounce your allegiance, and become an American citizen. Get made, or make yourself, a General of militia, a member of Congress, or a secretary of legation. Then come boldly across the Atlantic in the first-class cabin; arrive at "Jalabert's" with a profusion of portmanteaux, and despatch-boxes, and you will be received with open arms and ledgers. You may loaf in its lordly sitting-rooms, you may whittle its carved *fauteuils*, you may soil its Turkey carpets, you may call the groom of the chambers Hoss, and the landlord Boss; and the house-maids Helps; you may smoke in the corridors, and order gin-slings in the coffee-room. But do not mistake me; do not imagine that it is in the power of dollars, almighty as that power is, to enable you to do this. You go to Court, your name is in the "Morning Post," you dine at the Legations; you are a member of the Travellers' Club; lords call upon you; viscountesses invite you to their parties, although you

are an American, a democrat, and your ancestor may have been an Irish hodman, a German tailor, or an English convict: you are a Nob. This is the secret. But let Raffaelle Sanzio, Esq., painter, or William Shakspeare, player, and member of the Dramatic Authors' Society; or Tycho Brahe, astronomer (assuming them to be in life among us)—let them, granting them amplest means for paying their bills, seek accommodation at "Jalabert's." I warrant the groom of the chambers would look askant at them, and that the waiters would turn up their noses at having to wait on "profeshnal pipple."

Let "Jalabert's" flourish. I have no call to wince at its high charges—my withers are unwrung: its upper chambers even are not for those of my degree. As for its darkness and narrowness and gloominess, the Nobs doubtless prefer those elements to democratic light and height and space. Bless me! don't people live in the stable-yard of St. James's Palace? Don't the pokey little houses in the purlieus of Spring Gardens fetch fabulous rents? The Nobs like holes and corners. They make Her Majesty ride in a coach above a hundred years old, and in danger of tumbling to pieces with rottenness. Abolish that coach, and build her a neat, airy, springy vehicle in Long Acre at your peril. The British constitution is at stake. There would be a revolution to-morrow.

The second most notable London hotel is the family or private hotel in Jermyn Street, St. James's Street, Piccadilly. "Smawkington's" hotel is a very nice hotel of these two classes mixed. "Smawkington's" is not exactly in Jermyn Street, but in Little Great Boot-tree Street close by. It is the snuggest, warmest, quietest, yet cheerfullest little hotel you can imagine. When I say little, I mean compact, tight, cozy. There is not an inch of boarding to be seen about the house. All is carpeted, oil-clothed, matted. I wonder they don't carpet the doorstep. The house is as clean as a new pin. The house-maids and chambermaids are all rosy and all good-looking. The housekeeper is a beauty. The cook belongs to a glee-club, and cooks you blithe, wholesome, cheerful, honest-hearted dinners, that make you eat a great deal, but never give you an indigestion. I should like very much indeed to marry the young lady who sits book-keeping in the comfortable bar; not because she is Smawkington's only daughter,

and has a pretty penny to her fortune—I repudiate such mercenary motives with disdain—but for the sake of her bright eyes and her rosy lips and her silvery laugh. I don't think Smawkington would give her to me, though; inasmuch as he declares her to be the apple of his eye. Smawkington is bald, corpulent, sleek, and black-broadclothed. His wife is pious, bony, genteel, interested in missionary enterprises, and contemns the duties of domesticity. Mr. S. is not unlike a duke, or the chairman of a select vestry, or an undertaker in flourishing circumstances. He wears a signet-ring, and keeps a mail-phaeton; under which there runs a plum-pudding dog of the Danish breed, quite in the Hyde Park style. Of the wines at "Smawkington's"—the famous ports, the peculiar clarets, and the noted sherries—I have heard that they will make a cat speak; but I know, for certain, that they will make a man merry. Look you here, Mr. Albert Smith. When the ruddy curtains are drawn, and the crystal sparkles on the sideboard, and the ruby and golden contents of the decanters gleam on the table; when the fat little port-wine glasses are filled, and the filberts are in the vine-leaf dessert plate, and the almonds and raisins are at hand, and the candles are lighted and the fire trimmed—then is the time to confess that all is not barren that cometh out of England, and that your nut and your wine, partaken of with all the accessories of English comfort in an English family-hotel, can compete with, if they do not surpass, the splendour of the great French *salle-à-manger*, or the tinselled ornateness of the *cabinet particulier*, with its long-necked array of sour beverages. I like to see my wine. I would rather have an aldermanic decanter of handsomely-cut glass, and the red-sea of jollity gleaming within it, than a lanky flask of green glass, besmeared with hideously-coloured sealing-wax, and tilted in a basket like a go-cart. Faultless family-dinners take place at "Smawkington's." You may smell the good things as you pass; there is no ostentation—no show—no noisy gongs clanging; but all is substantial, respectable, comfortable, cozy, English.

The most constant guests at "Smawkington's" appear to me to be bishops, and rich old ladies. Other members of the dignified clergy, and other old ladies, occasionally frequent

it; but the real, complete bishop, gaiters, apron, shovel-hat, and all, seems the *pontifex maximus* of "Smawkington's." You may see his cob at the hotel-door every morning, in waiting for his grave ride about Whitehall and Downing Street. The rich old lady, too, arrives from Devon or Somerset in a travelling-carriage. She has ladies'-maids, companions, lap-dogs, confidential male servants and orphan protégés. Frequently she has a bevy of long-ringleted, sea-green-skirted daughters; sometimes a niece. She has rackety rapid young country squires or desperate guardsmen also appertaining unto her as nephews. But, for them, "Smawkington's" is a vast deal too slow. They hang out, as they call it, at vivacious hostelries in the noisy part of Piccadilly, or in Covent Garden Piazza, or Charing Cross. They drive up to "Smawkington's" in tearing cabs, or ride up on rampagious horses. They have grave grooms and impudent little tigers. They come to see the old lady; they flirt with the sea-green-skirted daughters, and scandalise the reputable waiter by demanding brandy and soda-water at unreasonable hours in the morning.

"Smawkington's" cannot—candour obliges me to acknowledge it—be called a cheap hotel. It is dear, but not extortionate. Nor is it unapproachable to the democracy, like "Jalabert's." The modest democrat can stop there, and need not ruin himself; and I can honestly state that I can find in London many other hotels as comfortable and well conducted.

The chief objections to, and grounds for, denunciation of English hotels seem to be these: First, as to the performance of that seemingly simple operation, washing your hands. You ring for the waiter, who says, "Hands, sir?—yes, sir!" and goes away. Then you ring again. Then at last you are introduced to a chambermaid, who, after a tedious journey up-stairs and down-stairs, conducts you to a bed-room, where she draws the bed-curtains and pulls down the blinds—not because such is wanted, but from mere mechanical habit. Then you are left to your own devices, with some hard water that would curdle the soap, if it would dissolve; but you might as well wash with a piece of chalk as with the singularly-hard white cake in the soap-dish. There is one towel, damp and hard, like a piece of embossed paste-board;

and with these aids you may make what toilet you can, and then come out to find the attendant waiting for her fee at the door.

The next nuisance is having to pay what you please to servants, without a fixed charge in the bill. Even commercial men have generally a tariff of their own (it is threepence a meal), but they will tell you themselves that they are puzzled at times to know what to do. If such be the case, what must it be with mere tourists and visitors, when the donation received by one waiter with smiles and thanks, is sulkily carried away by another without a word, or with a muttered question of "Whether it includes the Boots?"

A real grievance is wax candles; but a grievance, as we have seen, not confined to English hotels. Mr. Albert Smith is peculiarly sore upon the point, having been made first to burn them, and then to pay heavily for them at all sorts of places. When he is at home he does not burn wax candles, and sensibly makes bold to say that the majority of his readers do not: they are content with Price or Palmer, or a moderator lamp, or, better still, with gas. He recommends travellers not to have private rooms, unless they see that gas has been introduced into them. There is something so enormously comic and absurd in a stranger at an hotel sitting down alone in a cheerless room, with two grim wax candles burning before him in dreary solemnity, that he must be a dull fellow indeed who would not laugh outright at this melancholy little bit of state; if it were not for the annoyance we all feel at having useless expense thrust upon us.

Whenever Mr. Albert Smith sees pictures of "Pulling up to Unskid," or "Down the Road," or "The Salisbury Rumbler meeting the Exeter Delay upon Easterly Common," he is sure that, in the room decorated with such pictures, wax candles are made to burn as the Pope only knows how much an inch; for these extortions—it is the only proper word—chiefly occur in the hotels that were great in those days of misery, the fine old coaching times. Of the coaching times and coaching inn our pamphleteer has a fierce horror. Years ago he avowed that the writer who tried to invest an inn with an idea of picturesque comfort (I have sinned in that way myself more than once, woe is me!), made a great mis-

take: and so, he says, have all those who, in the sturdiest traditional spirit, still believe or make believe they believe so. Light and warmth after a cold night's journey make an inn comfortable; so would be a brick-kiln, or a glass house, or a blacksmith's forge, under similar circumstances. But the feeling at arriving at an inn in the day-time, when you know you have to stay there, is to him irresistibly depressing. Have you never had the blues, O Reader, in some gloomy hotel at Rotterdam on a wet day, with a prospect of a fog in the afternoon and a frost to-morrow? The utter isolation in the midst of bustle is bad enough; but everything, according to the lively explorer of the Bernese Oberland, makes it worse in an English hotel. The chilling sideboard, with its formal array of glasses; the thorough Swiss of the household, whose services can only be procured by paying for them; the empty tea-caddy and backgammon board; the utter absence of anything to beguile even two minutes, beyond a local directory, a provincial journal of last Saturday, or "Paterson's Roads;" the staring, unfeeling pattern of the paper, and, in the majority of country places, the dreariness of the look-out; the clogged inkstand and stumped pens; the inability to protract a meal to six hours to get rid of the day; and above all, the anticipations of a strange bed, with curtains you cannot manage, and pillows you are not accustomed to, and sheets of unusual fabric—all these discomforts keep him from ever falling into that rampant state of happiness at an inn which popular delusion would assign to a sojourn therein. This is a truthful picture—a daguerreotype of inn-dulness, but is it not also true of the very liveliest—so long as they are strange all over Europe, all over the world? A man may travel from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren. Wet weather, cold, solitude in a crowd, ill-health, bad spirits, will make Naples or Genoa as horribly dull as Shepton Mallet or Market Rasen.

Neither can our friend sleep comfortably in that grand old temple of suffocation and nightmare, the fourpost-bedstead; although this is one of the fine and ancient institutions which it is the glory of England to cling to. Originally constructed in the dark ages, when doors and windows would not close, and chimneys were blast furnaces, and space was no object, it

has come down to us in all its original, imposing, hearselike, presence—shorn only of its surmounting plumes of dusty feathers, which may yet be seen in some old places, gloomily brushing the ceiling. Why it so happens that, in the conventional hotel, the smaller is the room the larger is the four-poster, it is impossible to explain. Within the heavy, expensive, elaborate mass of serge, chintz, feathers, mahogany, horsehair, sacking, holland, ticking, quilting, winch-screws, brass rings, and castors and watchpockets, the hapless traveller rolls about in vastness, and swelters, and gasps, and breathes the same uncirculating air over and over again; and before he ventures into it, it is even at times asked "if he will have a pan of coals?" Without the bed, his toilet operations are necessarily confined to cabin-like space. There is no table to put anything on, nor is there any room for one. Sitting in such a cribbed chamber is out of the question, and so he has no choice between the coffee-room, and the gaunt, stark, expensive private apartment, where the old waiter makes him an assenting party to all the old tomfoolery of burning two old wax candles, in two old plated heavy candelabra rather than candlesticks, after which it is possible the old chambermaid sends him to his old bed with an old mutton dip without snuffers.

In the country-town hotel, the coffee-room was a ghastly place. There was no gas; but some mould candles were burning about with cocked-hat wicks, and their light was all absorbed by the dingy paper. The only pictures were of the old coaching school, with that dull, half-animal clod, the Jehu (as writers of the Pierce Egan school used to call him), tooling the prads along a road at a rate they never achieved. There was a dusty old stuffed pheasant in a glass case over the door; a looking-glass over the mantel-piece, divided into sections, that put each side of your head on a different level if you got between them, making your face look as if it were going up stairs; a number of dark old tables, indented with knocks of presidents' hammers and freemasons' glasses; and a couple of long, old fashioned bell-pulls of scarlet stuff edged with black, which came down bodily when you pulled them. On a thin, bygone sideboard were some old, battered, plated cruet-stands and egg-cups—always with the copper coming

through; and an ancient toast-rack of the same fabric—one of those you can only see at sales. A nipped old lady presided in the bar; the waiters had the air of briefless old barristers, who had tried to better themselves by taking to the hotel business; the boots was permanently bent with carrying portmanteaus up and down stairs; and the chambermaid had attended on Queen Charlotte when she changed horses there. They had all lived at this inn without changing one of its arrangements, until they had allowed the world to ride past in an express train, and finally away from them.

We are comforted, after all, with an ominous rumour that, even just at present, a large hotel is contemplated in London. If well conducted, it must (so we are told) return a fortune to the shareholders. The attention of readers and of the public is directed to a summing up of one or two changes which the travelling world will appreciate. First and again, a fixed and moderate charge for attendants. Secondly, bedrooms on the continental plan, in which the inmates can sit if they please, without being driven to the melancholy extortion of the grim "private room." Thirdly, something beyond "chop, sir, steak, boiled fowl," for dinner. Fourthly, the entire abolition of wax candles, coffee equipage, and the whole service of battered regular old-established English-hotel plated dishes with the copper showing through. Fifthly, civil, quick, appreciative waiters; not anomalous people between mutes and box-keepers. Sixthly, an office for general information or complaint, with responsible persons always therein. Seventhly, and lastly, the recognition of the presence of ladies in the coffee-room, as in the foreign *salle-à-manger*.

Many, indeed all, of these suggestions are pregnant with good sense; and I am sure that their adoption would lead to increased comfort, convenience, and cheapness in our English hotels. But I do not agree with some censors in utterly denouncing them. We have much to reform, much to improve, much to remodel; but entire destruction of our hotel edifice I would respectfully deprecate. I am of opinion that, in a vast number of instances, we might go much further abroad and fare immeasurably worse. Bad attendance, incivility, discomfort, useless parade, and extortion, have their home elsewhere than in England. I have been in as many

foreign hotels as most men, and—woe is me!—I know it. The best plan to adopt, and one that would produce a new and bright era in the management of hotels, would be to take the best part of each system—French, German, Swiss, and American—and graft them on to our own. To hotels conducted by companies I do, and must always dissent. I do not in the least object to joint-stock companies building, furnishing, and founding large hotels: for, if properly and comprehensively commenced, hotels are gigantic enterprises, and it is only by association of capital that they can be established. But their after-management must be confided to some *entrepreneur*, whose fortune, credit, knowledge, and reputation are at stake in the well-working thereof; and not to a hired servant, whose salary is punctually paid whether the hotel be well or ill-conducted. The "Pavilion Hotel" at Folkestone was begun by a company; the "Great Western Hotel" belongs to a company; the "Granton Hotel" near Edinburgh was built by a company; but they are all underlet; and, if we except scarcely-avoidable and exceptional shortcomings, better conducted hostelries do not exist in Great Britain. I am no tory, Heaven knows, but I am conservative enough strenuously to desire the retention of the Landlord as an institution.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

It is a wise dispensation of Providence (and which, among its dispensations, lacks wisdom?) that a man is ordinarily so occupied with his own immediate affairs, that he has no leisure to consider those of his neighbours; to bring the application closer still, that he is generally so engrossed with the thought, or pastime, or avocation of the moment, that the other transactions in which he may be implicated, though, perhaps, greater and graver, and portending sorrow and tribulation rather than joy and content, are mercifully permitted to be for a season out of his mind; and, though they cannot be wholly forgotten, are unconsidered for the time. Thus I have heard of a merchant knowing well of the dread *fiat* in bankruptcy at that very moment being sued out against him, yet who could dance at a children's party, and play at games and forfeits, and be the gayest and the loudest laugher there: all the while his goods absuming away from him like grease in fire. Thus, too, he against whose name in the calendar Justice Hempridge has written the lamentable words "*sus. per coll.*" will sleep soundly on the very morning of his execution; though his lullaby be the breathing of the turnkeys watching him lest he should do himself a mischief: It was the merchant's business just then to dance, and it is that of poor Jack o' Newgate to sleep; and Mercy allows the present necessity to overshadow and pre-occupatively overcome the contingent emergency. Lord Clive mending the pen a minute before he destroyed himself with the penknife, may very probably for the time have been absorbed in the nice task of splitting the quill into a hair or broad nib. It may be instanced, as proof how common things and thoughts oft neutralize the horror of a supreme event, that the author of this paper, being once within the minutest hairsbreadth of a sudden and cruel death, —lost for a moment the prescience of destruction in the com-

mon-place thought that the over-coat he had on, which was not his own, but had been borrowed from a friend, would be torn to ribbons. The beginning of fear and wisdom has fitted us with just that measure of capacity to render its entire concentration on the matter in hand, not only necessary, but imperative. The burden is so equally fitted to our backs, that we feel not the equipoising panniers at our sides. Not only for the day, but for the moment, is the evil thereof sufficient; the focus of this our telescope of life requires such accuracy of fixature that the present unity is the limit of our vision; he that shifts it hath a squinting soul.

Yonder white-headed, blue-ribboned old Statesman; will he not stand on his poor old gouty legs for hours in the weary night, when he should be comfortably abed, stand in the unwholesome atmosphere of a scientifically ventilated hall, the butt of coughs and "oh! ohs!" and jeers, and oft-times groans and hootings, the mouth-piece of a faction, the target of the rhetorical shafts of orators, raw from the "Union Debating Society," or livid from the perusal of blue-books? Will he not remain, anxiously debating how he shall exculpate himself from the fierce accusations of his honourable friend (whom he hates as his enemy) on the opposite bench, triumphantly chuckling when he has posed an antagonist, and sitting down with the cheers of a crowded house resounding in his gladdened ears. And will not the deliberation and the defence, the refutation and the triumph, cause that old nobleman momentarily to forget his gout and his *post obits;* the lawyers in Lincoln's-inn; his son in the Guards, who must sell out if his debts are not paid next month; his daughter, who would persist in marrying that chaplain, who has treated her so indifferently since; his wife, whom he detests, and who has been suing him ferociously lately about her "paraphernalia," chiefly consisting in a gold snuff-box, presented to her grandfather by George the Second, for sitting on Admiral Byng's court-martial? Yes. The bailiffs may be in possession of Castle Lackrent; the family diamonds may be in the custody of Mr. Triball; the twelve tribes of Israel may be keeping up a ceaseless clamour about interests unpaid, and mortgages to be foreclosed; but the noble lord is engrossed *pro tem.* in the vital question as to whether the barrack-master at Ballygarret

was illegally dismissed or not. The opposition maintains that he was; Lord Viscount Lackrent maintains that he was not—and victoriously maintaining it, forgets disease, debt, and difficulty, and is, for the time, triumphant over all.

Again: here in the Court of Quiddities you shall see a grave old judge, majestic in his wig and his fur. The sands of life have filtered sagely and decorously and profitably through the glass; but he is seventy years old now; and there are few, very few grains left to run. He is rich, and honoured, and wise and famous; but his hand shakes, and his eyes are dim, and his voice is feeble; and his memory begins to play him strange tricks. He can remember, to a dactyl, the Latin verses he made at school; but he cannot exactly call to mind who was plaintiff, and who defendant, and what the action was all about that he tried yesterday. Yet you shall see him in the Court of Quiddities, patiently listening to the hair-splitting arguments of counsel; you shall hear him copiously pouring forth stores of erudition upon the right of patent in the ribs of an umbrella; accurately weighing and commenting upon every tittle of evidence for and against the vexed question of a bad sixpence; nicely balancing the pro and con as to whether Mossop kicked Barry, or Barry kicked Mossop; concentrating all the wisdom and learning, the experience and observation of seventy years into a bad joke to make the jury titter, or a clap-trap sentiment to elicit a peal of applause (immediately afterwards, and rigorously repressed by the officers of the court, of course) from the gallery. Who should not be jubilant at the existence of that mercy of limitation which places the horizon at the end of the Statesman's nose, and an adamantean wall round the retina of the judge's eye; which can make them both forget, in the absorption of the Irish barrack-master's dismissal, the patent umbrella, the bad sixpence, Barry's kick, the bad joke, and the clap-trap sentiment, how old and feeble they both are; how swiftly and steadily the sands are running through the glass; in how short a space of time they must be brought to death, "and to the house appointed to all living."

In Hoc Momento pulsat Æternitas—(In this moment throbs Eternity.) But what a world of unceasing misery and lamentation, of impenetrable gloom and hopeless despair, this world

would be if the business, the happiness, the hope or fear of the Moment were not permitted to avert our eyes from the momentarily progressing dial and its mortuary inscription. If all our yesterdays were but to be considered as candles that have

> "lighted fools
> The way to dusty death,"

Each blessed morrow would be but as one guiding us still further graveward; the years would be but as milestones on the high road to the House of Death. Such milestones we know them to be; but thank God there are pleasant prospects on the way, and green glades and sunny spots. We may stop and rest—we may beguile the journey with innocent mirth; there are way-side inns for refreshment, and pleasant cuts and bridle-paths: we *must* make the journey, and come to our bourne at last; but which is better?—to march along cheerfully, with a brave heart, and a stout walking-stick, singing a merry song at times; going a little out of our way down a green lane to visit a mossy ruin or a snug cottage; tarrying, if needs be, to help the ox out of the pit, and the lame dog over the stile; to carry the milkmaid's pails—yea, and to keep company with her through the journey, for better for worse, if she be as good as comely; to pull the wounded man out of the ditch, and bind up his wounds, and carry him to the next inn and leave two pence for him there; to sit, now and again, on a green knoll to take a sketch of the glorious landscape; to halt, when hungry and weary, by a bubbling brook, to bathe the swollen feet, and kindle the crackling branches beneath the iron pot: yea, and to see that the stew be well concocted, and that there be good fellows to eat it, and that our brother in rags be not forgotten in respect of the bones and fragments,—I say, which is better, *this* manner of journeying, or that adopted by brother Dolorosus, the brother with the sour face, and the hair shirt, and the girdle with spikes in it, who toils along barefoot, looking neither to the right nor to the left, choosing the hardest part of the road, where the shards and shingles are, and seeing nothing but misery and grief in every possible and impossible direction? Brother Dolorosus, you may brag lugubriously that you read "*In hoc momento*" on

the dial oftener than we do, and have the inscription in your eye and mind unceasingly; but in your constant remembrance is there not some leaven of the vanity of the Pharisee of old? and have not you, and have not I, and has not every one, business to do here, here, *here*—the business for which we all came into the world,—the business of transmitting it to the unborn, better, happier and wiser than it was?

If we were to pull down every booth in Vanity Fair; if we were to shut up all the theatres, and hoist a black flag on the Crystal Palace; if we were to dress the Life Guards out with crape-scarfs and staves like mutes; if we were to set the editors of "Punch" in the stocks, and make laughter felony without benefit of clergy; if we were to induce Mr. Shillibeer to "undertake" the office of prime minister; if we were to abolish all music save that of the clanking of chains, the shrieking of owls, and the tolling of bells; if there were a skeleton at every banquet, and an earth-worm in every bouquet; if the ladies patronesses of Almack's wore shrouds over their muslins, as the Jews do over their garments on the White Fast; if the Lord Mayor mingled myrrh and vinegar in the loving cup at every Guildhall banquet, and an undertaker's man sat in his gold coach beside him, instead of the man (who *is* that man?) in the fur cap, like the slave in the chariot of the Roman conqueror if Mr. Harker the toast-master, instead of entreating us to charge our glasses, were to confine himself to repeating the formula of the Eastern Herald: "Saladin the magnificent, Saladin the invincible must DIE!" if we fed like Apollodorus on poisons, and drank only out of skulls, and delighted, like the late Lord Portsmouth, in "black jobs;" if we all turned Trappists, and went about digging our own graves, and gravely whispering to each other, "Brother, we must die;" if the sentry at the palace-gates were instructed to call out, "*Memento mori!*" every quarter of an hour; if the infant's cradle were made coffin-shape; if the only study of our lives were to be that of the inscription on the dial-plate; we might indeed be giving but a due consideration to the transitory nature of existence. But we come into existence for other ends, and our minds are therefore not formed, being healthy, to do these dismal things. It is in their nature, within due bounds, to

take their colour from the present moment, as the chameleon takes his from the nearest object.

The matter of the moment will pre-occupy the sick man, groaning in the pangs of an incurable disease: though he knows his malady to be far beyond the reach of human skill; yet an hour's cessation from pain, a bright day, a new doctor, the visit of a friend, will light up his face, and ring joy-bells in his heart. Have you never known him talk gaily of all he means to do when he gets well: of the friends he will visit, the schemes he will mature, the half-finished tasks he will complete? Have you never heard the paralytic octogenarian feebly cackle of the new wing he means to build to his country house next year, when he has the use of his lungs again. He knows, they know, we all know, we must die.

The lad of fifteen knows it as well, sometimes, as the patriarch of ninety. We all know that there must come a time when the movements of armies and the fall of kingdons, the marriages of princes and the wars of giants, will be of no account; when it shall be all one who reigns, who governs; when those who love us, and tend us, and minister to us, will with difficulty be brought to abide with us alone ten minutes. But as soon as reason comes, comes also the consciousness of the imminence of death, and comes, thank God! that glorious privilege of pre-occupation. We are dust and ashes, we know; the flowers must fade, the plants and insects expire, the sun himself must die, before we can put on immortality; but it is no Epicurean philosophy, no callous indifference, that teaches us, in reason and kindness, to enjoy life. It is a better teacher far than these. An infinitely higher wisdom than the wisdom of the Pharisee and Brother Dolorosus.

A PEEP AT DUBLIN,

ALL ALONG THE QUAY.

To an Englishman whose chief knowledge of Ireland has been confined to what he has been able to glean from books and newspapers, and what he has gathered from the testimony of travellers, and from the conversation of Irishmen themselves, the first sight of the city of Dublin cannot fail to awaken in him an emotion of agreeable disappointment. From all he has read and all he has heard of the misery and destitution of Ireland; of her squalid poverty and utter prostration, physical and moral; of the decay of her commerce, the stagnation of her inland trade, the grovelling poverty of her people, the neglect of her aristocracy, and the mismanagement of her rulers; of the lamentable and pitiable state indeed to which she has been reduced by much misgovernment and more national indolence—from what, in fine, he has seen and may inductively argue from the raggedness and wretchedness of the teeming Irish colonies in London, and Liverpool, and Glasgow, he may expect, on landing on Dublin Quay, to find himself in a metropolis of hovels occupied chiefly by beggars and slaves, trampled upon by a few foreign tyrants, and priest-ridden by a rampant clergy. He may expect to see such nobles as are not absentees in second-hand attire; the ruined gentry growing and selling potatoes for a subsistence; he might look in every street for a repetition of Church Lane, St. Giles's, or Fontenoy Street, Liverpool, with tattered mendicants in every street, a pig in every parlour, and a whiskey shop at every corner.

He lands. A magnificent city, numbering more than 250,000 inhabitants, stretches along the two banks of a bright and unsullied river, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. Two magnificent lines of

quays, broken by bridges (of which there are seven within the municipal boundary), and which equal in architectural elegance, though of course not in size, anything we can show on the River Thames; streets of palaces; a bank which is amongst the finest architectural monuments in Great Britain; a splendid palace of justice (the Four Courts); a sumptuous Custom-House; a noble university; two venerable cathedrals for the Protestant form of worship and one for Catholic rites, together with a crowd of churches and chapels for every species of religious denomination. Were I to state that he may walk miles without being solicited for alms; that he may peep into scores of parlours without catching the remotest glimpse of a pig wrestling for potato-parings with ragged children; that he may sojourn in Dublin for days without seeing a drunken man; that no blackguard boys pursue him with ribaldry, or fling mud at him, or tilt tip-cats in his eyes; no gents puff cigar-smoke in his face; no man curses him for a Saxon, or insults him for a heretic; that the people are civil and obliging; that there are shops which would put the glories of Ludgate Hill and Regent Street to shame; hotels that for magnitude and splendour vie with the Adelphi at Liverpool and the Bedford at Brighton; and when I state that, to crown all this, there has been built in Merrion Square, on the lawn of what was once the Duke of Leinster's palace, a Palace of Art and Industry,* elegant and tasteful in construction, vast in extent, and magnificent in contents, due solely to the genius and patriotism of Irishmen, and to which more than 10,000 persons resort daily;—were I to declare so much, I should be enumerating what may or may not happen to a stranger in Dublin; and I should bring forward sufficient evidence, I fancy, to support me in the assertion that an Englishman, well up on the Irish Question, and the Irish Grievance, and the Irish Ulcer, will have some cause to open his eyes on his first visit to Eblana; by which classical name I beg to state, for the information of my Saxon readers, Dublin was known to the geographer Ptolemy in the year of Grace 140.

So many things that he expected to see the traveller does

* This paper was first published in August, 1853, when the great Dublin Industrial Exhibition was open.

not see, that he is fairly puzzled and amazed. The pigs and the drivers whooping after them; the excited Hibernians brandishing shillelaghs and whiskey bottles, and entreating passers-by to tread on the tails of their coats—where are they? Are the colonists in England more Irish than Ireland? I came to behold looped and windowed raggedness, and, behold! I find luxury and splendour. I came to see, in the words of the poet (a little altered)—

> "———— Repealers spouting,
> And Lady Morgan making tay;
> A ruined city and a bankrupt nation,
> An abject peasantry on a barren sod;
> Fighting like devils for conciliation,
> Hating each other for the love of God."

In lieu of all this I come upon Mr. Dargan and Sir John Benson's glories; the palatial drapery establishment of Messrs. McSwiney and Delany; a theatre nearly as large as that of Covent Garden; a mechanics' institute like a West End club; railway stations handsomer and more commodious than the majority of English termini; second-class carriages glistening with French polish and plate-glass, and redolent of morocco leather; barracks much finer than Buckingham Palace; a bay vieing with the Bay of Naples, and a park (the Phœnix) that may compete with that of Windsor.

There, gentlemen and brigadiers of Ireland! have I put enough *couleur de rose* on my palette? Is the picture sufficiently gaily tinted for you? Have I omitted one spray of the feathers in your cap? I shall certainly expect after this to have a serenade of the brass band under my windows; to have something handsome in the way of "rint" transmitted to me weekly.

The more so, because I honestly aver that all I have stated of the splendour of the *first* aspect of Dublin is strictly unexaggerated and correct. The first! alas, the first! *C'est le premier pas*, they say, *qui coûte;* but *c'est le second pas qui achète:* the first step costs, but the second buys—experience, disillusion.

Philosopher, fresh from admiring the river front of Somerset House, cross by the bridge and gaze at Somerset's sorry brick

sides. Tell me what the back windows of stately New Oxford Street look upon—whether upon more stateliness or upon Church Lane. Tear up the granite of Regent Street and look into the sewers. Cut open the five guinea Pantheon doll that squeaks papa and mamma, and take out the bran, and sawdust, and old rags. Go from the Venus de Medicis, to the dissecting room of Bartholomew's. Remove my lady's false hair and paint; take out her false teeth; tear out her false eyes, and put Mortality to bed. I knew a man once who had a vague chemical notion in his head that whatever in Nature was not oxygen, or hydrogen, or nitrogen, was carbon; and who, whenever he had received an injury or a slight from any rich or powerful man, was wont to comfort himself by pointing to the coal-scuttle and saying, "Why, sir, after all, he's no more than that."

Mind, I don't say that all this is the case with Dublin—that there must needs be dirt and wretchedness behind the granite splendour of the Post-Office, the Bank of Ireland, and Nelson's Column, or that King William's bronze doll in Dame Street is stuffed with sawdust and old rags. All this remains for after showing; but I have seen only the splendour of Dublin as yet, and if you please I would rather not search for the rags and dirt and sawdust to-day. For the sky is blue, and the sun shines brightly; so let us take a walk along what Dublin has good reasons to be proud of, the length of her quays.

The Dublin quays are nearly three miles long. The pretty little river Liffey, during its whole course throughout the city, is not hidden, like the Thames at London, by houses and wharfs. No hideous seven-storied warehouses, no rubbish-crowded wharfs, no Phlegethonian fleets of frowning coal-barges, no factories with tasteless chimneys twisting out black smoke, no piles of rotting timbers, or dismantled half broken-up ships, or unpicturesque stone-yards, or uncouth ship-building sheds, or tumble-down crazy houses, or slimy stairs, line the banks of Dublin river, or obstruct the spectator's view. The stream is visible throughout; and you may travel on either bank by a broad well-paved road, running immediately between the houses and the river. In this and in numerous other instances there is a striking and agreeable resemblance between the quays of Dublin and the quays of

Paris. The long unbroken lines of parapets and balustrades, and the shining river rippling and glistening at their feet. The numerous watchmakers, nick-nack toy and curiosity or *bric-à-brac* shops, with the good-humoured throng of well-dressed loungers—(it is astonishing what a number of persons in Dublin, male as well as female, seem to have nothing to do) —peering at watches, toys, and jewellery, turning over shells and bog-wood bracelets, and thrusting their fingers into parrots' and macaws' beaks. The numerous shops for the sale of fishing-tackle, devotional books, and queer little pictures of the Virgin and saints, rosaries, scapularies, *agnus Deis*, and religious medals and ornaments. The short but handsome and often recurring bridges, the bent-double old women muffled in cloaks, who want but the coloured handkerchief twisted round the head to be completely French. The absence (above the Custom-House) of navigation, and of any very heavy traffic, save that destined apparently for the supply of the city with provisions; what street traffic there is being carried on in low, clumsy-looking drays drawn by horses not inelegantly caparisoned, and notably resembling French *charrettes*. The military police (there is a municipal force as well), the abundance of soldiers of all arms, the continual trotting of orderlies, and dusky bands of infantry going to relieve guard. The noble public edifices, with bookstalls nestling under the lee of their porticos, and blind men basking in the sun on their steps. All these, with the sun and sky and genial atmosphere, are so many points of affinity between the quays of Eblana and Lutetia.

We set out on our ramble down the length of the Quays at the Royal Barracks, close to Arbour Hill, where is the great military hospital, and adjoining the Phœnix Park. We stand before a huge pile of stone buildings, calculated, so my information goes, to accommodate two regiments of cavalry and one of infantry. There is not much to repay curiosity in a barrack, wherever it may be—whether on Dublin Quay or the Quai d'Orsay, or the Birdcage Walk, or in Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg. When we say that a barrack is a barrack, all is pretty nearly told. The same listless men, in apparently unimprovable slovenliness, lolling out of open windows; the same men on guard in as apparently an unim-

provable state of neatness and disciplined dandyism; the monotonous lines of walls and chimneys pierced by windows and doors; the same busy sergeants plodding past with parchment-covered books; the same sergeant-major with the same stick; the same weary parties at drill, looking very much as if they did not like it at all, which is very probable; the same slatternly women and children, with the unmistakeable baggage-waggon stamp about them; the officers with their clanking sabres and bored expression of countenance, lounging to or from parade; the dirty apparitions of men with dirty shirts and military trousers, baggy for want of braces, flitting across the level dusty square with baskets of coal, or wheelbarrows full of rubbish, or besoms worn to the stump; the privates in knots of twos or threes lounging in and out, twirling cheap sticks or jingling their spurs; the equivocal hangers-on; the same one grave dog watching the sentinel on guard, which evidently belongs to "ours," and seems to know the countersign and to be ready to fly at anybody who does not; the prevailing stillness, gravity, dulness, pigeonholedness, ready to burst forth at a moment's notice with the blast of gunpowder, and the clang of steel, and alarums of drums and trumpets.

Down the length of the Quays, beyond the barrack, past busy shops and through busy throngs, we find ourselves beside the oldest of the bridges. It is a grim grey structure of heavy frowning arches upon solid piers. This is called by the startling name of Bloody Bridge. Why, you shall hear. The first bridge was built of wood in sixteen hundred and seventy; but in the following year a great riot took place among a body of apprentices, who assembled here for the purpose of pulling the bridge down. The soldiers were called out, and took some scores of the rioters into custody; but, in an attempted rescue, several were killed and thrown from the bridge, and their blood mingling with the water went purpling down the Liffy. The bridge was reconstructed, afterwards, of stone; but its evil name adhered to it, and it has been known ever since as Bloody Bridge. How many were hanged afterwards for taking part in this riot, besides those who fell by powder and lead, I know not; but those were cruel days, and many swung I have no doubt.

Two more bridges—the Queen's and Whitworth; but just ere we come to the latter we pause before the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Paul, upon Arran Quay. Hither come on Sundays the Roman Catholic soldiers to attend mass. It is a sight to see them with their bright scarlet and brighter accoutrements. Pass Whitworth Bridge, and on the left bank of the Quays is a public building you have, I warrant, heard and read of many a time. On the site of a Dominican monastery, called St. Saviour's, was built, in 1776, a pile of buildings devoted to the judicature of the Chancery, King's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas, and known commonly as the Four Courts.

I have not the art of guide-book writing, or I would mention the exact dimensions of this noble structure, with full information in addition as to its friezes, entablatures, Corinthian columns, statues, &c. As it is, I am content to enter the great circular hall, with twelve windows, crowned by a dome. This, during term time, is open to all—serving, indeed, the purpose of Westminster Hall in London, or the Salle des Pas Perdus in Paris; and here for a contemplative man is food for thought sufficient to last him for a month.

Suitors, witnesses, and idlers, mingle with vendors of watch-guards, dog-collars, combs, oranges, hundred-bladed knives, memorandum-books, almanacks, and sponges; together with barristers, baristers' clerks, attorneys hard-faced and sleek-faced—all are mixed up in heterogeneous confusion. How many hundred million footsteps have been lost here, I wonder, since this hall was first paced? How much of the dust has been the dust of that death that Yesterdays have lighted fools to? Can the pavement of Hades show such a mosaic of good intentions as must be tesselated here? Surely, there must have been sighs breathed and curses muttered enough in this hall to bring down the ponderous dome; tears enough shed to evaporate to the lantern and run down the sides. Fortunes made and fortunes lost; hopes deferred, and hearts sickened; fierce hatreds, undying loves, blasted happiness, lust, dice, wine, horses; every human virtue, every human passion, every human wish and aspiration, must have their silent chronicles lurking somewhere, now written in dust, and now in damp, and now in dirt—now notched in stone, now worn in staircases,

now frayed from paint-denuded doors beneath the dome of the Four Courts of Dublin.

And still the pace goes on and the steps are lost. Affirmations, replications, and rejoinders, quillets and quibbles and quibbolets, affidavits false as dicers' oaths, faggot briefs, law calf, white faces, quivering lips, groans of impatience, curses of despair, shouts of triumph, malice, deceit, law-latin, law-logic, and law-justice; and so the pace goes on, and the cases on the paper are proceeded with. Who shall say when to end? Is not litigation older than King Solomon and all his wisdom?

How many lord chancellors that were to be, have paced this hall briefless and in rusty gowns? How many chancellors that are to be, pace it now in similar case? Here, in the good old times, how many an amicable arrangement has been made for a deadly duel next morning in the "fifteen acres?" How many ghosts must haunt this hall of barristers shot by barristers, plaintiffs shot by defendants? What blood as well as dust in the Four Courts! But *that* pace has ended, and hair-trigger footsteps are lost no more.

We pass Richmond and Essex Bridges—the last named after an Earl of Essex who was lord-lieutenant here in 1676, and which is said to have been erected on the exact model of Westminster Bridge. It is of course smaller, but considerably handsomer, than that infirm old structure, which has been patched and cobbled so often, that, like Elwes the miser's worsted hose, scarcely any of the original fabric remains.

Opposite to Essex Bridge, on Essex Quay, is the principal Presbyterian church in Dublin; and, in the immediate neighbourhood, once stood one of the finest abbeys possessed by Dublin in the mediæval times. There is scarcely a vestige of it remaining now, save a crypt in a sawyer's yard.

Yet more quays, and more bridges. There is the metal bridge, constructed in 1816, and is 140 feet long, I am told, consisting of one bold elliptical arch. Another quay—still lined on one side by busy, bustling shops—and we approach the termination of our ramble. We stand upon Carlisle Bridge, the most crowded thoroughfare in Dublin, leading from Westmoreland Street, the Bank, the College, &c., to Sackville Street, the Post Office, and Nelson Column.

Here, traveller, pause and gaze on the stately Custom-House, the ships—too few, alas!—and the great port of Dublin. All lie eastward; and eastward, too, stretch more quays, lined chiefly with shipping and bonding warehouses, and shops for the sale of ships' stores. Southward runs the stream of life and motion:—jaunting cars and carriages; inside and outside cars; officers on horseback; parties of excursionists coming from the Exhibition; laughing children and comely peasants. Westward are the quays and bridges we have passed, and in the far-off distance rise, with purpling shadows against the summer sky, the crumbling towers of St. Audeon's and the Cathedral of Christ Church. The setting sun has bathed tower and spire, mast and cupola, water and quay, in one flood of golden light; and the river dances, and the diamond-flashing windows seem to laugh, and from the crowds on the quays and streets comes up a cheerful murmur.

From my window at home, in the twilight, I can still see the length of the quays, the houses, the bridges, and the people. Presently the twinkling lamps are lighted; and these, with the gas-lit shops, and the deep red glow from the chemists, mirror themselves in the water, which grows darker and deeper every minute. As I think of the fair sights I have seen, some thoughts begin to deepen with the deepening twilight. Amidst all the splendour of granite architecture and fluted columns I am constrained to remember many evidences of prosperity decayed and glories departed. That the Custom-House is wofully too large for any purposes of trade, and that the authorities have been compelled to utilise it for miscellaneous public purposes; that what should be a forest of masts is but a thicket; that the great Linen Hall is turned into a barrack; the noble Royal Exchange into a police office; that everywhere and on all sides there are stately shells standing with but dry and shivered kernels; that, in a room in Henrietta Street, called the Encumbered Estates Court, from the time of its establishment up to the month of March last, there passed under the judicial hammer one million and a half acres of land, or something more than one-fourteenth of the entire arable superficies of the island (but it is a consoling reflection that these broad acres fetched unhoped-for prices, and that the new hands into which they have fallen will be able to

deal better with them than when they were hampered and encumbered). But what a history of year-long misery, and reckless extravagance, and desperation, seems to unfold itself at the bare enumeration of those figures? They seem to answer the whole question of Irish distress at once.

Bring in the lights, for the twilight has deepened into night, and the room is full of shadow.

AN IRISH STEW.

ANOTHER PEEP AT DUBLIN.

I HAVE found them! The rags, the bones, the sawdust, and the dirt, which I was at first unable, as I endeavoured to explain in the foregoing paper, to discover in Dublin. But I have found them now. Not in Sackville Street, or Westmoreland Street, or Dame Street, or Grafton Street; not in aristocratic Merrion Square or College, or Stephen's Green; not in the Phœnix Park—but in the Coombe.

A swift steam-engine has wafted me from the ancient city of Chester, across, or rather through, the great tubular bridge, through the picturesque Welsh country, by a multiplicity of stations whose names, being utterly unpronounceable, it would be a waste of time to transcribe here, to the promontorial port called Holyhead. Whence a sea-monster has borne me across St. George's Channel. It has borne me to the clean sparkling suburb of Kingstown—once an unaristocratic, humble, lobster-smelling little village, called Dunleary; but since the visit of the Georgium Sidus to Ireland, in 1821, baptised, and thence-forward known as Kingstown. I may observe, however, that while he was about it, the regal toucher for the evil of nomenclature might have changed the three stations on the road between Kingstown and Dublin: Booterstown, Black Rock, and Salt Hill, into Pump-ville, Jet-ornament, and Salinopolis, or something pretty of that description.

So I have come to Dublin, and I have taken my fill of the monuments and public buildings, and of the Industrial Exhibition. But I have been keeping a wary look-out meanwhile in the rag and bone interest; hence I found myself in the Coombe. I did not know then that the Coombe was the Coombe; so I straggled out of it again, bewildered, dazed, in a labyrinth of dirty streets, rubbing the eyes of my mind, as one of the Seven Sleepers might have rubbed his corporeal

eyes on his first ramble after his nap. The Lord-Lieutenant (whose carriage I stopped to see sweep out of the Vice-regal yard into Dame Street) was the primary cause of my wandering Coombe-wise; but a personage somewhat removed from him in worldly station and appearance was the secondary loadstone which pointed to this pole. This was no other than a Dublin fishwoman, very much disguised or rather undisguised in rage and alcohol, who was scattering the flowers of her eloquence broadcast on a female with a barrow at the door of a whiskey-shop—the *casus belli* being a disputed question as to the right of property in a flat-iron—here called a "smooth." "Isn't it the smooth that's mine?" and "Sure it's not a skirrick of it that's yours!" were bandied about for some time, till the dealer in *mollusca*, after the manner of persons quarrelling, diverged from the main point at issue to some retrospective griefs and *torts* by her suffered at the hands of her opponent. "Isn't it yerself," demanded this female Demosthenes in a concluding Philippic, "that daren't go to chapel, forbye Father M'Anasser forbad ye ivery brick of it? Isn't it yerself that kem down only Wednesday was a fortnight to the corner of the Coombe, foreninst the whole world, and called me a murthering ould excommunicated gasometer?" With which latter trope she folded her arms, and looked oyster-knives at her enemy.

At the corner of the Coombe! Where was the Coombe? I had heard that St. Patrick's Cathedral, which I was anxious to see, was down in the Coombe, but the guide-books were all silent as to where the Coombe was. I found the Coombe—which is indeed a very long, straggling estuary between houses (I cannot call it a street) running from the bottom of Francis Street to Ardee Street and Pimlico, and possessing *vomitoria* seemingly innumerable, in the shape of lanes, back streets, courts, and blind alleys—to be a thoroughfare of the same description as its neighbour, with a strong additional dash of Petticoat Lane, Broker's Row in Birmingham, and Newgate Market; but with an almost indescribable aspect of dirt and confusion, semi-continental picturesqueness, shabbiness—less the shabbiness of dirt than that of untidiness—over-population, and redolent of an odour perfectly original and peculiarly its own. I wandered up and down and about

the Coombe for hours, till I was hungry, thirsty, and tired, and I would strongly advise all travellers in Ireland, all painters of still life and *genre* subjects, and lovers of the picturesque catholicity, by no means to omit a walk in the Coombe when they visit Dublin, the silence of the guide-books and the ciceroni notwithstanding. Let me see if I can, in my small way, recall a few of the oddities I saw.

First, the old clothes. A man who has seen the Temple in Paris, and Rag Fair in London, is apt to imagine that very little can astonish him in the cast-off garment line. Let him come to the Coombe. This, its subsidiaries, succursals, and tributaries, don't teem but swarm, don't swarm but burst, with old clothes. Here is a shop out of a hundred which is a mass of old clothes, so thickly sown, so deeply heaped, that the proprietor and proprietors, squatting among them smoking their pipes, look like bundles of old clothes (they are little else) themselves. Every imaginable article of male and female attire seems clustered together in this shop. The broken windows have old clothes stuffed into their shattered panes; the sleeping department of the establishment is walled off by a screen of old gowns and petticoats; the wind is excluded by old stockings thrust into chinks, and sleeveless coats laid at the bottoms of doors. There is a tattered shawl for a carpet, and a fragment of some under-garment for a table cloth; old clothes for counterpanes, old clothes for window curtains; the pockets of old clothes (I shouldn't wonder) for corner cupboards. All the mortals that sleep in the valley of dry bones seem to have left their garments here. All Jason's army must have deposited their civilian's costume or "mufti" in the Coombe, before they went into uniform, and took the dragon's-tooth bounty—stay! another solution: *this* is what becomes of our old clothes. How many jackets, pinafores, petticoats, tunics, skeleton-suits, tail coats, frock coats, pantaloons, waistcoats, pairs of boots and shoes, hats, caps, shirts, and stockings, have we had since we were children, and where are they now? Has any man or woman a complete set of his or her wearing apparel from his or her youth upwards? If any such, let him or her stand forth! Some we may have given to our valets (such of us as possess such retainers); some we may have bartered, sold, lost, or

had stolen from us. But all cannot have gone this way. Neither can we wear a garment (be it ever so threadbare—ever so tattered) but some vestige, some remnant must remain (though I once knew an Irish gentleman who was assured, and convincingly so, by his valet, that he had worn a favourite green hunting-coat for which he made inquiry—"clean out."). What, then, becomes of the old clothes? This: they take unto themselves wings and fly away—to the Coombe.

Yes, here they all are, and you may see yourself retrospectively in a mirror of rags. Here is the black frock and black sash and broad-flapped hat with the black plume you wore for your father's death. *You* wear these rags, ay! You wonder now, Madam, whether you could ever have worn them, as much as when at five years old you marvelled why they were substituted for the glowing plaid merino and showy Leghorn purchased for you only three weeks before. Here are your first school-clothes, good sir, the marks of the wiped pen yet on cuff and collar, the whitened elbows attesting how doggedly you leant with them on the desk, over *verbum personale*—the wrinkled arms, and frayed cuffs, and cracked seams, bearing witness how much too big you grew for that last jacket before you were provided with a new one. Here is the tail coat you courted your first wife in; here in dank sable tatters is the black suit you wore at her funeral, and here are the blue body coat and fawn-coloured kerseymeres you made the second Mrs. Reader a happy woman in. Here is your schoolmaster's grey duffel dressing-gown, the very sight of which throws a shudder through you, even now; your grandmother's well-remembered black satin (worn only on high days and holidays, and reposing during the rest of the year in a dilapidated piebald hair trunk like a quadrangular cow); your sister's cashmere shawl you brought her after your first voyage, and in the centre of which Gyp the puppy bit a neat polygonal hole. Here are all the boots and shoes you ever wore—that have paced the deck, or plodded Cheapside, or tripped along chalked floors to merry tunes, or crawled through mud and mire up to high places, or shuffled about prison-yards, or faltered in docks, or stumbled in drawing-rooms, or kept the "pot a boiling," or stood on the damp ground over the dampest clay beside the dampest grave, while you peered down to

see the last of kindred or of love. Oh man, man, go to the Coombe and learn! Strive not to read futurity, but con over that past which is surely spread out before you there in ragged leaves. Did the Teufelsdröck of Carlyle's Sartor Resartus ever come to the Coombe? If he live yet —and when will he die!—let him come.

Seriously, (if among *bizarre* and fantastic speculations a man can claim credit for seriousness) there is really and truly a cause for this extraordinary accumulation of old clothes not only in the Coombe, but in every back street of Dublin. The Irish, from the peasantry even to the numerous class of petty shopkeepers and mechanics, are, it is patent, almost universal wearers of old clothes. At what season of national depression, what climax of suffering and destitution, they were first reduced to this degrading strait is yet to be discovered; but to this day, and in this day, thousands of persons (whose equals in England would disdain it) are content to wear second-hand garments—not only outer, but inner and under. Again, the great exodus, which every year takes tens of thousands of Irishmen from their native shores (principally to America), creates an enormous demand for second-hand wearing apparel; for in the United States clothes are among the very dearest articles of supply, and a newly arrived emigrant without money or without some wardrobe, however tattered, would soon have to go as Adam did. And again, many many hundreds of poor creatures (I have seen it and know it) are only enabled to cross from Dublin to Liverpool (even on the deck with the pigs and geese) at the sacrifice of a waistcoat, a shawl, or a coat, sold for anything they will fetch. In like manner, in Liverpool, is the passage-money to New York often completed, or the miserable stock of provisions eked out, by the sale of such old clothes as can be spared. Thus a great system of clothes barter and exchange, sale, purchase, and re-sale, goes on in Ireland. Step into the many old clothes depôts about Rag Fair, or the Clothes Exchange in London, and ask the dealer where the majority of his stock is to be exported to. He will tell you to Ireland—for the Irish market. I dare say many gentlemen of the Irish press would vehemently deny this, and assert that the Celt, their compatriot, never condescends to wear anything but spick and

span new broadcloth; and denouncing my atrocious mendacity and general Saxon brutality, insinuate besides that I murdered Eliza Grimwood, fomented the Gunpowder Plot, and set the Thames on fire; but the Coombe is my evidence on the old clothes question, and I will stick to it.

Diverging, temporarily, a little from the Coombe I enter Patrick Street, which leads to Patrick's Close, and to the great Protestant Cathedral of St. Patrick. Patrick Street is of the Coombe, Coombish. One side is occupied by an imposing manifestation of the old clothes interest, the other by a continuous line of stalls for the sale of butcher's-meat and provisions in general—the stalls being overshadowed by projecting bulkheads prodigiously productive of *chiaro oscuro*, picturesqueness, rottenness, and dinginess. This and the neighbourhood is the most ancient, the raggedest, dirtiest, wretchedest, part of Dublin's proud city. I become sensible of the presence of incalculable swarms of tattered children, nearly all without shoes or stockings, and the average number of whose articles of dress varies from one and a half to two and three-eighths; likewise of a multiplicity of grown-up females, also barefooted —the elder ones astoundingly hideous, the younger ones not unfrequently exceedingly well favoured, and, for all their bare feet, modest and demure. The men seem to carry the allowance of shoes for both sexes, exhibiting their lower extremities cased in huge shoes, which in heavy weather on heavy roads must make walking anything but a labour of love. I opine the men of all ages and the women of mature years are nearly all smoking the national short-pipe, its top protected by a small leaden cupola, perforated, like a miniature dish-cover with a hole in it. And I cannot fail to observe a salient and a melancholy national peculiarity in men and women and children. They all crouch, or loll, or cower, or lean on something somehow—on door-steps and counters, over chairs and window-sills. The climate is not sultry, it is not enervating; yet here they crouch, and cower, and loll, and lean, with the same pervading, listless, wearied, *blasé* expression. The first thing I saw on landing at Kingstown was a railway porter, lounging with both elbows outspread over a truck, with a thoroughly "used up" and languid air; and I see scores of counter-parts of him as I walk along Patrick Street.

You will say that a visit to any London or Anglo-provincial district, colonised by Irish, will show you what I have been describing; but there are sights here, in addition, that you will not see out of Patrick Street and the Coombe. Groups of men and children carrying neatly-cut sods of "turfs," peat sods for fuel, about for sale; little dusky shops, full of big white jugs and huge iron-hooped buckets and churns full of buttermilk; more pork and bacon and eggs within a few square yards than you would see in some town-miles; open shops like coal sheds, but where, instead of coals, there are piles on piles, and sacks on sacks, of potatoes, which the dealers are shovelling and carting about as though they really were coals, and to show the quality of which for the behoof of customers there is, on a little tripod, a plate of brown-jacketed murphies ready boiled and half-peeled; numerous stalls for the sale of salt fish—cod and ling—for this is Friday, and the Coombe, though hard by the cathedral close, is Catholic; sweep and dustman's carts jogging slowly by—the cart a long low contrivance like a horse-trough on wheels, and the vicinity of its owner being announced by a bell attached to a wire on the horse's collar. Lastly, all through Patrick Street and the Coombe, and Francis Street and the vicinity, one corner of every outlet, sometimes both, are garnished with a grocer's shop, and also a tobacconist's, and also a whiskey shop. The author of Lalla Rookh and the Loves of the Angels was born in such a shop.

At the first cursory view, Dublin seems very deficient in houses of public entertainment. No swinging doors invite the passer by—no glistening bars dazzle the toper's eyes. He sees plenty of hotels and plenty of grocers, but few what may be called public-houses. When, however, he has been a very few days in Dublin, he discovers that in almost every "hotel" (the Sackville Street and aristocratic ones I exclude of course) he may be provided with refreshment as moderate as a "dandy" of punch, or modicum of whiskey and hot water, which costeth twopence; or that in almost every shop where tea and coffee and sugar are sold, there also is sold the enlivening beverage extolled by poets but denounced by Father Mathew, the "rale potheen," from a pennyworth up to a gallon, which costeth eight shillings. There are, I believe,

some excise and municipal regulations, limiting the drinking of whiskey on the premises, which prompt some grocers of tender consciences to provide back yards, with back outlets, into which customers accidentally stray to drink their whiskey, and find, as accidentally, such waifs and strays as "materials," *i. e.*, hot water, sugar, and lemons, under a water-butt, or what not; but, in general, there seems no disguise about the matter; and, in the dram-drinking line, the grocery as plainly means whiskey, as, in England, the Alton ale-house means beer.

I turn into Bull Alley, a very narrow and filthy little bulk-headed avenue of butchers' stalls—the very counterpart of a street in Stamboul. I have but time to notice that the butchers' wives and daughters are very rosy and comely-looking—as all butchers' wives and daughters in all climes and countries seem to be—and make my escape as soon as ever I can; for Bull Alley has anything but an agreeable perfume, and there are puddles of blood between the uneven paving-stones, and should an animal of the species from which this narrow alley derives its name be disposed to manifest himself therein (which I do not consider unlikely), stung to frenzy by a "sense of injured merit," I would rather be anywhere else, so I wend my way into Patrick's Close,

Where, looming large in the very midst of the old clothes, dirt, bare feet, slaughter-houses, and whiskey-shops, is the metropolitan church of Dublin—the Cathedral of St. Patrick. It is a venerable majestic building—a chaste and elegant example of that most glorious period of pointed Gothic architecture, the close of the twelfth century. Originally built, so it is said, by St. Patrick, the present church dates from the year 1190, when John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, demolished the elder structure.

It is magnificent in conception and detail, built in one uniform style, with a glorious nave and transept, a chapter-house and a Lady chapel. The banners of the Knights of St. Patrick hang over the arches of the nave. There is a fine choir, and monumental tombs, and cathedral service daily; but, within and without, the whole fabric is in a lamentable state of decay, and the feelings that come over one in gazing on it are inexpressibly melancholy. With its gray tower and

noble proportions it dominates the city; but it stands here an anomaly, a discrepancy, an almost unused fane, unreverenced, unsympathised with, unhonoured, disavowed, disliked.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral are the tombs of Dean Swift; of the woman who loved him so truly, and whom he used with such fantastic cruelty, the unfortunate Stella (Mrs. Hester Johnson); of Michael Tregury, Archbishop of Dublin; of the famous Duke Schomberg, killed at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690; and of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork. The noise and riot and lumbering cars and waggons in the Coombe will not wake them, though they may shake the chain near the communion table, from which hangs the cannon ball that dealt the death-blow to General St. Ruth at the battle of Aughrim, in 1691. Hie we back to the Coombe.

Pursuing my further researches in this interesting district, I am struck by the apparently irresistible liking that the Irish have for hanging miscellaneous articles, principally rags, from their windows. Pantaloons, coats, and body-linen, and textile odds and ends of every imaginable hue and stage of raggedness, flutter and dangle from poles and nails and clothes lines from every window. The effect in the Coombe and in the numerous little *vomitoria* I have hinted at adjoining it, is pictorial, scenic, continental in the highest degree, but scarcely, I should say, conducive to interior comfort—a defect I have somewhat largely observed in this aspect of the picturesque, in the course of my small travels. Further, I confess my inability to discover why the male portion of the Coombian population should monopolise the whole available stock of boots and shoes and hose, to the detriment of the ladies of Coombianæ; why they should appear to hold soap and water in such apparent detestation—the Liffey being close at hand, and a clear stream; and why they should not live a little less like pigs, and a little more like human beings.

A GOOD CHAMPION;

OR,

THE LITTLE BLUE MANTLE.

On the fourth of June, 1852, a modest funeral procession entered the cemetery of Castel-Censoir, in France. The defunct, to whom the last offices of humanity were being rendered, and on whose plain coffin a drizzling rain fell, had gained no great victories, had conducted no intricate negociations, had left no niche unoccupied in the temples of literature or art. At very nearly the same period, in Paris, was taking place the funeral of Pradhier, the famous sculptor. Artists, *savants*, members of the Académie and of the Institute in their official costumes, and aides-de-camp of the Prince President, were *there;* the carriages of the aristocracy followed the bier, and a battalion of infantry formed a line on either side. But in *this* procession, personages of no higher authority than a parish priest, the mayor of a humble French township, and a brigadier of rural gendarmerie, were present. The spectacle derived its interest not from the rank, the talents, or the riches of the deceased; but from his blameless character, his many and truly Christian virtues, his inexhaustible and untiring charity, and the fact of his last home being selected in the midst of a village he had almost created, and the midst of a population many of whom he had fed, and clothed, and comforted, for half a century.

On its way to the churchyard, the procession wound through trees planted under his direction, over roads paved at his expense, by fields reclaimed and wells dug by his orders. It is no exaggeration to state, that his coffin was followed by the whole population of the place; by young and old, proprietors and labourers, by the lame, the halt, and the blind, bewailing in him the loss of a common benefactor and a com-

mon friend. As the procession neared the cemetery gate, the sun shone for a moment on the bier, lighting up the cross of the Legion of Honour, and a weather-stained, threadbare LITTLE BLUE MANTLE. These were his trophies, his shield and scutcheon.

Edmé Champion, better known as *le petit manteau bleu*, from the short blue cloak he constantly wore, was born and died at Castel-Censoir; he began life in 1768, and was consequently eighty-four years of age at the time of his death. His parents were poor bargees; his mother, the daughter of a small proprietor in somewhat easier circumstances, had been discarded and disinherited by her father for contracting an unequal match, and from infancy the little Edmé was the victim of her soured temper and of a spirit chafed by ill-borne poverty. He was left an orphan and perfectly destitute at a very early age. The almshouse would have been his only refuge, had it not been for a lady who succeeded in getting extended to him the benefits of a charity for apprenticing poor fatherless children. He was consequently apprenticed to a jeweller; who, however, chose rather to teach him the art of peeling potatoes and cleaning boots and shoes, than that of distinguishing between rose and table diamonds. Outraged by a long course of neglect and ill-treatment, he ran away, and remained concealed for a whole day and night in the wood of Vincennes, where he was found by a kind-hearted *garde champêtre*, who not only relieved his necessities, but made his peace with his master, and succeeded in having his indentures transferred to another jeweller—the famous German, Baumer —who understood and performed his duty towards his apprentice, and taught him his trade conscientiously. In course of time, Edmé Champion became an expert workman, and one of the most acute judges of precious stones in Paris. In after life, M. Champion used frequently to relate that he himself, as a workman, carried the great diamond necklace to the Cardinal de Rohan, in the extraordinary history of which that prelate, the Queen Marie Antoinette, and Balsamo, better known as Count Cagliostro, were implicated. The workman afterwards became chief clerk to his master, and at last head of an extensive establishment on his own account. He was nearly ruined by the Revolution; but the assistance of a

friend, who confided to him 100,000 francs—his whole fortune, and for which, so much confidence had he in the honour of his debtor, he would take neither acknowledgment nor security—enabled him to weather the storm. Those were bad times for jewellers; and Napoleon, even in 1804, was rather at a loss to find credit for his imperial crown, till Biennais stepped forward to his assistance. "In fact," the Emperor said afterwards, laughing, "Biennais must have believed strongly in me, for political firms often went bankrupt in those days." As for Edmé Champion, he recovered his position under the Empire and the Restoration, under which latter Government he finally retired from business with a large fortune. Early accustomed to misery and privation, and the spectator of misery and privation in others, he had always been charitable according to his means; but, from the period of his retirement to that of his death, he devoted himself exclusively to acts of munificence. From 1824 to 1852, his memoirs may be summed up in saying that he went about doing good. He made an honourable provision for his family; the residue of his fortune he held in trust for the poor, and was a faithful steward. Clad in his little blue mantle, he went about from house to house, from street to street, from one loathsome den to another, down infected alleys, up rotten staircases into foul garrets, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, drying the tears of the fatherless. He, the police, and the priests, were the repositories of the gigantic miseries of Paris. In those severe winters which, in continental cities especially, produce appalling misery, the figure of a man in a blue cloak seemed to multiply itself indefinitely wherever the snow clung to the black walls. There appeared to be, not one, but legions of little blue mantles, trotting about (which was strictly his mode of walking) with prodigious activity, bearing herculean loads of shoes, worsted stockings, and great white jugs of soup, as though they were feathers. I have heard, from a source whose authenticity I have no reason to doubt, that in one winter, in the one city of Paris, he distributed with his own hands 15,000 bowls of soup. The ragged prowling wretches who ulcerate Paris would wait patiently for hours on his track, and catching sight of his well-known blue cloak in the distance, would say, "Ah, here

comes the little blue mantle. We are going to get something to eat!" Waistcoats and shoes were, however, his specialities. A benumbed wretch would be shivering in a gateway, tightly embracing his bare chest with his shrunken arms: Little Blue Mantle would collar him fiercely; force him severely into a warm woollen waistcoat; and before the man could thank him, Little Blue Mantle would be a hundred yards away, brandishing his soup jugs. A little half-congealed atomy of a girl would be crying on a door-step, her poor shoeless feet quite violet with the pitiless cold: incontinent she would be caught up from behind, seated on a pair of friendly knees, told half a merry story; and a minute after, left staggering in the unwonted luxury of a whole pair of shoes.

I need not say that this man was adored by the poor; that mothers brought their children to him for a benediction, as to a priest; that in the awful habitations he almost alone ventured into, thieves and murderers would have rent each other in pieces before they would have suffered a hair of his head to be touched. I have conversed with a gentleman who assured me that, on one occasion, a great hulking savage giant of a horse-slaughterer, the terror even of his savage quarter, fell on his knees before him and exclaimed (with perfect French bombast, but with perfect sincerity,) "And is it possible that such a man can walk on *earth?*" He expected to see full-fledged wings sprout from the Little Blue Mantle.

Yet I find it nowhere on record that M. Edmé Champion was vain, or self-sufficient, or insolent. He was the pioneer, the interpreter, and the coadjutor of the priest. His charity ever went hand in hand with religion, and was its meet and willing helpmate.

Paris was his great working field, he loved to struggle with great miseries; but he never neglected nor forgot his native place. He was ever about some of the improvements I have mentioned in the commencement of this paper; no tale of misery from Castel-Censoir ever found his ear deaf or inattentive. In the winter of 1829-30, one of almost unexampled severity, he says, in a letter to the Mayor of Castel-Censoir: ". . . As the severity of the winter seems to be on the increase be good enough to distribute, Monsieur, as they are

needed, coals, fuel, shoes, blankets, and *such like:*" and he goes on to indicate the bakers, drapers, &c., to be dealt with, and the agents to be drawn upon for funds. He frequently visited his beloved birthplace; where he was, neither more nor less, the counterpart of Pope's "Man of Ross;" and, during one of these visits, he underwent a very severe grief. A plantation, his property, was destroyed by fire, and rumour whispered that the conflagration was the work of an incendiary. Edmé Champion struggled long and direfully against the doleful suspicion; but, one day, two peasants presented themselves before him, and intimated that they were the sole depositories of the secret of the destruction of his trees. Refusing to hear another word of this dreadful confidence, Little Blue Mantle dragged them into the village church, and made them swear, before the altar, that they would lock the secret, if any existed, in their own breasts, and never reveal it, save under seal of confession on their death-beds. Then he dismissed them with a present of money.

Little Blue Mantle took frequent flying visits of charity into other parts of France—short pleasure trips of beneficence. These were so numerous, and the good man took them so much as a matter of course, that few can be known but of the immediate circle of the parties concerned. It is related, however, that on one occasion he was informed of the residence in a small village of an old lady, of noble birth, who had lost all her relations by the guillotine; and who, converting her few jewels into ready money, had retired to an obscure cottage, where she lived in great poverty and privation. Almost paralytic, she was compelled to have recourse to the assistance of an attendant, and engaged a delicate girl, some eighteen years of age, the daughter of poor parents in the neighbourhood. Constant illness exhausted the poor paralytic's store, when her youthful nurse, who already worked at her needle by day in part support of her own family, devoted a greater portion of every night to work to procure bread for her helpless old charge. Little Blue Mantle was soon on the spot; conversed with the invalid and her nurse; and on leaving, not liking to wound the delicacy of either, left a little store of gold pieces on the mantel-piece. He returned in a few weeks, when the young girl, who was rapidly losing her health

through over-exertion, handed him his gold, supposing that he had left it on the mantel-piece by accident. For once Little Blue Mantle repented of his shame-faced benevolence; had he been a little less delicate, this poor couple would not have been starving in the midst of plenty. But he succeeded in making the poor needle-worker accept his assistance, and left directions with a tradesman in the village to watch over her, and administer to her wants. A few months afterwards he returned again; the poor paralytic was dead,—and his *protegée?* She was at the *Château.* To the *Château* went Little Blue Mantle, and there he found a handsome young man, and a blooming, well-dressed young lady. The squire had heard the story of the devoted little nurse, had become attached to her, and had married her. The story is thoroughly French, and thoroughly true to French nature.

And so, through long years, went trotting about on his Master's business Edmé Champion, the man in the little blue mantle. It may be objected that his charity was indiscriminate, and that he may have relieved rogues and vagabonds, as well as the virtuous poor. I am not aware that he understood anything about poor laws, old or new; about prison discipline, or the workhouse test; or that he had the least idea of political economy. He was a simple man, with little lore, but surely with a large heart.

At length, in extreme old age, he felt his end approaching. Beloved and revered by his family and friends, the Government had heard of his unobtrusive merits and awarded him the cross of the Legion of Honour. He took it as he took all things, pleasantly and thankfully. He expressed a few days before his death a longing to die in his native place—*dans son pays,* as the French affectionately express it. Although not attacked with any mortal malady, he seemed to know that his time was come, and said to his friends, "Adieu! you will see me no more." He had scarcely arrived at Castel Censoir, when he fell down dead. His end can scarcely be called sudden, for it was anticipated and prepared for. "He had everything to hope, and nothing to fear." The mercy he had so often shown to others seemed shown to him, in sparing him the agonies of a protracted struggle with death.

He sleeps in his quiet grave, and no monumental victories

will sound trumpets over it. But his fame is written in that most indelible of pages, the remembrance of the people; and fifty years hence, beneath the cotter or the workman's roof, the garrulous grannam will gather the little children round her knee by the bright fire, and when they are tired—if children of any growth ever *can* be tired—of hearing of the exploits of kings and conquerors, tell them of the good deeds of LITTLE BLUE MANTLE.

SUNDAY MORNING.

It is a question not, I think, beneath the dignity of the philosopher and psychologist to discuss whether, supposing our dear old friend Robinson Crusoe to have lost count of a few days during his stay on the island of Juan Fernandez, he would have been enabled to correct the notches on that dear old post—Heaven's blessings upon it, how it stands up in the plain of my childhood, sun-lighted for ever! by intuitively knowing Sunday as soon as it came round. My theory is that he would: my opinion is, that there is something in and about the aspect of the Sabbath so contra-distinguished from other days, so perfectly *sui generis*, that, the wide world over, the cognizance and recognition of Sunday are innate and intuitive. It is not like other days; the air, the stillness, the noise, are not like those of other days. There is rain on a wet Sunday, and rain on a wet Monday; but they are not the same rains by any means. The Sunday sunshine and the Saturday sunshine both light us and warm us and cheer us; but the sunny Saturday is far different from the sunny Sunday.

I do not hold with Sir Andrew Agnew. I do not row in the same boat with the crusaders against Sunday oranges and Sunday orange-women. I cannot pin my faith to the statute of King Charles the Second (a pretty fellow to force sours on Sunday as on vegetables that are none the better for pickling). I cannot see perdition in a Sabbath-sewed-on shirt-button; the bottomless pit in a Sunday-baked pie; Tophet in the boiler of a Sunday steamboat. I do not feel inclined to blacken the reputation of my friend the Pot because he enjoys himself on a Sunday, seeing that he, in his turn, might say something severe of my mamma the Kettle. If we "maunna wheestle on a Soonday," my friends beyond the Grampians, we "maunna" drink quite so much whiskey between services. I cannot, in

conclusion, see any reason why, because it is Sunday, a man should half throttle himself with a white neckcloth; turn his eyes all ways save the natural one; and put on a look of excruciating wretchedness and anguish when he is naturally inclined to be cheerful. Excuse me if I use strong language, but I feel strongly; and, do not think me scoffing or irreverent, if, acknowledging my respect for missionary enterprise and perseverance and sincerity, I confess my inability to believe in the conversion of that New Zealand chieftain, who, having been educated at a missionary station, was in after years questioned by one of his reverend friends as to his spiritual progress, and, on being pressed, avowed that he had not been quite able to give up cannibalism, but that he "nebber eat him enemies on a Sunday, now."

Sunday morning in town and country: let me essay, with my blunt pencil, to sketch some Sunday morning draughts.

What sort of a Sunday morning could that have been of the 18th of June, 1815, when the two great armies of the English and the French lay opposite each other (after couching uneasily in their muddy lairs all Saturday night), like wild beasts, ready to rend each other in pieces presently? Gunner and Driver number seven, as he pushes and labours, and toils and moils at the wheels of yonder great piece of ordnance, overhauling and sponging out the creature's mouth to see that it is ready for roaring and biting, does he think of the bloody Sunday's work he is upon,—that it was on a Sunday morning that the great Untiring Hand yet chose to rest from the labours of Creation? Gunner and Driver number seven, as, wiping the sweat from off his anxious face, he scans the trees and farms and cottages as well as he can for a rainy mist,—does it ever strike him that the grey church of Waterloo yonder was meant to be something else than a mere "position"—than a place to hold or defend, or to assault and attack—than a thing to batter and rear great guns against, and throw red-hot shot into, or may be, after the battle, to establish an hospital or litter down troop horses in? Comes there ever a thought across this rude fighting man that there are villages and village churches in his own land of England?—notably a little, grey, ivy-coloured fane "down in his part of the country;" a church with a leaden

spire and a thatched roof, and little lozenge casements glistening like diamonds: a church with a rebellious sea of churchyard, all stormy waves of turf, crested with breakers of white tombstone, surging up viciously against the church, and threatening to break through its Gothic windows, and quite submerge that smug Corinthian porch the last vicar (who had a pretty taste for building, confound him!) raised, rolling its verdant billows to rocks a-head of family vaults, and the low encompassing stone wall. Here he played, years ago, before ever he thought of 'listing, or of being a Gunner and Driver, or of fighting anybody on a Sunday morning; were it not, indeed, Tom the blacksmith's son, or Toby Crance who lived "along o' Saunders," which last—the self-styled cock of the village—he, the embryo Gunner, met on a Sabbath morning and "paid," knocking him from his cockish eminence, crowing, to the very bottom of a muck-midden, where he lay howling amongst the mire; for which exploit he (Gunner) was sorely scourged next morning by the schoolmaster, a learned man, who could talk like a book, and had a wonderful property of boxing your ears, sitting the while at his desk, were you ever so many feet off. Many a Sunday morning has he, Gunner, sat in the free-seats close to the squire's pew, wondering why the brave gentlemen and fair ladies on the brasses always crossed their arms like scissors, and held their heads askew; why the mailed knights with tin pots (in marble) on their heads, always went to sleep with their feet resting on little dogs; spelling out that quaint marble tablet, setting forth how Sir Roger Bielby died in the Civil Wars, and wondering what wars were like. Those Sunday mornings: how drowsy, how distressingly somnolent they were to him! That weary litany! that still more sleepy sermon! There was a sharp zest or relish thrown in to relieve the monotony of the former in the shape of the publication of marriage banns, and a neat peppery little prayer about the French and the Pope and a certain "blood-thirsty usurper," whose "casting down" was hebdomadally supplicated; but no such zests enlivened the dreary waste of sermon. Page after page of manuscript was turned over with a lullaby of rustling foolscap, and the drooping, sleep-oppressed spirits of the boys would have given in, have

knocked under entirely, were it not for the thought—the mighty thought—the bark riding on a sea of joy with twenty anchors of Hope at the bows—the thought of the gathering round about the baker's shop after church; the glad symposium of boys and girls with snowy napkins waiting for the baked dinners; the gastronomic Bourse—where a rumour that Starling's pie was spoilt, that Bailey's over-cake of puff-paste rider to her pie had been devoured by a buccaneering baker, was sufficient to throw a gloom on the market, and cause apples and marbles to be quoted at nothing at all. And, when the Sunday bakings did come forth, what glorious sights they were! Gunner and Driver number seven, you have had commissariat beef, and commissariat biscuit, this Sunday morning; but in those days you were entitled to a share in a dish in which there was brown, hot meat with streaky fat—a dish so brown, so streaked with white itself, so encompassed with savoury crispness that you fancied you could eat it, as well as the meat, for all it came from Staffordshire and was but a potsherd. Nor was this all; for in another compartment of this edible dish there lurked in a greasy nectar, potatoes—so crisp, so exquisitely done, so yellow, that they looked like the golden apples of the Hesperides, or that the shepherd gave to Venus. Who would mind sermons with such fruits in store? Old days, those, Gunner and Driver number seven, quiet days, timid days!

Sunday morning at Doctor Tweep's Classical Seminary, Kilburn, Middlesex. Classical was Doctor Tweep's. There were talismanic "*adsums*" and "*licets*" and "*placets*," used in playground, and class, and refectory. There was Smith *major* and Smith *minor* and Smith *minimus*; and the boy who had charge of the birches, hang him! was *præfectus*. When we saw Dr. Tweep coming, we cried "*Cave*,"—when he gave us permission to go "down street," on half-hours, he granted us an "*exeat*." Everybody was classical save the writing-master, who pretended to be, but wasn't; and who, wishing to bestow a mark of approbation on one of his pupils one day, called him *bonus puerus* (thinking, good man, that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander) and was then and there discharged by Dr. Tweep "for poisoning," as he elegantly expressed it, "the pure stream that flowed from

the Aonian Mount." Select, also, was Doctor Tweep. At least we had room for forty, but only numbered twenty, which did not hinder our impartial preceptor dispensing among us the full allowance of flogging for two score.

Sunday morning at Kilburn is marked in my recollection with three white stones. One stands for tea at breakfast, the next for letters from home, the third for Greek Testament. The tea was a great thing. We had milk and water during the week—"sky-blue," as we ironically called it—and bitter jokes we made about the chalk supposed to form one of its component parts, and the preposterous share the pump-handle had in its manufacture. But, on Sunday mornings we had tea, not in mugs, mind you, but in real cups, mind you. It was curious tea—somewhat resembling thin broth, not unlike very weak sago, with a smack of diluted colewort and a dash of camomile, and a pervading, sickly flavour, half saccharine, half "clothy," that gave it quite a relish. It was of a light liver colour, and had a thin marbled scum of skim milk a-top, and left a residue of thin leaves of a strange shape and colour, with a great quantity of short stiff stalks, that, when you swallowed any of them by accident, made you cough and sputter a great deal. Our head satirist and poet, who was thrashed about five times a week for inability to scan the humorous Virgilian line ending with "*vox faucibus hæsit*," and who always got the quantities right in his sleep and forgot them when he woke—Muffinhard he was called,—who, is now, I believe, a professed "funny man" and diner-out, declared that these stalks were chopped birch-brooms. He ought to have known; for no boy had a more intimate acquaintance with the twigs of the tree of knowledge than he had.

Letters from home were always delivered to us at this Sunday tea-time—open; after having undergone an ocular quarantine at the hands and eyes of Doctor Tweep to secure, I imagine, their not containing unlawful playthings, fire-works, notions on education unsuited for our years, or "cribs" for our Latin exercises. If they conveyed serious intelligence, such as births, or deaths, or marriages, we got them without delay; but in ordinary cases we had to wait the Sunday morning delivery; till which time, though we knew of their

arrival on the previous Monday, even, we were compelled to wait. Agonising suspense for those who were anxious to know how the pony was, or what Bob Burns had done with the last batch of puppies; when the next plum-cake and silver crown were coming, and whether Mr. Park's stock contained any more "Red Rovers of the Ocean," for tinselling.

Greek Testament also came on Sunday mornings, between breakfast and church times. Of all the gallons of tears I must have shed over the Hellenic language, the fewest, I think, the sparsest drops were poured forth over Testament. Digging up Greek roots as we did at other times, like pigs hunting for truffles, and scratching at the horny bark of the appalling tree of Greek verbs, till we felt inclined to hang ourselves on the branches, we went smilingly and joyfully to Testament. The master was an Oxford man, too poor to keep the necessary amount of terms, but hoping manfully to save a few pounds yet, and go back, and come out a Fellow. He had such a winning way, and easy power of explanation and illustration, and such a deep, rich, bass voice, that we used to sit with rapt ears and eager faces listening to him. And Tommy Brooks, from Smyrna, whose father was supposed to be a "dragon," an impossible profession, but was really, I opine, a "dragoman;" Tommy Brooks—who used to stumble over *en arche en o logos*, as if the words were made of wood with rusty nails in them—grew so excellent a Greek scholar that at the half-yearly examination, being intrusted with the recitation of the ode of Anacreon, beginning "*Thelo legein atreidas*," he broke into such a flux of Attic, Ionic, and Doric intermingled, that they were obliged to stop him, thinking that he was in a fit. Moreover, it was in a comfortable little slice of a study in winter, and in the garden, a shady place, under laurel bushes in summer, where our class met. I would I were there again with Mr. Bidloe (drowned going out to the Cape) listening, "under the laurels," to the magnificent gospel of St. John.

Sunday morning in London streets. The pavement seems to have its Sunday coat on, as the pavement treaders have. The omnibuses, though working, poor vehicles! look spruce and "Sundayfied." The horses have bunches of ribbons in their ears, and the coachmen carry pinks or dog-roses in their

button-holes, or in their mouths. The drivers and conductors have some degree of smartness in their attire, not always, I am afraid to say, displaying clean linen; but, always mounting —on the part of the driver—a pair of fresh gloves, and on that of the conductor an extra polish to his boots. The cabmen, unused to frequent fares on Sunday mornings, snore peacefully on their boxes, or improve their minds with the perusal of cheap periodicals; or, seated on the iron door-step of their vehicles and puffing the calumet of peace, hold mystic converse with other cabmen, and with the waterman on the stand.

Town-made little boys, with caps between Lancers' shakoes and accordions, pick out the cleanest spots on the road to cross, lest they should soil their bright highlows. Policemen lounge easily past, whistling softly, as if to say that, with the exception of orange baskets, they war against no human thing to-day. Cooks and housemaids peep slyly over area railings and out of second-floor windows; for it is their "day out," and they are anxious to ascertain what the weather looks like, and whether it is within the limits of reason to risk and throw on the clemency of the skies that gorgeous thing I know of in the back-kitchen and a band-box—that boomerang which is to strike terror and dismay into the heart of "missus," and then recoiling, seat itself triumphantly on the head of Jane or Ann Elizabeth—the Sunday bonnet. But see, the door of this genteel residence opens, and forth from it comes Missus herself in her Sunday bonnet (with not half such splendid colours or so many ribbons as Jane's in the bandbox), and Master, and young Master, and Missey, and the children, all bound for church. Master has a broad-brimmed hat, and such a shirt-collar, neckcloth, and frill, as only the father of a family conscious of his moral responsibility can boast. His boots are the boots of a man with five hundred a year, who owes his baker nothing, or, if anything, can pay it, sir, at Michaelmas when he sends his bill in. His double eye-glass has respectability, paternity, morality in it. He is a Church man, I can see, by the complete Church service in a small portmanteau of blue leather, which young Master (bound in a cut-away coat, turned up with check trowsers, and gilt lettered) is carrying.

Ring out, ye bells, from the great spire of Paul's; from the

twin towers of St. Peter's, Westminster; from lowly St. Margaret's, with its great stained window nestling close by. Ring out from St. Pogis-under-pump, where the rector is non-resident, and the mild young curate has a hankering after candlesticks on the communion-table. Ring out from the dozy chapel-of-ease, where the very crimson cushions seem to slumber; from the bran-new Puseyite bazaar—I beg pardon, church—where a wax-chandler's shop seems to have broken into the main avenue of Covent Garden market, and, having stormed the Pantheon in Oxford Street, to have sat itself down among the ruins; tinkle from St. Hildeburga's, the sly little Romish chapel;—call your flocks together, Zoar and Enon, and Ebenezer, and Rabshekah;—Howlers, Jumpers, Moravians, Johanna Southcotonians, and New-Jerusalemites. Ring out, ye bells—for this is Sunday morning.

And, ring out, oh bells, a peal of love, and kindness, and brotherhood. Ring Tolerance into preachers' mouths and men's hearts, that while they pray they may forbear to thank Heaven they are not as other men, or even as "this Publican," who is their neighbour!

SUNDAY OUT.

It was, I suppose, a necessary consequence of my being a desultory person, and writing always desultorily, that I had no sooner penned the prefix, Sunday, to this article than it fell out that the current of my thoughts which are here set down by my pen should run in the channel of Monday. My paper was prepared, and my ink-bottle uncorked; when stepping out to purchase the newest of magnum bonum pens, I found myself in the midst of a Monday morning's procession. A long string of open carriages, broughams, chaise-carts, breaks, and cabs, filled inside and outside with people dressed in their best, and with unmistakeably holiday faces, immediately and naturally suggested races to me. But quickly remembering that the only two race-meetings that Londoners care to attend, Epsom and Ascot, were long since gone and past, the ship of my mind ran aground. Then, seeing sundry bright-coloured banners, and noting that the horses' heads were decorated with ribbons, I feebly thought of elections. But there was no gentleman in a white hat bowing right and left to the ragamuffins, and kissing his hand to the ladies at the windows, no drunkenness, no stone-throwing, no "Anybody for ever." So, recalling to mind, besides, that there was no metropolitan borough vacant just then, I abandoned elections with a sigh. At length in the offing of my soul I saw a sail. The preponderance of ladies and smiling children's faces in the procession; the total-abstinence mottoes on the banners; the general snugness, spruceness and jauntiness of the gentlemen; the absence of red noses among the standard-bearers —all these said plainly that this was a teetotal procession. And it was. The mob, incarnated as far as my desire of knowing all about it went, by a pallid shoemaker, informed me that it was "them teetotallers;" and I left them to go on their way rejoicing to their commemoration, or revival, or centenary, or jubilee, or by whatever other

name their cheerful honest festival might have been called: I left them I say to celebrate their white Monday; regretting only that even virtue and good intentions were obliged to resort to the poor old aggressive paraphernalia of flags and ribbons, and bands of music and processions; and that among the teams of well-fed horses there were to be found, in that perverse yoke-fellowship we *won't* abandon, sundry animals which divide the hoof and chew not the cud, animals with tusks, and ill-will grubbing snouts, of the porcine breed porky. Are we never to be able to do without banners! Whether carried by crazy fanatics, scheming demagogues, bands of incendiaries, or Bands of Hope—are these pennons and streamers and braying wind instruments never to be dispensed with! They are aggressive. They *do* irritate, annoy, stir up discord. They *do* say, "We are better than you; here is our flag to show it; and if you don't come under this flag's shadow, we should like to know where you expect to go to." My friend the shoemaker, now, who would be all the better for being washed, and sober, and well shod (save that it seems a law of the sutorial being never to wear good shoes), and for going to a commemoration or a revival with health in his veins, money in his purse, and peace in his heart; is evidently aggravated, nettled, exasperated, by all this flaunting and braying. You can't banner-wave and blow a man into temperance and happiness. Which reflection causes me to go home as quickly as I can with the magnum bonum pen, and sit down to write about Sunday.

I wish to state once for all, that I am treating this much-discussed Sunday question solely as one bearing on public morals, as conducive to public (mundane) happiness, and without the slightest reference to public religion. All the acts of parliament in the world will not make one man pious. I claim for myself and every other man a right of private judgment on this subject, and a wrong in being interfered with by any wholesale dealer in other people's consciences. You shall not fine me forty shillings for not going to church, by virtue of any Cap., Sec., or Sched. of any Act whatsoever. You shall not drive me to Doctor Mac Yelp's chapel with a moral rope's end, as boatswain's mates were wont to start men of war's-men when the church was rigged on the quarter-deck.

Sunday in England must perforce be taken as a holiday, as we have scarcely any other holidays during the long year. The want of recognised days of public relaxation is the more lamentably apparent when we see the crowded bridges, steamboats and tea-gardens, on any of those chance occasions set aside by authority as days of fasting and humiliation for war, or pestilence, or famine; when we know that one great and awful anniversary in the Christian year—Good Friday—is the day on which railway companies advertise cheap excursion trips, and pigeon and sparrow-shooting matches come off at the "Red House," and the eleven of Nova Scotia meet the eleven of Little Britain upon the tented cricket-field. So few festivals have we, that the weary panting workers seize on the fasts to make festivity upon.

Admitting, then, that Sunday is almost the only available holiday of regular occurrence, how, let me ask, should that holiday be spent? I think I may best answer my own questian, and hint what Sunday ought or ought not to be, if I describe it as it is. So, to paraphrase the good old penman who wrote the "*Ecclesiasticalle Politie*," "if for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know that we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be so much extant of the present state of Sunday among us, and their careful endeavours which would have amended the same."

Sunday on the river—that shall be my theme this after-dinner-time, and Hungerford Pier my place of embarkation. Luckily for the holiday makers, and especially for those poor foreigners to whom a London Sunday is a day of wailing and gnashing of teeth, from the pervading outer dulness, the day is very fine. The vehicular movement is prodigious. Legs hang from the tops of omnibuses much thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa. Four-wheelers, out for the day, abound. Here it is the comfortable tradesman who has been drudging all the week selling his patented or registered merchandise; inventing new Greek names for trowsers and shirt collars, or labouring in the throes of composition in the manufacture of novel advertisements for the daily papers; and who on Sunday orders, with becoming pride, the smooth-clipped pony to be put into the "conveyance," and drives Mrs. Co and the little

Cos to Beulah Spa or Hampton Court. The tradesman's Sunday out is among the most comfortable of Sundays. It is something to see one's own shutters up, and note that they are cleaner and brighter than those of your neighbours. It is something to see the coats, boots, and hats you have turned out from your establishment displayed upon the persons of patented dandies: it is more to be nodded to familiarly by brother tradesmen, and to be patronisingly recognised by the patented dandies themselves—knowing that these dandies dare not cut you any more than they can sever the Gordian knots of red and blue lines that bind them to the debit side of your ledger at home. Superbly dressed is the comfortable tradesman, and in good taste too; for, if his name be Stultz, his brother Hoby has probably made his boots; and if he be Lincoln & Bennett, his neighbour Truefitt has dressed his hair or trimmed his whiskers. Mrs. Co is gorgeous, and absolutely forgets the existence of the shop, not even condescending to make use of the week-day compromise in which she speaks of her husband's place of business as the Warehouse or the Establishment. The little Cos who are enjoying their Sunday out from genteel boarding-schools in the neighbourhood of Gower Street and the New Road, only wish Sunday were three times as long as it is. They like going to church with papa and mamma, dining at home, and driving to the Beulah Spa afterwards, much better than passing Sunday at Miss Gimp's establishment for young ladies (the name has been changed to Collegiate Seminary lately)—much better than morning service at Saint Somnus's Church, where the Litany is so long, so drearily long, for little ears to listen to, and where Doctor Snuffles coughs and mumbles so much during that tedious three-quarters of an hour's sermon, of which the young ladies are expected to give a compendious *vivâ voce* abridgment on their return to Miss Gimp's, their information on the subject consisting ordinarily of a confused mixture of notions that a text from the third chapter and the fourth verse was twice given forth from the pulpit: that there were a greater number of hard words on earth than there were previously dreamt of in their philosophy; that a red cushion surmounted by a gentleman in a black gown and white bands quite equalled laudanum in somnolent properties; and that it

was unlawful for a man to marry his grandmother. Little Cos, growing Cos, grown-up Cos who read this! have rigidly-enforced, wrongly-apportioned Sunday duties never wearied *you* in a similar manner? Those long, droning, half-inaudible Sunday sermons; those long Sunday afternoons at home, when Scripture genealogies were to be read aloud, and all save good books (which to be good seemed imperatively required to be dreary, verbose, and unillumined by a ray of kindly interest) were prohibited; those Sunday evenings when smiles were looked upon as sinful, and people couldn't sit comfortably or talk comfortably because it was Sunday, and when at length, in sheer paroxysms of weariness, they tried to yawn themselves into sleepiness, and went to bed and couldn't sleep; I ask you, members all of the Co family, have *you* no such remembrances?

Tradesmen's "conveyances" form but one item among the multifarious throng of Sunday vehicles. Mr. Buff, the greengrocer, drives his Missus out in the spring cart which during the week has not been too proud to fetch the homely cabbage and the unpretending cauliflower from Covent Garden Market. Jifkins, the sporting publican, dashes along in a very knowing gig, drawn by a fast-trotting mare, which has been winning something considerable lately, and stands to win more. With Jifkins is his friend Skudder, the horse-dealer, and the two are bound to Barnet to look at a little oss that can do wonderful things, and is to be parted with for a mere song—a song with a good many verses though, I daresay. Young Timbs, and three other youths, clerks—I beg pardon, civil servants of the crown—in the Irish Bog Reclamation Commission office, have hired a dog-cart for the day to drive down to Staines. Young Timbs *will* drive, but the horse is not a mild-tempered horse, and isn't at all comfortable about the mouth, and seems unaccountably disposed to go sideways and down areas. The little ragged Bohemian boys, who in their dirt and destitution stand out wofully against the well-dressed Sunday holiday makers, chaff Timbs sorely; but he drives on manfully, and the horse is touched with repentance or whipped and jerked into good humour occasionally, and goes along for a hundred yards or so quite at a rattling pace. More fortunate in equine matters is Mr. Coupon, the stock-broker's clerk, who is having

three half-crowns' worth of a monumental white horse, and manages him so gracefully that spectators turn round to look at him. Coupon is faultlessly dressed. His boot-heels are garnished with Maxwell's spur-boxes; he wears no straps, carries no whip—no instrument of correction save a short stick. He will ride into the park; he will put the monumental horse into a canter; he will draw up with the other horsemen and take off his hat when her Majesty passes. He will ride gravely past Mr. Decimus Burton's arch and down Piccadilly at dusk, majestically, as though he were accustomed to press the sides of a coal-black charger with buckskins and jack-boots—thoughtfully, as though there were dozens of red boxes filled with despatches in cipher awaiting his perusal, and two Cabinet-councils for him to attend to-morrow at the Foreign Office. Then he will take the monumental horse to the livery stable-keeper's in the back street and pay his three half-crowns, and will have been happy.

The Sunday pedestrians I note are quite as remarkable in their way as the Sunday equestrians or riders in vehicles. The numbers of brightly-dressed people who throng the pavements is amazing. Shade of *Sartor Resartus*, where do all these coats come from? These brilliant bonnets, these variegated silks, these rustling tarletans, these transparent barèges, these elaborately-worked shirt-fronts, these resplendent parasols? Can there be any misery or pauperism, or poverty in London? Can any of these thousands of well-dressed people have debts, or executions in their houses, or be thinking of pawning their spoons? The most wonderful thing is that you may wander for hours in the Sunday streets without meeting any one that you know. Nobody seems to go out on Sunday, yet everybody is out. Everybody seems to have wives, and families, or sweethearts, except yourself. And the boys, the marvellous, well-dressed boys! They swagger along, four, five abreast. Their hair shines with pomatum; they have cutaway coats, bran new, of bright brown, bright green, bright blue. They have meteoric waistcoats, and neckcloths like fiery comets. Their hats are of the newest, shiniest, silkiest. They have silver watches, walking-sticks with elaborate knobs. They all smoke. Everybody smokes. Smoke seems, with gay colours, to be a part of Sunday; and

now I can understand why the Manchester warehouses in St. Paul's Churchyard are so vast, and extend so far under ground; and how it is that the excise duty on tobacco forms so considerable a branch of the revenue. Sunday out does it all. And the girls! I don't mean the grown-up young ladies. We are favoured with the sight of those dear creatures, their ringlets, their ravishing toilettes, the sparkling little purses which they will persist in carrying in their hands, in a mistaken notion of security, and as persistently keep losing—on week days as well as Sundays; but Sunday out daisifies the pavements with groups of girls of twelve and fourteen or thereabouts; gaily attired girls, girls in plaited tails and sashes, and trousers with lace borders; girls profoundly critical on each other's bonnets, and jealous of each other's parasols; girls who hold lively conversations audible as you pass them, about what "Polly said to me, said she," and how an appeal, *en dernier ressort*, had to be made to mother; girls ordinarily seised of the custody of other little girls with little parasols, or of some punchy big-pated little boy, not much higher than the dogs which pass by and eye him wonderingly,—children who won't cŏme along, and become tired, and desirous of being carried at unseasonable times, and sometimes break out into open rebellion and lachrymatory roars, rendering the employment of the parasol handles as weapons of coercion occasionally necessary. Dear me! what a deal all these young people have to talk about!

Slowly walking through the most crowded streets I can find towards the market of Hungerford, I see many and think of more indications of Sunday *in*, as well as Sunday *out*. Sunday in, stands ascetically at his parlour window, flattening his nose against the pane, and gazing at the merry crowd as Mr. Bunyan might have looked at the booths in Vanity Fair. Sunday in, contented but lazy, reposes behind his Venetian blinds, his legs on a chair, his hands folded, and a silk pocket-handkerchief thrown over his head to keep away the flies. Sunday in, convivial but solitary, has half-opened the window, and sits with his cold gin-and-water, and his newspaper before him, smoking his pipe, half-absorbed in the soothing clouds of the Virginian weed, half by a mental discussion as to the

expediency of turning out for a stroll in the cool of the afternoon. Sunday in, sits at the door of his little barber's shop, still with his newspaper, and ready with his razor should any Sunday-outer, determined to be a dandy, but rather late in thinking about it, rush in to be shaved. Sunday in, who has been out on Saturday night, late and drunk, lounges out of his third-floor window, haggard, unshaven, and unbuttoned. Sunday in, and yet out, is perched on his little stool in the box entrance porch of the Adelphi theatre, taking the time of the passing omnibuses (in my youth I used to fancy that man was an artist, a government spy, a surveyor, a hermit, all sorts of things). There are Sunday ins in waiters yawning at the doors of hotels; in stage-door keepers, eating their dinners from yellow basins in their key-hung, letter-garnished sanctuaries; in clerks in west end banking-houses, keeping Sunday guard on Mammon in their rotation; in omnibus-drivers and conductors; in cab-drivers dozing on their boxes; in hot stokers in their shirt-sleeves, perspiring in their melting engine-rooms in river steamboats; in trimly-shaven inspectors doing day duty in station houses; in barmaids and potboys at public-houses; in guards, drivers, stokers, clerks, porters in the great railway hierarchy; in milk-women and fruit vendors, and servant-maids cleaning the plates after the Sunday's dinner, or sitting at the window of the kitchen area, writing those marvellously-spelt housemaids' letters, or sorting the contents of the never-failing work-box (it is against Sunday discipline to sew), or listening to the purring of that servants' best companion, and often only one, the cat. Oh, the shame, the wickedness, that the units should work, in order that the millions may make holiday! But the sun, the trees, the birds, our hearts, our frames, all say, Rejoice and rest on Sunday; and must we rest without rejoicing, or rest by putting ourselves on a treadmill of gloom? If our brother does a little work to-day that we may rest; is it so very dreadful, if we be just to him at another time? One side *must* preponderate a little. When the balance shall be perfectly equal, and the scale turns not in the substance or the division of the twentieth part of one poor scruple, nay, not in the estimation of a hair, then the Millennium will be come, and there will be an end of it all.

Here is Hungerford Market. Choked. Red omnibuses, yellow omnibuses, blue omnibuses, green omnibuses, cast their crowded cargoes out into the arcade. Thousands of well-dressed legs arrive with their superincumbent bodies to swell the throng. The tobacconist cannot serve twopenny cheroots and three-halfpenny cubas (more Sunday labour) fast enough. High o'er the crowd, like Roderick the Goth on his chariot, or Lars Porsena in his ivory chair, tower the big scarlet bodies, and big (though recently lessened) muff-caps of the British Grenadiers out for the day, twirling penny canes in their hands, giving their arms to diminutive females, or complacently seating little children upon their martial shoulders.

Penetrating in that anomalous Hungerford Arcade, where on week-days lobsters and lithographs, prawns and picture frames, oysters and ginger-beer bottles, salmon and small tooth combs are mixed together in such heterogeneous confusion, I see a crowd, a-first-night-of-a-new-piece-crowd, a last-night-of-an-old-favourite-crowd, a Greenwich fair crowd, an examination-of-an-atrocious-murderer crowd, wedged together before a large double fronted shop. I elbow my way through this mob, which abroad would portend a revolution, or a *pronunciamento* against ministers at least, but which, on reaching the shop door, only portends in Hungerford Arcade Frigido's penny ices. Viva Frigido! He (we will assume that he was a marquis with a villa upon a lake before the hated Austrians overran the fair plains of Lombardy) formerly made *gauffres* quite in a small way in a narrow stall in a back street somewhere in the dubious regions between Soho and the Dials. We have watched Frigido narrowly for a long time. We never ate his *gauffres*, because we have no faith in the nutritive qualities of those unsubstantial framelets of pastry, and were apprehensive that the powdered sugar dispensed over them by means of a pepper castor, might possibly be gritty to the taste and stony to the stomach. But we watched him in his humble stall with a kindly interest. We watched him with his tiny furnace, and strange implements, and stores of *gauffre* batter: and when he started in the penny ice line we hailed the delicacy as a great idea—not an original one, perhaps. Those who have made pilgrimages in that part of the city of King Bomba,

known as *Napoli senza Sole*, will doubtless remember the itinerant vendors of *gelati*, and in even the better streets the *Acquiaole*, in their gay little wheeled temples, something between Flemish pulpits and Chinese joss-houses, who sold iced drinks, iced fruits, iced water, for sums less by a despairing amount of fractions than the smallest copper token in circulation here. But to bring the ice—the lordly vanilla, the aristocratic strawberry, the delicate lemon—the speciality of Verrey's high-class saloons, the delicacy of routs and fashionable balls, within the compass of every Englishman who is the possessor of a penny: to enable the ice to be purchased for a "brown," and the lowly to call it, if they listed, a *hice*—this was in reality a philanthropic, a lofty, almost sublime achievement. Nobly has the end crowned the work. I find Frigido's counter besieged by ice-eaters. I find they eat one, two, three penny ices in succession, taking a vanilla as a whet, as one might take Chablis and oysters; a strawberry as a *pièce de résistance;* and a lemon as a *bonne bouche* or *hors d'œuvre.* I hope penny ices are not conducive to cholera. Frigido says no, and that on the contrary they are a preventive. Be it so. Give me a vanilla. So. Another, of another sort. Hum! I find that there is a pervading flavour about Frigido's ices which I may describe as "spooney." They do certainly all taste of a spoon not silver, with a suspicion perhaps of tin can and damp cloth. But they are very cold and very sweet; and the myriad consumers appear to relish them hugely. I find the boys and the girls dissipating quite in the Lucullus style upon penny ices. I find adolescents treating their sweethearts to vanilla. I find fathers of families dispensing strawberry ices to their children all round. I find a plaid tunic standing a lemon to a turn-down collar. I would rather see Scarlet Proboscis yonder, who looks contemptuously on at the scene, stand a penny ice to his friend Greybeard than two-penn'orth of gin.

Frigido still pursues the *gauffre* trade in a remote corner; but the snows of Mont Blanc seem rapidly gelidating the little crater of his Vesuvius. He has many assistants now, all Italians. Quickly do they spoon the ices out, quicker still do the coppers rattle into the till. I should not be surprised to see Frigido, about the year after next, driving a mail phaeton down Pall Mall.

But I am bound for the steamboats and the river, and must no longer tarry in the Arcade among the penny ices. I pass along that railed-off portion of Hungerford Bridge which leads on to the steam-boat pier, followed and preceded by the same well-dressed crowds. I note as I pass a curious little announcement on the first bridge tower, setting forth that any one loitering on the bridge and so obstructing the pathway will be liable to a fine of five pounds and imprisonment. Surely this diminutive placard would have looked better on the Rialto, or the Bridge of Sighs, two hundred years ago, written in choice Italian, and signed by the dread Council of Ten. What! fine or imprison me, because I choose to lean over the bridge, and gaze on the blue dome of Paul's, or on the fretillating crowds below, or on the moon at night, without obstructing anybody's pathway! Surely, now that we are sure of our great constitutional guarantees, our Habeas-corpus, our emancipation of everything and everybody, we are somewhat too easy to allow little petty tyrannies to clasp us in their crab-like embrace. But the steamboats are continually arriving and departing, and I hasten to the pier.

To Chelsea, Battersea, Hammersmith, Richmond, and Kew. To London Bridge, Rotherhithe, Greenwich, and Gravesend. The little steamers, ant-hill like with human beings, hurry to and fro ceaselessly. They run in and out; they make a desperate disturbance in the uncomplaining water, splashing and puffing, and rumbling and choking, and getting better again, as if they were the most important steamers in the world.

But small, lowly, and unromantic though they be, they bear on the broad bosom of the Thames peaceable, honest, industrious Humanity, in peaceful, honest, happy recreation. Who shall say (if we will speak our minds about it, and not be deterred by noisy petitioners of parliament, twenty signatures to a man) how many hearts these little steamers lighten, how many frames they send reinvigorated to work to-morrow; how much each of these noisy little boats does for peace and temperance, and the harmony of families, and the love of all mankind!

SUNDAY MUSIC.

THIS earth we live on is decidedly a very curious place, and people do the most extraordinary things upon it. "Whatever is, is right," of course—the number of feet in that line of the Essay on Man is certainly correct—but still I can't help doubting whether it be quite right to hate our brothers and sisters quite as much as we do. It can't be exactly a proper thing to take that which does not belong to us, and cut the throats of the legitimate proprietors, because they object to our proceedings; to believe (or say we believe) that some hundred millions of our fellow creatures are bound headlong to perdition, because they believe rather more or less than we believe. It may be right, but it doesn't look like it, to send two honest labourers to hard labour in a villainous jail—to herd with Blueskin, Jack Rann, Bill Sykes, and Mat-o'-the Mint—for the microscopic crime of leaving haymaking to see a review; it oughtn't to be right that a Christian priest, consecrated to God's service for our soul's health, should, by virtue of his commission of J. P., have the right to do a shameful and cruel wrong. Let me only take one little slender twig from one of the fascines with which we are perpetually fortifying our stronghold of assumed right or wrong—one splinter of the yule log of inconsistency—Music on Sundays.

And, mind, I am tolerant, I am moderate; I am content to blink the general Sunday question—Sunday and bitters, or Sunday and sweetstuff. Meet me on this question: Is secular music on Sundays right or wrong, and are we inconsistent in our opinions and acts concerning it?

I maintain that music is always good; and better on our best of days, Sunday. I shall not be long in finding antagonists who will maintain that Sunday music is wrong, dangerous, nay, damnable.

Now, why should secular Sunday music be so dreadfully

wicked?—or, again, admitting momentarily, that it might not be quite correct, why can't we be a little consistent in the application of our strictures, remembering that maxim so time-honoured (in the breach thereof), that what is sauce for the goose is (or should be) sauce for the gander likewise? Did you never dwell, O ye denouncers of Sunday music! in a provincial garrison town? Did you never listen without wringing of hands, or heaving of breasts, or upturning of eyes, or quivering accents—but, on the contrary, with much genial pleasure and content—to the notes of the regimental brass-band coming home with the regiment from church? Was not that music of a notoriously worldly, not to say frivolous character, including marches, polkas, potpourris, schottisches, valses-à-deux-temps, many of which, by the self-same musicians, you heard performed only last night at the Shire Hall Ball, or the Dowager Lady Larkheel's Assembly? And yet I never heard of an association in a country town for putting down regimental waltzes on Sundays; and I decidedly never knew the poet's corner of a country newspaper to be ornamented by such a brimstone bard as he who empties his penny phials of penny wrath upon the wind instruments in Kensington Gardens. Tell me, are there not scores of watering places—pious watering-places, the chosen *villegiature* of serious old ladies with heavy balances at their bankers—of evangelical young ladies, whose lives are passed (and admirably, too) in a circle of tracts, good books, fleecy hosiery, beef tea, rheumatism, and bed-ridden old ladies—of awakened bankers, possessing private proprietary chapels, and never—oh, never!—running away with the cash-box—watering-places where pet-parsons are as plentiful as pet lapdogs, and every quack, and every ignoramus, and every crack-brained enthusiast can thump his tub and think it is a pulpit—can blow his puny tin trumpet and think it is the last trump? Yet in these same watering-places I never heard of denunciations of the cavalry band, or very frequently the subscription band, charming the air with sweet sounds on Sunday afternoons, on the pier or the parade, the common or the downs. To come nearer home, who has not heard of the Sunday band playing upon the terrace of regal Windsor? Was not that mundane music patronised by the most immaculate, severely-virtuous of

kings—the pattern family-man, George the Third! And who can err who copies George the Third? And to come nearer, nearest home, see where yon palace stands—that unsightly but expensive lump of architecture in eruption—that palace before which stand no unholy cabs (oh, wicked Place du Carrousel that sufferest cabs, omnibuses, citadines, Dame Blanches, and voitures bourgeoises!)—in that palace the sovereign necessarily dines every Sunday when in town. Do you think Mr. Anderson and the private band play psalm-tunes while the royal family are at dinner, indulge the royal ears with the Old Hundredth between the courses, and usher in the entries with the Evening Hymn? Away, ye hypocrites! Go away, black men, don't you come a-nigh us. You object to Sunday strains when the music is out-door—when it affords a rational, cheerful, innocent amusement for the tens of thousands of overworked humanity.

I do not consider myself to be altogether a heathen. I have no sympathy for Fetish rites, or for any form of Mumbo-Jumboism, be that interesting ism found at Eldad, or Little Bethel, at Saint Trumpington's Cathedral, or on the west coast of Africa. I am not a pagan, a worshipper of Ahriman, a follower of Zoroaster, or a disciple of Tom Paine, yet I am constrained to confess, that I can discern no difference at all between sacred and secular music, that should render the performance of the first permissible, and of the second obnoxious as impious on the Sabbath-day. Music may be grave or gay, lively or plaintive, but it is always sacred. It is an art. Its every phase can soften, refine, subdue, charm, refresh, console, humanise, elevate, improve. When it is coarse or vulgar, it is not music at all, but sound prostituted. So would I have no bad music allowed either on Sundays or week-days anywhere, but good music. What nice and conceited sciolist is to weigh the nice distinctions between the sacred and profane,—to tell me which is lay and which is clerical music? The Dead March in Saul, played in quick measure, is a jig; "Adeste Fideles" is as triumphant, joyous, brilliant, mirthful, as the "Happy, Happy" duet in "Acis and Galatea." "My Mother bids me bind my Hair" is as plaintive as any air in any oratorio in existence; and so is "Auld Robin Gray." "Sound the Loud Timbrel" is in its actual time

almost a polka. Who can call that tremendous deep burst of joy and praise—that chorus of choruses, the Hallelujah; to which we, cold-blooded, fleshy, phlegmatic Englishmen even, accord the tribute of standing up uncovered whenever it is performed,—who can call the Hallelujah Chorus sacred in the Sternhold and Hopkins' sense of the word? Sacred it is as the master-piece of a great musician, but it is no sour canticle, no nasal chant. It is a triumphant pæan of happiness and thankfulness; it is the voice of all humanity, singing, not miserably, not dolefully, not with a mouth whose lips are cracked with vinegar, and whose tongue saturated with gall, and whose teeth on edge with bitter doctrine, and whose throat half-choked with a starched neck-cloth, but with full expansive lungs, with a heart beating with pleasure, with nerves strung with strong reliance and cheerful faith, with a whole spirit loudly, jubilantly giving thanks for the sun, the seas, the fields, the seed-time, and the harvest, for the merciful present and the merciful to come. Old Rowland Hill was right in his generation when he declared that he could not see why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself, and followed his declaration by having the words in his hymnbook set to the best secular tunes. But I will go farther than Rowland Hill. I cannot see why the devil should have any good tunes. Let us respect and cherish, ennoble and protect the art of music, and there shall speedily be no harm in music, secular or sacred, on Sundays.

Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander. In the name of common sense, if the Star steam-packet is allowed to start every Sunday morning for Gravesend with a brass-band on board, that plays gaily all the way to the suburban watering-place—if at Woolwich towards seven o'clock you may hear the Artillery band tuning up for the officers' mess, why should the crowds who now wander purposeless about the streets and parks of London be deprived of a cheap, wholesome, and sensible gratification? Which is best—to listen to the overture to Oberon in Kensington Gardens, or to brood over a tap-room table, muttering out last week's news, or growling out the odds on the next Derby, or spelling out over a misanthropic pipe the record of the last prize-fight? Which is best—to go to a Sunday bed in pure weariness, or skulk about street

corners and against posts till the public-houses open, and gnash your teeth with impotent abuse of the legislature when they close, or maunder over a pamphlet on raw cotton in a deserted club-room—or to saunter on the green grass beneath the green trees, surrounded by happy groups, gay colours, kind voices, silver laughter, children spangling the sward like daisies, manhood in its prime, beauty in its flower, old age in reverent complacency—all kept together, not by strong excitement, not by frenzied declamation, not by fireworks or jugglers' feats or quacks' orations, but by the simple, tender tie of a few musical chords, of a pretty tune or two played by a score of men in red coats? We might have the grass and the trees, the children and the daisies, you say, without the music. If we need recreation, we might walk in the fields or the lanes. Yes; and I have seen a cow in a field, and she was chewing the cud, and a donkey in a bye-lane, and he was munching thistles. If I wish to ruminate, to be alone, to be Misanthropos and hate mankind, I know where to walk; but if I wish to see my fellows around me pleasurably occupied (for what is happiness but delightful labour, and doing good actions the most delightful labour of all!), and by some harmless music pleased, and thereby rendering the best and sweetest thanks to that Giver whom (as good Bishop Taylor phrases it) we cannot please unless we be infinitely pleased ourselves—then thither will I go; and thither, too, I went only two Sundays ago,* into Kensington Gardens, where 60,000 persons (and not one pickpocket—apparent, at least), of every rank and grade in life, were collected to hear the band play. I forgive Sir Benjamin Hall much red tape, past, present, and to come, for this one sensible concession of his.

The band playing in Kensington Gardens! Till within the last month, this celebration taking place during the summer months twice a-week was, with some few exceptions, an exclusively aristocratic amusement. Some ragged waifs and strays of bad or miserable humanity—some heaps of tatters that had souls inside, but very little corporeal life—were wont to come here and crouch upon the grass till routed up by park-keeper's cane, dully listening to the music, and wistfully gazing round from time to time in search of eleemosynary

* This paper was written in September 1855.

pence. But they seldom managed to elude the vigilance of the guardians even sufficiently to pass the gate. By times threadbare men who did not eat often, pacing the noble avenues in abstract thought or entranced perusal of learned books, would come, accidentally, upon the aristocratic throng; but they would glance at their shabby clothes and sigh, and hie away quickly on the other side, frightened like unto a fawn leaping out from a covert into some glade of Bushy Park, where a merry pic-nic party is assembled, and betaking itself, startled, into the umbrage of the oaks again. People dressed to attend the band-playing at Kensington. Lines of empty carriages waited outside the gates, while their possessors promenaded the gardens. Round the braying bandsmen were gathered the great London dandies, the great London belles, the pearls of aristocratic purity, and, I am afraid, some other pearls of beauty and of price, but of more Cleopatrean configuration, and whose Antonies found here a neutral ground whereon to vaunt their charms and their possession. Could the wiry little terrier in the sulky brougham by Victoria Gate have spoken, he would have told you where the lady in the long black ringlets, with so many diamonds, and with gold flowers on her veil, was gone. The coachman could speak, but would not—he was discreet. The whole scene was a charmed circle of moustaches and tufts (the beard movement was not then), watchchains, filagree card-cases, Brussels lace, *moire antique* dresses, primrose kid gloves, vinaigrettes, auburn curls, semi-transparent bonnets, varnished boots, and *bouquet-de-millefleurs*. As for smoking, who would have dared to think of smoking in Kensington's sacred garden, save, perhaps, wicked Captain Rolster of the Heavies, or the abandoned Lieutenant Lilliecrap of the Lancers? They smoked—those incorrigible young men—but then it was at some distance from the ladies (whose points and paces, by the way, they discussed not quite so respectfully, but with something of a sporting gusto); and there is a very difference, you will allow, between a penny Pickwick and one of Hudson's regalias at two and a half guineas per pound.

Miraculously to say, the swells (so unaffectedly may I be allowed to term the upper classes) remain. They positively, by a charming condescension and inexplicable affability,

frequent the band-playing, now that it takes place on Sundays; and considering the lateness of the season, in no diminished numbers. But to this inner ring of perfumed youths and jewelled dames, to these sons of proconsuls, and daughters of prætors, and wives of ædiles, there is now added another belt—thicker, stronger, coarser, if you will (like a "keeper" to a ring of virgin gold)—a belt of workers, of peasants, mechanics, artisans, clerks, high middle-class, medium middle-class, and low middle-class men, who come here, Sunday after Sunday, rejoicing at, and grateful for, the boon (infinitesimally small as it is), who bring their wives and children, down to the youngest, with them; who listen patiently and cheerfully to the music, and, wonder of wonders, do not endeavour to stone the musicians, root up the plants, set fire to the grass, dash out the brains of the children of the aristocracy against stones, rend the swells limb from limb, sell the daughters of the prætors into slavery, defile the graves of the ædiles' wives, smoke short pipes in the vicinity of the band, fight among themselves, usurp the chairs by force, and refuse to pay for them, carve their names on the trunks of the trees, gather flowers from the *Birchbroomicus Busbiense*, introduced 1640 (as the label says), pelt the attendants of the refreshment-rooms with ginger-beer bottles, or purloin Mr. Gunter's cheese-cakes and raspberry tarts! Who do none of these things, though certain sections of thinkers and speakers, even of a moderate description, appear to think that every Sunday crowd must necessarily commit acts of this nature.

My Sunday afternoon in Kensington Gardens was not, perhaps, begun under the most advantageous circumstances. Though the day was hot, it was lowering, and the sky seemed to say, Put on your white ducks and book-muslins, and leave your umbrellas at home, but in half-an-hour I rain. Again, I entered the gardens by a wrong gate (there are so many gates), and wandered about for some time disconsolately, finding myself at Bayswater when I wished myself at Knightsbridge, and catching a glimpse of the hideous Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner through the trees, when the next vista I expected was the red bricks of William the Third's tasteless but comfortable palace. Then I came across two children whom I didn't love, as I do most children, but

looked upon, on the contrary, with an evil eye, and malevolent aspirations, for they were horrible children; they squabbled one with the other, and threatened to tell of one another. One of them ran between my legs, and another cut me across the ancles with a whip—playfully, as he meant it, no doubt, fiendishly as I thought. They were aided and abetted in all this by a morose nurse, who looked darkly at me, and wondered, mutteringly "What people thought of themselves." I confess, as far as I was concerned, that I thought it unjust that people should be tripped up and cut across the ancles. Then I was sorely annoyed by a stern and forbidding man, who persisted in walking before me, who had no right to wear the boots he did—they being aggressive, iron-heeled, and craunching the gravel as he walked. He carried an umbrella as though it were a cartwhip; and I could not help fancying that his name must have been something like Captain Prosser, formerly R.N., that he had been governor of some jail, and that he was a hard man fond of the crank. Altogether I became uneasy and dissatisfied; was almost concluding that my dinner had disagreed with me.

But I came upon the music-platform at last, the Guards' band standing in a circle and blowing manfully, the adjacent refreshment-room, the chairs, the price of which had been judiciously reduced from sixpence to one penny, and surrounding all, a compact, earnest, eager crowd,* listening with pleased ears to the music. The fine gentlemen, the beautiful ladies, the titled and happy of the land, were there in great force: their empty carriages waited for them at the gate as in the old time; but the immense mass of those present were toilers—working-people of every rank; nor is it necessary to draw any minute distinction between them, for the bank-clerk, the curate, the tradesman, have to work quite as hard, and find it quite as difficult to make both ends meet, as the carpenter, the bricklayer, and the journeyman tailor. I do not think I am called upon to descant at length upon the good behaviour, the quiet inoffensiveness of the vast assemblage here collected; upon the absence of broils or violence, or ribald talk. I am one of those who think that an English

* The total number of persons who entered Kensington Gardens on Sunday, August 19, 1855, was 61,458.

crowd is the best behaved, quietest, best humoured crowd in Europe. I think so still, though among those thousands in Kensington Gardens, at least a tithe form part of that ominous well-dressed throng whom not many Sundays back, I had heard yelling at the same noble and happy personages they associated so comfortably with to-day; whom I had seen lashed to frenzy by the pig-headed exhibition of a misdirected police force, and which frenzy, but for the oil thrown a few days afterwards upon the waves, would have grown into a tempest such as not all the trails of all the six-pounders in Woolwich Arsenal, served by all the young gentlemen who have not the least business to be in the House of Commons, would have been able to quell.

The same crowd—the same Toms, and Dicks, and Harries; and see what a little is required to keep them in good humour. A circular refreshment room, with ices, ginger-beer, and Banbury cakes; some scores of garden chairs at a cheaper rate than usual, and a platform where my friends the red-jackets are operating upon ophicleide, trombone, and kettle-drum, and this was all. I even remarked that the tunes the musicians played were of the dreariest, most lachrymose, most penitential tunes that could be well heard,—still secular music no doubt,—selections from popular operas, of course, but so long-winded and melancholy, that I could not help fancying that the band-master himself was one of the principal objectors to Sunday music, and had made a compromise with his conscience by providing the most mournful pieces in the regimental repertory. A patient public—a placable monster—a good-natured rabble, this same English nation. Here they seemed quite satisfied, pleased, nay, grateful, for the Life Guards' band, with their "Tunes that the Cow died of." They asked not (at least audibly) for more than this, with the permission of walking about under trees, and of seeing their children sporting on the grass. Yet but two Sundays before I had seen another public, far away beyond the Straits of Dover,—a patient public, too: good-natured, long-suffering, but not always quite contented. For that public were provided, as special Sunday treats, military bands, not one or two, but half-a-dozen; a whole concert of drums; miles of picture galleries, and museums, and antiqui-

ties, and palatial saloons, to walk about in, free; and a Great Palace* full of marvels of art and industry, for which the whole world had been ransacked, to be explored for four sous —twopence!

On the whole, I should like our Sunday to be quiet, cheerful, English, with a little more out-of-doorishness,—a little more harmony—there, I have said it!—a little more sitting down at tables, or strolling about grassy swards to hear good music. Don't stop short at Kensington Gardens, good Mr. Chief Commissioner. Don't stop short at the band of the Life Guards. Remember there are such places as Hyde Park, Saint James's, the Green, Victoria, and Battersea Parks. One volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men. Let the soldiers have their afternoon holiday if they choose one, or let them have extra pay if that is what they desire. We won't object to the rate. But let us have bands of our own in our public gardens to discourse sweet music to us on Sunday afternoons and Sunday evenings. There will be far more brotherly love, and far less liquor, and far fewer night-charges on Monday.

A little before six o'clock the musicians played "Partant pour la Syrie" and "God save the Queen;" then the crowd dispersed quietly. I saw not one policeman, and not one policeman was needed. The wheezy, red-waistcoated park-keepers were quite sufficient to quell the somewhat too exuberant animal spirits of the London boys, who are to be found in every London crowd, making noises where they ought to be silent, and clambering over railings where they have no business to be. Walking home, much elevated in spirits from the cheerful scene I had witnessed, and quite forgetting Captain Prosser and his boots, and the disagreeable children, I thought to myself, This is not much, but it is some relief for the toiling many.

* The Great Industrial Exhibition in Paris, in 1855.

SUNDAY TEA-GARDENS.

I HAVE been over, in my time (and it has not been so extended a one, either) a good many "works." Works for making gas, and cotton sheetings, and lump sugar, and ladies' bonnet ribbons, and gutta percha tubing, and biscuits for the use of Her Majesty's navy. I have seen innumerable jennies, cranks, chucks (eccentric and otherwise), lathes, screws, and endless straps. I have heard, at the Polytechnic and the Panopticon, learned professors explain multifarious varieties of machinery in motion and have come away—I am ashamed to confess it—not much wiser for the explanation. Yet I have learnt one thing, although the extent of my mechanical knowledge is very limited. Wherever I have seen machinery in motion; wherever there was a snorting, jarring, oscillating, whizzing, buzzing, screaming, groaning, whistling noise of wheels and levers, cranks and piston-rods, I have always remarked a very strong, warm, oleaginous smell, varying between that of a cookshop and a tallow-manufactory. I have learnt that this fatty odour arises from the grease with which the machinery is lubricated, and that the wheels, the cranks, the whole machine, cannot go on comfortably or safely at all, without this unctuous relief. I suppose it is the same with the axle-boxes of the railway carriages which swallow up the yellow compound administered to them by railway-porters so greedily; I suppose it is the same with the I-don't-know-how-many-horse-power engines on board Waterman Number Four, which cry out for grease so continually, and make the engineer so shiny in appearance and powerful in smell; I suppose it is the same with the obstinate lock of my parlour door, which in its rebellious rustiness sets up its tumblers to every ward of every key in the picklock's huge bunch, until one drop of oil being gently insinuated into its cavities on the feathered end

of a goose-quill, it yields to the magical power of grease in a moment, and becomes as easy as a glove immediately.

This human machine, which goes on the whole with so much regularity, and turns out so large a quantity of work, material and intellectual, with such satisfaction to society, requires a little oiling, too, sometimes. That cunning engineer, Nature, has of herself provided a natural spontaneous oil for the lubrication of the joints of the body, else would the muscles grow rigid and the sinews crack. But the joints of the mind, do not *they* require unction occasionally? Is that machinery which works in cellular tissues, and beneath mucous membranes, and in a network of so many thousand exquisitely delicate meshes so easily broken, so hardly repaired, in no need of relief? Is the brain not in some danger of growing rusty, and out of order, of stopping altogether for lack of oil, or, through ceaseless and intolerable friction, of going (which is worse) to all sorts of blazes of discontent, hatred, and angry madness, if a drop of oil on a goose feather be not tenderly administered now and then? When that huge three-decker was launched the other day, unnumbered pounds of tallow were employed to grease her false keel and the ways down which she slid. Else would she have stuck in the slip till this day, and forty thousand dogshores might have been knocked away in vain. The ship of life will stick in the mud too, if a little unction be not judiciously administered to get her off.

The elders of this nation, until very lately, would not seem to have had much faith in the efficacy of any lubricant for the well-going of the machine public. They barely acknowledge, even now, that lubrication may be a good thing: leaving the public to supply its own agent (if it can) according to its own imaginations. Thus one citizen has mixed his lubricant with scented bear's grease, another with brandy and water, another with raw gin, a fourth with vinegar, a fifth with gall and wormwood. Another, and a far more numerous class, who cannot always help or choose for themselves, and do require a little help sometimes, have taken any unctuous agent that came to hand just as they could get it, and have got on as well as they could—running off the road and coming into dangerous collision now and then, to the great astonishment and indignation of the aforesaid elders.

The few can grease their wheels any day in the week, and all day long, if they like. The many have only the one day, Sunday, and but a few hours of that, to clean off the accumulating rust which the social wheels will gather from se'nnight to se'nnight. I have already cursorily traced some of the street features of a Sunday out. Let me devote these present lines to Sunday on the river and in the tea-gardens.

"Waterman" Number One Hundred, in which I start from Hungerford Pier, is very full. So crowded is it when we start, that I should be inclined to give a flat contradiction to anybody who told me it could possibly hold any more; yet we seem to take in and find room for a few dozen more at every pier. We are (and I am delighted to see it) a mixed assembly: swells of the most solemn description quite barricaded from the vulgar view by all-round collars, and elevated above meaner mortals by the highest of heeled boots, being in close proximity to horny-handed mechanics and their families. Soldiers, working young fellows and their sweethearts, and boys, who have been clubbing among themselves for cheroots, and half-pint bottles of stout, together with that stimulating viand, the Abernethy biscuit, and who are bent on seeing life. I am pleased to observe, too, that a very large proportion of the passengers have provided themselves with copies of the cheap periodicals sold on the steamboat piers. I am not disposed, seeing them read, to be quite so critical as to the character of the literature they are reading, as a newspaper commissioner, or Cardinal Wiseman. I am afraid there is but little about St. Alphonso Liguori, or Dr. Lardner on the Steam-Engine, or Anonymous on the measurement of the Parabola, in these publications. I see a good many humorous woodcuts, and observe sundry grins of the broadest description pervading the countenances of the purchasers as they read. This is bad. It is better though, or so it appears to me, that they should be studying a nonsensical broadsheet of fun, with one hundred comic cuts for one penny, or even that they should be absorbed by the last police-case, or elopement in high life, than they should be beguiling their passage down the river by shouting scurrilities to the passengers by other boats. The Sunday travellers had no better amusement than that, in the polished days of Mr. Ned Ward. People were given to it even

in the soberer days when it pleased Doctor Johnson to take a pair of sculls at the Temple Stairs with Mr. Boswell.

We paddle down the river in the golden evening. The very smoke of London turns crimson in honour of the Sunday sun, and wraps round the blue dome of the master church like a king's mantle. The white shirt-sleeves of the rowers that shoot past us; the thousand and one masts in the pool, dressed out with Sunday flags; the thronged Gravesend boats, full of light bonnets and summer muslins; the tuneful bands; the dancing, rippling, sparkling water, looking as though it would never have the heart to drown a man—all these make my soul merry within me, and give great glory to Grease. More than this, I have picked up a genial companion on board. "*Comes jucundus in viâ pro vehiculo est.*" A merry travelling companion is as good as a coach, says old Tully, and my travelling friend is indeed the representative of a coach—I have seen him upon a coach often, I fancy; a long coach, painted black, with much velvet and fringe upon it, drawn by long-tailed, long-maned horses, also black; and on the roof of which, my friend with some half-dozen others sit with their legs swinging, and holding on by the ornamented pegs to which the black ostrich plumes are affixed. He has those plumes in a bag beside him now, on board "Waterman" One Hundred; and, having a red nose, a rusty black suit, a frayed white neckcloth, and a most humorous countenance, is—of course—an undertaker's man. I like him much, though that never-failing odour of mingled mouldiness and recently consumed spirits which distinguishes his profession, pervades him. He is full of humour, shrewd observation, caustic comment, and good-natured satire. He takes the cheeriest view of things mundane. I should like him to bury me.—Bump!

This last ejaculation, I humbly beg to observe, does not in the least relate to the mirthful philosophy of the man who does black work. It is "Waterman" Number One Hundred that bumps, not the undertaker. I had observed for a considerable time that our gallant craft was moving through the water rather slowly, and made very little way, and that we were on this side of the Tunnel Pier, when we ought to have been at Blackwall. I had, in my carelessness, and desire to impute the best motives to everybody, almost assumed that

the Waterman's captain desired to give us the best possible view of the river prospect, and therefore steamed along gently; but the bump scatters that theory to the winds. Have we run aground? Have we sprung a leak? Are we to go down as when Kempenfeldt's sword was in the sheath, when his fingers held the pen, the "Royal George" went down with twice four hundred men? An immediate rush is made forward, and a counter-rush aft. The engine begins to give forth strange noises, and to emit steam from strange places. The ladies begin to scream and threaten fainting; and a considerable section vehemently express their wish and determination to "get out," which, there being no boat near, is ridiculous. There is "something the matter" with the engines. I think there is something the matter with the engineer, whose greasy trunk, accumbent between the deck and the engine-room skylight, is now visible, and who looks wrathfully, and, I am afraid, a little rumfully, at the captain. The call-boy has disappeared. Has he mutinied? Is he traitor? Can he have deserted his post? The captain seems puzzled. He sweeps the horizon with his eagle glance, but the glance comes back as if it were not at all satisfied with the excursion. He looks down at the engineer's wrathful trunk, and into the coaly engine-room, as if this last were the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and he didn't know what to make of him. A gentleman on board (who had turned a little pale at the bump, and assured his lady companion rather tremulously, that there was no danger), wishing to be facetious under difficulties, asks the captain "what his little game is?" to which the commander answers, like an oracle of Delphos, "to get to Woolwich as fast as he can;" but, oracle-like, does not explain how he intends to accomplish the feat. A great many people have gathered amidships, and are examining the engines with that fixed, absorbed vacuity of curiosity with which people look at the moon, or a fallen cabhorse, or an omnibus with the wheel off, or a gentleman having his boots cleaned by one of the brigade. Several people say "it's a shame," and the juvenile portion of the passengers generally vote the accident "a lark;" one gloomy man (there is always one person at least in every public conveyance whose name is Misanthropos, and who hates all the

world) prophesies fatal consequences, and audibly expresses his conviction that the directors of the company are liable to be indicted for manslaughter, and that the stoker is drunk; one individual in a light brown paletot, publicly gives out his determination to write to the Times, and probably retiring within himself to concoct that epistle, mentally, is thenceforth dumb. Meanwhile, the steamer continues motionless. After a great deal of hammering and rumbling, and a colloquy between the captain and the engineer, which is rather more personal than pleasant, the paddle-wheels make a feeble revolution or two, and then stop again. Worse than this, the anchor won't hold the ground, and we drift miserably into the middle of the stream, like a log as we are, passed by crowded steamboats that laugh at our disaster, and heavy sluggish lighters and hay-barges, whose fantailed-hatted commanders openly deride us. I am not going to stand this any longer. A wherry approaches. I jump in it; and if the officers of the company want to collect the sky-blue ticket which is available for this day only, and from the pier from which it is issued, they must come and fetch it. Thus I leave "Waterman" Number One Hundred to her fate. I should have liked to take the man who does black work with me, but he sticks to the ship—probably with an eye to business. Off goes the wherry, and whether the "Waterman" steamer went to Woolwich, or Wales, or the World's end that day, I don't know.

Of all havens on the shores of the earth I am landed at Rotherhithe. I do not object to paying the somewhat exorbitant fare which my conductor demands of me, because he grounds his extortion upon the very logical position that "steamers don't break down every day." Happily, they don't. But, I think when I have advanced a few hundred paces inland, that I might just as well have been set ashore on Juan Fernandez, or on the inhospitable shores of Patagonia, as at Rotherhithe. It is dreadfully barbarous. I know the Commercial Docks must be close by, for I wander over bridges and among locks, and am beset by yards of ships at every step. But I can find no houses, no edifices save ropeyard H and sailyard X; I can see nothing in the distance but windmills, tall chimneys, and more masts of ships. I

know that Deptford and Greenwich must be some two or three miles further on, but I can find no one to put me in the direct road thereto. I meet four men in fur caps and red flannel shirts. I ask them; but the spokesman (if he indeed could be called a spokesman who spoke not) answers with a guttural grunt, like a benighted Dutchman as he is, and walks away. I ask an educational man, in black, with a white neckcloth, but he, pulling a dial from his poke (like the philosopher in *As You Like It*, that Jaques met), tells me very wisely that it is half-past six o'clock, and that Shiloh Chapel is close by. I come at last to a dreary canal, a most melancholy artificial estuary, like a river that has seen the vanity of the world's ways, and has determined to live by line and rule in future. Here I meet a little boy in corduroy who looks intelligent. I ask him the nearest way to Greenwich. He stares at me, scratches his head, and calls "Tom!"

Tom, a little bigger and in fustian, comes up, and saying, feebly, "Rotherhithe," runs away as hard as ever his legs can carry him. So, at last, finding nobody to tell me the way to Greenwich, I am fain to find it out myself. Knowing that it must be down the river, somewhere, I keep close to the river, and keep on walking stoutly: not making much way, but hopeful of getting to my journey's end eventually.

If I am nearly an hour walking to Deptford, and an hour more walking to Greenwich, my journey is amply repaid by the discoveries I make. I fall upon a whole river-side, full of tea-gardens. Perhaps, with more propriety they might be called bottled-beer-gardens, cold-rum-and-water-gardens, tobacco-pipe-gardens: but tea, bread and butter, and shrimps, prevail to a great extent, notwithstanding. Oozy meadows run down to the river's bank; sedgy little summer-houses hang over the brink; and in some instances the house itself overlooks the water: and its balconies, perched high and dry above the tide, its windows, its very roof, are crowded with Sunday faces. Here you may see the public wheels greased in the most primitive fashion; for, the aristocracy does not frequent these Sunday tea-gardens; the wealthy tradesman scarcely knows of their existence; the most elevated personages who are aware of them are the licensing magistrates. Here come,

emphatically, the public; the working, toiling, patient, legislatively-silent, public; hither they bring the wives of their bosoms, and the children of their hopes and poverty; and though Heaven knows the air from the Isle of Dogs is not the balmiest or most odoriferous in the world—though the gardens and summer-houses are of the shabbiest and darkest—here they sit in the summer evenings, and smoke, drink, and enjoy themselves.

Yes. They *will* smoke the strongest of tobacco; they will call for a pot of mild ale, and a seedy biscuit; Mrs. Opus will quench her thirst, and the boys will take a drink, and even young two years old will have a sup, and John Opus, the bread-winner, will take a mighty pull. And it is my firm belief that if all the palace gardens, parks, picture-galleries, museums, conservatories, and aviaries, in all England, were to be opened on Sunday from morn till dusk directly, as soon as the public had sensibly enjoyed a sufficient quantity of art-instruction, and was approaching within sight of the distant confines of art-botheration, John Opus, the working man, would say to Rebecca his wife, "Now, Becky, I just feel comfortable for a pipe and a glass of ale, and I am sure you must be thirsty, so come along." And they will go and partake of these unlawful things; and I am sorry that the world is so depraved: but lubrication there must be, or things you little dream of will take fire from over-friction—and though you lay on the genuine Pharisee paint an inch thick, to this complexion you must come.

SECOND-HAND SOVEREIGNS.

HAS ever any one, or is any one supposed ever to have gone over the whole of the museums of the Louvre? I know there are people who will tell me that they have done it. The sort of tourists who "do" the Rubens's at Antwerp in half a day; who scamper through the Vatican as though they were running a race; who dot down the castles on either side of the Rhine in their note-books, like dry-goods' clerks checking off entries of pepper and raisins; who work through the sights of Paris, in Galignani's Guide, as the Englishman did through the dishes in the *carte* at the *restaurant*, beginning with the soups and ending with the cheeses and salads: these are the sort of people who will confidently assert that they have inspected the Louvre in its entirety. Go to, I say. Nobody can have accomplished the feat. M. de Nieuwenkerke, the Director-General of the Louvre, may know something of the museums, but he is not omniscient. The guardians in the cocked hats who sell the catalogues, and who yawn piteously during the long hours—as well they may; for Salvator Rosa becomes a drug in the mental market at last; Raffaelle a bore; Gerard Dow intrusive, and the treasures of art *toujours perdrix*—know little or nothing beyond the departments immediately confided to their care. As to the flying tourists: they may say that they have been here, there, and everywhere, and that they have seen—the whole concern; but I don't believe them. I know how Mrs. Cruggs from Manchester goes up the wrong staircase and loses her way; how Splattertrees the great connoisseur gets jammed up in a dark corner, among the artists' easels and platforms; how Pry wanders into a guard-room by mistake, and is dreadfully afraid of being bayonetted for his intrusion; and how Miss Cleverboots is continually making short cuts, and as continually coming back to the room she started from, until at last she sits

down on a crimson velvet ottoman in the *salon carré*, and cries. As for the valets de place and cicerones from the hotels, they are all humbugs; from Paris to Peru, from Venice to the Valhalla, they are equally unworthy of confidence, and tell you that you have seen everything, when in reality you have seen comparatively nothing.

Yesterday I found myself in a museum which, although you may or may not have seen it twenty times, I succeeded in persuading myself was entirely novel, and might have been specially added to the Louvre as a testimonial of gratitude for my visit to Paris at this inclement season of the year. This was the MUSÉE DES SOUVERAINS, the Museum of the Paraphernalia of the Kings and Emperors of France; and, forgive me if I am irreverent, a palatial Monmouth Street or Holywell Street for the display of second-hand sovereigns.

Kings are but men, I know. The sword, the sceptre and the sway—the crown, the chrism and the orb, will not save them from headaches, if they drink too much wine; from corns, if they persist in wearing tight boots; from death, when their time comes. Yet a king—be he a mere drivelling idiot, passing his leisure in making pasteboard coaches; a mischievous lunatic, or a tipsy beer and tobacco reveller—fills, under any circumstance, so conspicuous a place on the world's stage—is, right or wrong, so talked about, written about, sung about, painted about, during his lifetime—that some degree of interest attaches itself at last, perforce, even to the clothes he wore, the knives he ate with, and the chairs he sat upon. Respect for the individual is not indispensable for the entertainment of curiosity respecting him. A king is but a man; but, the old clothes of a king are surely more interesting than those of a cadger; and this is why the museum of second-hand sovereigns in the Louvre is full of interest and instruction for me, and why I have chosen it as a text for this paper.

Here is a room of noble proportions. The floors of polished oak, the walls of crimson damask, thickly sewn with golden bees; the ceiling sumptuously carved and gilded, and rainbow-tinted with paintings by the first artists in France. Lofty glass-cases with curtains of crimson silk line this room. These cases hold the old clothes of Napoleon the Great.

See, here is the famous *redingote gris*—the gray great coat,

made familiar to us by a thousand pictures and a thousand songs. I don't think, intrinsically, it would fetch more than half a dozen shillings. I am afraid Mr. Moses Hart of Holywell Street would not be disposed to give even that amount for it; yet here it is beyond price and purchase. It has held the body of the man whose name is blazoned on the ceiling; whose initial, pregnant with will and power, N, is on wall and escutcheon, on casque and morion, on vase and cup, on keystone and pediment, on coin and ring, on spoon and fork, on the step of the altar, the judge's bench, the footstool of the throne, everywhere in this land. This common coat of coarse gray duffel hangs in the midst of velvet and silk, gold and silver embroidery, stern, calm and impassible, and throws all their theatrical glories into shadow; even as the man who wore the coat made all the kings and emperors and princes that were his tools, his slaves, or his victims, look like common people beside him, as he sat in his box at the theatre at Erfurt, throning it over a pitful of kings, or causing the blood of a chamberlain of the Holy Roman Empire to run cold within him by beginning a story with "When I was a lieutenant in the regiment of Lafère."

I would the Emperor's boots were here—those notable jackboots which Raffet and Charlet knew so well how to draw; the boots which, muddy, dusty, worn, ruined, frown at you, moodily and despairingly, in Paul Delaroche's picture of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. People talk of the Emperor's cocked hat; but, the boots are far more characteristic of the Man. Curiously they are associated with him in some of the most momentous phases of his career. The boot was pierced by a bullet at Bellinzona, and there Napoleon received his almost only wound. For the want of boots—he had no money indeed to buy them—Napoleon Bonaparte could not go to the Indies. If those boots could have then been obtained—bought, borrowed from Talma, wheedled from an unsuspecting tradesman—there would probably have been no Eighteenth Brumaire, no Empire of France, no Kingdom of Italy, no Russian Campaign, no Austrian marriage, no Spanish ulcer, no Moscow, no Waterloo, no St. Helena. But, not even with St. Helena ended the boots of Bonaparte. Twenty years after his death, when his grave under the willows was opened, and his coffin unscrewed that

his person might be verified by the King of France's son who was come to take it home, the most note-worthy appearances in the bier (after the features of that face which the fingers of death had not been able entirely to efface, nor the grave to vanquish) were the boots. The Museum of Second-hand Sovereigns is incomplete without the encasements of those feet of Hercules.

The boots indeed are wanting, but the secondhand clothes of Napoleon are here,—ranged all of a row, more like Monmouth Street, or the theatrical warehouse in Vinegar Yard, than ever are some half-dozen pairs of white satin shoes, profusely embroidered with gold, crumpled, creased, and (to tell the truth) remarkably grubby, not to say dirty. The Colossus had small feet, and the shoes might belong to a woman. And could he, the iron man, have worn these gewgaws, that might have danced upon a rope, or pirouetted on the opera boards, or patted over the polished flooring of the Petites Maisons, but hardly could have belonged to him who crossed the Bridge of Lodi, and trod down empires and trampled upon dynasties? He could, he did wear them. These were his coronation shoes, —the shoes of the Concordat, the Champ de Mai, the night divorce from Josephine, and the marriage with Maria Louisa! He wore those gloves, too, that hang above. They are of white leather, embroidered, but large and clumsy-looking; for, the Colossus had large hands (though soft, white, and dimpled, like those of a girl), as became the grasper of thrones, the seizer of Italy, who put the Iron Crown on his own head, crying "*Guai a chi la tocca!*"—Woe to him who touches it. He wore those dainty pink silk stockings with the golden clocks; he wore that 'broidered white satin tunic, that would so admirably have become Madame Vestris in one of Mr. Planché's burlesques; he wore that voluminous crimson velvet mantle which is pinned out in a circle against the wall; and—laugh not, sneer not, but wonder!—he wore those half-dozen court coats and continuations in velvet and satin, with big cuffs, straight collars, and square skirts. The conqueror of Europe in the spangled court suit of the Marquis de Carabas! Yea, and with a gilt sword, like a dancing master's,—yea, and with a brocaded waistcoat, with low flaps and peaked pockets! If the old clothes were not there to bear me out, you would think that I lied.

This was his, too—a very different coat; a sombre, faded, long-tailed, double-breasted, high-collared, purple-blue coat, embroidered on collar and cuff and down the seams with olive leaves in dead gold. That is the coat of a general of the Republic. It is the coat of Marengo.

Black, rusted, devoid of splendour, ludicrous almost, there are three second-hand sovereignties here, perhaps the most interesting and significant in the Museum. These are three hats. Two of them are of the species known as cocked, and were worn by the Emperor in his campaigns; but they are singularly unlike the *petit chapeau.** These two hats are cumbrous, top-heavy, lopsided, exaggerated monstrosities. The resemblance between one and that affected by the British beadle is painfully exact; the other might have been worn by glorious John Reeve as Marmaduke Magog in the "Wreck Ashore," or by the ghost of a fiddler in that famous old Vauxhall orchestra that had a sounding-board like a cockle-shell. Yet these were hats of power; hats that, defined against the white smoke of the battle, gave hope to the faltering, encouragement to the brave; one sight of which, one approving nod, made the mutilated grenadier forget his wounds—took half the sting away from death. Each was a guiding-star to glory, plunder, victory; and—ah me!—how many hundred times was each cocked hat an *ignis fatuus*, decoying men to a bloody, unremembered grave!

Hat number three is of a different order altogether. It is not cocked, three-cornered, flapped, slouched, peaked, or broad-brimmed. It is not a fantail hat, a coach-wheel hat, a wide-awake, a Jim Crow, a brigand, a William Tell, a Hecker, a Tom and Jerry, a waggoner's, a Tom Tug, a sou-wester, a four-and-ninepenny gossamer, a Paris velvet-nap, a shovel hat, a sombrero, a straw hat, or an ordinary chimney-pot "tile." It is simply a "shocking bad hat,"—the shockingest perhaps that ever was seen by human eyes or worn by human head; a round hat with a short crown and a narrow brim, made perhaps of felt, perhaps of rabbit's-skin,—certainly of a dingy, rusty material, utterly seedy, poverty-stricken, and woe-begone in appearance. Napoleon the Great—he of the

* The veritable "*petit chapeau*" is among the relics in the Emperor's tomb at the Invalides.

white satin shoes and velvet robe—wore this miserable old hat, this shameful tatterdemalion fragment, that no Jew would bid a *sou* for. He wore it, where? At Longwood, St. Helena.

If any comment were valuable (and no comment *is*) on the futility of human ambition, the emptiness of human grandeur, it might surely be found in this old hat. It is the hat of a bankrupt. Not that the man was penniless. He had enough money, even in his stern captivity, to have purchased a score of hats, with lace and ribbons enough on them to serve my lord the sweep on May-day; but it is the moral, not the material ruin that stares you in the face in this shabby head-covering. The hat says, "Broke."

Underneath this hat is a little yellow iron-moulded cambric pocket-handkerchief, that was taken off Napoleon's bed after his death. The relic should soften us. It is all over now. Outlaw, emperor, adventurer, general, prisoner—they exist no more! They are all blended into the handful of ashes in the Invalides, "on the banks of the Seine, among the French people, whom he loved so well."

The sceptre, sword-belt, coronation-sword, and sash of Napoleon; a chess-board and chess-men presented to him by his sister, Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples; several sets of saddles, bridles, and housings, of Oriental workmanship, blazing with gold and embroidery, presented to him during the campaign of Egypt; a crown of olives, modelled in pure gold, placed on his coffin as an offering from some city, whose name I forget, on the occasion of his second funeral; a splendidly-bound copy of Ossian's Poems, illustrated with original drawings by Isabey, after Giraud; a copy of the Code Napoleon, engrossed on vellum; a manuscript record of the coronation, with costly coloured drawings; these are yet among the relics of the Empire, exhibited in these glass cases. Within a railing in a corner is the Emperor's camp-bed. Emperors' camp-beds do not interest me much. There is something "Bullfroggish" in that imitative austerity which the great ones of the earth affect in their sleeping accommodation. The hard pallet of Charles the Fifth at Yuste; the divided bed of Louis Philippe, one half of which was a knotty palliasse, and the other half, in delicate attention to

his queen, a feather bed; this severe, uncompromising bed of the French Cæsar; even our own Great Duke's spare mattrass and simple iron bedstead; are not to my mind any very convincing proofs of their owners' abstemiousness and hardihood. Hard beds are not conducive to early rising; nor are they necessarily productive of self-denial. One of the laziest men I ever knew used an iron bedstead fit for a Trappist, where he lay on straw, like Margery Daw. Napoleon could have slept anywhere. In a chair, as at Austerlitz; in his bath, as at St. Helena; on horseback; in his box at the opera; in his carriage; standing, even. He wanted sleep so little, and used a bed so seldom, that he might as well have had no bed. Still, if a bed were necessary to his camp equipage, and as part of his state and appanage, he might surely have had a bedstead with a little carving and gilding, with some velvet and golden bees, some eagles and N's about it; however hard the mattrass or low the pillow might have been. I may be wrong, but there is affectation and sham humility about this shabby camp-bed. It seems to say, boastingly, "See what a philosopher I am; see how I despise the pomps and vanities of the world. Not only will I have a portable bed (which simply would be reasonable); but it shall be of the ugliest form and the clumsiest material. I am a grander *monarque* than Louis Quatorze; yet see how I can dispense with that solemn old mountebank's gigantic four-poster, with its daïs of three stages, its carvings and gildings, its plumed capitals and silken cords. Yet I am as grand upon this workhouse-looking pallet, as though I slept in the Great Bed of Ware."

But, what could the contemner of the fripperies of luxury want with silver-gilt boot-hooks and a golden stewpan? For, here, proudly displayed upon a field of crimson velvet, are all the articles forming the Emperor's travelling equipage. Besides the boot-hook and the saucepan we have here knives, forks, plates, tea and coffee-pots, corkscrews, penknives, scissors, spoons, bodkins and toothpicks—all in the precious metals. Here, too, are the numerous requisites for the toilette: razors, lathering brushes, shaving pots, and *scent-bottles:*—ay, my lord, scent-bottles—one, religiously preserved by General Bertrand (I think), has some of the scent used by the Emperor yet remaining in it. Napoleon scented!

The conqueror of Europe perfumed like a milliner, or that certain lord that Harry Hotspur saw! Cæsar with a golden stewpan!

The writing-table or secretaire of the Man, which stands hard by, with a worn leathern arm-chair, looks far more business-like and consistent. It is as plain as plain can be—indeed I have the very counterpart of it—up, goodness and the waiter only know how many pair of stairs, in the Quartier Latin in the City of Paris. But, it is only in form that the two articles of furniture resemble one another. For the Emperor's writing-table bears, oh! such unmistakeable signs of hard work, indomitable perseverance, and iron will! It is splashed in innumerable places with ink; it has been punched with penknives and scorched with hot sealing-wax. The leathern covering of the top is frayed with the contact of papers and elbows; it has been worn into holes by the drumming of anxious fingers. Perhaps this table is the most suggestively eloquent of all the relics in this strange room. Truly, the hat covered the head, the sword begirt the side; on that bed Napoleon slept, on that saddle sat, with that diadem crowned, with that scent perfumed, himself. But, on that table lay, hundreds of times, the paper on to which flowed by the duct of the pen the mighty current of the Emperor's thoughts. He must have sat at this table crowning and uncrowning kings in his mind, crushing up dynasties with a phrase, devoting thousands of men to death by a word. This table with the leathern top was an unconscious Atlas, and held up a world of thought. What may not have been written there! The draught of the Milan decree, the virtual death-warrant of the Duke d'Enghien; suggestions, pregnant with sense and will, to the subtle lawyers who were drawing up the Code; bulletins of victory and defeat, proclamations, short notes of playful affection in the early days to Josephine—later, to another bride. At this table may have been signed the decree for the fundamental reorganisation of the Théâtre Français, which decree—vanity!—emanated from the Kremlin at Moscow. At this table may have been signed the last abdication, which—vanity of vanities!—was done in an hotel in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. Were not the table dumb, it would tell how often Napoleon had sat at it, radiant

with joy, trembling with anxiety, frowning with anger, white with despair. How the imprecation was muttered, the air hummed between the teeth, the pen anxiously gnawed, the devil's tattoo beaten with the fingers, the vain word or meaningless caricature scrawled on the blotting-paper; how the sigh stole forth, or the brow contracted, or the smile lighted up sheet and table like a sun, as the phrase was weighed, the word sought for, the thought summoned. Only this table could tell us whether the uncouth, misshapen, almost illegible scrawl, which Napoleon wrote, was really his natural handwriting: or whether, as some, and not of his enemies, assert, it was designedly simulated in order to conceal the faultiness of his orthography.

One other little bed invites us. It is very small, very delicate, very daintily festooned with lace, and glows with gilding and shines with green satin. It is the first bed of a very little child, born to greatness—the cradle of the King of Rome. The poor baby did not need it long. He did not die, but lived his evanescent kingdom out, and sank into that little white cloth jacket and pantaloons with sugar-loaf buttons (painfully like the uniform of my friend Mrs. Biffins's footpage, Chawks), of the Austrian Duke de Reichstadt. Done up in that mournful flannel-like little skeleton suit, he played about the dreary rooms of Schönbrunn, to be taught to be called Herzog von Reichstadt, and to forget that his name was Napoleon; to think of his father as something very like an ogre; and to believe perforce that Grandpapa Francis, the little wizened old man in the white coat and pigtail, was the incarnation of all that was good and wise and powerful in the world. It must have been cruelly hard upon the little Herzog. I don't think he could have succeeded in forgetting or believing it all. He must have looked now and then upon the House of Hapsburg as a mouldy, tumble-down old mansion, haunted by ghosts in white flannel. Ah! how shudderingly his thoughts must have reverted sometimes from the solemn ladies of honour, and pudding-headed chamberlains of Schönbrunn, with their guttural talk, to that gay palace far away, where there were so many mirrors and golden eagles—to mamma, who had such fair hair, such blue eyes, so many diamonds—to papa, who walked about the room so much,

with hands behind his back, and talked in such a loud voice to the gentleman who sat at the table writing; who would take the little boy up and dandle him, and gaze at him with so much pride and joy from those wondrous eyes. Ah! A dreary little second-hand sovereign was the king-duke, done up in white flannel to forget that he was himself. The very cradle in which the child slept was destined to have a second-hand fate. It was used in 1822 for the posthumous son of the Duke de Berri, the Duke de Bordeaux, Comte de Chambord, Henry the Fifth—what you will: a lamentable instance of second-hand sovereignty again.

Going round and round about this room of relics, as I do, speculating—"mooning" would perhaps be the proper word—upon all the precious relics exposed in the glass cases, I become so imbued with the *Idées Napoleoniennes*—so saturated with notions of the Empire—that I have a difficulty in persuading myself that I am not now living in the year '10. I fancy myself in the lumber-room of the palace; and when I hear a pair of boots creaking in an adjoining apartment, can hardly help expecting the advent of Duroc, or Bertrand, or Rapp, asking me *que diable* I am doing there? And when from the lofty windows I look into the court-yard below, the delusion of the Empire still clings to me; for there I see on parade the Imperial Guard—yes, bearskins, gaiters, eagles on the cartouch-boxes, crossbelts, long moustaches, and all. They are on guard; they are alive; they walk and talk and smoke in the guard-room; I see them with my corporeal eyes. With these below, with those around, with the Tuileries' dome surmounted by the tricolor in the distance, there wants to complete the picture but this—a roll of the drums, a sharp rattle as arms are presented, and then, cantering into the square upon a white horse, a little man with a cocked hat and a grey great coat.

There are many more chambers in this Museum, devoted to other second-hand sovereigns—the legitimate sovereigns, indeed, of France. Here in a room, decorated, in contradistinction to the Napoleon Museum—all in blue, sewn with golden lilies—are the paraphernalia used at the coronations of Louis the Sixteenth, and Charles the Tenth; the crown of the Duke d'Angoulême, as Dauphin (wonderfully like the tinselled

diadem with which, in our school-days, we were wont to decorate the effigy—penny plain and two-pence coloured—of Mr. Denvil as the Fire King); the sword, sceptre, and hand of justice of Charlemagne; the sedan-chair of King Artaxomenes —I beg pardon, of King Louis the Fifteenth, otherwise called the Well-beloved, otherwise known as the proprietor of the Parc aux Cerfs: that admirable educational institution, supported by the involuntary contributions of the French people; a little black kid shoe worn by Marie Antoinette (poor thing!), so tiny, so delicate; a little cannon, with ivory horses, presented to Louis the Sixteenth as a child; an arbaleste, or cross-bow, of Marie de Medicis; and an exquisitely beautiful mirror of Venice glass, with a framework of mosaic in precious stones, presented to the same royal lady by the Venetian Republic; Bibles, missals, and books of hours, belonging to various sovereigns; swords, cross-bows, maces, habergeons, and pistols; and numerous suits of splendidly-wrought armour, among which is one suit of immense size and height, reputed to have belonged to, and to have been worn by, that king whose portrait by Titian is in the Grand Gallery of this same Louvre,—the king who loved so well to "amuse" himself, and was so delighted at having saved his "honour" at the battle of Pavia, but who was not quite so careful of the honour of the female subjects whom he betrayed,—the king who, first the rival, was afterwards so great a friend (until he fell out with him again) of our Henry the Eighth, and had that famous junketting with him upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold—King Francis the First. He might have been able to wear this suit of armour (which would about fit Mr. Hales, the Norfolk giant), but he was assuredly a consummate rascal. Of course, being so, he is one of the most popular of the French second-hand sovereigns,—almost as popular as our merry scoundrel, Second of that line, and our bluff bigamist, Eighth of that ilk, are with us.

These, and many more shreds and patches of second-hand royalty, are to be found in that Musée des Souverains of the Louvre which the reader may or may not have seen. In either case, I would advise said reader to visit it whenever he or she comes to Paris. It may be somewhat consoling to a man whose state is low, to find that even sovereigns—even the

Holy Alliance—even the allied potentates—are subject to the indignity of having their old clothes hung up to show; and that the coronation mantle dangles from a peg, in the long run, even as the masquerade domino, the cast-off uniform, or the threadbare great-coat. Mr. Carlyle might come hither, and find—not a new philosophy, but fresh materials for its application. And I think some sovereigns—yea, even some of the potentates whose august names are to be found in the Almanach de Gotha of this present year—might come here too, and, going, might leave behind them some second-hand ideas, some second-hand prejudices, some second-hand rascalities, some second-hand tomfooleries, which might be advantageously hung on pegs beside the second-hand sovereignties of a few centuries back.

TIME AND THE HOUR.

—♦—

THERE are few persons, I believe, belónging to what I may call the middle class of society who have not, at some period of their lives, been seised or possessed of a cylindrical metal box, containing a spring of bluish hue, and a certain number of wheels cogged, or otherwise, called a watch. At this present moment of writing, I have such a cylindrical box —such a watch. It is not by any means a handsome watch. It is not jewelled in any of its holes, neither has it a lever, or escapement, or horizontal movement, but simply an old-fashioned adjustment of the "verge" principle. Nor does its old-fashionedness give it value. It is old, but I suspect worthless, as an old hat, or an old pair of boots, or an old umbrella. It is not a little enamelled bijou of a thing to nestle in a lady's bracelet, or garnished with a fairy key, and some elfin *châtelaine* of "charms to lie in a white velvety hand." It has no second hand—no engraved dial, no view of the Bay of Naples, or true lover's knot in diamonds or rubies on its outer lid. It does not strike chimes, or play opera tunes. It is a watch—a hideous, turnip-shaped affair, with a tallow face, begrimed with fat mis-shapen letters, and with a huge keyhole in its countenance like a bleary eye. Its hour hand is crooked and tarnished, its minute hand is shorn of three parts of its proper length. A friend of mine, to whom I once offered it for sale, called it, less reverently than emphatically, a "duffer;" and I doubt, were I to offer to raffle it, that I could secure a subscription of a dozen members at even sixpence a head—even on the signature of a preliminary treaty that the winner was to spend convivially half its value, and the "putter-up" the other half. It goes, sometimes, after a great deal of winding up, and ticks with a harsh, creaking, discordant noise. But it soon grows sluggish and morose—its hands moving, I am inclined to think, rather

backwards than forwards, and requiring to be shaken violently, or banged sharply against a hard surface, or kept in a very hot room to prevent its stopping. Such is my watch with a battered old case, which I please myself sometimes to consider silver, but into whose real composition I am nervous of inquiring, lest it should turn out to be old iron, or lacquered copper, or rusted pinchbeck, or some other marine store. Yet, seedy and feeble, and superannuated as it is—it sticks to me, this time-piece.

Watches of greater value and more precious materials, together with chains, pins, rings, and other articles of jewellery, I have found to inherit a marvellous property of departing from me; they take unto themselves wings and fly away, without giving me the slightest notice, leaving me only memorials—*souvenirs* in the shape of frayed button-holes, and punctured stocks, and rusty morocco cases—memorials as melancholily tantalising as a used-up cheque book, or a champagne bill that has been paid. This watch won't go: through fair and foul weather, through good and evil report, it adheres to me. "We clomb the hill thegither;" and perhaps it will sleep with me at the foot thereof, when I go to the land where John Anderson my Jo, and many, many more Johns and Jo's have gone before me.

The "duffer" is useless for time-keeping purposes, that is certain: I can't sell it; I can't wear it in my waistcoat pocket, for fear of being asked the time and not being able to be up thereto; thus risking ridicule and shame. I won't give it away, or hitch it out of the window, or liquefy it in a frying pan, *à la* man-o'war's-man. Suppose that I philosophise upon it—that I view it, "duffer" as it is, in its relations to time and the hour—to human energies and failures and successes—to the march of intellect and the life of man.

To speak of Time—the venerable figure not incommoded with drapery, with forelock, scythe, and hour glass (the sands for ever running), with wings, and foot for. ever poised upon the march. "*Tempus fugit.*" I will be bold at once and dissent from the wise old saw. Time does *not* fly. He has no wings, no poised foot, no power of locomotion. Time is, and was, and will be, the same—unchanged, unchangeable. Don't make of Time an ogre, pitilessly devouring his children

as the Virgil and Homer men would make you believe he does. Take him as he is; calm, tranquil, unmoved by the course of years, centuries, and ages. Take him as a decent, sober citizen, sleeping calmly in his well-worn nightcap, while the sun (the real mover, the real essence of mobility) is for ever getting up with many a yawn and shrug before he rises, or going to bed with many a sigh of lassitude and weariness. Take Time as a bridge slung high and dry, and steady as a rock over a boiling, bubbling, crashing, Niagara of a waterfall beneath. Perfectly inert and stationary is this old myth. He does not measure us. He wants us not. He never interferes with us. We want him; we measure him; we interfere with him. *Chronos* and *logos* be Greek words, I think, that go to make up chronology; and *logos* is the word century, or cycle, or solstice, or equinox, or year, or hour, or day, we tack to the skirts of Time; thinking, forsooth, that because we call him different names at different periods, and that those names and periods may have ceased and determined, that we have spent Time, or wasted Time, or employed Time. *Tempus fugit!* Time does not fly; and I do not fly in the face of the sun-dial when I deny the truth of the motto so often engraved thereon. It is the golden sun-light whose daily life and death are recorded by the unerring finger on the brazen page, that we waste, or spend, or employ. The sun was the first watchmaker, and from his rubicund dial-face tells us the time of day, to the confusion of the Horse Guards and Mr. Bennett's skeleton contrivance at the Crystal Palace. King Alfred with his wax chandlery; later, patient German *savants* and skilled handicraftsmen; later still, your Harrisons, Dents, and Breguets, put his phases into cylindrical boxes and called them watches. *Savants*, and priests, and rulers had been at work, ages before, to call so many suns and moons centuries, years, and days. Clocks and watches gave us hours and minutes; and now we have the presumption to call this purely business-like agreement and convention between Strasburg artificers, Roman high priests, stage-managers of Olympian games, editors of Gregorian and other calendars, compilers of Mangnall's Questions and tables of dates, quiet workmen in Clerkenwell, pretty damsels in the Palais Royal, and Messrs. Partridge, Murphy, and Raphael,

the almanack-makers, Time; and we have the assurance to say that, because the hour runs, Time runs too; that, because the sand slides surely, gently, slowly, inevitably through the pin-like aperture between the crystal cones, that Time slides, passes, too. Our ancestors knew better: they did not call a clock a time-piece; they called him a *horologe*.

And, if I mention ancestors, I anticipate a storm of objections to my theory of time, suggested by the word I have made use of. Ancestors, my opponents will triumphantly cry! why, if Time had never flown or moved, where would be your ancestors, where your antiquity?

Now, what is antiquity? What is this you make such a fuss and pother about? What is antiquity to a man, or a man to antiquity? What has he to do with anything but *Life!* and while he racks his head about antiquity, how many of the years, and days, and hours, that go to make up that life are irretrievably wasted. How many minutes he casts away right and left—like red-hot halfpence to boys. Yet a minute, my friend, is something. A minute! how many years must it seem to somebody standing on a scaffold in the chilly morning, with the spectre of a white nightcap grinning over his shoulder, with the hands of Saint Sepulchre's church pointing to one minute to eight, and with but that minute plank between him and the deep, deep sea of eternity. A minute—will not the thousandth part thereof, consumed in a nimble spring to the right or the wrong side decide the odds between your being landed safely on a well-swept platform heaped with Christmas hampers, and hung round with jovial banners, or placards respecting Christmas excursion trains, and your being crushed to death beneath the remorseless wheels of that same excursion train, as it glides heavily along the treacherous rails into the station? A minute!—in that subdivision of the day how many words of hope, or love, or murderous accusation, or frenzied anxiety, or kindly greeting, will throb through the sentient wires of the telegraph, over marsh, and meadow, and lea—through hills and tunnels—across valleys and deep rivers? A minute will break the back of the strong steam-ship, and send her with all her freight of mailed warriors, and weather-beaten mariners, and restive chargers, down to the coral reefs and the pearls that lie

in dead men's eyes, to be no more heard of till the sea gives up its dead! A minute decides the Derby, settles whether the firm of Ingots, Nuggetts, Bullion, and Co., shall go into the Gazette and Basinghall Street, or its senior partner, Sir John Ingots, into the House of Peers. Guilty, or not guilty; the billet of all the bullets at a battle; head or tail; "how will you have it?" or "no effects;"—all these lie within the compass of a minute, of less than a minute, of the infinitesimal particle of a minute!

I have heard of some little ephemeral insects—invisible *animalculæ*—billions of which, they say, could dance hornpipes on a needle's point—trillions of which could hold mass meetings on the prickle of a gooseberry—so small are they. Yet each of the infinitesimal entomological Lilliputians might possess a trifle of a hundred legs or so; and who shall say each does not feel pain and pleasure—heat and cold—as we bigger animals do. The duration of life with these *ephemera* sometimes reaches, but seldom exceeds, a minute. Within the sixty seconds they live and die, and strut and fret their fifty pair of legs upon their vegetable stage. Within a minute they act the part for which they have been cast by the Great First Cause—within a minute they serve as rivets or links, or something microscopically small, but not despicable, in the Great Chain that binds all Nature to agree. If some of them be such strong, and vigorous, and abstemious insects as to live to the prodigious age of a minute and a-half, they must be looked at by the young *animalculæ*—the spruce fellows some twenty seconds old or so, as astonishing centenarians, patriarchs of the cabbage-leaf—sages of grass-blades. When they die, perhaps they are buried in great pomp and state in the pores of a strawberry—the funeral puff-ball being drawn by four earwigs, and all the top places on the neighbouring spear grass being at a premium; or perchance they dye their venerable green locks purple-black, just as they are on the brink of the tomb, thrust their feeble legs into tight boots, manacle their trembling *antennæ* into primrose-coloured gloves; and, with hats cocked stiffly on their palsied old pates, hobble up and down some Regent-street of a daisy—some Burlington-arcade of an apple-pip, leering at the damsels who are carrying home Queen Mab's court dress in a cobweb

band-box. How immensely superior are you, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, looking down on these a million times diminished Lilliputians. How many feet you have to look down upon these tiny things. How strong a microscope you must have to be able to discern even an agglomeration of a hundred or two of these insect-things. Dear Lemuel, are there any people up yonder, in any of those shining orbs, who look down upon us, who are as amazingly supercilious, patronising, condescending as we are—none of whose microscopes would be strong enough to discern one hundred Mammoths all in a row, let alone men. Do they take us for *animalculæ, infusoria, ephemera?* Dear Lemuel, did Doctor Swift, think you, before the chords of his mind broke, mean to write merely a boy's story book, or did he gently, kindly, shrewdly try to teach us that we are not so very very great after all; and that puzzled as we may be to find where minuteness ends, so there may be some thousands of planets somewhere in space where men grow great by degrees and beautifully larger.

Antiquity! what would be our poor little antiquity to the men in the moon, if men there be there, and bigger than we?

MY MAN. A SUM.

I WILL take a man, as Lawrence Sterne took a solitary captive in a cell. I desire not to view, however, like the writer of Tristram Shandy, the iron entering into his soul. I have nothing to do with his thoughts, his motives, his feelings, his sympathies. I will take a man, and give him threescore and ten years to live, and breathe, and act in—a fair mean, I think. He shall be robust, laborious, sober, steady, economical of time, fond if you will of repeating the fallacious apothegm, "Time flies," and ever anxious to cut the wings of Time with the scissors of Industry.

Providence has given my man, you will not deny, a rope or cable of life composed of 365 times twenty-four hours, forming alternate days and nights for seventy years. Give me the twenty-four hours to regulate the daily portion of my man by, and let us see how many of those hours necessity, habit, and the customs of the state of society he is born, and lives, and dies in, will allow him to turn to useful and profitable account.

My man must sleep. He shall not be chuckle-headed, dunder-headed, nightcap-enamoured. He shall have no occasion, as a sluggard, to consider the ways of the ant. "Let the galled jade wince," my man's withers are unwrung when Doctor Watts hears the sluggard complain and express his wish to slumber again. Yet my man shall not observe the ration of sleep fixed, I believe, by George III., our gracious king: "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." He shall be a fool in one sense at least, and sleep eight hours *per noctem*—a reasonable, decent, honest, hygienic slumber season. This sum of sleep will amount, in the course of my man's life, to twenty-four years to be deducted from the seventy. For twenty-four mortal years shall my man lie between the sheets, talking to people he never saw, sitting down to dinners he is never to eat, remembering minutely

things he never knew, reconciling impossibilities through that system of dream-philosophy of which only the dream-master has the key; listening ofttimes to ravishing strains of music, of which the remembrance, as they never were, will come upon him even when he is awake, and amid the most ordinary occurrences of life—strains so sweet, so mysterious, so unearthly, so silent, yet so sentiently distinct, that they must be, I think, the tunes the angels play in heaven upon the golden harps. Four-and-twenty years shall my man doze away in "Bedfordshire."

My man being sober, does not, necessarily, go to bed nightly in his boots, with a damp umbrella under his arm, his hat on his head, and his waterproof paletot on his back; nor, being cleanly, does he rise in the morning without washing, shaving, shower-bathing, and ultimately dressing himself in decent attire. I will retrench the shower-bath. I will sink the existence of such things as flesh-brushes, bear's-grease, bandoline, whisker pomatum, musk, patchouli, and bergamot. My man shall be neither a fop nor a sloven. He shall not spend unnecessary matutinal minutes in cultivating a moustache, in imparting an extra curl to a whisker, or tittivating an imperial. He shall not cut himself in shaving, and waste clock time in searching for an old hat; neither shall he wear tight boots, and consume unnecessary half hours in pulling them on; nor yet shall he have corns to cut, nor stays to lace. He shall not even be delayed in his daily toilet by the lack of shirt or wrist-buttons; for I will give him a wife, and an accomplished wife—a domestic wife—who shall be everything he desires, and attend to his mother-of-pearl wants without even being asked. Yet my man, though a model of cleanliness, neat-handedness, and simplicity, cannot get up, and go to bed, and dress and undress himself, in less than half-an-hour per diem. *Ergo*, deduct from seventy years, eighteen months, or one year and a half.

This man of mine must live. Hence, it is essential that he should exercise, at certain given periods in each day, his manducatory organs: in other words, that he should eat. He is not to be a glutton, or even a *gourmand*, wandering furtively all day over town in quest of truffles, or rising with the lark to intercept fish-trains laden with Colchester oysters. Appe-

tites for Strasburgh pies of goose liver, for elaborate *petits plats*, for seductive Rhine wines that sparkle, and, while they sparkle, overcome, I do not allow him. He is not to have four courses daily. He shall dispense with *entrées: entremets* shall be unknown to him. He shall not sit for so long over his dinner, and over the vinous beverages that follow it, that the green wax tapers multiply themselves unwarrantably by two, and dance in their sockets indecorously. He shall be a plain man, enjoying his plain roast and boiled, his simple steak, or unsophisticated chop, with an unimpaired digestion, powers of mastication not to be called in question, and a frame of mind prompting him to eat only when he is hungry: to eat in order that he may live; not to live in order that he may eat. Yet such a monument of abstemiousness must consume, if he take that bellyful of victuals essential to equable health and strength, at least two hours a day. He may or may not use knives and forks, damask napkins, hubble-bubble finger glasses; he may or may not call the various meals he takes for the sustentation of his body, breakfast, dinner, lunch, snack, tiffin, tea, supper, *en cas de nuit*, or what not; but, to the complexion of this two hours' eating daily, he must come. Turtle and venison, or "potatoes and point," Alderman Gobble, or Pat the labourer, my man eats two hours per diem. There you have six years more by which to thin the threescore and ten years.

More years to take: more minute strokes to efface from the dial of the watch of life. Love! Ah me! when you and I and all of us can remember how many entire days and weeks and months we have wasted over *that* delusion, how callous and unsympathising must seem a minute calculation of the space love mulcts man's life of. A summer's day over a pink ribbon; hours of anguish over a crossed t in a love letter; days of perplexity as to whether that which you said last night would be taken in good part, or, indeed, as to whether you said it at all; are these to be taken for nought? They shall count for nothing on my man's chronometer. He shall not waste in despair, or die because a woman's fair. He shall just catch love as one might catch the typhus fever, and be "down" with that fever for the usual time, then grow convalescent and "get over it," and forget that he ever was ill. A month for that. Yet my man, without being inflammatory, is

mortal. Besides his first hot love-fever, it is but natural to mortality that he should feel, at certain periods during the seventy years he runs his race in, the power of love again; not hot, strong, ferocious, rival-hating, hearts-and-darts love, but love the soft, the tender, the prolegomena of domestic joys —of singing tea-kettles, and cats purring by the kitchen fire; not the love for black eyes, and ruby lips, and raven hair, but the love that makes us listen for a voice, that takes us four hundred miles to hear a word—to dwell upon a look—to press a hand that never can be ours. Such love—if my man feel as most of us do—will take him at least one hour a day. Add to that, the month for the first raging love-typhus, and you have three years more to take from seventy.

I hope I have not exaggerated this average—this common mean—not denying as I do that there be *some* stony-hearted men in the world, some impervious cynics, who set their faces against love as they would against Popery. It must be remembered, too, in support of my hour a day, that all lovers are intolerable prattlers, and that a major part of the daily hour of love would be consumed in purposeless gabble—that unknown tongue, which only the professor of Fonetics, called Cupid, can expound.

Few men are so "accursed by fate," so utterly desolate, as not to possess some friends or acquaintances. A man may have associates with whom he may cultivate the choicest flowers of the heaven-sent plant, friendship; or, he may simply have pot companions, club friends, or business acquaintances. Still, he must know somebody, and, being by nature a talking animal, must have something to say when he meets his fellow-men. I do not wish to exempt my man from the common rule. He shall be gregarious, like his fellows. He shall be no misanthrope—neither a ceaseless chatterer, nor a stock-fish of taciturnity. He shall talk in season, saying only good and sensible things—not holding men by the button, unnecessarily, in the open street; not telling them futile stories of the Peninsular war; hazarding imbecile conjectures about the weather, the ministry, or the state of Europe; nor detailing his grievances, his ailments, or the tribulations of his family, out of proper time and place. Yet, I will defy him to consume less than one hour per diem in talking.

This gives me three years more to deduct from the seventy of my man's life.

I have already conceded my man to be a pattern of sobriety, regularity, and morality. No fast man shall he be, entering at all sorts of hours, with his coat pockets full of door knockers and champagne corks; pouring the minor contents of the coal-scuttle into the boots of his neighbours, or winding up his watch with the snuffers. He shall avoid casinos, select dancing academies, free-and-easies, "assaults of arms," and harmonic meetings. He shall never have heard of the Coal Hole; and the ghastly merriment known as "life in London" after midnight, shall be as a sealed book to him. Yet he must amuse himself sometimes. "All work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Perhaps my man belongs to a literary and scientific institution; perhaps he attends Mesmeric lectures; or he may have a fancy for Thursday evening lectures at his chapel; or for chemistry, and burning holes in the carpet and furniture with strong acids; or for the Olympic, the Adelphi, or Sadler's Wells Theatres; or for Doctor Bachhoffner and the Polytechnic Institution; or for a quiet nightly game at twopenny whist. At any rate, I will suppose that moderate amusements and the *agrémens* of society, including an evening party now and then, and some high days and holidays at Christmas and Easter or so, will give an average of two hours per diem—or six years more to be struck off the seventy.

Healthy and laborious and robust as I am willing to allow my man to be, he cannot expect to go through life without an attack of some of those ailments to which all human beings are liable. He will probably, as a child, have the usual allowance of teething fits, measles, hooping cough, chicken pox, and scarletina; to say nothing of the supplementary, and somewhat unnecessary fits of sickness suffered by most babies through involuntary dram-drinking in a course of "Daffy's Elixir," "Godfrey's Cordial," and the nurse's pharmacopœia in general. When my man grows up, it is probable that he will have two or three good fits of illness: strong fevers and spasms at the turning points of life. Then, there will be days when he will be "poorly," and days when he will be "queer," and days when he will be "all overish." Altogether, I assume

that he will be ill an hour a day, or three years during the seventy; and a lucky individual he will be, if he gets off with *that* allowance of sickness.

And let it be thoroughly understood that, in this calculation, I have never dreamt of making my man:

A smoker—in which case goodness alone knows how many hours a day he would puff away in pipes, hookahs, cigars, cheroots, or cigarettes.

A drinker—or what is called, in the North of England, a "bider" in public-house bars, or snuggeries; simpering over a gin-noggin, or blinking at the reflection of his sodden face in a pewter counter.

A "mooner," fond of staring into shop windows, or watching the labourers pulling up the pavement to inspect the gas-pipes, or listening stolidly to the dull "pech" of the pavier's rammer on the flags.

A day dreamer, an inveterate chess player, an admirer of fly fishing, a crack shot, a neat hand at tandem driving, or an amateur dog fancier. Were he to be any of these, the whole of his daily four-and-twenty hours would be gone, before you could say Jack Robinson.

No; steady, robust, laborious, shall be this man of mine. Let me recapitulate, and see how many hours he has a day to be steady and laborious in.

In bed . .	8 hours.
Washing and dressing	½ an hour.
Eating and drinking	2 hours.
Love . . .	1 hour.
Talking . .	1 hour.
Amusements . .	2 hours.
Sickness . .	1 hour.
Total	15½ hours.

These fifteen daily hours and a-half, amount in all to forty-six years and six months. To these must be added fifty-two days in every year; on which days, being Sundays, my man is forbidden to work at all. These fifty-two sabbaths amount in the aggregate to eight years, seven months, ten days, and twelve hours: and the grand total to be deducted from the span of man's life is fifty-five years, one month, ten days, and twelve hours: leaving fourteen years, ten months, nineteen

days, and twelve hours, for my man to be steady and laborious in.

Oh, sages of the East and West! oh, wise men of Gotham, for ever going to sea in bowls, political and otherwise—boastful talkers of the "monuments of human industry," and the "triumphs of human perseverance,"—lecturers upon patience and ingenuity, what idlers you all are! These few paltry years are all you can devote from threescore and ten, to wisdom, and learning, and art! Atoms in immensity—bearers of farthing rushlights amid a blaze of gas, you must needs think Time was made for you, and you not made for Time!

Did I so greatly err then, when, in the preceding paper, I asked what antiquity was to a man, or a man to antiquity? Should he be licensed to prate so glibly of ages gone by, when he can give but so sorry an account of the years he really possesses for his own use and benefit?

"What do you call Antiquity?" the Titans might ask him, not in any way sneeringly, but in a tone of good-humoured banter. "Where are your remote ages—your landmarks of the days of old? Do you know that from the first day that you were permitted to call CHRISTMAS DAY, to the end of that year which expired on the 31st of December last,* there have only elapsed nine hundred and seventy-three millions, five hundred and eleven thousand, two hundred minutes;—nine hundred and odd million revolutions of the minute hand on your watch? And do you call that antiquity? Are these few minutes to count for anything considerable among the accumulated ages of the World?"

The World! I speak of ours—the *parvenu*—the yesterborn—the ball that has but been some five thousand eight hundred and fifty-two years a rolling, whose certificate of birth is but of three billions, seventy-five millions, nine hundred and eleven thousand, two hundred minutes, date. The Egyptian mummies buried three thousand years ago in the caves behind Medinet Abou, but now present amongst us in the British Museum, make Time a baby. In its face, Homer, with his paltry three thousand years of age, seems as juvenile as the veriest schoolboy who ever spouted Terence in the

* Written in January, 1853.

Westminster Dormitory. The Chinamen, the Hindoos, nay, the old Egyptians even—Osiris, Cheops Mummy wheat and all—would make Time smile with pity, if the mouth of Time were not immovable like himself.

One thousand eight hundred and fifty-two years, only, have been numbered with the dead since the Shepherds saw the Star in the East. The lives of thirty-eight men, each living an average life of fifty years, would take us back to Solomon's temple in all its glory—to the pool of Bethesda, the feast by the mountain, and the Sunday corn-field. More; each century can boast of some patriarch, some centenarian, some old Parr, in some quarter or other of the globe. Acting on this calculation, we should want but the lives of eighteen men and three quarters, to reach to more than the time of Herod of Galilee, and Caiaphas the high priest.

Talk not to my man, then, of your antiquity. The lives of four fifty years' men place within our grasp Oliver Cromwell in semi-sovereignty at Whitehall, Blake scouring the seas for Dutchmen, Prince Rupert buccaneering, the "young man" Charles Stuart "hard up" at the Hague, entreating the Queen of Bohemia to prick him down *corantos* and send him a fiddler. Seven men of the like age flaunt Peter the Hermit's cross in our eyes; pour the refuse of Europe on the hot shores of Syria; pit the crafty Greeks of Byzantium against the rude half-bandit Latins; chorus in our ears the Crusaders' war-cry, "*Hierosolyma est perdita!*" Not quite twenty half-century men, and we shall be at Hastings, where, in years yet to come, the Abbey of Battle is to be built—by the side of Harold the last Saxon king—of Guillaume Taillefer—of William of Normandy, erst called the Bastard, but soon to bear the prouder *sobriquet* of Conqueror.

Antiquity! I might have had a grandfather (if I ever had one, which is doubtful to Your Highness) who might have fought at Preston Pans. My great-grandfather might have beheaded Charles the First. My great-great-grandfather might have talked scandal about Queen Elizabeth, when Queen Elizabeth was alive to cut *his* head off for daring to talk it—or for daring to have such a thing as a head about him, if so her Royal humour ran.

Still, man, be thankful. The fourteen years, ten months,

and odd, allowed you to work and learn in are sufficient. Who shall gainsay it! Wisdom and Mercy have struck the great average of compulsory idleness in man's life. I take one moral of my man to be that an Injustice or a Wrong, which seems in his slight vision eternal, is but a passing shadow that Heaven, for its great purposes, permits to fall upon this earth. What has been, may be, shall be, must be, cry the unjust stewards and wrong-doers. No, my good friends, not so. Not even though your families "came over" with the Conqueror, or trace back in a straight line to the wolf that suckled Romulus and his brother. Be in the right, keep moving and improving, stand not too much on that small footing of antiquity, or a very few generations of My Man shall trip you up, and your ancient places shall know you no more.

PHILIP STUBBES;

OR,

VANITY FAIR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE new palace at Westminster is a very magnificent building, in (I am quite willing to believe Sir Charles Barry) the purest style of Gothic architecture; and the large, not to say extravagant, sums of money which have been, and will be for the next half-century or so, expended in its erection, speak highly for the wealth and resources of this favoured empire. The Horse Guards Blue, also, are a splendid body of men. I scarcely know what to admire most in their equipment: their black horses with the long tails, their bright helmets—likewise with long tails—their jack-boots, or their manly moustachios. Among the officers of this superb corps are to be found, I have been told, some of the brightest ornaments of our juvenile aristocracy. But, admiring them, I cannot quite withhold my mede of admiration for the Queen's beefeaters—for the Royal coachman, the Royal footmen, the Royal outriders, and the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. In all these noble and expensively-dressed institutions, I am proud to recognise signs of the grandeur and prosperity of my country. Likewise in the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, the Lord Mayor's barge and the Lord Mayor's court; the loving cup, the Old Bailey black cap, the Surrey Sessions, St. George's Hall at Liverpool, the Manchester Athenæum, the Scott Monument at Edinburgh, special juries, the Board of Health, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. What a pity it is that, in the face of all these grand and flourishing establishments, there should be an inevitable necessity for the existence of Model Prisons, Reformatories, Ragged Schools, Magdalen Hospitals, and Administrative Reform Associations! What a pity it is that, with our fleets and armies that cost so many millions of money, and look, and are, so brave and

serviceable, there should be incompetent commanders, ignorant administrators, and imbecile subordinates!

How many other pities need to be recounted to show that we are in a bad way? Need we turn to the collective wisdom assembly, the house of Parler and Mentir, with its feeble jokes, logic-chopping, straw-splitting, tape-tying, tape-untying to tie again; double-shuffling, word-eating, quipping-quirking, and wanton-wileing? Need we notice the recurrence of that, to me, fiendishly-insolent word "laughter," that speckles parliamentary debates like a murrain? Are we not in a bad way while we have Chancery suits sixty years old, and admirals and generals on active service verging on eighty? Are we not in a bad way when working people live in styes like hogs, and, with little to eat themselves, have always a knife and fork laid (by the chief butler, Neglect) for the guest who may be expected to dine with them from day to day—the cholera? Is it not to be in a bad way to be so often at war, somewhere or with somebody, to pay double income tax, to be afflicted with a spotted fever in the shape of gambling that produces a delirium—sending divines from their pulpits to stockjobbing, and turning English merchants and bankers, whose integrity was once proverbial, into cheats and swindlers? Surely, too, it must be a bad way to be in, to see religion painted upon banners, and temperance carted about like a wild-beast show, and debauchery in high places; to have to give courts and church, arts and schools, laws and learning, youth and age, the lie; and as the old balladist sings in the "Soul's Errand,"

> "If still they should reply,
> Then give them still the lie."

But bad as is the state of things now-a-days, it was an hundred times worse, I opine, in the days of the six acts, the fourpenny stamp, the resurrection men, the laws that were made for every degree, and so hanged people for almost every degree of crime. It was worse when there were penal enactments against Catholics, and arrests by mesne process. It was worse before steam, before vaccination, before the Habeas Corpus, before the Reformation; it was certainly an incomparably more shocking state of things in the days of Mr. Philip Stubbes.

And who was Mr. Philip Stubbes? Dames and gentles, he flourished circa Anno Domini fifteen eighty-five, in what have been hitherto, but most erroneously, imagined to be the palmy days of Queen Elizabeth. Lamentable delusion! There never could, according to Mr. Stubbes, have existed a more shocking state of things than in the assumed halcyon age of Good Queen Bess. For what, save a profound conviction of the wickedness and immorality of the age, could have moved our author to write and publish, in the year eighty-five, that famous little twelvemo volume called—"The Anatomie of Abuses: being a Discourse or Brief Summarie of such Notable Vices and Corruptions as now raigne in many Christian Countreys in the Worlde: but (especially) in the Countrey of Ailgna: Together with most Fearful Examples of God's Judgements, executed upon the Wicked for the same, as well in Ailgna of late as in other Places elsewhere. Very Godlye: To be read of all True Christians everywhere, but most chiefly to be regarded in England. Made Dialogue-wise. By Philip Stubbes."

Ailgna, it need scarcely be said, is England, and the abuses, vices, and corruptions anatomised and denounced are all English. Mr. Stubbes must have been a man of some courage, both moral and physical, for he has not hesitated to attack, not only the vices and follies of the day, but also some very ticklish matters of religion and government. That he did so with impunity is to be presumed, as we hear nothing of the Anatomie of Abuses having been made a Star Chamber matter, or that Mr. Stubbes ever suffered in his own anatomy by stripes or imprisonment, the "little ease," "the scavenger's daughter," the pillory, the loss of ears, or the loss of money by fine.

I must state frankly, that I have not been wholly disinterested in adverting to Mr. Stubbes in this place. Something like envy, something resembling democratic indignation, prompted me to make the old Elizabethan worthy a household word; for, Stubbes is very scarce. He has never, to my knowledge, been reprinted, and none but the rich can possess an original copy of the Anatomie of Abuses. He sells—musty little twelvemo as he is—for very nearly his weight in gold; and it was the fact of a single Stubbes having fetched, at the

sale of the Bakerian collection of rare books and autographs, no less a sum than nine pounds ten shillings sterling, that induced me to hie instanter to the reading-room of the British Museum; to search the catalogue anxiously; to find Stubbes triumphantly; to anatomise his Anatomie gaily, and with a will. May the shadow of the British Museum library never be less! I don't care for the defective catalogue; I can suffer the attacks of the Museum flea; I have Stubbes; and Lord Viscount Dives can't have any more of him, save the power of tearing him up to light his pipe with. I don't envy Dives. My library is as good as his, with all its Turkey carpets, patent reading-desks, busts, and red morocco trimmings to the shelves.

The interlocutors or speakers in the Anatomie of Abuses in Ailgna are Philoponus and Spudeus. Spudeus, Philoponus, and Stubbes to boot, being long since gone the way of all twelvemo writers, I need not trouble my readers with what they severally said. A summary of the substance of their discourse will be sufficient. I may premise, however, that Spudeus opens the dialogue by wishing Philoponus good morrow: adding to his salutation the pithy, though scarcely appropriate, apophthegm that "flying fame is often a liar." To which answers Philoponus, that he wishes Spudeus good morrow, too, with all his heart. The interchange of civilities being over, Philoponus informs his friend that he has been lately travelling in a certain island, once named Ainabla, after Ainatib, but now presently called Ailgna, and forthwith launches out into a tremendous diatribe on the abuses of that powerful but abandoned country.

Ailgna, says Stubbes, through his eidolon Philoponus, is a famous and pleasant land, immured about by the sea, as it were, with a wall; the air is temperate, the ground fertile, the earth abounding with all things for man and beast. The inhabitants are a strong kind of people, audacious, bold, puissant, and heroical: of great magnanimity, valiancy, and prowess, of an incomparable feature, an excellent complexion, and in all humanity inferior to none under the sun. But there is a reverse to this flattering picture. It grieveth Stubbes to remember their licences, to make mention of their wicked ways; yet, unaccustomed as he is to public abuse, he

must say that there is not a people more corrupt, lying, wicked, and perverse, living on the face of the earth.

The number of abuses in Ailgna is infinite, but the chief one is pride. The Ailgnan pride is tripartite: pride of the heart, pride of the mouth, and pride of apparel; and the last, according to our anatomiser, is the deadliest, for it is opposite to the eye, and visible to the sight, and enticeth others to sin.

Stubbes says little about pride of the heart, which he defines as a rebellious elation, or lifting oneself up on high. The worthy old reformer probably remembered, and in good time, that pride of heart was an abuse, slightly prevalent among the princes and great ones of the earth: among brothers of the sun and moon, and most Christian kings, and defenders of faiths they had trampled on, and sovereigns by the grace of the God they had denied. The good man held his tongue, and saved his ears. But, on pride of the mouth—in less refined Ailgnian, bragging—he is very severe. Such pride, he says, is the saying or crying *aperto ore*, with open mouth, "I am a gentleman, I am worshipful, I am honourable, I am noble, and I cannot tell what. My father did this. My grandfather did that. I am sprung of this stock, and I am sprung of that; whereas Dame Nature, Philoponus Stubbes wisely remarks, bringeth us all into the world after one sort, and receiveth us all again into the womb of our mother—the bowels of the earth—all in one and the same manner, without any difference or diversity at all." It is somewhat strange that with these healthy notions of equality, and contempt of mere rank, Philoponus should condescend to dedicate his book to "the Right Honourable, and his very singular good Lord, Philip, Earl of Arundel," and that he should conclude his dedication in this fashion: "Thus, I cease to molest your sacred ears any more with my rude speeches, beseeching your good Lordship, not only to admit this, my book, into your honour's patronage and protection, but also to persist, the first defender thereof, against the swinish crew of railing Zoilus and flouting Momus, with their complies of bragging Thrasoes, and barking Phormicons, to whom it is easier to deprave all things than to amend themselves." Oh! loaves and fishes! Oh! mighty power of a Lord's name! Sacred

ears! Oh! vanity of heart, and mouth, and dress, and Stubbes, and all things human!

Circe's cups and Medea's pots, Mr. Stubbes pertinently, but severely remarks, have made England drunken with pride of apparel. Not the Athenians, the Spaniards, the Hungarians (known, as they are, according to Mr. Ingoldsby, as the proud Hungarians), the Caldeans, the Helvetians, the Zuitzers, the Moscovians, the Cantabrigians, the Africanes, or the Ethiopians—(Mercy on us! what a salad of nations!)—no people, in short under the zodiac of heaven have half as much pride in exquisite bravery of apparel, as the inhabitants of Ailgna. No people is so curious in new fangles, wearing, merely because it is new, apparel most unhandsome, brutish, and monstrous. Other countries esteem not so much silks, velvets, taffeties, or grograms, but are contented with carzies, frizes, and rugges. Nobles, Philoponus Stubbes maintains, may wear gorgeous attire, and he gives the why; magistrates may wear sumptuous dresses, and he gives the wherefore; but he complains bitterly that it is now hard to know who is noble, who is worshipful, who is a gentleman; for those that are neither of the nobility, gentry, or yeomanry, no, nor yet any magistrate or officer of the commonwealth (not even a beadle, I suppose), go daily in silks, satins, damasks, and taffeties, notwithstanding that they be both base by birth, mean by estate, and servile by calling. And this, Mr. Stubbes counts a great confusion in a Christian commonwealth.

Of a different opinion to Philip Philoponus Stubbes, regarding exquisite bravery of apparel, was Michel Equihem, Seigneur of Montaigne, who, at about the same time that Stubbes was fulminating his anathemas against pride of dress in England, was writing his immortal essays in his quiet home in France. Montaigne deprecates sumptuary laws in general; but he would seek to discourage luxury, by advising kings and princes to adopt simplicity. "As long," he says, "as it is possible only for kings to eat turbot, and for kings' sons to wear cloth of gold, turbot and cloth of gold will be in credit, and objects of envy and ambition. Let kings abandon these signs of grandeur. They have surely enough without them. Or if sumptuary laws be needed, let them remember how Zeleucus purified the corrupted manners of

the Locrians. These were his ordinances: That no lady of condition should have her train held up, or be accompanied by more than one page or chambermaid, unless she happened to be drunk; that no lady should wear brocades, velvet, or pearls, unless she happened to be disreputable; and that no man should wear gold rings on his fingers or a velvet doublet on his back, unless he could prove himself to be a cheat and cut-throat. It is astonishing how plain the Locrians dressed after these edicts.

After descanting awhile upon Adam and Eve, their mean attire—Diogenes, his austerity—and a certain Grecian who, coming to court in his philosopher's weed, was repulsed therefrom, Mr. Stubbes favours us with an excellent apophthegm, concerning another philosopher who was invited to a king's banquet, and wishing for a spittoon, and seeing no place of expectoration (for every place was hanged with cloth of gold, cloth of silver tinsel, arras, tapestry, and the like), coolly expectorated in the king's face, saying: "It is meet, O king, that I spit in the plainest place!" After this, Mr. Stubbes, taking the apparel of Ailgna in degrees, discharges the vials of his wrath upon the "diverses kinds of hats."

Sometimes, he says, they use them sharp on the crown, peaking up like the shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowns of their heads—some more, some less, as pleases the phantasy of their inconstant minds: others be flat and broad, like the battlements of a house. These hats have bands—now black, now white, now russet, now red, now green, now yellow, now this, now that—never content with one colour or fashion, two days to an end. "And thus," says Philip, "they spend the Lord, his treasure—their golden years and silver days in wickedness and sin,"—and hats. Some hats are made of silk, some of velvet, taffety, sarsenet, wool, or a certain kind of fine hair fetched from beyond seas, whence many other kind of vanities do come besides. These they call beuer (beaver) hats, of many shillings price. And no man, adds Philip, with melancholy indignation, is thought of any account, unless he has a beuer or taffety hat, pinched and cunningly carved of the best fashion. Wore Philip Philoponus Stubbes such a tile, I wonder—beuer or taffety—

when he went to pay his respects to the sacred ears of his singular good lord, the Earl of Arundel?

Feathers in hats are sternly denounced, as sterns of pride and ensigns of vanity—as fluttering sails and feathered flags of defiance to virtue. And there are some rogues (sarcastic Philip!) that make a living by dyeing and selling these cockscombs, and many more fools that wear them.

As to ruffs, Philip Philoponus roundly asserts that they are an invention of the Devil in the fulness of his malice. For in Ailgna, look you, they have great monstrous ruffs of cambric, lawn, holland or fine cloth—some a quarter of a yard deep—standing forth from their necks, and hanging over their shoulder points like a veil. But if Æolus, with his blasts (malicious Stubbes!)—or Neptune, with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazy bark of their bruised ruffs, then they go flip-flap in the wind, like rags that go abroad; or hang upon their shoulders like the dishclout of a slut (ungallant Philip!). This is a shocking state of things enough, but this is not all. The arch enemy of mankind, not content with his victory over the children of pride in the invention of ruffs, has malignantly devised two arches or pillars to underprop the kingdom of great ruffs withal—videlicet, supportasses and STARCH. Now, supportasses are a certain device made of wires crested, whipped over with gold, silver thread, or silk, to be applied round the neck under the ruff, upon the outside of the band, to bear up the whole frame and body of the ruff from hanging and falling down. As for starch, it is a certain liquid matter wherein the Devil hath willed the people of Ailgna to wash and dip their ruffs well, which, being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks. In another portion of the Anatomie, Stubbes calls starch the Devil's liquor.

This persistent denunciation of the harmless gluten of wheat flour, on the part of this quaint old enthusiast, is very curious to consider. How an educated Englishman—a scholar, too, as Stubbes undoubtedly was—could, in the Augustan age of Queen Elizabeth—in the very days when Shakspeare was writing his plays and Bacon his essays—gravely sit down and affirm that the Devil had turned clearstarcher, and lured souls to perdition through the medium of the wash-tub, passes my

comprehension. I should be inclined to set Philip down at once as a crazy fanatic, did I not remember with shame that in this present year of the nineteenth century there are educated Christian mistresses in our present Ailgna who look upon ringlets and cap-ribbons in their female servants as little less than inventions of the Evil One; that there are yet schoolmasters who sternly forbid the use of steel pens to their pupils as dangerous and revolutionary implements; that there are yet believers in witchcraft; and customers to fortune-tellers, and takers of Professor Methusaleh's pills. I dare say Stubbes and his vagaries were laughed at, as they deserved to be, by the sensible men of Queen Elizabeth's time; but that, on the mass of the people, his fierce earnest invectives against the fopperies of dress made a deep and lasting impression. This book-baby twelvemo of Philip Philoponus is but a babe in swaddling-clothes now; but he will be sent anon to the school of stern ascetic puritanism, and Mr. Prynne's Unloveliness of Lovelocks will be his horn-book. Growing adolescent and advanced in his humanities, his soul will yearn for stronger meats, and the Solemn League and Covenant will be put into his hand. He will read that, and graduate a Roundhead, and fight at Naseby, and sit down before Basing House, and shout at Westminster, and clap his hands at Whitehall. So, Philip Stubbes' denunciations will be felt in their remotest consequences, and starch will stiffen round the neck till it cuts off King Charles the First's head.

Our reformer's condemnation of starch is clenched by a very horrible story—so fearsome that I scarcely have courage to transcribe it; yet remembering how many young men of the present day are giving themselves up blindly to starch as applied to all-round collars, and wishing to bring them to a sense of their miserable condition, and a knowledge of what they may reasonably expect, if they persist in their present pernicious course of life and linen, I will make bold to tell the great starch catastrophe.

The fearful judgment showed upon a gentlewoman of Eprautna (?) (in the margin, Antwerp) of late, even the 22d of May, 1582. This gentlewoman, being a very rich merchant-man's daughter, upon a time was invited to a wedding which was solemnised in that town, against which day she made

great preparation for the "pluming of herself in gorgeous array" (this reads like Villikins and his Dinah), that, as her body was most beautiful, fair, and proper, so that her attire in every respect might be correspondent to the same. For the accomplishment of which she curled her hair, she dyed her locks, and laid them out after the best manner. Also she coloured her face with waters and ointments. But in no case could she get any (so curious and dainty was she) that would starch and set her ruffs and neckerchief to her mind; wherefore she sent for a couple of laundresses, who did their best to please her humours, but in any case they could not. Then fell she to swear and tear (oh! shocking state of things in Antwerp, when gentlewomen tore and swore!), and curse and ban, casting the ruffs under feet, and wishing that the Devil might take her when she wore any of those ruffs again. In the meantime, the Devil transforming himself into a young man, as brave and proper as she in every point of outward appearance, came in, feigning himself to be a lover or suitor unto her. And seeing her thus agonised, and in such a "pelting chafe," he demanded of her the cause thereof. Who straightway told him (as women can conceal nothing that lyeth upon their stomachs) how she was abused in the setting of her ruffs, which, hearing, he promised to please her mind, and thereto took in hand the setting of her ruffs, which he formed to her great contentation and liking, insomuch as she, looking at herself in the glass (as the Devil bade her), became greatly enamoured of him. This done, the young man kissed her, and in doing whereof he "writhe her neck in sonder:" so she died miserably, her body being metamorphosed into blue and black colours (this black and blue metamorphosis has a suspiciously walking-stick appearance, and in these days would have simply rendered the young man amenable to six months' hard labour under the Aggravated Assaults Act). The gentlewoman's face, too, became "ogglesome to behold." This being known, preparations were made for her burial; a rich coffin was prepared, and her fearful body laid therein, covered up very sumptuously. Four strong men immediately essayed to lift up the corpse, but could not move it. Then five attempted the like, but could not once stir it from the place where it stood. Whereat, the standers-by marvelling,

caused the coffin to be opened, to see the cause thereof. "Where they found the body to be taken away, and a black cat, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, a setting of great ruffs, and frizzling of hair to the great fear and wonder of all the beholders." An ogglesome and fearful sight!

The next article of apparel to which Mr. Stubbes takes exception is the doublet. Oh! he cries; the monstrous doublets in Ailgna! It appears that it is the fashion to have them hang down to the middle of the thighs, and so hard-quilled, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed, that the wearers can neither work nor play in them. Likewise are there "big-bellied doublets," which betoken "gormandice, gluttony, riot, and excess." And he has heard of one gallant who had his doublet stuffed with four, five, or six pounds of Bombast. That kind of stuffing has not quite gone out among our gallants yet. He says nothing of what their doublets may be made—velvet, satin, gold, silver, chamlet, or what not; but he lifts up his voice plaintively against the pinking, slashing, carving, jagging, cutting, and snipping of these garments. We almost fancy that we are listening to Petruchio rating the tailor in the Taming of the Shrew.

There is a "great excess in hosen," Stubbes is sorry to remark in Ailgna. Some are called French hosen, some Venetian, and some Gally hosen. They are paned, cut, and draped out with costly ornaments, with cannions annexed, reaching down below the knees. And they cost enormous sums; Oh, shameless Ailgna! "In times past," says Mr. Stubbes, rising almost to sublimity in his indignation, "kings (as old historiographers in their books yet extant do record) would not disdain to wear a pair of hosen of a noble, ten shillings or a mark piece; but now it is a small matter to bestow twenty nobles, ten pounds, twenty, forty, fifty, nay a hundred pounds on one pair of breeches, (Lord be merciful to us!) and yet this is thought no abuse neither." Add to these costly hosen the diversity of netherstocks in Ailgna; "corked shoes, pantoffles, and pinsnets;" the variety of vain cloaks, and jerkins; the "Turkish Impietie of costly clokes;" bugled cloaks, ruffling swords, and daggers, gilt and damasked, and you will have some idea of the shocking state of things

in Ailgna in the year 1585, or, as Philip pathetically expressed it, the "miserie of these daies."

Presently comes this sumptuary censor to a particular description of woman's apparel in Ailgna. I have not space to follow him step by step through the labyrinthine region of female costume, and, indeed, he is often so very particular that it would often be as inconvenient as difficult to follow him. Cursorily I may remark, that Philip is dreadfully severe upon the colouring of ladies' faces with oils, unguents, liquors, and waters; that he quotes St. Cyprian against face-painting; and Hieronymus, Chrysostom, Calvin, and Peter Martyr, against musks, civets, scents, and such-like "slibber-sauces." Trimmings of ladies' heads are the Devil's nets. Nought but perdition can come to a people who make holes in their ears to hang rings and wells by, and who cut their skins to set precious stones in themselves. And is it not a glaring shame that some women in Ailgna wear doublets and jerkins, as men have, buttoned up the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulders, as man's apparel is. Do you remember the ladies' paletots, the ladies' waistcoats of three or four years since? How little times do alter, to be sure! As for costly gowns, impudent rich petticoats and kirtles; stockings of silk, Tearnsey, Crewell, and fine cloth, curiously indented at every point with quirks, clockees, and open seams, cawked shoes, slippers powdered with gold, Devil's spectacles in the shape of looking-glasses; sweeted gloves; nosegays and posies; curious smells, that annubilate the spirits, and darken the senses; masks and visors to ride abroad in; fans, which are the Devil's bellows, and similar enormities of female attire,—the number of them is infinite, and their abomination utter.

I need scarcely say that the apparel of the people of Ailgna forms but one section of the abuses anatomised by old Stubbes. If my reader should have any curiosity to know aught concerning the vices and corruptions of hand-baskets, gardens, and covetousness; how meats bring destruction; the discommodities of drunkenness; what makes things dear; the manner of church ales; the tyranny of usurers; how a man ought to swear; the condemnation of stage plays; the observance of the sabbath, and the keeping of wakes in

Ailgna—all as conducive to a shocking state of things—he may draw upon me at sight, and I will honour the draft.

Grant me a few last words with Philip Philoponus, the Reformer, ladies and gentlemen. I know what a patient long-suffering public you are; how in this and preceding ages you have borne, without a murmur, all Prynne's folios, all Sir Richard Blackmore's endless epics, all the interminable novels of Mdlle. de Scuderi. I know how, after Mr. Baxter's Last Words had been published, you accepted with melancholy resignation the More Last Words of Mr. Baxter. It is a shame, I know, to trespass on your good nature; but Stubbes is in earnest, and is burning to tell you more of the shocking state of things that existed in England in 1585.

Philip winds up his tirade against costly apparel by a final fling at swells in general. "Is it any marvel," he asks, "if they stand on their pantoffles, and hoyse up their sails so high! But whether they have argent to maintain this gear or not, it is not material, for they will have it one way or other, or else they will sell or mortgage their lands, or go a-hunting on Suter's (Shooter's) Hill, or Stangate Holē, with loss of their lives at Tiburne in a rope." Our swells are not quite reduced to such dire extremities in the reign of Queen Victoria. Long after lands have been mortgaged, and credit exhausted, the lively kite can be flown, and the valiant "bit of stiff" can be done. Young Rakewell does not turn highwayman now; he goes through the Insolvent Court, or emigrates to the diggings in Australia, or California.

It is really astonishing, deceitful as is the heart above all things, and desperately wicked, what a miserable paucity in invention there is in our crimes. We find the very same rogueries exposed in Philip Stubbes's book as are daily adjudicated upon by the magistrates at our police courts, every day in the week. Speaking of bought hair and coloured (tremble ye ladies with fronts!) as worn by females, he says, "And if there be any poor women (as, now and then, we see God doeth bless them with beauty as well as the rich) that have fair hair, these nice dames will not rest till they have bought it. Or if any children have fair hair, they will entice them into a secret

place, and either by force, or for a penny or two, will cut off their hair; as I heard that one did in the city of Munidnol, of late, who, meeting a little child with very fair hair, inveigled her into a house, promised her a penny, and so cut off her hair,—and besides, took most of her apparel." Civilisation has increased wonderfully—oh, dear, yes! but has crime decreased, or altered one single lineament of its hideous face? Nice dames, it is true, no longer go about with brandished scissors, vowing vengeance to the fair hair of children; but how many "good Mrs. Browns" are there, and how many cases of child-stripping throughout the year at the London police-courts.

Mr. Stubbes proceeds to enter into the discussion of certain questions, into which I cannot, for obvious reasons, follow him. I notice, however, that he rails much at the absurditie of ecclesiastical magistrates making dissolute persons do penance in church in white sheets, with white wands in their hands. The congregation do nought but laugh, he says, and the penitent has his usual clothes underneath. The severity of the measures proposed by Philip for putting down vice would certainly astonish our modern Society for the suppression thereof. Vicious persons, he suggests, should either "drinke a full draught of Moises cup, that is, taste of present death, as God's word doth command, and good policy allow; or else, if that be thought too severe, they might be cauterised and seared with a hot iron on the cheek and forehead, to the end that the children of Satan might be discerned from honest and chaste Christians." If Mr. Stubbes' suggestions were ever to be acted upon (and vagaries far more fantastic and absurd have passed into law even in this, our own time), what a demand for red-hot pokers there would be, to be sure!

Stubbes bewaileth beef. He is speaking of the great excess in delicate fare, the variety of dishes with curious sauces, such as the veriest Helluo, the insatiablest glutton, would not desire; the condiments, confections, and spiceries, and how meats bring destruction. "Oh! what nicety is this!" he cries. "Oh! farewell, former world; for I have heard my father say that, in his day, one dish or two of wholesome meat was thought sufficient for a man of worship to dine withal; and if they had three or four kinds, it was reputed a sumptuous feast.

A good lump of beef was thought then good meat, and able for the best; but now it is thought too gross for their tender stomachs to digest." I wonder whether old Philip Stubbes ever courted the Muses—ever turned a rhyme in his younger days. If not actually one of the authors, he might have added an admirable stanza, touching beef, to that glorious chant When this Old Cap was New. In respect to how far meats bring destruction, Mr. Stubbes tells us, that a people given to belly cheere and gluttony must eventually and inevitably come to worshipping of stocks and stones. Belly cheer, I am afraid, is yet far from being eradicated in our land, but I have not yet heard that the viands of that great diplomatic cook, Carême, ever drove Metternich or Talleyrand to the worship of Mumbo-Jumbo; that any alderman of London was ever known to bow down, after a turtle dinner, before Gog and Magog; that the publication of M. Louis-Eustache Ude's work ever made any converts to fetichism; or that there was ever a disposition on the part of the committee of the Reform Club to set up a pagod in the vestibule during the administration of their kitchen by M. Soyer. With all this feasting and belly cheer there is, it appears, but small hospitality in Stubbes' England, and cold comfort for the poor. For, while there are some men who, out of forty pounds a-year, "count it small matter to dispend forty thereof in spices" (?); and though a hundred pounds are often spent in one house in banqueting; yet the poor have little or nothing: if they have anything it is but the refuse meat, scraps, and parings, such as a dog would not eat, and well if they can get that, too; and, now and then, not a few have whipping cheer to feed themselves.

Says Spudeus to Philoponus (Spudeus is one of the most excellent listeners I ever met with)—says he, quite cheerfully, as if the shocking state of things rather tickled him, "You spake of drunkenness, brother—what say you of that?"

What has Mr. Stubbes to say against drunkenness—what hasn't he to say? He says that it is a most horrible vice, and too much practised in England. Every country-town, city, village, hamlet, and other places have abundance of ale-houses, taverns, and inns, which are so fraught with maltworms every day that you would wounder to see them. You shall have

them there, sitting at the wine and good ale, all the day long —yea, all the night, too—and, peradventure, for a whole week together, so long as any money is left, swyllying, gullying, and carousing one to another, till never a one can speak a ready word. Then, when with the spirit of the butterie they are thus possessed, a world it is to consider their gestures and demeanours towards one another, and towards everyone else. How they stutter and stammer, stagger and reel to and fro like madmen, which is most horrible: some fall to swearing, cursing, and banning, interlacing their speeches with curious terms of ogglesome woordes. . . . A man once dronke with wine, doth he not resemble a brute beast rather than a Christian man? For do not his eyes begin to stare, and to be red, fiery, and bleared, blubbering forth seas of tears? Doth he not froth and foam at the mouth like a boar? Doth not his head become as a millstone, and his heels as feathers? Is he able to keep one up, or the other down? Are not his wits drowned—his understanding altogether decayed? The drunkard in his drunkenness killeth his friend, revileth his lover, discloseth his secrets, and regardeth no man. After this, Mr. Stubbes relates the following story, which I recommend for modern adoption in the Temperance oration way:

On the 8th of February, 1578, in the country of Swaben, there were dwelling eight men—citizens and citizens' sons—all tailors, very riotously and prodigally inclined. The names of these young Swabs, if I may be allowed to call them so, were Adam Giebens, George Repell, Jhon Reisell, Peter Herfdorfe, Jhon Wagenaer, Simon Henricks, Herman Frons, and Jacob Hermans. All of them would needs go to the taverne on the Sabbath-day, in the morning, very early. And, coming to the house of one Anthony Hage, an honest, godly man, who kept a tavern in the same town, called for burnt wine, sack, malmsey, hippocras, and what not. But Anthony Hage not being, though a landlord, a maltworm nor a member of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society—but being rather of the Lord Robert Grosvenor and Wilson Patten persuasion, and perhaps afraid of the Swaben police—said they should have no wine till sermon-time had passed, and counselled them to go to church. But they all (save Adam Giebens, who said they might as well go if they could get no drink) said they

loathed that kind of exercise. The good host then, not giving them any wine himself, nor suffering his barmaid to draw them any, went, as his duty did him bind, to church; who, being gone, the abandoned young Swabs fell (as is usual in Mr. Stubbes' stories) to banning and swearing, wishing the landlord might break his neck if ever he came again from the sermon; and bursting forth into these intemperate speeches: the Deuce take us, if we depart hence this day without some wine. Straightway the Deuce appeared to them in the likeness of a pot-boy, bringing in his hand a flagon of wine, and demanding of them if they caroused not; he drank unto them, saying: "Good fellows be merrie" (a bold pot-boy), "for ye seem lusty lads." I suppose this salutation was a species of "Give your orders, gents," of the period; and the orders being given, he added; "I hope you will pay me well," which was, perhaps, equivalent to the dubiously-expressed hope of a modern waiter that it is "all right," when he has a tap-room full of suspicious customers. The Swabs assured him that it was so far right, that they would gage their necks, bodies, and souls that the reckoning should be paid. Whereupon much wine was brought, and they fell to their old game of swyllying, gullying, and carousing, till no Swab could see another, and they were all as dronke as rats. At the last (they must have got tipsy very soon, or there must have been a very long sermon at Anthony Hage's place of worship), the Deuce, their host, told them that they "must neede paie the shotte," (I quote Stubbes literally), "whereat their hartes waxed cold." But the Deuce, comforting them, said: "Be of good cheer, for I want no money, and now you must drink hot boiling pitch, lead, and brimstone in the pit, with me for evermore." Hereupon, immediately, he made their eyes like flames of fire, and in breadth as broad as saucers. The Deuce then broke their necks in sonder, and when Anthony Hage came back from church there was nothing left in the taproom but several empty pots, a strong smell of brimstone, and the body of Adam Giebens, who was not dead, but in a fainting fit. It will be remembered that Adam was the Swab who said that he didn't mind going to church if he couldn't get anything to drink; in consideration of which instance of practical piety he was spared by the demon pot-boy.

It cannot fail to strike the reader that this wild story is a cousin-german to that of the Handsome Clearstarcher. Mr. Stubbes, too, seems fond of drawing his dismal legends from the copious stores of German diablerie. Having had his gird at drunkenness in these set terms, Philip Stubbes proceeds to demolish the landed gentlemen. Landlords, he says, make merchandise of their poor tenants, racking their rents, raising their fines and incomes, and setting them so strayt on the tenter-hooks that no man can live on them. And besides this, as though this pillage and pollage were not rapacious enough, they take in and enclose commons, moors, heaths whereout the poor commonaltie were wont to have all their forage and feeding for their cattle, and (which is more) corn for themselves to live upon; all of which are in most places taken from them by these greedie puttockes [Have a care to thine ears, O Stubbes!] to the great impoverishing and utter beggaring of many towns and parishes, "whose tragical cryes and clamours have long pierced the skies, crying, 'How long, Lord, how long wilt thou defer to revenge this villany done to thy poor?' Take heed, then, you rich men, that poll and pill the poor, for the blood of as many as miscarry any manner of way through your injurious exactions, sinister oppressions and indirect dealings, shall be powred upon your heads at the great day of the Lord."

As for lawyers, if you want to find vice and corruption in full bloom, you must go with Stubbes to Westminster Hall or the inns of court. But it is no use going there unless you are provided with good store of *argent rubrum unguentum*—red ointment, or gold, "to grease lawyers' fists withal;" but if this be not forthcoming, then farewell client: he may go shoe the goose. The glimpse given to us of the progress of a lawsuit in Queen Bess's time is highly edifying, and has a strong family likeness to the lawsuits now well and truly tried before our Sovereign Lady the Queen at Westminster:—"Sheriffs and officers do return writs with a *tarde venir*, or with a *non est inventus*, to keep the poor man from his own. But so long as any of the red ointment is propping, they will bear him in hand; his matter is good and just, and all to keep him in tow till all be gone, and then they will tell him his matter is naught! In presence of their clients they will

be as earnest one with another as one (that knew not their sleights) would think they would go together by the ears. But directly their clients be gone, they laugh in their sleeves to think how prettily they can fetch in such sums of money, and that under the pretence of equity and justice." As to the lawyers themselves, they lead a happy life, like the Pope. They ruffle it out in their silks, velvets, and chains of gold. They keep a port like mighty potentates; they have bands and retinues of men in attendance upon them daily; they build gorgeous edifices and stately turrets; they purchase lands and lordships. Is this not enough to make the mouths of all Chancery Lane water? to awaken emotions of melancholy envy of pallid and briefless barristers eating the tips of their fingers, and the covers of their law books, and the skin of their hearts, in studious, penniless, almost hopeless idleness? Return again, ye golden times—ye auriferous Stubbesian days—when every stuff-gownsman wore a gold chain, and every Q.C. lived in a stately turret; when judges were corrupt, and lord chancellors took "presents," and attorney-generals were to be "spoken to," like prosecutors in assault cases.

There is this, I think, in favour of my Stubbes, that although severe, he is impartial. To use an expressive though inelegant metaphor, he tars everybody with the same brush. No sooner has he administered to the lawyers those sable trickling drops and penal plumes, by which Sydney Smith has poetised the somewhat prosaic operation of tarring and feathering, than he proceeds to attack the mercantile community. The "marchauntmen, by their marting, chaffering, and changing, by their counterfeit balances and untrue weights, and by their surprising of their wares (?), heap up infinite treasure. And this," Mr. Stubbes continues, "maketh things deare." These avaricious marchauntmen have so "balaunced their chests that they crack again;" and so greedy grow they, that though overflowing with wealth, they will not scruple to take their neighbour's house over his head, long before his years are expired. And besides all this, "so desperately given are many, that for the acquiring of silver and gold, they will not scruple to imbrewe their hands" (on the sheep and lamb, or over-shoes over-boots principle, I

presume) "in the blood of their own parents and friends most unnaturally." See what wonders civilisation has done in our time. In one respect, at least, we are superior to Stubbes. No grocers, tea-dealers, bakers, go about in our peaceful London streets, with their shirt-sleeves tucked up and butchers' knives in their hands, crying "Kill! kill!" to the great terror of their relations and acquaintances. No marchauntman murders now with sword or dagger, pistol or bludgeon. He murders in his Marting. He poisons the bowl. He puts grave-worms into the sugar-basin and *acqua tofana* into the pickle-jar, and makes the wheaten loaf a Golgotha. He gathers his tea-leaves in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and sounds the death trump in the blown-out vesicles of Nice White Veal, and tells cocoa that it is clay, and coffee that it is dust and ashes. And the higher marchauntman, the merchant-prince, the titled banker, he never murders now for silver or gold. Oh no! He never embrewes his hands in the blood of parents and friends most unnaturally. Oh dear no! He is contented with failing in a genteel, fashionable way, and killing widows and orphans and young children by the slow but sure process of ruin and misery and despair. No butcher's knife, or chopper, or pole-axe, no uprolled shirt-sleeves for your merchant-prince or titled banker; but kills genteelly, murders his victim "as though he loved him," like that nobleman-executioner of the ancient regime, who, in the royalist reaction that in some provinces of France followed the Reign of Terror, condescended himself to massacre some Jacobin prisoners; but, *tuait avec sa canne à pomme d'or*, killed them with his gold-headed cane.

Can no good come out of England.—Are we so irredeemably bad that Stubbes must be down on us continually. Is Stubbes merely an inveterate old grumbler, croaker, misanthrope, mysogynist, and world-hater, or are we as dreffful wicked as Topsy! Flying off at a tangent of indignation from covetousness and greed of wealth, he is furious against the assumption of titles. "The world is such," he says, "that he who hath much money enough shall be Rabbied and Maistered at every word, and withal saluted by the vain title of worshipful, though notwithstanding he be a muckheap gentleman. And to such extreme madness is it grown,

that now-a-days every butcher, shoemaker, tailor, cobbler, and husbandman, nay, every tinker, pedler, and swineherd, every artificer, and other gregarii ordinis, of the vilest sort of men that be, must be called by the vaine name of maisters at every word."

But this is but a transient puff, a trifling cap full of wind of Stubbes' anger. Soon the full current of his wrath is directed against the monster vice and corruption of the age—usury. He tells us plainly that money-lending at interest is murder. "The usurer killeth not one, but many; both house-band, wife, children, servants, family, and all, not sparing any. And if the poor man have not wherewith to pay, as well as the interest, then suit is commenced against him, outgo butterflies (?) and writs as thick as hail. So the poor man is apprehended, and being once convented, judgment condemnatory and definitive is pronounced against him, and then to Bocardo (the Fleet?) goeth he as round as a ball, where he is sure to lie until he rot one piece from another without satisfaction be made. O cursed caitiff! no man, but a devil; no Christian, but a cruel Tartarian, and merciless Turk . . ." but I cannot follow Stubbes any further; for he goes on pitching into the usurers for four closely-printed twelvemo pages of black letter.

Hear Stubbes on the abuses of Sunday, and I will shut him up for good. Come hither and listen to Stubbes, you Maw-worms, Cantwells, Tartuffes, and over-righteous hypocrites of every grade and sect. Come hither Sir Joseph Surface, Bart., Lord Thomas Blifil, and Lord Viscount Sheepington (the family name is Wolf). Come hither all you

> "Whose chief devotion lies
> In odd, perverse, antipathies;
> That with more care keep holyday
> The wrong than others the right way;
> Still so perverse and opposite
> As if they worshipp'd God for spite."

Listen all you who see crime in a Sunday pint of beer, perdition in a Sunday newspaper, ruin in a Sunday cigar, and destruction in a Sunday razor-strop; who think the Sabbath desecrated now, listen to how it was desecrated in the auriferous age and pious times of Queen Elizabeth.

"Some spend the Sabaoth day," says ancient Stubbes, "in frequenting wicked plays and interludes, in maintaining Lords of Misrule (for so they call a certain kind of play which they use), in May games, church ales, feasts and wakesesses. In piping, dancing, dicing, carding, bowling, and tennis-playing. In bear-baiting, cock-fighting, hawking, and hunting. In keeping of fairs and markets on the Sabaoth. In keeping of court-leet, in football playing, and such-like devilish pastimes. In reading wicked books, in fencing and playing at staves and cudgels."

QUEEN MAB;

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

ROYALTY in decadence and adversity, although it may be occasionally magnanimous, is at all times a melancholy spectacle. A seedy prince, a duke out at elbows, a shabby lord even, are objects of pity and compassion; but a bankrupt sovereign, a queen at a discount, a king "hard up," are, I take it, superlatively pitiable. Women, it is true, can bear adversity better than men. Without misery it would seem to be impossible for some of the dear creatures to "come out so strong" (to use a vulgar phrase) in the way of patience, of long suffering, of love, of mercy, of self-abnegation, as under the pressure of adverse circumstances. Marie Antoinette, we will wager, was ofttimes as cheerful while washing and combing the little Dauphin (before he, poor child, was taken from her), in the gloomy donjon of the Temple, as she had been, in the days of her glory, in the golden galleries of Versailles. Queen Margaret, in the forest with her son, mollifying the robber, is a pleasanter sight to view than Queen Margaret the Cruel, an intriguing politician, decorating the Duke of York's head with a paper crown. Who would not sooner form unto himself an image of the Scottish Mary weeping in her first, innocent, French widowhood, or partaking of her last melancholy repast at Fotheringay among her mourning domestics, than that same Scottish Mary battling with Ruthven for Rizzio's life, or listening in the grey morning for the awful sound which was to tell her that the deed of blood at the Kirk of Field was done, and that Henry Lord Darnley was dead?

Still for one Porphyrogenitus, as it were—born in the purple—lapped in the velvet of a throne, with an orb for a plaything, and a sceptre for a lollipop, to come to poverty and meanness, to utter decay and loss of consideration—be he king, or be she queen—is very wretched and pity-moving to

view. Dionysius keeping school (and dwelling on the verb *tupto*, you may be sure); Boadicea widowed, scourged, dishonoured, wandering up and down in search of vengeance; Lear, old, mad, and worse than childish, in the forest; Zenobia ruined and in chains; Darius

> "Deserted in his utmost need
> By those his former bounty fed;"

Theodore of Corsica filing his schedule in the Insolvency Debtors' Court; Louisa, the lovely queen of Prussia, bullied by Napoleon; Murat waiting for a file of grenadiers to dispatch him; for those who have once been "your majesty," before whom chamberlains have walked backward, to be poor, to be despised, to be forgotten, must be awful, should be instructive, is pitiable.

A case of this description, and which I have been emboldened to call one of real distress, has lately come under the notice of the writer of this article. He happens to be acquainted with a Queen, once powerful, once rich, once respected, once admired, whose dominions were almost boundless, the foundations of whose empire were certainly of antediluvian, and possibly of pre-Adamite date. Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Phœnicia, Carthage, Rome, Greece, Macedon, were all baby dynasties compared with that of QUEEN MAB.

Not always known under this title, perhaps, but still recognised in all time as a queen, as an empress, a sultana—the autocrat of imagination, the mistress of magic, the czarina of fancy, poetry, beauty—the queen of the fairies and fairyland.

Her chronicles were writ with a diamond pen upon the wing of a butterfly, before ever Confucius had penned a line, or Egyptian hieroglyphics were thought of. She animated all nature when, for millions of miles, there had not been known one living thing, and there was nothing howling but the desert. She peopled the heavens, the air, the earth, the waters, with innumerable tribes of imaginary beings, arrayed in tints borrowed from the flowers, the rainbow, and the sun. She converted every virtue into a divinity, every vice into a demon. Far, far superior to mythology, her sovereignty was tributary only to religion.

When Theseus reigned in Athens—let William Shakspeare

settle when—Queen Mab, under the name and garb of Titania, reigned lady paramount in all the woods and wilds near the city. She was wedded to one Oberon: of whose moral character, whatever people may say, I have always thought but very lightly. She knew a bank whereon the wild thyme grew; she had a court of dancing fays and glittering sprites; at her call, came from the brown forest glades, from the recesses of mossy banks, from the *penetralia* of cowslips' bells, from under the blossoms that hung on boughs, from where the bee sucked, from where the owls cried, from flying on bats' backs—satyrs and fauns, elves and elfins, naïads, dryads, hamadryads, brycomanes, strange little creatures in skins and scales, with wings and wild eyes. And Oberon had but to wave his wand, and lo, the dewdrops and the glow-worms, and the will-o'-the-wisps gathered themselves together, and became a creature—that creature Puck—the mischief loving, agile, playful Puck, putting "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," weaving subtle incantations upon Bully Bottom with the ass's head, or, with some million Puck-like sprites bearing glistening torches, singing in elfin chorus—

"Through the house give glimmering light,"

and lighting up the vast marble palace of Theseus until Philostratus, lord high chamberlain and master of the revels, must have thought that his subordinates were playing the *diable à quatre* with his stores of "wax ends from the palace." This was Queen Mab—Titania—the fairy queen who reigned in the Piræus and in the Morea, from Athens to Lacedæmon, from Thrace to Corinth. The bigwigs of Olympus recognised her; Jupiter winked at her while his ox-eyed spouse had turned her bucolic glances another way. Pan was aware of her, and lent her his pipes ofttimes. Socrates knew her, and she consoled him when his demon had been tormenting him unmercifully. Not, however, to Greece did she confine herself. She winged her way with Bacchus to the hot climes of Indy when he became Iswara and Baghesa; she sported on crocodiles' tails in Egypt when Bacchus once more changed himself into Osiris. She was a Sanscrit fairy when Bacchus became Vrishadwaja. The stout bulrushes of old Nile, the gigantic palms of Indostan, the towering bamboos of China, quavered lightly

as the myriad elves of fairyland danced upon them. Wherever there was mythology, wherever there was poetry, wherever there was fancy, there was Queen Mab; multi-named and multi-formed, but still queen of the beautiful, the poetical, the fanciful.

The East was long her favourite abode. She hovered about Chinese marriage feasts, and blew out the light in variegated lanterns; she sat on Chinese fireworks, let off squibs and crackers, and pasted wafers upon Mandarins' spectacles, thousands of years before lanterns, fireworks, or spectacles were ever heard or thought of in this part of the globe. When the whole of Europe was benighted and in gloom, she—Queen Mab, as the Fairy Peribanou—was giving that gorgeous never-to-be-forgotten series of evening parties known as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. She had castles of gold, silver, brass, and precious stones; of polished steel, and adamant, and glass. She had valleys of diamonds and mountains of sapphires. In her stud were flying horses, with tails that whisked your eyes out; mares that had once been beautiful women. In her aviaries were rocs whose eggs were as large as Mr. Wyld's Globe; birds that talked, and birds that danced, and birds that changed into princes. In her ponds were fishes that refused to be fried in egg and bread-crumb, or, in the Hebrew fashion, in Florence oil, but persisted in holding astoundingly inexplicable converse with fairies, who came out of party-walls and defied Grand Viziers; fishes that eventually proved to be—not fishes—but the mayor, corporation, and burgesses of a highly respectable submerged city. From them doubtless sprang, in after ages, the susceptible oyster that was crossed in love, and subsequently whistled; and the accomplished sturgeon (I think) that smoked a pipe and sang a comic song. In those golden Eastern days the kingdom or queendom of Fairyland was peopled with one-eyed-calenders, sons of kings, gigantic genii who for countless ages had been shut up in metal caskets hermetically sealed; and who, being liberated therefrom by benevolent fishermen, began in smoke (how many a genius has ended in the same!), and finally assuming their primeval proportions, threatened and terrified their benefactors. In the train of the Arabian Queen Mab, were spirits who conveyed hunchbacked bride-

grooms into remote chambers, and there left them, head downwards; there were fairies who transported lovers in their shirts and drawers to the gates of Damascus, and there incited them to enter the fancy-baking trade, bringing them into sore peril in the long run, through not putting pepper into cream tarts; there were cunning magicians, knowing of gardens underground, where there were trees whereof all the fruits were jewels, and who went up and down Crim Tartary crying "Old lamps for new;" there were palaces, built, destroyed, and rebuilt in an instant; there were fifty thousand black slaves with jars of jewels on their heads; there were carpets which flew through the air, caps which rendered their owners invisible, loadstones which drew the nails out of ships, money which turned to dry leaves, magic pass-words which caused the doors of subterranean caverns to revolve on their hinges. Yes; and the Eastern Queen Mab could show you Halls of Eblis, in which countless multitudes for ever wandered up and down; black marble staircases, with never a bottom; paradises where Gulchenrouz revelled, and for which Bababalouk sighed; demon dwarfs with scimitars, the inscriptions on whose blades baffled the Caliph Vathek, and who (the dwarfs), being menaced and provoked, rolled themselves up into concentric balls, and suffered themselves to be kicked into interminable space. Queen Mab held her court in Calmuck Tartary; and there, in the Relations of Ssidi Kur, yet extant, she originated marvellous stories of the wandering Khan; of the glorified Naugasuna Garbi, who was "radiant within and without;" of the wonderful bird Ssidi, who came from the middle kingdom of India; of wishing-caps, flying-swords, hobgoblins, and fairies in abundance. In the East, Whittington and his Cat first realised their price; it rested in Italy on its way northward; and the merry priest Piovano Arlotto had it from a benevolent Brahmin, and told it in Florence before there was ever a Lord Mayor in London. The King of the Frogs—that of Doctor Leyden and the Brothers Grimm—was a tributary of Queen Mab in Lesser Thibet, centuries ago; and the fact of the same story being found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and in the popular superstitions of Germany, only proves the universality of Queen Mab's dominion. It is no proof that, because Queen Mab's fays and

goblins hovered about the rude incantations of Scandinavian mythology, they were not associated likewise in the One awful and mysterious monosyllable of the Hindû Triad.

Before Queen Mab came to be a "case of real distress," she was everywhere. She and her sprites played their fairy games with Bramah and Vishnu, and with the Ormuzd of the Zendavesta. Her stories were told in Denmark, where the trold-folk celebrated her glories. The gib-cat eating his bread and milk from the red earthenware pipkin of Goodman Platte, and in deadly fear of Knune-Marre, is the same Scottish gib-cat that so rejoiced when Mader Watt was told that "auld Girnegar o' Craigend, alias Rumble-grumble, was dead." The Norman *Fabliaux* of the Poor Scholar, the Three Thieves, and the Sexton of Cluni, are all of Queen Mab's kindred in Scotland. The German tales of the Wicked Goldsmith, the Talking Bird, and the Eating of the Bird's Heart, were written in Queen Mab's own book of the Fable of Sigurd, delighted in by those doughty Scandinavian heroes, Thor and Odin. A corresponding tradition has been seized upon by that ardent lover of Queen Mab, Monsieur Perrault, in his story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. The Golden Goose we have read and laughed at when told us by the Brothers Grimm in their *Kinder-märchen*, is but the tale well known to Queen Mab, of Loke hanging on to the Giant Eagle, for which you may consult (though I daresay you won't) the Volsunga Saga, or the second part of the edition of Resenius. Monk Lewis's hideous tale of the Grim White Woman, in which the spirit of the child whistles to its father:

"——— pew-wew—pew-wew
My Minny he stew,"

is but the nether-Saxon tale of the Machandel Boom or the Holly Tree. "My Minny he stew" is but

"Min moder de mi schlacht,
Min Vater de mi att."

The Queen Mab records of the Countess d' Aunois delighted children whose fathers' fathers had anticipated their delight hundreds of years before, in the Pentamerone of Giovan' Battista Basile. The Moorish tales of Melendo the man-eater

were known of old to the Welsh, and are recorded in their Mabinogion, or Myvyrian Archæology. The boguey of our English nursery was found in Spain in the days of Maricastana; and, under the guise of a horse without a head, he yet haunts the Moorish ramparts of the Alhambra, in company with another nondescript beast with a dreadful woolly hide, called the Belludo. Belludo yet haunts Windsor Forest as Herne the Hunter. I hear his hoarse growl, awful to little children, in the old streets of Rouen, where he is known as the Gargouille. I have seen him—at least I have seen those who have seen him—as the headless hen of Dumbledowndeary.

I count as Queen Mab's subjects and as part of her dominions, all persons and lands not strictly mythological, but only fanciful. Homer, Virgil, Ovid and Company, may keep Mount Olympus, the ox-eyed Juno, the zoned Venus, the limping Vulcan, the nimble-fingered Mercury for me. I envy not Milton his "dreaded name of Demogorgon," his Satans, Beelzebubs, Molochs, his tremendous allegories of Sin and Death. Queen Mab has no sympathy with these. Nay, nor for Doctor Johnson's ponderous supernaturals (fairies in full-bottomed wigs and buckles), his happy valleys of Abyssinia, many-pillared palaces, and genii spouting aphorisms full of morality and latinity. Nay, and Queen Mab has nought to do with courtly Joseph Addison and his academic vision of Mirza, where the shadowy beings of Mahometân fancy seem turned into trochees and dactyls. Queen Mab never heard of Exeter Hall; and never made or encouraged dense platform eloquence. I claim for Queen Mab that she once—alas! once—possessed the whole realm and region of fairy and goblin fiction throughout the world, civilised and uncivilised. I claim as hers the fairies, ghosts, and goblins of William Shakespeare; Prospero with his rough magic, the beast Caliban, the witch Sycorax, the dainty Ariel, and the whole of the Enchanted Island. I claim as hers Puck, Peas-blossom, and Mustard-seed. As hers, Pückle, Hecate, the little little airy spirits, the spirits black white and grey, the whole goblin corps of the Saturnalia in Macbeth. These were wicked subjects of the Queen of Fairyland—rebellious imps; but they were hers. I likewise claim as hers, all the witches, man-

eaters, *lavandeuses*, *brucolaques*, *loup-garous*, pusses-in-boots, talking birds, princes changed into beasts, white cats, giant-killers (whether Jacks or no), dragon-quellers, and champions, that never existed. Likewise, all and every the Bevis's, Arthurs, dun cows, demon dwarfs, banshees, brownies (of Bodestock or otherwise), magicians, sorcerers, good people, uncanny folk, elves, giants, tall black men, wolves addicted to eating grandmammas and grandchildren, communicative fish (whether with rings or otherwise), ghoules, afrits, genii, peris, djinns, calenders, hobgoblins, "grim worthies of the world," ogres with preternatural olfactory powers, paladins, dwergars, Robin Goodfellows, and all other supernatural things and persons.

And preferring these great claims—howsoever wise we grow, are they not great after all!—of Queen Mab's, to the general respect, I present Her Majesty as a case of real distress. She has been brought very low indeed. She is sadly reduced. She has hardly a shoe to stand upon. Boards, Commissions, and Societies, grimly educating the reason, and binding the fancy in fetters of red tape, have sworn to destroy her. Spare her; spare her, MR. COLE; spare her, ye Polytechnics and Kensington Museums, for you ride your hobbies desperately hard!

THE OLD MAGICIAN;

ANOTHER CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

WHETHER from the realms of Magic, self brought, or perchance, by some involuntary intuitive Abracadabra of my own accidentally invoked; whether from the musty recesses of my old books in the dusty, legendary corner yonder, or whether merely from those innermost chambers of the brain, whither the soul strays, ofttimes, to seek for that which never was; whether from all, or any, or none of these haunts, still there came, lately, and sat down over against me, the old Magician. He had nor white beard, nor wand, nor cabalistic figures inscribed on his dress; he did not smell sulphureous, nor did my lamp burn blue at his approach. Yet he was a presence, in which was power and wisdom and knowledge, and an importunity of charm to which the deafest adder must have listened, perforce. And there came out of him a voice, mildly saying: I am that false belief, as old almost as true belief, and, though false, not incompatible with the existence of my veracious brother. I am that superstition, or fancy, or imagination, or fiction, as you, in your clemency or severity, may call me, which you have dwelt upon and cherished and nourished against your reason, against your convictions, against your experience.

Unembodied as I am (thus continued the old Magician), I yet take interest in the doings of the material world. I peruse, not unfrequently, the hebdomadal productions of the press, and among other periodicals I often see the one to which you contribute. Inflated with conceit, and blinded by opiniativeness, you lately undertook to commiserate and to point out as a Case of Real Distress, one Mab or Mabel, a shiftless jade, calling herself Queen of the extinct kingdom of Fairyland—a kingdom recently blotted out from the map by the united efforts of the March of Intellect, Transatlantic Go-a-headism,

and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. You said, truly, that QUEEN MAB had not a shoe to stand upon, that she was brought very low, that she was sadly reduced. I admit all that. The nonsensical kingdom of Fairyland is deservedly dismembered, and its subjects relegated to the ballets and burlesques of the London theatres, there to wave branches of red foil, and smile—while their hearts ache—for fourteen shillings a week, finding their own shoes and stockings. But, my son (the Magician became familiar), you have enormously exaggerated the power and influence of Queen Mab. You have ascribed to her territories and vassals she never possessed, and that never were, in the remotest degree, tributary to her. You gave her as lieges, demons, dwarfs, dragons, dwergars, horrible spectres and creations that belong only unto me—the Magician. You have, not of malice I hope, but inadvertently, confounded the kingdom of Fairyland with the far more (once) potent, far more distressed, far more reduced kingdom of Magic. I am the "case of real distress." I am the Magician without a shoe to stand on. My glory is departed—mine, Ichabod the Magician.

Before faydom existed, was Magic, awful, erect, weird, inscrutable. Magic stood in the dark cave of Endor, when the ghost of Samuel trembled in the lurid air, and scared Saul's eyeballs. When the Israelites wandered in the desert my Magicians held dark and fearsome sway in the wicked lands of Canaan. They presided over the ghastly rites of Moloch; they wrought enchantments among the Amalekites, the Amorites, the Jebusites, and the Hittites. In Judæa, in Persia, in Chaldæa, my Magic, my Magicians, worked signs and wonders (false but fearful) through long ages. Wise men, soothsayers, sorcerers, and astrologers, were in the trains of mighty kings, of Darius the Mede, and Nebuchadnezzar the king. Throughout the broad miles-long streets of Nineveh and Babylon; by the arched terraces; under the hanging gardens; in the courts of marble palaces; by the myriad-hued tablets on the wall of strong warriors and fair youths such as Aholibah sighed for; in the midst of the motley, bright arrayed, swarthy, strong bearded throng, stalked my Magicians, and their incantations were blended with the wars of Ninus, and the orgies of Semiramis, and the

conspiracies of the captains and the liturgies of the priests. When Belshazzar the king drunk deep with his lords, and praised the gods of gold, and brass, and iron, and wood, and when in the same hour there came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote—over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace—words which none could understand, did the king bethink himself in his need of light inconsequential fairies? No: he cried aloud for the astrologers, the Chaldæans, the soothsayers—the wise men of Babylon. And though we, the wise men, could not read the interpretation or wis that the Medes and Persians were at the gate, yet we only ceded to One, whom the king Nebuchadnezzar had made master of all the Magicians, astrologers, Chaldæans, and soothsayers in the kingdom. Magic was vanquished, but still recognised.

You have spoken of Queen Mab's sway in Egypt, and of her myriad elves sporting upon the tails of crocodiles. Sir, you are impertinent. Let Queen Mab and her fairies disport themselves in frivolous Persia and enervated Arabia; but leave the land of Egypt—that long, narrow, dusky land of wonders—to me, the king of magic and mysticism. Where that gigantic enigma, the Sphynx, rears its dim, battered, mysterious, time-worn, yet time-defying head, against the copper sky, and amidst the shifting sand; where the river of Nile reflects—

> "the endless length
> Of dark red colonnades,"

where religion was philosophy, and philosophy religion; yet where the purest doctrines of metaphysics were mingled with the grossest forms of Zoroastianism and the brutifying worship of beasts and reptiles and vegetables, and the profoundest morality was grafted upon the rudest and most debasing African fetichism; where phantom hieroglyphics shadow forth the dim creed that the soul, after its three thousand years' cycle of metempsychosis or rather metensomatosis, shall return to its human envelope again; and where the spirits of kings, and princes, and priests, are pourtrayed migratory through the bodies or swine, and birds that fly, and reptiles that crawl—there I and Magic dwelt.

Mine was Fetichism and Zoroastianism. Magic had no sympathy with the light Bacchus in his convivial, his joyous, his saltatory form. Queen Mab, or Queen Ariadne, or Queen Anybody, may sport with him in Naxos, and the sunny isles of the Archipelago; may press the red grape for him, and hold the golden chalice to his eager lips. But Bacchus, as Osiris, the awful Lord of Amenti, belongs not to Fairyland, but to the realm of Magic and to me. My Magicians sat at his feet, when, as he is painted in the royal tombs of Biban el Moluk, he sits *pro tribunal*, weighing the souls that have just departed from the bodies in the fatal scales of Amenti, and judging them according to their deserts. The Magicians were at home in Egypt. When, as the legend of Manetho tells us, the great pyramid was built by King Suphis, the Magicians stood by and aided the work with their spells. When that king Pharaoh who knew not Joseph or his people was so sorely beset by the plagues raised by the indomitable brothers of Israel, did not he call upon his Magicians for aid? Did not their magic lore stand them in such stead that their rods all produced serpents, albeit Aaron's rod, through a power that was preter-magical, swallowed them all up eventually? As year after year and age after age rolled their sternly succeeding waves over the land of Egypt, and as the remorselessly advancing and receding tide brought from the womb of time the myriad pebbles of mortality, and carried them back into the abyss of eternity, Magic was left high and dry—a monument and a misleading Pharos, inscrutably cabalistic and existent as the pillar of Pompey, and the needle of Cleopatra, and the obelisk of Luxor.

Came the soft sons of Syria with the rich dyes of Tyre and enervating arts. Came the luxurious Greeks, and gave plasticity and symmetry to the *bizarre*, yet awful sculptures of the Egyptian Pantheon. The muscular fauns, the brawny Hercules, the slim Adonis, the cested Venus, the crested Diana, came to teach the limners and sculptors of Egypt how to cast their deities in the moulds of Zeuxis and Praxiteles. But the Sphynx looked coldly on in her unchangeable, enigmatical beauty, and the Magicians stood by, unchangeable too, their arms folded, gazing with a frown half of anger, half of contempt, at the clumsy legerdemain of

Paganism, at the boggling tricks of the *haruspices* and the transparent cheatery of the oracle. "These priests of Bacchus and Venus," they thought, "are mere buffoons and tricksters, wretched ventriloquists, miserable experts at sleight of hand and cogging of dice." Came the Romans, and with them the loud prating augurs, and the bragging soothsayers, and those that dealt in omens and prophecies. But the Magicians who had wrought magic for the Ptolemies laughed these clumsy bunglers to scorn. When Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, told them of the supernatural wonders of Greece and Rome; of the ghastly priests who reigned beneath the deep shadow of Aricia's trees,

> "The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain;"

of the thirty chosen prophets, the wisest in the land, who evening and morning stood by Lars Porsenna of Clusium; of the strange visions of pale women with bleeding breasts that Sextus Tarquinius saw in the night season; of the Pythoness on her tripod, and the Cumæan Sibyl in her cave; the Magicians of Egypt pointed to the Sphynx, the pyramids, the hieroglyphics, saying: "Construe us these, and unriddle us these. Liars, and boasters, and whisperers through chinks in the wall, and fumblers among the entrails of beasts, can ye call, as we can, serpents from the hard ground, and cause them to dance to the notes of the cithara and the timbrel? Can ye foretell life and death, and change men into beasts and reptiles, and show in a drop of water the images of men that are dead, and great battles fought long ago?"

The proud conquerors of Egypt bowed to Egypt's soothsayers. The Magician was welcome in Cleopatra's palace. He boasted that he could read in "Nature's infinite book of sorcery;" Iras, Alexas, Enobarbus, listened to him, and he foretold truly that one should outlive the lady whom he loved, and that another should be more beloving than beloved. The Magician stood in Cleopatra's galley beside the proud and stately queen,—the "serpent of old Nile," that was "with Phœbus' am'rous pinches black;" in the galley that burned in the water like burnished gold; the galley with purple sails and silver oars; with a pavilion cloth of gold of tissue; the

galley whereof the gentlewomen were like the Nereides, on each side of which stood pretty dimpled boys like smiling cupids; the galley steered by a seeming mermaid; the galley with silken tackle, and from which a strange invisible perfume hit the sense of the adjacent wharves. And when Antony lay dead, and the proud land of Egypt lay at the feet of Octavius Cæsar, the ominous finger of the soothsayer pointed to the basket of figs and the "pretty worm of Nilus"—the deadly asp, the baby at the breast of Cleopatra that sucked the nurse asleep.

Ages of youth have not been able to efface the Magic from the Egyptian surface. Its edge has been blunted, as the characters in the hieroglyphics have been, some rounded and chipped, some choked up with sand and dust. But the ruins of Magic yet exist like the ruins of temples and statues. The rage of the heathen Saracens, the iconoclastic theology of centuries of Mohammedan sway, have battered, have defaced, have devastated the caryatides that supported the frieze of the temple of Egyptian Magic; but the temple and the caryatides are erect still. The fires that destroyed the stored-up learning of Alexandria have been impotent to quench it; the devastating hoofs of the steeds of the Mamelukes and the Beys have not trampled it under foot; Buonaparte's hordes, fired by revolutionary and subversive frenzy, could not annihilate it; the glamour of the East vanquished the atheism of the West, and the Egyptian seer warned Kleber, though unavailingly, of the dagger that was to lay him low. Even now, in this age—in this nineteenth century—when English cadets and judges of Sudder Adawlut jolt in omnibuses across the Isthmus of Suez; when steamers have coal depôts at Alexandria; when Cairo has European hotels with *table d'hôtes* and extortionate waiters; when the sandy desert is strewn, not with the bones of men slain in fight, or with the ruins of bygone empires, but with the crumbs of ham sandwiches and the corks of soda-water bottles; when the "cruel lord" who reigns over Egypt drives an English curricle; when a staff of English engineers view Thebes and Memphis through theodolites, and talk of gradients and inclines, tunnels, cuttings, and embankments through the valley of the Nile,—Magic and Magicians hold their own in the sunburnt land of Egypt. In

some dark street of Cairo still is the traveller introduced to the seer, fallen indeed from his high estate, with diminished credit, and circumscribed empire over things magical, still versed in "Nature's infinite book of sorcery." No longer the proud confidant of princes and monarchs, the explicator of enigmas, the unraveller of mysteries, the expounder of dreams and visions of the night, he is but a meanly-clad old man, with a long beard and a filthy turban swathed round his head. But still he pours into the palm of the youthful acolyte the mystic pool of ink, and traces around it the magic characters which none may read but he. And still the boy, at his command, sees in the inky mirror "the figure of one sweeping," and after him are mirrored in the pool, as the traveller summons them, the portraits of the mighty dead, or the friends or dear ones at home. And though sometimes the Magician may err, and Lord Nelson present himself with two arms, and Miss Biffin with both arms and legs, and Daniel Lambert as a thin man, and Shakespeare with a cocked hat and spectacles, you must ascribe that to its being Ramadan, or the boy not being a proper medium, or yourself not properly susceptible to magical influences.

I have said enough, I perpend, Scholar (continued this garrulous old Magician), to show you that in Egypt, at least, my empire is of a date superlatively more ancient than that of your vaunted Queen Mab. If you doubt me, go ask, go search the works of those conscientious ghoules among the graves of Egyptian antiquities—Rosellini, Grævius, Lane, Denon, Champollion, Belzoni, Wilkinson—go to the fountain-head, the father of history—Herodotus. Go ask that famous student of the black art in your own times—Caviglia—he who, from the three corner stones of astrology, magnetism, and magic, raised a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism, on whose airy faces he could see inscribed in letters of light invisible to all but himself elucidatory texts: he who was the last recipient of that rich but awful legacy of mystical learning which has been handed down from age to age—from the Essenes to Philo the Jew, from Pythagoras to Psamnadius; he who, from the constant and engrossing study of the mysteries of the pyramids became (like those Cingalese insects that take the shape and colour of the leaf

ley feed on) himself in dress, feature, manner, thought and language, absolutely pyramidal.

But I have not done with you yet, Novice, nor have I vindicated the claims of Magic sufficiently. You shall leap with me o'er centuries. I willingly resign to Queen Mab and her fairies the era of Sultan Haroun Al'Raschid, the silly, sparkling, spangled enchantments of Bagdad, and Damascus, and China, nay, even the fairy doings in my own Egypt—my own grand Cairo—during the sway of the Caliphs. I look upon her trivial pranks with calenders, and caravans, and fair Persians; her peris, genii, and dwarfs, just as so many conjuring tricks and mountebanks at a fair. She may have the whole of the dark and middle ages (in the East) for me, and plague or reward as she list the enervated occupants of Moslemin harems or the effete princes of the Lower Empire. Europe was my field of sovereignty then, and the realm of Magic held its own against the realm of Fairyland there for ages.

I will take Puck. You have been bold enough, sir, to claim that essential vassal of the king of Magic as a fairy. You will quote, of course, the authority of William Shakespeare (a fellow so ignorant of geography that he talks about the sea-coast of Bohemia), who makes Puck a sort of fairy tiger or "gyp" to Oberon, putting a girth round about the earth in forty minutes, and bragging with disgusting egotism of his flying "straight as an arrow from a Tartar's bow." You will have seen, doubtless, also, the Midsummer Night's Dream at Govent Garden Theatre under the management of Madame Vestris, and probably because you saw therein Miss Marshall as Puck, looking very fairy-like in a short tunic and fleshings; or perchance saw pasted on the green-room pier-glass a prompter's "call" for "Puck and all the fairies at twelve," you jumped at the conclusion that Puck was a fairy. He is nothing at all of the sort. The fellow is a hobgoblin, and belongs to me. Let Mab rule her own roast of *sylphides, coryphées,* fays, and sprites, and not meddle with me. I will quote chapter and verse for it.

> "In John Milesius any man may read
> Of divels in Sarmatia honoured,
> Called *Kotri* or *Kobaldi*, such as we
> Pugs and hobgoblins call ———"

Thus writes old Heywood in his *Lucifugi*. Pug, or Puck, is a hobgoblin, a *divel*, and, as such, I do not think the sportive Queen of Elf-land will be inclined to claim him in future. Indeed, many learned theologians—both Catholic and Protestant—have gone far to prove, by texts and arguments, both from Scripture and the Fathers, that Puck is no other than Satan himself in various disguises. Such was Puck who had a domicile in the monastery of the Greyfriars at Mechlenburg-Schwerin, which he haunted in the form of a pug or monkey, and tormented the monks and lay brethren sorely. He had his fits of good humour sometimes certainly, and turned the spit, baked the bread, drew the wine, and cleaned the kitchen, while the inmates of the monastery lay a-snoring, receiving as wages two brass pots and a parti-coloured jacket to which a bell was appended; but these benevolent humours were transitory and capricious; and he is truly described by the monk to whom we owe the *Veridica Relatio de Demonio Puck*, as an impure spirit. In fact (and you will excuse the freedom of my language, for, though I am a Magician, I am a gentleman, and would not wish to wound your ears unnecessarily), Puck was a very devil. Do not misconstrue me. I don't mean the devil who was always requiring to be paid, and for whom there was no pitch hot; the devil who taught Jack of Kent bridge-building, on condition that a certain *post obit* should be paid if Jack was buried on land or in water, and was cheated out of his bond by Jack causing himself to be buried in the key-stone of his last bridge; the devil who patronised old Nostradamus, and was in a somewhat similar manner to the Jack *ruse*, cheated—he having a contingent reversion in Nostradamus, which was to fall in if that worthy was buried within a church or without a church, whereupon Nostradamus left directions in his will "to be put into a hole in a wall," which was accordingly done, to the devil's discomfiture. Puck is not the devil whom Banagher beat; the devil who assisted (for a consideration) the architect of the cathedral of Cologne; the devil who raised the Lust-Berg at Aix-la-Chapelle, and had a finger in most of the castles on the banks of the Rhine; the devil of Evreux, who migrated from thence to Caen, and appeared there in 1818 clad in white armour, and attacked the commandant of the town in a *cul-de-sac*.

Puck is not the devil with a glossy black skin, saucer eyes, horns, hoofs, a tail, and a pitchfork, who was vanquished by St. Cuthbert, and many other saints, as recorded by learned hagiologists; who was associated with Tom Walker in that peculiarly disadvantageous partnership (for Tom), recorded by Washington Irving; who carries off Don Juan in the pantomime; who is generally associated with the idea of blue flames, sulphur, brimstone, and red-hot Wallsend. And, O Neophyte, Puck is not the awful fiend of Milton, stretched on a burning lake, floating "many a rood;" the arch spirit of Evil, who, amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, deliberates, resolves, and executes, whose fiendish spirit stands unbroken "against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, against the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermittent misery." He is not the Διαβολος of the Greek—the demon of Æschylus, the Prometheus, half-fiend, half-redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemies of heaven. He is not one of the chattering, bestial, grinning, mopping herd of devils, bloated with meat and wine, and reeling in ribald dances, who stagger and leap round the lady in the Masque of Comus; he is not one of the inexorable spirits who hover in the silence and gloom of Dante's Inferno, who point pitilessly to the hopeless inscription above the portal, who watch inflexibly the agonies of Ugolino, and the remorse of Francesca, and Facinata writhing in her burning tomb. Puck is not THE DEVIL, but a devil—a *diablotin*. He is a very monkey, a mischievous ape, having a special delight in the annoyance of saints and hermits. The writings of the Fathers are full of authentic relations of his knavish tricks. 'Twas he who tempted Saint Anthony (*pace* Thomas Ingoldsby); 'twas he who

> "——— sat in an earthen pot,
> In a big bellied earthen pot sat he,"

and with a rabble rout of devils with tails and devils without, devils stout and meagre, devils serious and jocund, church-going devils and revel-haunting devils, endeavoured first in his own proper likeness as a hobgoblin, and afterwards as a laughing woman with two black eyes—the worst devil of all

—to decoy the Saint from the perusal of the holy book. This devil it was who, as Saint Benedict was saying his prayers on Monte Casino, did (according to Saint Gregory) appear to him in the likeness of a doctor riding upon a mule, avowing his intention to physic the whole convent, although, if we are to believe other accounts, it was to Saint Melanius that he appeared in this medical guise. Whichever way it was, however, Saint Benedict had the mischievous little devil on the hip on a subsequent occasion. There was a certain monk in the convent, who somewhat after the style of our old acquaintance Daddy Longlegs, couldn't or wouldn't say his prayers. After praying a little while he always rose up suddenly and vamosed out of the oratory, as though the devil was at his heels;—which indeed he was, as you shall hear. The monks told the prior, and the prior told the abbot, and the abbot told Saint Benedict of the non-praying brother's irreverent conduct; and in goes the Saint to the oratory, with a big walking-stick, just as the monk is coming out as usual. "See ye not who leadeth our brother?" says Saint Benedict to Father Maurus and Pompeianus the prior.

"We see nought," they answer.

"I do," says the Saint, directing a meaning and somewhat menacing look towards his subordinates. "I see plainly a little black devil lugging violently at our brother's gown, and leading him towards the door."

The obtuse Pompeianus still persisted in seeing nothing; but Father Maurus, who was in training to be a saint, and had besides an eye to the reversion of the prior's berth, immediately declared that he saw the devil, and that he was very little and very black.

"Of course," says Saint Benedict. "Perhaps, Brother Pompeianus, when you have administered to yourself the seven score stripes I now prescribe to you, and said the four Greek epistles which you will be good enough to repeat to me without book to-morrow morning, you will be able to see the devil too. In the meantime, he must be exorcised from the person of our dear brother;" whereupon whack! whack! whack! goes the big walking-stick about the legs, head, back, and shoulders of the dear brother, till, as Saint Benedict declares, the little devil is completely exorcised, and the dear brother is covered

with bruises. The legend adds that the D. B. was ever afterwards distinguished for his remarkable assiduity of attendance and attention at matins, complins, and vespers.

This little devil of Puck's kindred, if not Puck himself, was evidently the same who lay in wait so many years in order to bring to shame the chaste and pious Saint Gudule. It was the custom of this noble maiden to rise at cockcrow every morning, and walk to church with her maid before her carrying a lantern. What did the devil, but blow the candle out? What did Saint Gudule, but blow it in again by her prayers? And this is her standard miracle. Then there was a St. Brituis, who, you must know, was clerk or deacon to St. Martin. One day, while his principal was performing mass, St. Brituis saw a sly little devil behind the altar, busily employed in writing on a strip of parchment as long as an hotel bill, all the sins of the congregation. There were a good many sins that day both of omission and commission, and the devil's parchment was soon full on both sides, and crossed and re-crossed into the bargain. What was the devil to do. He had no more parchment with him; he could not trust to his memory; and he was unwilling to lose count of a single sin. As a last resource, he bethought himself of stretching the parchment. Holding one end in his teeth and the other in his claws, he tugged and tugged, and strained and strained; but he forgot that the material was unelastic; and presently crack went the parchment into two pieces, and bang went the devil's head against the stone wall of the church. Saint Brituis burst out into a hearty fit of laughter at the devil's misfortune, for which he was sternly rebuked by his chief; and, indeed, narrowly escaped that exemplary chastisement which, as legends tell, befell the nursery heroine Jill

"For laughing at Jack's disaster."

When, however, St. Martin came to be informed of the real circumstances of the case, he immediately hailed it as a "first chop" miracle, of which the world was running rather short just then; and as a stock miracle it has been retailed ever since, to the great edification of the faithful; and as a miracle you will find it in good dog Latin and in the Lives of the Saints to this day.

You will curl up your lip, I dare say, because I persist in stating Puck to be a goblin and not a fairy, and in tracing him even to a *habitat* among the mischievous demons of the Romish hagiology. You will acknowledge him as a demon, however, when I tell you that Odericus Vitalis alludes to him as the devil whom St. Taurinus banished from the quondam temple of Diana at Ebroa, the Norman town of Evreux; that he was known to the Normans as Gubbe, the old man, and from thence we have the word Goblin: "*Hunc vulgus Gobelinum appellat*," says Odericus. The Gubbe of the Northmen was own brother to the "Tomte-Gubbe," or "old man of the house toft" in Sweden, known in Saxony as the spiteful devil Hoodekin, Hodken, or Hudken, in Norway as "Nissegodering," in Scotland as "Redcap," in England as Puck; or, on a very *non lucendo* principle (seeing that he was always playing naughty tricks), as Robin Goodfellow. He is directly charged with being a *Goblin* in your own vaunted Midsummer Night's Dream, by one of Titania's fairies. Thus quoth she—

> "Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
> Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
> Called Robin Goodfellow; are you not he
> That fright the maids of all the villagery?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm,
> Those that Hobgoblin call you . . . ."

If the varlet had been a fairy, all Titania's tribe would have known his position and antecedents without questioning him. Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed were fairies if you will; so were those "minions of the moon" that came from oxlips and nodding violets, from lush woodbine, from sweet musk-roses and wild eglantine, the fairies that warred with rear-mice for their leathern wings, and killed the cankers in the rose-buds; the small grey-coated gnats that were Queen Mab's waggoners, the joiner squirrels, the fairies' midwives. A figo—the fig of Spain—for them all. Puck has nought to do with them; and I demand that his name, as it stands in the *dramatis personæ* of all the editions of Shakespeare, as "Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy," shall be expunged and altered to "Puck, a Goblin or malicious demon."

The subject of Puck (continued the old Magician) has de-

tained me much longer than I anticipated; but I felt so strongly on the subject, that I was moved to adduce all the evidence I could lay my hands on. It were bootless in this stage of the argument to demonstrate that this same Puck is the Spanish "Duende," corresponding entirely to the "Tomte Gubbe," which fact is attested by Corbaruvias; and that, in another part of Spain, that Puck appears as a Frayle, or little friar; for which you may see Calderon's comedy of *La Dama Duende*. Nor is there time here to show how Puck in Anglo-Saxon became Pickeln and Packeln, from which Mr. Horne Tooke tells us, in the Diversions of Purley, we have Pack or Patch, the fool; likewise Pickle, a mischievous boy, and the Pickelharin, oddly enough, though analogically translated as Pickle-herring, the zany or mountebank of Goëthe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and who (Pickelhärin) was so called from his leafy or hairy vestment. Ben Jonson re-Anglicised him as the shaggy little devil Puckhairy, while the original Puck or Pug became Pog, Bog, and Boge in the north of England, Bogle in Scotland, and again returned to England as Bogey, where he dwells in the coal-cellar or the nursery-cupboard to this day. There's a derivation for you, Scholar! Think of your merry, spangled-winged, sportive fairy Puck, forsooth, turning out to be synonymous with the child-quelling, naughty-boy-kidnapping Bogey. The monkey, you know, acquired the name of Pug, from his wickedness and malice; and the Pug-dog, from his spitefulness and snappishness. *Bwg* in the language of the British was a goblin; *Bog* was the angry god of the Slavi. The Anglo-Saxon *Bucca* and *Buck*, a goat, were both derivatives of Puck, and were so called from their skittish, savage natures; and a goat was, if you remember, one of the favourite incarnations of the evil one; finally, we trace the mischievous mirth and inebriated inspiration of Puck in the Greek word Βακκευω.

Thus far the old Magician. I had listened with bated breath to the sage as he dwelt on the pedigrees of his subjects with a somewhat excusable pride, though I must confess I could not refrain from yawning a little (nor has another person been able to refrain from doing the like more recently, I dare say) at the somewhat tedious dissertations on magical etymology into which he was led. The ancient man would

seem to have been imbibing deep draughts from the founts of Junius, Ménage, Casaubon, Skinner, Minshew, Lemon, and the venerable cohort of old English etymologists, to say nothing of Thomson, Whiter, Fox Talbot, and the moderns. Now the study of etymology produces nearly the very same effects that Doctor South ascribes to the study of the Apocalypse: "It finds a man mad, or leaves him so;" and, moreover, as the study of Magic has led to not a few commissions *de lunatico*, it is probable that the old Magician I had been listening to had a "bee in his bonnet," or, as is more vernacularly expressed in this part of the country, that he had "a tile off," or "eleven pence halfpenny out of the shilling." It may be, and is as probable, that he was sane; it may be that he never existed save in my brain; yet he may be sitting opposite to me still, graving, didacticising upon the former glories and present decay of Magic.

Yes, its decay. The state of that once glorious and potent science is now far more a Case of Real Distress than that of Queen Mab and her elves. They at least can obtain engagements in the pantomimes and Easter spectacles. Doctor Arne's deathless music yet summons them to dance on yellow sands and there take hands. Music-sellers yet deem them worthy as subjects of delicately tinted lithographic title-pages to polkas. There are yet to be found publishers (though few alas!) who will invest capital in the illustrations, editing, and publishing of fairy tales; and till Mr. Richard Doyle he die, and till Messrs. Leech, and Hablot Browne, and Tenniel, and especially Mr. George Cruikshank, masters of the pencil and etching point, they die, we shall not lack cunning graphers of the life, and light, and glories of Fairyland. But Magic is dead. Its professors never sought to insinuate themselves blandly into the imagination like the fairies; they brought neither honeyed words, nor sparkling pictures, nor dulcet music. They sought but to control, to terrify, to destroy. Read the Arabian Nights through, and perhaps, with the single exception of Cassim Baba quartered in the robber's cavern, you will not find an incident in that vast collection of fairy tales that will excite terror or disgust; but glance over the awful *Malleus Mallificarum*, as printed on the eve of Saint Catherine, Queen, Virgin, and Martyr, in the last decennary of the

fifteenth century—pore over its dusky, black-lettered pages, its miniated capitals, and shudder; turn over the *Dictionnaire Infernal* of Colin de Plancy, the *Histoire de la Magie* of Jules Garinet; peep fearfully into the mysterious tomes of Piccatrix, Cornelius Agrippa, of Delrio and Remigius, of Glanvill and Sinclair; think of the legendary volume of Thomas the Rhymer, that was "lost, lost, lost," and "found, found, found," in the Lay of the Last Minstrel;—study these monstrous books—monstrous alike in form and contents—study them in the dead of the night (if you have nerve enough), and sleep afterwards, nightmareless, if you can.

Magic! It is associated with cruelty, ignorance, brutish stupidity, and brutal wrong through all time. It recalls the ages of darkness, persecution, havoc, and intolerance. It recalls poor maniacs, brooding over forges and alembics, cowering amid stuffed monsters and noxious elixirs, mumbling incoherent blasphemies over the entrails of dead beasts, and the skins of dried reptiles. It recalls the mummeries of the Rosicrucians, the laboriously idle speculations of Dee and Lilly, the impudent impostures of Romish priestcraft in the worst ages of Romecraft; it recalls with terror and horror the appalling buffooneries of witchcraft, the horrible merriment of the Witches' Sabbath, and with more terrible and horrible reality it brings back, to our lasting shame and disgrace, the long long record of aged, maimed, blind, infirm old creatures, chased, scourged, imprisoned, tied hand and foot and drowned, hanged and burnt unjustly, and condemned too by learned English Judges. It recalls dirty gipseys, and heartless swindlers, dwelling in back garrets with hungry cats and greasy packs of cards.

No; I am not sorry that Magic is in distress; but I grieve more than ever (if that be possible) for Queen Mab and the fairies, flouted and contemned by this sometimes and somewhat too dully practical age.

NUMBERS OF PEOPLE

COUNTED AND SIFTED IN 1851.

In one sense the vast official blue-books, for the issue of which the public has to pay a round sum every year, may be designated Latter-Day Tracts. Until these very latter days, the perusal and cognisance of those portly *fasciculi* were confined to the much suffering proof-readers at the parliamentary printers', the catalogo-scribes of the national libraries, and a few members of parliament. Recently, however, public attention has been called to the vast amount of useful and interesting information that has lain *perdu* in these prodigious pamphlets, which have for so long a period been wasting their sweetness on the dusty shelves of public libraries. Recently, a sensible young nobleman, Lord Stanley, recommended a course of "Blue-books made Easy;" and the judicious presentation of spare copies to the libraries of mechanics' institutes and free libraries, has brought a considerable share of the literature of political economy within the reach of the humblest readers. Still a blue-book is but a blue-book—a dreadful unreadable folio for a' that. The armies of figures—armies that would laugh the Xerxian hosts at Marathon to scorn—put our poor little phalanx of patience to scorn. The interminable tables, the awfully classical Die Martis, or Decembris, the grim marginal references, the endless repetitions, the inexorable tedium of Question 3,409, warn us off the statistical premises at the very *atrium* of the edifice. Mr. Macaulay relates that an Italian criminal was once permitted to choose between the historical works of Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the former, and began to read; but the War of Pisa was too much for him, and he went back to the oar as to a wedding. So can I imagine many a nervous reader preferring, in the long run, a month on the treadmill to the thorough perusal of a blue-book.

Pending the suggested publication of a series of these

Latter-day Tracts, "adapted to the meanest comprehension," we are glad to welcome an instalment, in the form of a condensed report of the last census, taken in 1851. In a genteel octavo are embodied the principal results of the enumeration of the people of Great Britain; comprising an account of their numbers and distribution; their ages; their conjugal condition; their occupations, their birthplace; how many of them were deaf and dumb; how many blind, how many paupers, prisoners, lunatics, or inmates of hospitals, almshouses, and asylums. Of this report, condensed from the original magnum opus, presented to the Secretary of State by Major Graham, Mr. Farr, and Mr. Horace Mann, let us endeavour to give a yet further condensation—a condensed idea for household readers of the number and condition of the households of Great Britain.

Every one (save perhaps people who never remember anything, and the little new-weaned child, whose locks begin to curl like the tendrils of the vine, and who can scarcely yet lisp, far less remember) will call to mind the momentous 31st day of March, 1851; on which an army of enumerators, thirty thousand six hundred and ten in number, went round to every house in the kingdom; on which it rained schedules —all to be filled up with the names, ages, occupations, civil condition (whether maid, wife, or widow, husband, father, or son), birth-place, of every inhabitant, of every house, that night. What dreadful mistakes were made! how ladies hesitated about their ages, and were some of them indignant and some amused; how careless writers blotted their printed forms, and weakminded people did not know what to say for themselves, giving in incongruous descriptions, in which, filling up wrong places, they declared themselves to be *Adolphus* years of age, profession *twenty three next birthday*, and born at *chandler's-shop-keeper*, with two *Stratford-le-Bow* children; which descriptions, being obviously absurd, had to be amended. All these are matters historical. Likewise how many housewives "dratted" the census; and how some repudiated the schedules as County-court summonses; and how some too ardent democrats (not understanding, perhaps, much about the matter) denounced the whole affair as being connected in some vague manner with taxes.

On the whole, however, it is stated on authority that the enumerators were remarkably successful and accurate in their researches. Although the legislature had imposed penalties for the omission or refusal of occupiers or families to answer circumstantial questions respecting themselves or their families, it was not found necessary to enforce the penalty in a single instance. The information was cheerfully furnished; and the working classes often took much trouble to get their schedules filled up by better penmen than themselves, and to facilitate the inquiry. A few curious cases, and "difficulties" occurred, but not a tithe of what might have been expected from the enormous extent of the information procured. One gentleman, a magistrate, refused point blank to fill up his schedule, or to have anything to do with it; thinking, no doubt, that it was like the enumerator's confounded impudence to ask him, a "justice of peace and quorum," to answer his questions. But he was written to privately, and at length complied with the provisions of the act without an appeal to Cæsar at the Home Office. In another instance a clergyman refused to return his schedule to the parish clerk, who was the enumerator, and sent it direct to the Central Office, alleging that otherwise his wife's age would have become food for gossip in the village alehouse.

Again, in some places there were found eccentrics—hermits, misogynists, ancient females—who admitted no society save cats and parrots, who lived quite inaccessible to everybody, and could not be got at anyhow. It is, however, consolatory to know that the neighbours of these solitaries generally had quite as much to tell about them as the enumerators desired to know—and told it. There must have been some curious vicarious schedules supplied respecting these eccentrics. I can imagine "Old Fluffy; aged a hundred at least; is supposed to have sold himself to the devil; wears a beard as long as my arm; sleeps on a mattrass stuffed with bank notes;" or "Miss Grub, spinster; keeps nine cats; wears a bonnet like a coal-scuttle; is as old as the hills; hasn't been outside the house for twenty years; lets off maroons and other fireworks on Sunday evenings, and paints her window panes blue every Easter Monday."

The census of the United Kingdom in 1851 was taken

under the authority of two acts of parliament. Each successive decimal census since 1801, has been more comprehensive than its predecessor, and this last is more particularly replete with information concerning the civil and conjugal condition of the people; which the reporters have taken as their key-note in their disquisition upon the causes of the vast increase of population during the last century.

For the purposes of enumeration the two kingdoms and the principality of Wales (the census of Ireland was conducted separately) were divided into 624 registration districts. These were again subdivided into 2190 sub-districts, and the sub-districts into 30,610 enumeration districts, each being assigned to one enumerator, who was required to complete his enumeration in one day, March the 31st. Within about two months all the household schedules, numbering 4,300,000, together with 38,000 enumeration books, had been received at the Central Office; and on the 7th of June, 1851, the gross return of inhabitants and houses was communicated to the Secretary of State, and at once made public. The grand result showed that on the 31st of March, 1851, the entire population of Great Britain was 21,121,967. In this return were included 162,490 of the royal navy and the merchant service who were serving abroad or were on the high seas at the time the census was taken; the actual number of souls in Great Britain on the night of the 31st being 20,959,477.

Of British subjects in foreign parts, not soldiers or sailors, there were 20,357 in France; 3828 in Russia; 611 in Turkey in Europe; 33 in Persia; and 649 in China. These numbers were obtained from returns furnished by the Foreign Office; but, of course, no exact information could be looked for of the actual number of travellers on the continent, in the colonies, and in the United States. 65,233 aliens or foreigners also landed in England in 1851.

Curiously enough, I have been unable to find, either in the report or in its copious analytical index, any reference to the number of foreigners absolutely domiciled among us.

Of this population of over twenty one millions there were, of males, 10,386,048; of females, 10,735,919; the females exceeding the males by 349,871. The disparity between the sexes was greatest in Scotland, where absenteeism

is so much in vogue, and where the resident gentlemen were obliged to cede to the commanding influence of the ladies, being at a discount of ten per cent.

Finally, while we are upon the round numbers, it may be stated that, if we go on "at this rate," the population is expected to *double* itself in fifty-two and $\frac{1}{500}$ years! And it is also calculated that if the entire population were gathered together in one mass, each person being allowed one square yard to stand upon, they would cover a space of seven square miles.

On this great 'numeration night there were 195,856 in barracks, prisons, workhouses, lunatic asylums, hospitals, and charitable institutions; 21,491 in barges and vessels engaged in inland navigation; and 43,173 in seagoing vessels lying in port. In these last, Jack's delight, his lovely Nan, was present to the extent of 2008 on board.

The number of houseless persons returned was 18,249, of whom 9972 were in barns, and 8277 in the open air. These homeless wanderers were, as far as could be computed, gipsies, beggars, strollers, vagrants, tramps, outcasts, and criminals. In one instance a tribe of gipsies struck their tents, and passed from one parish to another to avoid being enumerated. This reminds us somewhat of the anecdote of the Irishman's pig, which frisked about so frantically that his master couldn't count him. Considering the occurrence in a more serious point of view, we seem to descry some remnant of old oriental manners and antipathies piercing through this disinclination of the mysterious Zingari to be counted. The enumerator of 1851 appears to stand in the faintest remotest shadow of the days when David the King numbered Israel, and Joab counted the people from Beersheba even unto Dan, and a census was thought to be an abominable thing. Whether the gipsies were actuated by any of the prejudices of the Israelites is problematical: perhaps they associated the census vaguely but disagreeably with a determination to bring them under the sway of the parish beadle or the county police, both powers exclusively obnoxious to the Rommany chals—the Caloros, as Mr. Borrow informs us they call themselves.

It is obvious that nothing but a broadly presumptive

It was found that there were in Great Britain, 4,312,388 separate families, against 2,260,202 families in 1801. There were of inhabited houses, 3,648,347, holding 20,816,351 inhabitants. The population of London was 2,362,236, against 958,863, in 1801.

Lest your breath, eye-sight, and patience should be entirely taken away by these tremendous arrays of figures, let us see what we can gather from the explanation attempted to be given by the computers and reporters, of the vast and disproportionate increase of the population since the commencement of the present century.

We say disproportionate because, since 1801, we have had a war of fifteen years' duration, and of the most sanguinary character; because emigration has been a gigantic and yearly increasing drain on the population; and, most disproportionate of all, because in 1751, the population only amounted to 7,000,000, against 21,000,000 in 1851; an increase of 14,000,000 in 1851, while the increase of the numbers in the century preceding 1751 (from 1651 to 1751) was only 1,000,000.

Now is this to be traced, it is asked, to a simple question of supply and demand? Is it something fortuitous, or entirely inexplicable? Is it the result of some simple change in the institution of families; or of some miraculous addition to the powers of population? To what is this marvellous multiplication of the population, and its previous slow progress due? The census reporters find a reasonable solution of the question, and ascribe the increase to three prime causes. Science, good manners and marriage. In the first place, science is producing an immense decrease in mortality. We have (shame to us!) our choleras, epidemics, and endemics still, but the great plagues that decimated England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the black fevers, falling sicknesses, that carried off their thousands and tens of thousands at a time, are no more. The extinction of the great plagues was followed by a rapid diminution of disease. Science in its medicinal form made seven-league strides, in the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, and the active system of treatment adopted by Sydenham. That deadly foe to beauty as well as to life, the small-pox, which was fatal to Queen Mary in 1695,

first attacked in its outworks by inoculation, was finally compelled to capitulate to the discovery of vaccination by Jenner. The plague at Marseilles in 1719, made England cautious; and, good coming out of evil, led to a work of lasting importance by the illustrious Doctor Mead. The army from 1743 to 1746, was followed to the Low Countries by Sir John Pringle, who successfully investigated the circumstances that affected the health of large bodies of troops on land; although it must be owned that these investigations do not seem to have been of much service to the fighting troops of 1854; the commissariat and surgical arrangements in the Crimea being disgracefully deficient. Captain Cook, in his great voyages of circumnavigation, showed how sailors, who could not formerly be kept alive two months or in good health in the Channel, might, by proper provisions and judicious management, be carried round the globe in safety. Science, which had reduced the small-pox almost to impotence, now began to diminish the terrors of the scurvy; and science combined with philanthropy, by amending the sanitary state of prisons and public institutions, rooted out the horrible jail-fevers, and "assize-sicknesses," which before had carried off judges on the bench, criminals in the dock, and jurymen in the box, year after year.

Science next began to act, and vigorously, upon industry; and industry, beneath its ripening protection, increased with amazing celerity. Coal was employed in the smelting of iron instead of the old-fangled charcoal; and 2,500,000 tons were produced in 1851, against 17,350, in 1740. Science became wedded to agriculture. Lord Townshend, withdrawing from Walpole's ministry, became a new Cincinnatus, and devoted himself with ardour to agriculture—introducing the new system of turnip-growing from Germany. The landed proprietors left off (at least the majority of them did) being ignorant Jacobites or guzzling, brutal Squire Westerns, wasting their time in intrigues, drowning their senses in drink, or squandering their estates in gambling; and instead of these disreputable diversions, devoted their capital and intelligence to the improvement of their lands. Agricultural societies were encouraged; new processes were tried; commons enclosed; marshes drained; the breed of sheep and cattle

improved, and machinery introduced. The aristocratic genius of 1670 was the Duke of Buckingham—the painter, fiddler, chemist, and buffoon; who wrote scandalous poetry, intrigued, gambled, and fought duels. The aristocratic genius of 1770 was the Duke of Bridgewater; who to accomplish his great engineering plans, allowed himself for personal expenses, out of his princely fortune, no more than 400*l.* a year, and whose greatest glory is, that he was the patron and friend of James Brindley the engineer.

Lastly, and pre-eminently, science gave us steam. The spinning-machines first put forth by Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Crompton, were all adapted to steam power by James Watt. And the unconquered arm of steam began as good Doctor Darwin predicted, to

> Drag the slow barge and drive the rapid car.

Though the latter part of the Doctor's prophecy,

> And on wide waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot thro' the realms of air,

has yet to be fulfilled. Science by steam produced a thousand different wares; the wealth of the country, its stock and produce, increased in even a faster ratio than the people. Lastly came steam-vessels and railroads, and electric telegraphs, and the population were placed not only in easy, but direct communication with one another.

One cause of the increase of the population is the diminution of mortality; another and more important one is to be found in the increase of the births. And this increase is owing to good manners and marriage. From 1651 to 1751, the morals of Great Britain were of the loosest description. Profligacy was fashionable; irreligion was fashionable; gambling was fashionable; drunkenness was fashionable; duelling was fashionable; debt was very fashionable indeed. What could the common people do but imitate their betters? On the scandalously merry reign of Charles the Second we need not dwell, save to remark that Dryden, the poet-laureate, in a poem supposed to be written under the direct inspiration of his sacred majesty (Absalom and Achitophel), directly advocated polygamy. The court of William and Mary was frigidly

decorous; and Queen Anne was chaste, formal, and devout (Chesterfield called her so by way of reproach): but the state of society during the reigns of the two first Georges was as grossly immoral as it was tastelessly stupid. In the first reign we have the last instance of a worthless woman being raised to the British peerage—the Countess of Yarmouth. The law of marriage was slight, involved, in bad odour, and so perplexing that it was often resorted to as a means of seduction. The institution of marriage itself was rapidly falling into disuse and contempt. You could be married when and where you liked or not at all. There were infamous dens in the Fleet where ragged-cassocked divines redolent of the aqua vitæ bottle, and the onion and tobacco odours of Mount Scoundrel, were always ready to perform the marriage ceremony for half-a-guinea, or less, the witness being some boon companion of the parson, or his servant-maid. One Mr. Keith had a "marriage shop" in May Fair, where upwards of *six thousand* marriages were celebrated annually, with promptitude and dispatch, and at a very low rate indeed. In the country there were itinerant marryers who went by the gracefully-dignified and canonical names of hedge-parsons and couple-beggars, and who married a drunken tinker to a beggar's callet for anything they could get—a shilling, a lump of bacon, or a can of small ale. Into such utter contempt and scandal had our matrimonial polity fallen, that continental nations refused to recognise the legality of an English marriage; and Holland and some other countries compelled such of their subjects as had contracted a matrimonial alliance in England to be married again publicly on their return. These disgraceful facts are corroborated by Smollett, by Tindal, by the learned Picart, in the Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the Known World, by the newspapers of the day, and by the parliamentary debates. To put an end to this abominable state of things, a new marriage bill was introduced, in 1753, by Lord Hardwicke. In the Commons it was bitterly opposed. Mr. Fox,* who had himself married clandestinely the eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, contended that it would be of the most dangerous

* The father of Charles James Fox, and afterwards created Lord Holland.

conseqence to the female sex, and that it would endanger our very existence; for that without a continuous supply of laborious and industrious poor no nation could long exist, which supply could only be got by promoting marriage among such people. Mr. Nugent said that a public marriage was against the genius and nature of our people (hear Nugent!) and that our people were exceedingly fond of private marriages, and saving a little money. (Hear him! Good!) Finally, Mr. Charles Townshend, laying his hand on his heart, declared it one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered into the heart of man, and suspected some latent design in it to secure all the heiresses in the kingdom to the eldest sons of noble and rich families. (Immense cheering, of course.) In spite, however, of the eloquence of the disinterested Fox, the patriotic Nugent, and the sentimental Townshend, the bill, after some violent debates, one of which continued until three o'clock in the morning; and after a wise and luminous speech from Solicitor-General Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, passed the Commons, and became law. Mr. Keith and his brethren of the Fleet found that their occupation was gone. Marriages, by the new law, were obliged to be entered in the parish register, and a strict line of demarcation was drawn between the married and the unmarried. Experience soon showed that instead of stopping marriage and the growth of population, the act had the contrary effect, by divesting the marriage ceremony of disgraceful associations, and by making it, not a mere verbal promise, but a life contract.

Before 1753, no exact record of the number of marriages existed. Since that date, the marriage registers have been preserved in England, and show an increase from 50,972, in 1756, to 63,310, in 1764. The "rage of marrying," writes the amiable Chesterfield, in 1764, "is very prevalent;" just as if he had been alluding to the rage for South Sea stock or for wearing bag-wigs or high-heeled shoes. After many fluctuations, the marriages rose to seventy, eighty, ninety, and a hundred thousand annually, and in the last census (1851) to 154,206. Fourteen millions were added to the population. The increase of the population was 187 per cent., or at the rate of one per cent. annually.

As regards the present conjugal condition of the people, we may state, there were in 1851, in Great Britain, 3,391,271 husbands, and 3,461,524 wives. By this statement it would seem that every gude wife has not a gude man, the number of wives considerably exceeding the husbands. Or, lest it should be thought that any of the three millions and a half husbands entertain Mahommedan notions and have more than one wife, it must be remembered that some thousands of the husbands of England were serving their country abroad in 1851; many were engaged in commerce in far distant lands; some were "to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger," leaving their wives to munch chestnuts at home; while a few, shall we whisper it, may have bolted from their wives altogether. There were 382,969 widowers, and 795,590 widows. (A terrible phalanx to think on!) Of bachelors above twenty and under twenty-one there were 1,689,116, of spinsters of the same ages, 11,767,194. In many instances, of course, and where it is impossible of detection, marriage has been either concealed or simulated. It is not reasonable to suppose that people would tell the enumerator all. In England and Wales, seven per cent. of the female population are widows; in Scotland eight per cent.; in the British islands nine per cent. In London we are blessed with widows to the extent of fourteen per cent., and at Canterbury and Bury St. Edmunds they exceed fifteen per cent. This ought to make one serious. The highest proportion of widows is found, naturally, in seaport towns, where the population consists mainly of seamen, fishermen, boatmen, and such as go down to the sea in ships, and are consequently exposed to sudden death.

Of "old maids" over forty (we may be ungallant, but we must be truthful), there were 359,969, and of old bachelors (shame on them!) 275,204. Of young ladies, spinsters, between the ages of twenty and forty, who, in 1851, were roving "in maiden meditation, fancy free," there were 1,407,225, of young bachelors 1,413,912. Altogether, the number of spinsters above the legal age for marriage (fourteen in the male, and twelve in the female), was 3,469,571, of bachelors 3,110,243. Of all the females in Great Britain between twenty and forty, forty-two per cent.

are spinsters, and of the males of the corresponding periods of life, thirty-one per cent.

We can only afford to cast a hurried glance at the interesting section of the report devoted to the ages of the people. We may state, however, that there were in 1851, in Great Britain, 578,743 "babes and sucklings" (infants under one year). Under the head of longevity, we find that of the inhabitants 596,030 had passed the barrier of threescore years and ten; more than 129,000 were over fourscore; 100,000 had attained the years which the last of Plato's climacteric square numbers expressed (nine times nine = eighty-one); nearly 10,000 had lived ninety years or more; a band of 2038 aged pilgrims had been wandering ninety-five years or more on the unended journey, and 319 said that they have witnessed more than a hundred revolutions of the seasons.

The department of the report devoted to the enumeration and classification of the occupations of the people is perhaps the most interesting and instructive in the work. We should be far out-stepping, however, the proposed limits of this paper, if we were to follow the reporters in their minute disquisitions upon the fourteen different classes into which they have divided the different varieties of occupations; many of the classes themselves being again divided into three or more sub-classes. Let us content ourselves, therefore, with stating the numerical strength of a few of the multifarious workers in this busiest of countries.

Her Majesty the Queen stands of course A, *per se* A: A one and alone; though the tabular report reads oddly thus: Queen *one*, accountants 6605. Old play-goers, and ladies and gentlemen interested in the revival of the drama, will be glad to hear that there are as many as 2041 actors and actresses. There were 3111 barristers, special pleaders, and conveyancers (an intolerable deal of wig and gown to, we are afraid, only a halfpenny-worth of briefs); 94 taxidermists; only 11 armourers; 45 dealers in archery goods; and 2 apiarians, or bee-dealers.

It is with considerable glee and rejoicing that we state that there were only 2 apparitors in Great Britain. We don't know what an apparitor may be, or what he is like; but we

imagine him to be something dreadful in a gown connected with the Court of Chancery. Sometimes we embody him as an incarnation of fees. Or perhaps, like Mawworm, he "likes to be despised," and it is the despising of an apparitor that forms the unpardonable legal sin, contempt of court. At any rate, we are glad to hear that the apparitors were in numbers such a feeble folk. We sincerely hope that they have not multiplied since 1851; and we should like to know the two apparitors—that we might avoid them. Ladies, do you know how many artificial flower-makers there were in 1851? 3510. The number of dealers in crinoline, dress improvers, dress expanders, and *jupes bouffantes*, is not set down. We presume they are to be found under the head of milliners or dress-makers, of whom there were 267,791—a mighty army of vanity. For the wounded in the battle of life, the Miss Kilmanseggs, whose mettlesome horses running away from them may fracture their limbs, and cause them to require golden legs, there were 20 artificial limb and eye-makers.

The artists and painters mustered strong; there were 5444 of them. On the other hand, literature made by no means a conspicuous figure in the returns, only 524 authors being set down, 141 literary private secretaries, and 1320 editors and writers, together with 207 reporters for newspapers, and short-hand writers.

There were only 3 ballad-singers and sellers. This must surely be an under-statement. We can hear four bawling lustily in the street as we write. There were 8 barytes manufacturers; 3 pea-splitters (how many "splitters of straws?" we wonder); 46,661 licensed victuallers and beer-shop keepers; 305 bill-stickers; 9 wooden spoon makers; 16 brass collar makers; 50 buhl cutters; 512 burial-ground servants; 13,256 attorneys and solicitors; 26,015 butchers' wives; 3076 cabbies; 198 capitalists! There were 6 cap-peak makers; 20 cartridge makers; 60 catsmeat dealers; 335 chaffcutters; 55,443 charwomen; 12 chimney-pot makers; 43,760 commercial clerks, and 16,625 law clerks; 103 clerical agents; 3 cocoa nut fibre makers; 15 conjurors and performers at shows; 5 coral-carvers; 61 corn-cutters; 7209 costermongers; 246 courtiers (that is to say, members of the court and household

of her Majesty, exclusive of domestic servants); 10 cover-makers (what covers? dish-covers, table-covers, cloth-covers?); 77 cuppers and bleeders; 32 crossing-sweepers; 101 "blue" manufacturers; 142 danseuses and ballet girls; 20,240 dependants upon relatives: 18,146 of them females, poor things; 15 "doffer" plate-makers; 5 "dulse" dealers; 26,562 independent ladies and gentlemen; 10 gilt toy makers; 21,371 governesses; 884 gravediggers; 17 gridiron makers, and 92 frying-pan makers; 15 "grit" sellers; 40 gut spinners; 48 hame (cart-horse collar) makers; 8 handcuff-makers; 30,533 pedlars; 91 hoblers and lumpers; 7 honey dealers; 88 leech-breeders; 2 female models to artists (we know twelve ourselves); 16 orris (gold and silver lace) weavers; 904,611 paupers, and nothing else; 4367 pawnbrokers; 12 growers of and dealers in rods; 2,697,717 schoolgirls and schoolboys; and 55,020 children receiving tuition at home. There were 746 sheriffs' officers; 130 shroud-makers; 19,075 shepherds; 5 shoeblacks; 2 skate-makers; 238 "stevedores"; 3 water-bailiffs and sea-reeves; 2 ventriloquists; 2 waste paper dealers; 54 water gilders; and 1089 washers of the dead to the Jews.

So much have we set down in a lame and imperfect abstract of the results of the census of 1851. How little we have been enabled to give of the gist of the report may be judged from this concluding and great fact, that the number of facts which had originally to be copied into tabular statements, when the census was taken, exceeded ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS!

A DEAD SECRET.

In what manner I became acquainted with that which follows, and from whom I had it, it serves not to relate here. It is enough that he *was* hanged, and that this is his story.

* * * * *

"And how came you," I asked, "to be—" I did not like to say *hanged* for fear of wounding his delicacy—but I hinted my meaning by an expressive gesture.

"How came I to be hanged?" he echoed in a tone of strident hoarseness. "You would like to know all about it —wouldn't you?"

He was sitting opposite to me at the end of the walnut-tree table in his shirt and trousers, his bare feet on the bare polished oak floor. There was a dark bistre ring round each of his eyes; and they—being spherical rather than oval, with the pupils fixed and coldly shining in the centre of the orbits —were more like those of some wild animal than of a man. The hue of his forehead, too, was ghastly and dingy; blue, violet, and yellow, like a bruise that is five days old. There was a clammy sweat on his beard and under the lobes of his ears; and the sea-breeze coming gently through the open Venetian blinds (for the night was very sultry), fanned his long locks of coarse dark hair until you might almost fancy you saw the serpents of the Furies writhing in them. The fingers of his lean hands were slightly crooked inwards, owing to some involuntary muscular rigidity, and I noticed that his whole frame was pervaded by a nervous trembling, less spasmodic than regular, and resembling that which shakes a man afflicted with *delirium tremens*.

I had given him a cigar. After moistening the end of it in his mouth, he said, bending his eyes towards me, but still more on the wall behind my chair than on my face: "It's no use. You may torture me, scourge me, flay me alive. You

may rasp me with rusty files, and seethe me in vinegar, and rub my eyes with gunpowder—but I can't tell you where the child is. I don't know—I never knew? How am I to make you believe that I don't know—that I never knew?"

"My good friend," I remarked, "You do not seem to be aware that, so far from wishing you to tell me where the child you allude to is, I am not actuated by the slightest curiosity to know anything about any child whatever. Permit me to observe that I cannot see the smallest connection between a child and your being hanged."

"No connection?" retorted my companion with vehemence. "It *is* the connection—the cause. But for that child I should never have been hanged."

He went on muttering and panting about this child; and I pushed towards him a bottle of thin claret. (Being liable to be called up at all hours of the night, I find it lighter drinking than any other wine.) He filled a large tumbler—which he emptied into himself, rather than drank—and I observed that his lips were so dry and smooth with parchedness, that the liquid formed little globules of moisture on them, like drops of water on an oil-cloth. Then he began:

I had the misery to be born (he said) about seven-and-thirty years ago. I was the offspring of a double misery, for my mother was a newly-made widow when I was born, and she died in giving me birth. What my name was before I assumed the counterfeit that has blasted my life, I shall not tell you. But it was no patrician high-sounding title, for my father was a petty tradesman, and my mother had been a domestic servant. Two kinsmen succoured me in my orphanage. They were both uncles; one by my father's, the other by my mother's side. The former was a retired sailor, rich, and a bachelor. The latter was a grocer, still in business. He was a widower, with one daughter, and not very well-to-do in the world. They hated each other with the sort of cold, fixed, and watchful aversion that a savage cat has for a dog too large for her to worry.

These two uncles played a miserable game of battledore and shuttlecock with me for nearly fourteen years. I was bandied about from one to the other, and equally maltreated by both. Now, it was my Uncle Collerer who discovered

that I was starved by my Uncle Morbus, and took me under his protection. Now, my Uncle Morbus was indignant at my Uncle Collerer for beating me, and insisted that I should return to his roof. I was beaten and starved by one, and starved and beaten by the other. I endeavoured—with that cunning which brutal treatment will teach the dullest child—to trim my sails to please both uncles. I could only succeed by ministering to the hatred they mutually had one for the other. I could only propitiate Collerer by abusing Morbus: the only road to Morbus's short-lived favour was by defaming Collerer. Nor do I think I did either of them much injustice; for they were both wicked-minded old men. I believe either of them would have allowed me to starve in the gutter; only each thought that, appearing to protect me, would naturally spite the other.

When I was about fifteen years old it occurred to me, that I should make an election for good and all between my uncles; else, between these two knotty crabbed stools I might fall to the ground. Naturally enough I chose the rich uncle—the retired sailor—Collerer; and, although I dare say he knew I only clove to him for the sake of his money, he seemed perfectly satisfied with my hearty abuse of my Uncle Morbus, and my total abnegation of his society; for, for three years I never went near his house, and when he met me in the street I gave him the breadth of the pavement, and recked nothing for his shaking his fist at me, and calling me an ungrateful hound. My Uncle Collerer, although retired from the sea, had not left off making money. He lent it at usury on mortgages, and in numberless other crawling ways. I soon became his right hand, and assisted him in grinding the needy, in selling up poor tradesmen, and in buckling on the spurs of spendthrifts when they started for the race, the end of which was to be the jail. My uncle was pleased with me; and, although he was miserably parsimonious in his housekeeping and in his allowance to me, I had hopes and lived on; but very much in the fashion of a rat in a hole.

I had known Mary Morbus, the grocer's daughter, years before. She was a sickly delicate child, and I had often teased and struck and robbed her of her playthings, in my evil childhood. But she grew up a surpassingly beautiful

creature, and I loved her. We met by stealth in the park outside her father's door while he was asleep in church on Sundays; and I fancied she began to love me. There was little in my mind or person, in my white face, elf-locks and dull speech to captivate a girl; but her heart was full of love, and its brightness gilded my miserable clay. I felt my heart newly opened. I hoped for something more than my uncle's money bags. We interchanged all the flighty vows of everlasting affection and constancy common to boys and girls; and, although we knew the two fierce hatreds that stood betwixt us and happiness, we left the accomplishment of our wishes to time and fortune, and went on hoping and loving.

One evening, at supper-time—for which meal we had the heel of a Dutch cheese, a loaf of household bread, and a pint of small beer—I noticed that my Uncle Collerer looked more malignant and sullen than usual. He spoke little, and bit his food as if he had a spite against it. When supper was over, he went to an old worm-eaten bureau in which he was wont to keep documents of value; and taking out a bundle of papers, untied and began to read them. I took little heed of that, for his favourite course of evening reading was bonds and mortgage deeds; and on every eve of bills of exchange falling due he would spend hours in poring over the acceptances and indorsements, and even in bed he would lie awake half the night moaning and crooning lest the bills should not be paid on the morrow. After carefully reading and sorting these papers, he tossed them over to me, and left the room without a word. Then I heard him going up-stairs to the top of the house, where my room was.

I opened the packet with trembling hands and a beating heart. I found every single letter I had written to Mary Morbus. The room seemed to turn round. The white sheet I held and the black letters dancing on it were all I could see. All beyond—the room, the house, the world—was one black unutterable gulf of darkness. I tried to read a line—a line I had known by heart for months; but, to my scared senses, it might as well have been Chaldee. Then my uncle's heavy step was heard on the stairs.

He entered the room, dragging after him a small black

portmanteau in which I kept all that I was able to call my own. "I happen to have a key that opens this," he said, "and have read every one of the fine love-letters that silly girl has sent you. But I have been much more edified by the perusal of yours, which I only received from your good uncle Morbus—strangle him!—last night. I'm a covetous hunks, am I? You live in hopes, do you? Hope told a flattering tale, my young friend. I've only two words to say to you," continued my uncle, after a few minutes' composed silence on his part, and of blank consternation on mine. "All your rags are in that trunk. Either give up Mary Morbus—now and for ever, and write a letter to her here in my presence to that effect—or turn out into the street and never show your face here again. Make up your mind quickly, and for good." He then filled his pipe and lighted it.

While he sat composedly smoking his pipe, I was employed in making up my wretched mind. Love, fear, interest, avarice—cursed avarice—alternately gained ascendency within me. At length there came a craven inspiration that I might temporise; that by pretending to renounce Mary, and yet secretly assuring her of my constancy, I might play a double game, and yet live in hopes of succeeding to my uncle's wealth. To my shame and confusion, I caught at this coward expedient, and signified my willingness to do as my uncle desired.

"Write then," he resumed, flinging me a sheet of letter-paper and a pen, "I will dictate."

I took the pen; and following his dictation wrote, I scarcely can tell what now; but I suppose some abject words to Mary, saying that I resigned all claim to her hand.

"That'll do very nicely, nephew," said my uncle, when I had finished. "We needn't fold it, or seal it, or post it, because—he, he, he!—we can deliver it on the spot." We were in the front parlour, which was separated from the back room by a pair of folding-doors. My uncle got up, opened one of these; and with a mock bow ushered in my Uncle Morbus and my cousin Mary.

"A letter for you, my dear," grinned the old wretch; "a letter from your *true love*. Though I dare say you'll have no occasion to read it, for you must have heard me. I speak plain enough, though I am asthmatic, and can't last long—

can't last long—eh, nephew?" This was a quotation from one of my own letters.

When Mary took the letter from my uncle, her hand shook as with the palsy. But when I besought her to look at me, and passionately adjured her to believe that I was yet true to her, she turned on me a glance of scornful incredulity; and, crushing the miserable paper in her hand, cast it contemptuously from her.

"*You* marry my daughter," my Uncle Morbus piped forth —"you? Your father couldn't pay two-and-twopence in the pound. He owed me money, he owes me money to this day. Why ain't there laws to make sons pay their fathers' debts? You marry my daughter! Do you think I'd have your father's son—do you think I'd have your uncle's nephew for my son-in-law?" I could see that the temporary bond of union between my two uncles was already beginning to loosen; and a wretched hope sprang up within me.

"Get out of my house, you and your niece, too!" cried my Uncle Collerer. "You've served my turn, and I've served yours. Now, go!"

I could hear the two old men fiercely, yet feebly, quarrelling in the passage, and Mary weeping piteously without saying a word. Then the great street door was banged to, and my uncle came in, muttering and panting. "I hope you are satisfied now, uncle," I said.

"Satisfied!" he cried with a sort of shriek, catching up the great earthen jar, with the leaden top, in which he kept his tobacco, as though he meant to fling it at me. "Satisfied! —I'll satisfy you: go. Go! and never let me see your hang-dog face again!"

"You surely do not intend to turn me out of doors, uncle?" I faltered.

"March, bag and baggage. If you are here a minute longer I'll call the police. Go!" And he pointed to the door.

"But where am I to go?" I asked.

"Go and beg," said my uncle; "go and cringe to your dear Uncle Morbus. Off with you!"

So saying, he opened the door, kicked my trunk into the hall, thrust me out of the room and into the street, and pushed

my portmanteau after me, without my making the slightest resistance. He slammed the door in my face, and left me in the open street, at twelve o'clock at night.

I slept that night at a coffee-shop. I had a few shillings in my pocket; and next morning I took a lodging at, I think, four shillings a week, in a court, somewhere up a back street between Gray's Inn and Leather Lane, Holborn. My room was at the top of the house. The court below swarmed with dirty, ragged children. My lodging was a back garret, and when I opened the window I could only see a narrow strip of sky, and a foul heap of sooty roofs, chimney-pots and leads, with the great dingy brick tower of a church towering above all. Where the body of the church was, I never knew.

I wrote letter after letter to my uncles and to Mary, but never received a line in answer. I wandered about the streets all day, feeding on saveloys and penny loaves. I went to my wretched bed by daylight, and groaned for darkness to come; then groaned that it might grow light again. I knew no one to whom I could apply for employment, and knew no means by which I could obtain it. The house I lived in and the neighbourhood were full of foreign refugees and street mountebanks, whose jargon I could not understand. My little stock of money slowly dwindled away, and in ten days my mind was ripe for suicide. You must serve an apprenticeship to acquire that ripeness. Crowded streets, utter desolation and friendlessness in them, scanty food, and the knowledge that, when you have spent all your money and sold your coat and waistcoat, you must starve, are the best masters. They produce that frame of mind which coroners' juries call "temporary insanity." I determined to die. I expended my last coin in purchasing laudanum at different chemists' shops—a pennyworth at each, which, I said, I wanted for the toothache; for I knew they would not supply a large quantity to a stranger. I took my dozen phials home, and poured their contents into a broken mug that stood on my washhand stand. I locked the door, sat down on my fatal black portmanteau, and tried to pray, but I could not.

It was about nine in the evening in the summer time, and the room was in that state of semi-obscurity you call "between the lights." While I sat on my black portmanteau,

I heard through my garret window which was wide open, a loud noise; a confusion of angry voices, in which I could not distinguish one word I could comprehend. The noise was followed by a pistol-shot. I hear it now, as distinctly as I heard it twenty years ago, and then another. As I looked out of the window I saw a pair of hands covered with blood, clutching the sill, and I heard a voice imploring help for God's sake! Scarcely knowing what I did, I drew up from the leads below and into the room the body of a man, whose face was one mass of blood—like a crimson mask. He stood upright on the floor when I had helped him in, his face glaring at me like the spot one sees after gazing too long at the sun. Then he began to stagger, and went reeling about the room, catching at the window curtain, the table, the wall, and leaving traces of his blood wherever he went—I following him in an agony—until he fell face-foremost on the bed.

I lit a candle as well as I could. He was quite dead. His features were so scorched and mangled, and drenched, that not one trait was to be distinguished. The pistol must have been discharged full in his face, for some of his long black hair was burnt off. He held, clasped in his left hand, a pistol which evidently had been recently discharged.

I sat by the side of this horrible object twenty minutes or more, waiting for the alarm which I thought must necessarily follow, and resolving what I should do. But all was as silent as the grave. No one in the house seemed to have heard the pistol-shot, and no one without seemed to have heeded it. I looked from the window, but the dingy mass of roofs and chimneys had grown black with night, and I could perceive nothing moving. Only, as I held my candle out of the window it mirrored itself dully in a pool of blood on the leads below.

I began to think I might be accused of the murder of this unknown man. I, who had so lately courted a violent death, began to fear it, and to shake like an aspen at the thought of the gallows. Then I tried to persuade myself that it was all a horrible dream; but there, on the bed, was the dreadful dead man in his blood, and all about the room were the marks of his gory fingers.

I began to examine the body more minutely. The dead man was almost exactly of my height and stoutness. Of his

age I could not judge. His hair was long and black like mine. In one of his pockets I found a pocket-book, containing a mass of closely-written sheets of very thin paper, in a character utterly incomprehensible to me; moreover, there was a roll of English bank-notes to a very considerable amount. In his waistcoat pocket was a gold watch; and, in a silken girdle round his waist, were two hundred English sovereigns and *louis d'ors*.

What fiend stood at my elbow while I made this examination I know not. The plan I fixed upon was not long revolved in my mind. It seemed to start up matured, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter. I was resolved. The dead should be alive, and the live man dead. In less time than it takes to tell, I had stripped the body, dressed it in my own clothes, assumed the dead man's garments, and secured the pocket-book, the watch, and the money about my person. Then I overturned the lighted candle on to the bed, slouched my hat over my eyes, and stole down-stairs. No man met me on the stairs, and I emerged into the court. No man pursued me, and I gained the open street. It was only an hour after, perhaps, as I crossed Holborn towards St. Andrew's Church that I saw fire-engines come rattling along; and, asking unconcernedly where the fire was, heard that it was "somewhere off Gray's Inn Lane."

I slept nowhere that night. I scarcely remember what I did; but I have an indistinct remembrance of flinging sovereigns about in blazing gas-lit taverns. It is a marvel to me now that I did not become senseless with liquor, unaccustomed as I was to dissipation. The next morning I read the following paragraph in a newspaper:—

"AWFUL SUICIDE AND FIRE NEAR GRAY'S INN LANE.—Last night the inhabitants of Cragg's Court, Hustle Street, Gray's Inn Lane, were alarmed by volumes of smoke issuing from the windows of No. 5 in that court, occupied as a lodging-house. On Mr. Plose, the landlord, entering a garret on the third floor, it was found that its tenant, Mr. —, had committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a pistol, which was found tightly clenched in the wretched man's hand. Either from the ignition of the wadding, or from some other cause, the fire had communicated to the bed-clothes; all of which, with the bed and a portion of the furniture, were consumed. The engines of the North of England Fire Brigade were promptly on the spot; and the fire was with great difficulty at last successfully extinguished; little beyond the room occupied by the deceased being injured. The body and face of the miserable

That evening I walked down to the beer-house where I usually met my friend—not with the remotest idea of seeing him, but with the hope of eliciting some information as to who and what he was.

To my surprise he was sitting at his accustomed table, smoking and drinking as usual; and to my stern salutation, replied with a good humoured hope that my head was not any the worse for the *branntwein* overnight.

"I want a word with you," said I.

"With pleasure," he returned. Whereupon he put on his broad-brimmed hat and followed me into the garden behind the house, with an alacrity that was quite surprising.

"I was drunk last night," I commenced.

"*Zo*," he replied, with an unmoved countenance.

"And while drunk," I continued, "I was robbed of my pocket-book."

"*Zo*," he repeated, with equal composure.

"And I venture to assert that you are the person who stole it."

"*Zo*. You are quite right, my son," he returned, with the most astonishing coolness. "I did take your pocket-book; I have it here. See."

He tapped the breast of his grey great-coat; and, I could clearly distinguish, through the cloth, the square form of my pocket-book with its great clasp in the middle. I sprang at him immediately, with the intention of wrenching it from him; but he eluded my grasp nimbly, and, stepping aside, drew forth a small silver whistle, on which he blew a shrill note. In an instant a cloak or sheet was thrown over my head. I felt my hands muffled with soft but strong ligatures; and, before I had time to make one effort in self-defence, I was lifted off my feet and swiftly conveyed away, in total darkness. Presently we stopped, and I was lifted still higher; was placed on a seat; a door was slammed to; and the rumbling motion of wheels convinced me that I was in a carriage.

My journey must have lasted some hours. We stopped from time to time: to change horses I suppose. At the commencement of the journey I made frantic efforts to disengage myself, and to cry out. But I was so well gagged, and bound, and muffled, that in sheer weariness and despair, I desisted.

We halted at last for good. I was lifted out, and again carried swiftly along for upwards of ten minutes. Then, from a difficulty of respiration, I concluded that I had entered a house, and was perhaps being borne along some underground passage. We ascended and descended staircases. I heard doors locked and unlocked. Finally, I was thrown violently down on a hard surface. The gag was removed from my mouth, and the mufflers from my hands; I heard a heavy door clang to, and I was at liberty to speak and to move.

My first care was to disengage myself from the mantle, whose folds still clung around me. I was in total darkness—darkness so black, that at first I concluded some infernal device had been made use of to blind me. But, after straining my eyes in every direction, I was able to discern high above me a small circular orifice, through which permeated a minute thread of light. Then I became sensible that I was not blind, but in some subterranean dungeon. The surface on which I was lying was hard and cold—a stone pavement. I crawled about, feeling with my hands, endeavouring to define the limits of my prison. Nothing was palpable to the touch, but the bare smooth pavement, and the bare smooth walls. I tried for hours to find the door, but could not. I shouted for help; but no man came near me.

I must have lain in this den two days and two nights—at least the pangs of hunger and thirst made me suppose that length of time to have elapsed. Then the terrible thought possessed me that I was imprisoned there to be starved to death. In the middle of the third day, as it seemed to me, however, I heard a rattling of keys; one grated in the lock; a door opened, a flood of light broke in upon me; and a well-remembered voice cried "Come out!" as one might do to a beast in a cage.

The light was so dazzling that I could not at first distinguish anything. But I crawled to the door; and then, standing up, found I was in a small courtyard, and that opposite to me was my enemy, the man of the grey coat.

In a grey coat no longer, however. He was dressed in a scarlet jacket, richly laced with gold; which fitted him so tightly with the short tails sticking out behind, that,

under any other circumstances, he would have seemed to me inconceivably ridiculous. He took no more notice of me than if he had never seen me before in his life; but, merely motioning to two servants in scarlet liveries to take hold of me under the arms, waddled on before.

We went in and out of half-a-dozen doors, and traversed as many small courtyards. The buildings surrounding them were all in a handsome style of architecture; and in one of them I could discern, through the open grated windows on the ground floor, several men in white caps and jackets. A distant row of copper stewpans, and a delicious odour, made me conjecture that we were close to the kitchen. We stopped some moments in this neighbourhood; whether from previous orders, or from pure malignity towards me, I was unable then to tell. He glanced over his shoulder with an expression of such infinite malice, that what with hunger and rage I struggled violently but unsuccessfully to burst from my guards. At last we ascended a narrow but handsomely carpeted staircase; and, after traversing a splendid picture gallery, entered an apartment luxuriously furnished; half library and half drawing-room.

A cheerful wood fire crackled on the dogs in the fire-place; and, with his back towards it, stood a tall elderly man, his thin grey hair carefully brushed over his forehead. He was dressed in black, had a stiff white neckcloth, and a parti-coloured ribbon at his buttonhole. A few feet from him was a table, covered with books and papers; and sitting thereat in a large arm-chair, was an old man, immensely corpulent, swathed in a richly furred dressing-gown, with a sort of jockey cap on his head of black velvet, to which was attached a hideous green shade. The servants brought me to the foot of this table, still holding my arms.

"Monsieur Müller," said the man in black, politely, and in excellent English. "How do you feel?"

I replied, indignantly, that the state of my health was not the point in question. I demanded to know why I had been trepanned, robbed, and starved.

"Monsieur Müller," returned the man in black, with immovable politeness. "You must excuse the apparently uncourteous manner in which you have been treated. The truth is,

our house was built, not for a prison, but for a palace; and, for want of proper dungeon accommodation, we were compelled to utilise for the moment an apartment which I believe was formerly a wine-cellar.. I hope you did not find it damp."

The man with the green shade shook his fat shoulders, as if in silent laughter.

"In the first instance, Monsieur," resumed the other, politely motioning me to be silent; for I was about to speak, "we deemed that the possession of the papers in your pocket-book" (he touched that fatal book as he spoke) "would have been sufficient for the accomplishment of the object we have in view. But, finding that a portion of the correspondence is in a cipher of which you alone have the key, we judged the pleasure of your company absolutely indispensable."

"I know no more about the cipher and its key than you do," I ejaculated, "and, before heaven, no secret that can concern you is in my keeping."

"You must be hungry, Monsieur Müller," pursued the man in black, taking no more notice of what I had said than if I had not spoken at all. "Carol, bring in lunch."

He, lately of the grey-coat, now addressed as Carol, bowed, retired, and presently returned with a tray covered with smoking viands and two flasks of wine. The servants half loosened their hold; my heart leapt within me, and I was about to rush towards the viands, when the man in black raised his hand.

"One moment, Monsieur Müller," he said, "before you recruit your strength. Will you oblige me by answering one question, Where is the child?"

"*Ja*, where is the child?" echoed the man in the green shade.

"I do not know," I replied, passionately; "on my honour I do not know. If you were to ask me for a hundred years, I could not tell you."

"Carol," said the man in black, with an unmoved countenance, "take away the tray. Monsieur Müller has no appetite. Unless," he added turning to me, "you will be so good as to answer that little question."

"I cannot," I repeated; "I don't know, I never knew."

"Carol," said my questioner, taking up a newspaper, and

turning his back upon me, "take away the things. Monsieur Müller, good morning."

In spite of my cries and struggles I was dragged away. We traversed the picture gallery; but, instead of descending the staircase, entered another suite of apartments. We were crossing a long vestibule lighted with lamps, and one of my guards had stopped to unlock a door while the other lagged a few paces behind, (they had loosened their hold of me, and Carol was not with us,) when a panel in the wainscot opened, and a lady in black—perhaps thirty years of age and beautiful—bent forward through the aperture. "I heard all," she said, in a rapid whisper. "You have acted nobly. Be proof against their temptations, and Heaven will reward your devotedness."

I had no time to reply, for the door was closed immediately. I was hurried forward through room after room; until at last we entered a small bed-chamber simply, but cleanly furnished. Here I was left, and the door was locked and barred on the outside. On the table were a small loaf of black bread, and a pitcher of water. Both of these I consumed ravenously.

I was left without further food for another entire day and night. From my window, which was heavily grated, I could see that my room overlooked the court-yard where the kitchen was, and the sight of the cooks, and the smell of the hot meat drove me almost mad.

On the second day I was again ushered into the presence of the man in black, and the man with the green shade. Again the infernal drama was played. Again I was tempted with rich food. Again, on my expressing my inability to answer the question, it was ordered to be removed.

"Stop!" I cried desperately, as Carol was about to remove the food, and thinking I might satisfy them with a falsehood; "I will confess. I will tell all."

"Speak," said the man in black, eagerly, "where is the child?"

"In Amsterdam," I replied at random.

"Amsterdam—nonsense!" said the man in the green shade impatiently, "what has Amsterdam to do with the Blue Tiger?"

"I need not remind you," said the man in black, sarcastic-

ally, "that the name of any town or country is no answer to the question. You know as well as I do that the key to the whereabouts of the child is *there*," and he pointed to the pocket-book.

"Yes; *there*," echoed the man in the green shade. And he struck it.

"But, sir—" I urged.

The answer was simply, "Good morning, Monsieur Müller."

Again was I conducted back to my prison; again I met the lady in black, who administered to me the barren consolation that "Heaven would reward my devotedness." Again I found the black loaf and the pitcher of water, and again I was left a day and a night in semi-starvation, to be again brought forth, tantalised, questioned, and sent back again.

"Perhaps," remarked the man in black, at the fifth of these interviews, "it is gold that Monsieur Müller requires. See." As he spoke, he opened a bureau crammed with bags of money, and bade me help myself.

In vain I protested that all the gold in the world could not extort from me a secret which I did not possess. In vain I exclaimed that my name was not Müller; in vain I disclosed the ghastly deceit I had practised. The man in black only shook his head, smiled incredulously, and told me—while complimenting me for my powers of invention—that my statement confirmed his conviction that I knew where the child was.

After the next interview, as I was returning to my starvation meal of bread and water, the lady in black again met me.

"Take courage," she whispered. "Your deliverance is at hand. You are to be removed to-night to a lunatic asylum."

How my translation to a mad-house could accomplish my deliverance, or better my prospects, did not appear very clear to me; but that very night I was gagged, my arms were confined in a strait waistcoat, and I was placed in a carriage, which immediately set off at a rapid pace. We travelled all night; and, in the early morning, arrived at a large stone building. Here I was stripped, examined, placed in a bath, and dressed in a suit of coarse grey cloth. I asked where I was? I was told in the Alienation Refuge of the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeigiger.

"Can I see the head-keeper?" I asked.

The Herr-ober-Direktor was a little man with a shiny bald head and very white teeth. When I entered his cabinet he received me politely, and asked me what he could do for me? I told him my real name, my history, my wrongs, that I was a British subject, and demanded my liberty. He smiled and simply called—"Where is Kraus?"

"Here, Herr," answered the keeper.

"What number is Monsieur?"

"Number ninety-two."

"Ninety-two," repeated the Herr Direktor, leisurely writing. "Cataplasms on the soles of the feet. Worsted blisters behind the ears, a mustard plaster on the chest, and ice on the head. Let it be Baltic ice."

The abominable inflictions thus ordered were all applied. The villain Kraus tortured me in every imaginable way; and in the midst of his tortures, would repeat, "Tell me where the child is, Müller, and you shall have your liberty in half-an-hour."

I was in the madhouse for six months. If I complained to the doctor of Kraus's ill-treatment and temptations, he immediately began to order cataplasms and Baltic ice. The bruises I had to show were ascribed to injuries I had myself inflicted in fits of frenzy. The maniacs with whom I was caged declared, like all other maniacs, that I was outrageously mad.

One evening, as I lay groaning on my bed, Kraus entered my cell. "Get up," he said, "you are at liberty. I was bribed, by you know who, with 10,000 Prussian thalers to get your secret from you, if I could; but I have been bribed with 20,000 Austrian florins (which is really a sum worth having) to set you free. I shall lose my place, and have to fly; but I will open an hotel at Frankfort for the Englanders, and make my fortune. Come!" He led me down stairs, let me out of a private door in the garden; and, placing a bundle of clothes and a purse in my hand, bade me good night.

I dressed myself, threw away the madman's livery, and kept walking along until morning, when I came to the custom-house barrier of another Grand Duchy. I had a passport ready provided for me in the pocket of my coat, which was found to be perfectly *en règle*, and I passed unquestioned. I

went that morning to the coach-office of the town, and engaged a place in the *Eilwagen* to some German town, the name of which I forget; and at the end of four days' weary travelling, I reached Brussels.

I was very thin and weak with confinement and privation; but I soon recovered my health and strength. I must say that I made up by good living for my former compulsory abstinence; and both in Brussels and in Paris, to which I next directed my steps, I lived on the best. One evening I entered one of the magnificent restaurants in the Palais Royal to dine. I had ordered my meal from the *carte*, when my attention was roused by a small piece of paper which had been slipped between its leaves. It ran thus:—

"Feign to eat, but eat no fish. Remain the usual time at your dinner, to disarm suspicion, but immediately afterwards make your way to England. Be sure, in passing through London, to call on Hildeburger."

I had ordered a *sole au gratin;* but when it arrived, managed to throw it piece by piece under the table. When I had discussed the rest of my dinner, I summoned the garçon, and asked for my bill.

"You will pay the head waiter, if you please, Monsieur," said he.

The head waiter came. If he had been a centaur or a sphynx, I could not have stared at him with more horror and astonishment than I did; for there, in a waiter's dress, with a napkin over his arm, was Carol, the man of the grey coat.

"Müller," he said, coolly, bending over the table, "your sole was poisoned. Tell me where the child is, and here is an antidote, and four hundred thousand francs."

For reply I seized the heavy water decanter, and dashed it with all the force I could command, full in the old ruffian's face. He fell like a stone, amid the screams of women, the oaths of men, and cries of *à la Garde! à la Garde!* I slipped out of the restaurant and into one of the passages of outlets which abound in the Palais Royal. Whether the man died or not, or whether I was pursued, I never knew. I gained my lodgings unmolested, packed up my luggage, and started the next morning by the diligence, for Boulogne.

I arrived in due time in London; but I did not call on "Hildeburger," because I did not know who or where Hildeburger was. I started the very evening of my arrival in London for Liverpool, being determined to go to America. I was fearful of remaining in England, not only on account of my persecutors, but because I was pursued everywhere by the spectre of the real Müller.

I took my passage to New York in a steamer which was to sail from the Docks in a week's time. It was to start on a Monday; and on the Friday preceding I was walking about the Exchange, congratulating myself that I should soon have the Atlantic between myself and my pursuers. All at once I heard the name of Müller pronounced in a loud tone close behind me. I turned, and met the gaze of a tall thin young man with a downy moustache, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and was sucking the end of an ebony stick.

"Monsieur Müller," he said, nodding to me easily.

"My name is not Müller," I answered, boldly.

"You have not yet called on Hildeburger," he added, slightly elevating his eyebrows at my denial.

I felt a cold shiver pass over me, and stammered, "N—n—no!"

"We had considerable difficulty in learning your whereabouts?" he went on with great composure. "The lady was obstinate. The screw and the water were tried in vain; but at length, by a judicious use of the cord and pulleys, we succeeded."

I shuddered again.

"Will you call on Hildeburger now?" he resumed, quickly and sharply. "He is here—close by."

"Not now, not now," I faltered. "Some other time."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," I answered eagerly, "the day after to-morrow."

"Well, Saturday be it. You will meet me here, at four in the afternoon! Good! Do not forget. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Müller."

He had no sooner uttered these words than he turned and disappeared among the crowd of merchants on 'Change.

I could not doubt, by his naming Saturday as the day for our meeting, that he had some inkling of my intended

departure. Although I had paid my passage to New York, I determined to forfeit it, and to change my course so as to evade my persecutors. I entered a shipping-office, and learnt that a good steamer would leave George's Dock at ten that same night, for Glasgow. And to Glasgow for the present I made up my mind to go.

At a quarter before ten I was at the dock with my luggage. It was raining heavily, and there was a dense fog.

"This way for the Glasgow steamer—this way," cried a man in a Guernsey shirt, "this way, your honour. I'll carry your trunk!"

He took up my trunk as he spoke, and led the way down a ladder, across the decks of two or three steamers, and to the gangway of a fourth, where a man stood with dark bushy whiskers, dressed in a pea-coat, and holding a lighted lantern.

"Is this the Glasgow steamer?" I asked.

"All right!" answered the man with the lantern. "Look sharp, the bell's a-going to ring."

"Remember poor Jack, your honour," said the man in the Guernsey, who had carried my trunk. I gave him sixpence and stepped on board. A bell began to ring, and there was great confusion on board with hauling of ropes and stowing of luggage. The steamer seemed to me to be intolerably dirty and crowded with goods; and, to avoid the crush, I stepped aft to the wheel. In due time we had worked out of the dock and were steaming down the Mersey.

"How long will the run to Glasgow take, think you, my man?" I asked of the man at the wheel. He stared at me as if he did not understand me, and muttered some unintelligible words. I repeated the question.

"He does not speak English," said a voice at my elbow, "nor can any soul on board this vessel, except you and I, Monsieur Müller."

I turned round, and saw to my horror the young man with the ebony cane and the downy moustache.

"I am kidnapped!" I cried. "Let me have a boat. Where is the captain?"

"Here is the captain," said the young man, as a fiercely bearded man came up the companion-ladder. "Captain Miloschvich of the Imperial Russian ship Pyroscaphe, bound

to St. Petersburg, M. Müller. As Captain Miloschvich speaks no English, you will permit me to act as interpreter."

Although I feared from his very presence that my case was already hopeless, I entreated him to explain to the captain that there was a mistake; that I was bound for Glasgow, and that I desired to be set on shore directly.

"Captain Miloschvich," said the young man, when he had translated my speech, and received the captain's answer, "begs you to understand that there is no mistake; that you are not bound for Glasgow, but for St. Petersburg; and that it is quite impossible for him to set you on shore here, seeing that he has positive instructions to set you on shore in Cronstadt. Furthermore, he feels it his duty to add that should you, by any words or actions, attempt to annoy or disturb the crew or passengers, he will be compelled to put you in irons, and place you in the bottom of the hold."

The captain frequently nodded during these remarks, as if he perfectly understood their purport, although unable to express them; and, to intimate his entire coincidence, he touched his wrists and ankles.

If I had not been a fool I should have resigned myself to my fate. But I was so maddened with misfortune, that I sprang on the young man, hoping to kill him, or to be killed myself and to be thrown into the sea. But I was chained, beaten, and thrown into the hold. There, among tarred ropes, the stench of tallow-casks, and the most appalling sea-sickness, I lay for days, fed with mouldy biscuit and putrid water! At length we arrived at Cronstadt.

All I can tell you or I know of Russia is, that somewhere in it there is a river, and on that river a fortress, and in that fortress a cell, and in that cell a knout. Seven years of my existence were passed in that cell, under the lashes of that knout, with the one horrible question dinning in my ears, "Where is the child?"

How I escaped to incur worse tortures it is bootless to tell you. I have swept the streets of Palermo as a convict, in a hideous yellow dress. I have pined in the Inquisition at Rome. I have been caged in the madhouse at Constantinople, with the rabble to throw stones and mud at me through the bars. I have been branded in the back in the *bagnes* of

Toulon and Rochfort; and everywhere I have been offered liberty and gold, if I would answer the question, "Where is the child?" At last, having been accused of a crime I did not commit, I was condemned to death. Upon the scaffold they asked me, "Where is the child?" Of course there could be no answer, and I was——

Just then, Margery, my servant, who never will have the discrimination to deny me to importunate visitors, knocked at the door, and told me that I was wanted in the surgery. I went down stairs, and found Mrs. Walkingshaw, Johnny Walkingshaw's wife, who told me that her "master" was "took all over like," and quite "stroaken of a heap." Johnny Walkingshaw is a member of the ancient order of Sylvan Brothers; and, as I am club doctor to the Sylvan Brothers, he has a right to my medical attendance for the sum of four shillings a year. Whenever he has taken an overdose of rough cyder, he is apt to be "stroaken all of a heap" and to send for me. I was the more annoyed at being obliged to walk to Johnny Walkingshaw's cottage at two in the morning, because the wretched man had been cut short in his story just as he was about to explain the curious surgical problem of how he was resuscitated. When I returned he was gone, and I never saw him more. Whether he was mad and had hanged himself, or whether he was sane and had been hanged according to law, or whether he had ever been hanged or never been hanged, are points I have never quite adjusted in my mind.

TEN MINUTES "CROSS COUNTRY."

In the days when railway locomotion was looked upon as something highly interesting, but humorously chimerical and impracticable, a merry fellow prophesied that ere many years, "England would become like a gridiron." A harmless enthusiast, this merry fellow, but slightly amenable to those commissions *de lunatico* with which his brother enthusiasts had been visited: Salomon de Caus for talking some nonsense about steam; Cyrano de Bergerac for his meanderings in aerostation; and that madcap, Galileo, for raving about the movement of the earth. Railroads and thirty miles an hour! How we laughed in our Hessian boots, and Cossack trowsers, and high-collared coats, at the absurdity of the thing; how waggish the committees of the House of Commons waxed; and what smart things the Quarterly Review said about steam. Somehow, the world hath wagged considerably since then, and the prediction of the merry fellow has been, like a great many other jovial prophecies, considerably more than accomplished. The railway gridiron not only spreads itself over the map; but innumerable little auxiliary bars, called branch lines, continue to intersect it; so that the gridiron assumes, day by day, more the aspect of—what shall I say?—a sheet of paper on which a centipede, his hundred legs well dipped in ink, has been executing a cheerful hornpipe. Am I exaggerating? I call witnesses to disprove the assertion: Bradshaw's railway guide, nay, the very stones of the Whistleby station, which as all men know is on the Whistleby, Slocumb, and Dumbledowndeary branch of the East Appleshire line, a succursal of the great Nornor-eastern trunk line. At this station I find myself one Sunday evening provided with a return ticket from Whistleby to Babylon Bridge. The up train—so a porter in a full suit of velveteen, well oiled, tells me—will be due in

twenty minutes. The evening being fine, I see no reason why I should not take a stroll "cross country."

This cross country is not strange to me; for, when I was a dweller in the tents of that Dumbledowndeary of which I have already been bold enough to speak, I frequently wandered from thence to Whistleby, and from Whistleby through that cross country which includes in its circuit, two or three villages, and many farms. Whither shall my walk be now? Two miles away, along green lanes, running between orchards and at the foot of a hill, in a hollow so deep as to be almost like a pit, lies Codlingford. A lovely little village it is, though unhealthy through its situation—so unhealthy, indeed, that it was decimated by the cholera, till the frightened villagers rolled blazing tar-barrels down the steep street to drive the maleficent vapours away. Not hither will I walk now, however; for two great silk-printing factories, with tier above tier of windows in distressing regularity, mar the otherwise charming landscape: tall chimneys tower over the pent-house roofs and swinging inn signs; and streams of indigo and cochineal discolour the once pellucid creek, where I know of several trout, and have some suspicion of perch, even. Not Codlingford-wise, through which the great Dover road runs, and through which it is traditionally reported that seventy stage coaches (when there were coaches) passed every day, will I bend my steps; nor shall my walk be to Crabapple Heath, an inland Dumbledowndeary in miniature, whose inhabitants have run mad on the subject of shops, as those of Dumbledowndeary have upon houses, and have erected Imperial tea warehouses, and "Saloons of Fashion," and Pantechnicons of wearing apparel, and Berlin wool establishments, amid the gorse and furze, and almost as "unprofitably gay;" when, goodness knows the one "everything shop" of the village, whose proprietor dispensed linendrapery, sweetstuff, ironmongery, Leghorn bonnets, patent medicines, boots and shoes, and cheap periodicals, with equal impartiality, was quite enough for their simple requirements. The Crabappleians wait for customers, as do the Dumbledowndearians for tenants. Neither will I wend my steps to the church, a grey old building, with a leaden steeple charmingly out of the perpendicular, whose rusted weathercock, all on one side,

gazes with a sort of sleepy astonishment at the bran-new railway, running close by, and the little railway cottage in Kentish ragstone where a railway *employé* passes his time between whistling, smoking, and warning off the line any stray bullock, which in the absorbing gravity of cud-chewing might otherwise stare an express train in the face, and be thereby converted into premature beef. This church is well worth visiting, though I have not time to tarry there to-day. Mr. Gray might have composed his Elegy in the green churchyard, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;" or in the church where painstaking churchwardens have covered rich oak carvings, and stone pilasters, and fretted roof, with one unvarying coat of whitewash—and would, I dare say, had they had their way, have whitewashed the great squire's pew, with its somnolent crimson-covered hassocks and cushions, its corpulent prayer-books and Bibles, giving an additional coat of priming to the stone tablets erected to worthies who flourished 200 years ago, the monumental brasses telling of mitred abbots and signet-ringed priors, in the days when matins and complins were sung in Dumbledowndeary church, and rich copes and dalmatics hung in the little vestry, instead of the parson's plain gown and surplice, flanked by the "Churchman's Almanack," a paper relating to assessed taxes, a box of lucifers, and the clerk's snuff-box. Mr. Gray, I say, might have meditated on the tombs of a succession of village magnates, "Lords of this Manor of Codlingford," or on the great altar-tomb where some pious dame of the olden time lies in marble, her hands piously joined, and her feet resting on a little dog; or, haply, he might have strolled into the belfry, where hang the frayed and faded bell-ropes, and where a gaily emblazoned board, like a cheerful hatchment, tells of the achievements of the Rochester "youths" in the year of grace, 1730, how many bob majors they rang, and how Jesse Cotes was tenor. He might have moralised on the little gap (like a grave) under the gallery stairs, where the tressels and coil of ropes lie; he might have filled the pulpit with crowds of mind-pictured preachers: shaven friars, cowled penitents, and stoled bishops; Episcopalians with beard and moustache; crop-eared Presbyterians in Geneva band, beating the drum ecclesiastic; red-coated Independents, with Bible in one hand

and broadsword in the other; smug rectors of Queen Anne's time, with rosy gills and cauliflower wigs, upholding Doctor Sacheverell; portly Georgian vicars thundering at the squire (slumbering peacefully in his pew) on a question of doctrine and tithes. He might have wandered into the churchyard again, and listened through the half-opened porch to the organ, tenderly handled by the amateur organist (a worthy man, and a shoemaker, mundanely speaking); or watched the sun-dial, whose hands nor Papist nor Calvinist, stout Episcopalian nor fierce Nonjuror, had been able to tamper with; and gazed at the boats rippling the silver surface of the river, and the purple haze from the fields gradually arising to meet a blue descending veil from heaven, till the shadows were indefinitely prolonged, and the stars began to shine.

But I have no call to do this; for my name is not Gray, and I am no poet. I promised myself and you, reader, a walk; and behold, I have been telling you where we are *not* to go, without instructing you as to where our promenade is really to be. Shall it be to Abbey wood, whose name is all that now remains to recall the once renowned Abbey of Pippinham? But I should have my Dugdale with me to enjoy properly a walk thither. Sitting by this ruined but yet sturdy oak tree, which perchance has sheltered beneath its gnarled branches many a cowled and shaven monk in the old time, sitting thus with the *Monasticon Anglicanum* before me, there would be voices of the past for me in Pippinham Wood. I should live again in the time when there were monks and abbeys; for all that distressingly modern public-house yonder, with its flourishes about "fine ale," and "Poppins's ginger-beer," in lieu of the ancient hostelry, the black-jack, and the stoup of Canary; for all the brutal Vandalism of that brazen bill-sticker who has posted a placard of somebody's weekly newspaper, price threepence, on a charmingly antique wall, all shingle, round pebbles, and moss, a fragment perchance of the old abbey: nay, which might have been a borough, God wot, returning its burgess to Parliament before the Reform Bill.

And, while I yet hesitate as to where I shall walk, I see "looming in the distance," as Mr. Disraeli would say, a wreath of white smoke; and know that in a very few minutes the up train will be due at Whistleby. The bell rings; I

hasten to the platform; Bodlingford, Crabapple Heath, Pippinham Wood, and all the cross country are nothing to me now, for my time is up, and I am bound for Babylon Bridge.

So, also, at a larger station, and on a longer line do we stand, often forgetful that the sands are running through the glass. Now proposing to walk, now to ride; now irresolutely balancing between a jaunt in yon sleepy-looking one-horse fly, and a ride on one of that string of mettlesome hobbyhorses, till another bell rings; and, gliding slowly into the station, comes another train, hung with black, whose stoker carries a scythe and hour glass, and whose guard a mattock and a spade.

THE DALGETTY RACE.

We cannot watch this wonderful world in its workings without being made sensible, every hour, of the system of—not so much reproduction—as re-occurrence. Men, events, diseases, wars, passions, combinations occur, lie dormant for centuries, and then come on us again, identical. 'Twas a beautiful thought of the Italian rhymer, speaking of a great man,

> Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.
> Nature made him, and then broke the die.

The die was broken in moulding Sheridan, as Byron has paraphrased it in his monody; but it is not so actually. The mould indeed is broken, crumbled, and is resolved to ashes; but the die remains; garnered up in Nature's storehouse, and it is taken down and cleaned, and turns out a type of the old stamp, when Wisdom requires it. The coinage in course of time becomes worn, battered, clipped, debased; it is called in; it will no longer pass current; but the matrices are kept in the great mint, and the mint issues broad, bright, brave pieces of the old coinage, from time to time, irregularly and unexpectedly.

Such issues are evoked partly, I admit, by the temper and constitution of the times. As insects come after a shower, and a dead carcase gathers ravens, and a house in Chancery fosters spiders; so, had we a weak bigoted priestridden sovereign, should we have a plentiful supply of the old king-cardinal coinage of the famous Wolsey, Richelieu, Mazarin, Alvarez, Ximenes pattern. With another Covenant we should have, I hope, another Cromwell; another Napoleon would bring with him another band of marshals as famous as the last; another Louis Quinze would assuredly provoke another

Damiens; another Voltaire, another Robespierre in reversion; and I am sanguine enough to believe that a few years' continuance of any future war in which we may unhappily chance to be engaged, would give us another Nelson on the sea, another Wellington on the land—red tape, routine, my lords, and "under consideration," notwithstanding. After all (Solomon, the king of critics, has said it before), the theatre of the world has not an unlimited repertory. Darby and Joan was written before Katharine and Petruchio; Clytemnestra is older than Lady Macbeth. There can be no novelty in the drama of life but the last scene, and the rehearsal; even of that, is deferred till further notice.

I happened to mention casually the contingency of war. That brings me to the subject of this paper. Events, naturally including wars and the rumours thereof, do, according to my theory, turn up, from time to time, as scoriæ are thrown up when Vesuvius loses its temper. And the men-types turn up in like fashion. We have thought them dead, we have thought them extinct, we have thought that the breed has quite died out, like the ibis and the dodo; but they have been lying snugly *perdu* somewhere during times of desuetude, and now start up and cry "Ready, aye ready!" like any Napiers. Give me the event, I will find the men. There is, I am certain, a law-copying clerk somewhere in Cripplegate ready to cast aside his parchments; and, no longer mute inglorious, to write Paradise Lost or the Defence of the People of England, to the admiration of the world and the confusion of Salmasius, if you will only grant me a commonwealth and a high court of justice. I can find dozens of Robespierres in back attics ready to renounce small clothes, to celebrate the Feast of Reason, and to demand your head, my lud, to-morrow. There are communist cobblers in cellars who only lack the opportunity to be Marats; ay, and in quiet country towns there are dreamy young women who only wait the trumpet-call of the Event, to start up Charlotte Cordays and slay the Marats in their baths. If Charles the Second were alive to-morrow, do you think he would have much difficulty in finding a young lady among the *corps de ballet* willing and ready to be created Duchess of Cleveland? There is an old lady in Camden Town, housekeeper to a poor old gouty grand monarque of a single gen-

tleman—give me but a real Versailles and a real Louis Quatorze in his dotage, and see how soon she would be metamorphosed into a real Madame de Maintenon! I know Salomon de Caus well. He has just discovered the perpetual motion, and only wants funds to complete his self-navigating aërial machine. People say he is mad. Just leave the doors of the jewel-office open, and see how soon my acquaintance Colonel Blood (from Camberwell) will steal the regalia. All these types always exist. The *Causes Célèbres* are musty, decayed volumes; yet in peaceable English homesteads there are the same poisoners now. The Borgias are alive in gingham and corduroy; the *aqua tofana* is brewed in earthen mugs, and bought, in penn'orths, at the chemists; every burial club may have its Brinvilliers; every assurance office knows who killed Sir Thomas Overbury, and how Sir Theodosius Boughton's uncle insured his wife's sister's life for five thousand pounds.

The Crimean war called into being a class of characters who, owing to the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, had gradually faded from public view, and had been superseded by younger sons of younger brothers, decayed tapsters, and reduced serving men. Captain Dugald Dalgetty, who since the last great peace was annually sinking deeper and deeper into the stagnant waters of Lethe; who had gradually fallen into neglect, misesteem, obscurity, ridicule, and at length total oblivion; who seemed to have strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage till the impatient audience cried "Out! out (or "Off, off!") brief candle!" then suddenly, Belli gratiâ, re-appeared blooming, confident, swaggering, loquacious, valiant, and venally faithful—with a new scabbard to his Andrea Ferrara, new rivets to his corselet, a fresh feather in his hat, new spurs to his heels, and a new saddle and bridle to his doughty steed Gustavus Adolphus. That war called forth many things that had been slumbering for a quarter of a century in the limbo of peace-pipings. The passions of wild beasts, plunder, provost-marshals, and baggage-waggon Moll Flagons:—Bellona can boast of all these in her train; and with them rides proudly with his long sword ready to thrust for king or kaiser, autocrat or republic, stars or stripes, lion and unicorn or double eagle, Captain Dugald Dalgetty.

I can just recollect, twenty odd years ago, one of the old

Dalgetty stock, Captain Skanderbeggle. He lived next door to us, in a little cottage at Kilburn. He had but one leg; he had a potato snuff-box, given to him—so he said—by General Barclay de Tolly; and his principal occupation was to walk up and down his little garden, and swear. He is associated in my mind, curiously, with a certain tall sunflower in his garden that used to swagger insolently over our palings. Not that his face was yellow—it was excessively red. Not that his face had no better supporter than a stalk; for the captain's face ended in a shiny black stock, and was finished off by a tightly-buttoned blue surtout and nankeen trousers; but both the flower and the man were arrogant, blustering, self-asserting, swayed themselves to-and-fro a great deal, and had an unmistakeable expression of a resolve not to stand any nonsense. Captain Skanderbeggle was good enough to take considerable notice of, and rather a fancy to, me; but he would not stand any of my nonsense either, and, if I were inattentive to the terrific stories he told me, he would hit me a smart cuff on the side of the head, which I never dared resent or complain of to my nurse, for my ideas of the captain's coercive powers over refractory juveniles were illimitable. He was more than a threat of Bogey to me;—he was one of the Bogeys themselves.

A martial life had the captain led. He was of West Indian parentage — from Demerara. "Married a Dutch widow, sir," he was wont to say; "fifty thousand guilders, and five hundred black fellows. Too much sangaree! Cut up with the yellow fever in six months. Clck!" (This last interjection "Clck!" he always made use of as a peroration to his narratives, whether he had been describing a battle, a shipwreck, or a night surprise, the passage of a river, or the execution of a deserter.) Captain Skanderbeggle had received his baptism of fire in some bush-fighting among runaway slaves in the interior of Guiana. "Lay three days and nights in the mud up a creek. Took twenty-seven prisoners, hanged nine, gave the 'Spanso bocko' to eight, and flogged and pickled the rest. Took 'Ugly Toby' the ringleader. Brought his head home in a calabash. Promoted to be captain of militia on the spot. Governor Flemsburg sitting under a banyan tree smoking his pipe. Commission made

out there and then. Clck!" From the West Indies, the captain (he had always been a captain), having converted his fifty thousand guilders into the familiar ornithological specimen known as "ducks and drakes," came to Europe, and appeared to have held some irregular military employment in Ireland during the rebellion in that unhappy country. He used to speak with great gusto of certain people called Croppies, and of the scourging, half-hanging, pitch-capping, and gunpowder singeing, that were necessary to instil proper notions of loyalty and the Protestant religion into their minds; whence I infer that he had been in the Militia or the Yeomanry. Indeed, I think he once told me that he was adjutant in Lord Jocelyn's Fox-hunters; a corps that unearthed innumerable rebellious foxes (without brushes, and with but two legs) in those parlous times. But, as he was always desirous of employment in the regular army, he had solicited and obtained a commission in the King's German Legion, whence he had passed to Lord Beresford's Portuguese Levies, and thence to Sir Hudson Lowe's Corsican Rangers, during his service in which he had the pride and pleasure to put an end to a deadly Corsican *vendetta* that had been raging for upwards of eighteen months; for, happening to catch one Camillo Zamboni, who with a long gun was waiting behind a rock for Pietro Pallavecco, him to kill and slay; and capturing soon afterwards the veritable Pietro, who with a long knife was lying in a ditch waiting for the long-gunned Camillo, and actuated by similarly murderous intentions towards him —he, the astute Skanderbeggle, after reading the first passage in the articles of war that turned up, did then and there hang both Pietro and Camillo on the next tree, to the complete extinction of the feud, and the satisfaction of all parties. There was rather a *hiatus valdè deflendus* in the captain's narrative after this; and he never satisfactorily accounted for the tenure of his brevet-majority in the service of Murat, king of Naples, seeing that the brother-in-law of Napoleon was necessarily at war with us until 1814. How, too, could he have been at the battle of the Moskwa as a captain of Polish Lancers; and how from thence did he subside into the Royal Waggon Train, attached to which he went through the campaign of Waterloo, and to his services in which he owed his

modest pension? Stay: were there not evil-minded people who said that he had been broken as an officer in the English service, and that his pension accrued from certain delicate services he had been able, from his acquaintance with the Italian language, to render the English government at Milan, about the time of Queen Caroline's trial? He went over to South America after that, and had a brush in the war of Independence—on the Royalist Spanish side. They paid, he said, with a wink. In India, afterwards, the Nabob of Futtyghur was very much attached to him, and would have made him commandant of his artillery, had not the services of Skanderbeggle been essential for the organisation of the Rajah of Chillumghee's irregular cavalry. At last he grew old, and broke, and came to tell his battles o'er again and slay the slain thrice over at Kilburn. His sword was turned into a bamboo cane, and Gustavus Adolphus (represented by an old blind pony he used to drive in a gig) was put out to grass.

I am afraid Captain Skanderbeggle was not a very good man, and I don't believe now half the stories he used to tell me of his exploits; but in my childhood I used to think him a very Paladin of valour. It struck me, even then, that he used to swear and drink brandy enough. I used to try (with that glorious privilege of childhood for the personification of shadows) to fancy him my uncle Toby. There was a stout landlady at the Black Lion opposite who would have made an admirable Widow Wadman, and our housemaid was as like Bridget as two peas; but the blustering old captain had nothing in common with the modest large-hearted Captain Shandy. Had poor Lieutenant Lefevre come that way, he might have stopped at the inn, or marched, or gone hang, for ever Captain Skanderbeggle would have sent Corporal Trim to inquire how he did: indeed, he had no Trim, only a dusty old charewoman to wait upon him, at whom he swore oaths enough to tire out the accusing angel's wings as he flew to Heaven's chancery to give them in, and blush—not for shame at a good man's weakness, but for indignation at an old sinner's profanity. He never made any model of the fortifications of Dendermond in the garden;—the only point in which he resembled the captains that fought in the Low

Countries was in his swearing so terribly; but he used to hoist a flag on the anniversary of the capture of some stronghold in the East Indies (where he never was, I suspect), and smoke Trichinopoly cheroots which he said the Rajah of Chillumghee had given him, and hallo out fiercely to the little vagrant boys, and behave altogether like a terrible old Turk. I am sure he was no great scholar; but if he had never read Suwarrow's Soldier's Catechism, he had at least heard, and to the full appreciated, the sapient maxim, that "Booty is a holy thing," for his house was a museum of trophies he had picked up in his wanderings—war-clubs, tomahawks, saddles, bridles, old coats, helmets, sabres, horse-cloths, and shakos. None of these were valuable—he was more a military marine store-keeper than a virtuoso; but he loved to accumulate things, and my friendship with him was brought to a close by a misunderstanding between him and my family, arising from the impossibility of persuading him to return a mallet and handsaw he had borrowed. He insulted us over the palings after this, and fired off two-pounders during the time of Divine Service on Sundays. Peace be with him!

There are not many readers of the rising generation who will recognise this offshoot from the Dalgetty tree. The death of George the Fourth saw the last of this captain; yet they abounded at the period to which I have alluded. If you consider the European nature of the last great war, the many different powers with whom we were allied, the widely-various fields of our military operations, the Dalgetty of that day can be understood.

But there is, or rather was, a captain whom we all recollect. The captain in the Legion. He had big black whiskers (moustachios were not fashionable then, even among military men, save cavalry officers); his name was Captain de Montmorency Ravelin. He had shed his blood for the Queen Isabella Segunda and her exemplary mamma, Marie Christina, on the arid plains of Catalonia; and the ungrateful Isabella had neglected to imburse him his large arrears of pay-pension and allowances; which constrained him to get little bills done; to hold levees of Jews in his bed-chamber of a morning; to run up terrific scores at hotels; to occupy whole pages to himself in tradesmen's ledgers; to frequent occult chambers

where ivory cubes were nightly rattled in cylindrical boxes, and seven was the main and five to four were on the caster; to be put, in fine, to the thousand shifts and embarrassments that a pauper gentleman, utterly unemployed, thoroughly uneducated for any useful purpose, hopelessly idle and passably debauched, must needs suffer when he cannot dig and when to beg he is ashamed. Yes; he had formed one of the famous band of heroes recruited from the docks and the slums, and officered Heaven and the Insolvent Court only knows how, who went out to Spain, and were flogged and not paid, and, as wicked wags reported, once ran away *en masse* from a small body of Carlists, who were instructed to cry out "Stop thief!" which so terrified the worthy legionaries, that they, remembering the adage, "the thief doth fear each bush an officer," bolted without further delay. Who does not remember these poor fellows when they came home, all as tattered and torn as the bridegroom of the maiden all forlorn? They begged about, they appeared at police offices, they swept the streets till the professional beggars found out what a capital dodge the legionary one was, and took to stumped brooms and ragged red jackets. Who does not recollect the unhappy captains—the De Montmorency Ravelins? Every second-hand clothes-shop had one of their swallow-tailed scarlet-coats hanging up outside, with the Queen of Spain's buttons and the Queen of Spain's epaulettes. Some of the Ravelins were on the Carlist side, and were in worse case than the Christinos. They were the terror of tailors; lodging-house keepers groaned when you mentioned their names; waiters called them, sarcastically, "Capting." The Spanish legionary captain was almost as poorly off as a Pole; and touching the degree of estimation in which those unfortunate refugees were held, from the year 'thirty-five to forty, I will relate what my aunt said. My aunt had a niece who was in love with a handsome young man, an artist, but whose name unfortunately ended in wowski. Marriage was spoken of, when up and spoke my aunt, who never before was heard to speak so harshly and said:

"I hope, my dear, you are not going to marry anybody whose name ends in wowski, because he must be a Pole, and many of them, I hear, are swindlers."

And my aunt was a dear good woman, who would not have harmed a worm, or spoken disrespectfully of a Barbary monkey.

About this time, too, the stage took up the captain and made much sport of him. The playwrights converted him, invariably, into an Irishman, gave him a blue-frogged coat, brass spurs, white trousers, and false moustachios, one of which last came off towards the *dénouement*. He was always an intriguing adventurer, had frequently been transported, ordinarily passed under a false name, and was generally removed in custody by a policeman, or kicked down-stairs by the footman at the end of the farce. "Captain" grew to be a bye-word and reproach. A bilker of taverns and victimiser of lodging-houses was a captain. The penny-a-liners revelled in him, and headed their reports, The Notorious Captain in Trouble; Captain L—— Again; A certain Gallant Captain has been Repeating his Infamous Tricks in Hampshire; and the like. The "Captain" rivalled the penny-a-liner's other bread-provider—"the gallant, gay, Lothario."

But, the captains grew so scarce at last that the farce-writers dropped them in contempt, and the penny-a-liners devoted themselves to Magyar noblemen. Some of the Ravelins went back to Spain, to find out coal-mines in the gorges of the Pyrenees. Some took commission agencies for Toboso's hams and the Duke of Garbanzo's sherries—like Captain Strong, whom Pendennis knew. Many went to America, where they went filibustering or beaver-trapping, and sometimes came back and published their Far Western Travels in three volumes, and sometimes fell by the hand of a Mexican hangman, like poor dear Raousset Boulbon. A few had shares in patents—machines for spinning flax from cobwebs, and extracting crimson dyes from egg-shells. One I knew went to California with a venture of lucifer matches, Warren's blacking, digestive biscuits, and Somebody's pills; he is doing well. Gradually, imperceptibly, the Dalgetty type faded away. You no longer saw the captain's name in the provisional committee list of a bubble company. He was superseded by Professor Ravelin, Paracelsus Ravelin, M.D., Condorcet Ravelin, F.R.S. Count Von Swindelheim bilked hotel-keepers instead of the notorious Captain L——. Dalgetty became a myth. The

thousand years of peace seemed to have set in, and Gustavus Adolphus was sold to the dogs'-meat man.

The revolution of 1848, attended as it was by prospects of a general European convulsion, stirred up some feeble sparks of the old Dalgetty element; but they were sparse and soon died out. Some remnants of the erst noble band of captains hurried over from the antipodes to see if there were any hard knocks going; but the Unholy Alliance had the best of it, and the Dalgetties sank to sleep again, as Washington Irving tells us those ghostly Indian chiefs do in the haunted glens about Wolfert's Roost, who start from their slumbers when they hear some distant band carousing, echo back the shouts, and then fall once more into their trance of centuries, with their mouldering bows and arrows by their sides. There was nothing for Dugald Dalgetty to do in 'forty-eight. Mercenary as he was, he was too real and true and noble for the miserable skulking barricade fighting, and bombardment of blind alleys, and beleaguering of back parlours, and slaughtering in cellars.

Who is this comes riding on a white horse, all covered with crimson and golden trappings! Who comes riding so proudly and defiantly, has so firm a seat in the saddle, makes his charger curvet and prance so gracefully! He wears an embroidered caftan, his belt is full of silver-mounted pistols and arabesqued daggers; a jewelled yataghan is slung to his wrist, his head is swathed in a spangled turban, a muslin veil floats from it; glossy is his coal-black beard; he is followed by his cavasses and his pipe-bearer. Who is this Beyzadé, this son of an effendi, this scourge of the giaour? This is Nessim Bey, decorated with the order of the Medjidié, by virtue of an imperial firman, colonel of the staff of the army of Anatolia. He may be a pacha soon and squeeze the rayahs; he receives tourists from Frangistan, and gives them coffee and chibouks. He is brave and merciless. No grass grows where his horse's feet have trodden. His jack-boots are terrible. None can look on his face, it is so radiant. No odalisques are so beautiful as his odalisques. He will be seraskier and marry the padisha's daughter. Did he not make terrible work of the Moscovs whenever he met them? This is Nessim Bey.

Yes, but this is also our old acquaintance Captain Dugald Dalgetty, otherwise Washington Lafayette Bowie, of New York city, in the United States of America. The ardent Bowie has wearied of the puny exercitations of frontier warfare. He is tired of scalping Indians and making topographical surveys; he wants a wider field for his pugnacious predilections, and this is why his Highness the Sultan has one more colonel, and the Muscovites one more deadly foe. I should advise the Muchir Omar Pacha, however, to use, in the next war with the Czar, a little more celerity in his movements, and come to blows with the enemy rather more frequently, than he was able to do in helping to finish the last; for Nessim Bey must have fire to eat, and heads to knock off. Otherwise, there may be found in the Russian hosts some day a Lieutenant-General Bowiekoff; who will never be tired of slaying Turks; whose Christian names are Washington and Lafayette; and who also hails from New York city, United States.

Dalgetty's name is in a fair way to become legion. Do you see that general officer, surrounded by a brilliant staff, bedizened with stars and embroidery? He commands armies; he directs campaigns; he corresponds with princes; he takes the field against thousands. That general officer's name is Dalgettiowski. A few years since he skulked about the purlieus of Soho, a wretched, proscribed, almost starving refugee. He dined for fourpence at a coffee-shop. He seldom washed. He vainly strove to eke out a livelihood by teaching mathematics. But a good time did come, hard knocks were rife, and Dalgetty triumphant.

Captain Sparkles, late of the Plungers, who lost his commission through that ugly chicken-hazard business with young Chawkey; Lieutenant Pluckbare, who was obliged to sell out to pay his debts; all found asylums and commissions in the Dromedary Contingent. Ravelin, who came back from California, with a few thousands, but was still fond of fighting, tried hard for an appointment in the Osmanli Mounted Ostriches; and Captain Strong seriously thought at one time of giving up the Toboso's hams and sherry business, and accepting the post of quarter-master in the Anglo-Kamschatkan Legion.

What a pity that, just as all these honest fighting men were so anxious to draw their swords to carve their way to a little good fortune, their warlike aspirations should have been crushed by PEACE! The world is their oyster, which they with sword would open; and, lo! the crafty diplomatists came and took away the mollusc (for the good of the entire world, though), and left the noble race of Dalgetty but the shells!

MARS A LA MODE.

I LIKE to turn over the pages of that admirably illustrated edition of the Life of Napoleon, in which M. Horace Vernet has poured forth all the riches of his facile pencil, his varied powers of expression, and his vast erudition in military matters. Glancing at the varieties of garb assumed by the Emperor at different stages of his career—from the long frock coat and embroidered collar of the pale meagre young man with flowing locks who commanded the artillery at Toulon, and crossed the Bridge of Lodi: to the laurel-crowned Imperator in that strange coronation costume invented for him by Talma; the velvet robe sewn with golden bees, the lace ruff, the long eagle-tipped sceptre; from the world-known little cocked hat, high boots, and gray great coat worn by the stern, sad, ruined man who bade his troops adieu at Fontainebleau, to the straw hat, linen jacket and loose pantaloons of Longwood, St. Helena; glancing at all these, I try to conjure up to myself an idea of that ghostly Midnight Review which poetry has imagined, and painting and music have successively striven to express. If such an impossible sight could ever be, how much of awful grandeur, yet how much of fantastic eccentricity it would present! As the ghostly drums beat, and the unearthly trumpets sounded, the graves of this vast military household—severed so far and wide, by mount, and stream, and sea—would give up their dead. From the icy barriers of the Alps; from the plains of Lombardy; from the shadow of the Pyramids, the choked trenches of Acre, and the poisoned wells of Jaffa; from the snows of Eylau, the ensanguined banks of the Danube; the charred embers of Moscow, and the icy waters of the Beresina; from the sierras and ravines of Spain; from beneath the golden barley at Ligny, and from the ashes of the château of Hougomont; they would all come. The ardent young volunteers of the Republic in its first stormy

days; the Requisitionaries, the peasant soldiers who, without bread, without shoes, almost without arms, crossed the Alps to find shoes and bread (and some of them death, and some of them thrones, and some of them marshals' bâtons) on the other side; the revolutionary generals with high plumed hats, long coats, tricoloured sashes, and topboots; the glittering barbarically clothed Mamelukes; the fleet-mounted Guides; the cumbrous artillery; the brilliant hussars, all furs and embroidery, led by the famous sabreur with the snow-white plume; the Old Guard with their high caps, long grizzled moustaches, and clean white gaiters; the beardless conscript; the grenadier of the isle of Elba; the red Polish lancer; the steel-clad helmetted cuirassier of Waterloo, breaking his valorous heart and strength against the English squares: these would all be there. From three quarters of the earth would these grisly warriors arrive; the bones assembling, the muscles reclothing, the tattered uniforms enveloping; epaulettes shining through shrouds; coffin-plates glistening into gorgets; the mouldering dust and ashes gathering into a mighty army, as in the days of old in the valley which was full of dry bones. The smoke of the battle would be seen; its roar would be heard above the vapours of the tomb: the countersign once more Waterloo, and the watchword St. Helena!

I can't help it. I do my best to be serious; but through the very centre of this ghastly spectacle of the imagination there will persist in piercing, a fantastic, ludicrous mind-picture of a conclave of commanders-in-chief, members of clothing boards, military tailors, and army-accoutrement makers, sitting in perturbed and anxious deliberation in *re vestiariâ*,—as to how the British soldier is henceforth to be clad. I have somewhere read of a French *savant* who was present at a dinner table where a violently ponderous theological discussion formed the conversation. Questions of doctrine, of discipline, of polity, were elaborately argued. Everybody had his theological praxis to state and to maintain; all hammered the table, and raised their voices to the loudest pitch, save one grave, pale-faced gentleman, who, clad in solemn black, with a white neckcloth, ate and drank prodigiously, but said never a word. The *savant* at last grew some-

what nettled at the grave man's taciturnity, and charged him with a theological poser of the abstrusest description. It behoved the man in black to say or do something. Whereupon, with the severest gravity he drew towards him a silver candlestick, drew from it the wax candle, threw it up over his head, so as to describe a double summersault, which it did so accurately as to return into the candlestick; then, while his audience were still staring with amazement, the silent man rose, drew back his chair a few paces, leaped high into the air, turned head over heels, and fell into his seat on the chair without moving a muscle of his face. The man in black was indeed no other than Debureau, the renowned mountebank of the Funambules, and I need not say that he spoilt the learned theological discussion for *that* evening.

In like manner my vagabond thoughts have been turning head over heels in the Merry Andrew fashion,—and the awful solemnity of Napoleon reviewing his spectral braves, gives place to vulgar notions of sealed patterns, regulation coatees, felt helmets, shell jackets *versus* tunics, the virtues and vices of gold and worsted lace, the weight of knapsacks, the circular or conical form of bullets, the abominations of stocks and shoulder belts, the cloth yard, the sleeve board, and the tailor's goose. Mars in his aspects of fire, famine, and slaughter, is entirely superseded by Mars *à la mode*.

The only midnight review I can picture to myself, in my present frame of mind, is a phantasm, which, when one of those clothing-board members or army tailors lays his head on his bolster at night, might rise before him after the vexed discussions of the day. All the absurdities and variations of centuries of military fashion might troop past his bed to the rough music of thimbles and shears. The Roman legionary with his casque and buckler, his spear and lambroquins; the sergeant of Queen Boadicea's body-guard, with his knotted club, and mantle of skins, the rest of his body naked, and stained with woad, dark blue, in a neat but not gaudy manner; the kernes and gallowglasses of General Macbeth; the shock-headed woollen-clad Saxons; the half-naked, golden collar and bracelet bedizened hordes of Canute the Dane; the trim-shaven Normans, with registered shirts of mail; men at arms with morions, battle-axes, curtal-axes, maces, arbalests,

pikemen, javelin men; archers in Kendal green, with their cloth-yard shafts; Elizabethan arquebusiers, with tin-pot helmets, and small-clothes stuffed out to a preternatural size; Cromwellian troopers with buff coats, bandoliers, and Bibles; Life Guards, in slouched hats and feathers, periwigs, laced cravats, and boots like buckets; also in shovel hats, three-cornered hats, cocked hats, "coach-wheel" hats, cocked hats again, muff caps, helmets with tops like mutton chops, German silver helmets with white, red, and black plumes; in jack boots, gaiters, Wellington boots, and jack boots again; in Ramilies wigs, bob-wigs, pigtails, powder, and their natural hair. The infantry of the line with caps of every imaginable form: like porringers, like candle boxes, like beer-warmers, like Chinese pagodas, like pint-pots, like flower-pots: with epaulettes, successively like ornamental bell-pulls, like frogs turned pale and in convulsions, like swollen sausages, like mops without the handles, like balls of Berlin wool without the crochet needle, like muffins fringed round their circumference: in coats single-breasted, double-breasted, pigeon-breasted; with waistbands, now just below the armpits, now just above the knees; with long tails, short tails, tails turned back, tails turned forward, and no tails. In pipeclayed smalls, and successively in short, long, tight and loose trousers: in half gaiters, in short gaiters, and in long gaiters, with fifty or sixty buttons to button and unbutton per diem: in half boots, whole boots, and ankle-jacks; in buckled shoes, clasped shoes, and laced shoes. In all manners of belts, straps, stocks, tags, loops, tassels, fringes, furbelows, stars, stripes, flourishes, scrolls, peaks, laps, facings, edgings, snippings, and crimpings; now with "a sleeve like a demi-cannon," here up and down, carved like an apple-tart there; slish and slash, like to a censer in a barber's shop. What would all Napoleon's reviews be to that British parade of the ghosts of bygone fashions; of spectral pipeclay, of hair powder deceased, of heelball tottering, of crossbelts moribund, of stocks dead? A sort of *galop infernal* of past and present helmets, shakos, coatees, knapsacks, belts, boots, and epaulettes, would seem to pass before the dazzled eyes of the arbiter of military costume. I do not myself wonder much at the indecision which has prevailed, and at the delay which has arisen in the choice

of a new costume for the army. Mars has been *à la mode* in so many different shapes; he has been so frequently nipped and snipped, patched, sewn-up, and taken to pieces again, that it does not cost the imagination much to figure him standing now and then, like the old caricature of the contemplating Englishman, naked with a pair of shears beside him, in dire uncertainty as to what dress he shall wear next.

Among the many themes for wonderment and meditation which a sight of the great Duke of Wellington used, in his lifetime, always to afford me, was the thought of the immense variety of uniforms the brave old man must have worn during his lifetime. For the Duke, be it remembered, was always in the fashion, and, within a week of his death, was perhaps the best-dressed gentleman in England. Yet in his first ensigncy he must have worn hair-powder and a pigtail, a cocked hat as large as a beadle's, silver bell-pull epaulettes, tights like a rope-dancer, and ankle-jacks not unlike those of a dustman. The Duke of Wellington in a pigtail and ankle-jacks! Can you reconcile that regulation costume of the subaltern in the Thirty-third Foot with the hessian boots and roll-collar of Talavera: the gray frock, glazed hat, white neckcloth and boots named after himself, of Waterloo: the rich field-marshal's uniform, covered with orders, of the snowy-headed old patriarch who smiles upon the baby Prince, in Winterhalter's picture. Or, to offer a stronger contrast, what can be more antagonistic to the pigtail and the ankle-jack, than the gorgeously-attired old hero, his peer's robes above his glittering uniform, carrying the sword of state before the Queen of England at her coronation?

There has been of late days a general outcry against, and a vehement demand for, the radical reform of the costume of the British army.* Common sense at home has cried out against some of its most manifest absurdities, and experience has inveighed against it from the tented field. The agitation for the remodelling of Mars has been much more vehement among the civilians than among the followers of the warlike god himself. Captain Nolan modestly hints in his book at

* This paper first appeared in 1854, since when several changes have been made in the costume and equipment of the British army.

the superiority of wooden over steel scabbards for cavalry. Some military authorities have gently presumed to doubt the benefits arising from hussars having an extra jacket into whose sleeves they never put their arms; of their wearing caps like ladies' muffs, with red silk bags hanging from the side, and shaving brushes atop; and have suggested a sensible alteration here, a strap the less there. Without fuss or parade, they quietly object to gold-lace. But your great civil authorities will have no half measures. "Reform it altogether!" they shout wildly. No more stocks, no more white ducks, no more epaulettes, no more shaving, no more button-brushes, no more cherry-coloured pantaloons, no more bear-skin caps, knapsacks, pipeclay, belts, facings, lace, or embroidery. They write fifty thousand letters to The Times, in which the absurdities of military dress are dwelt upon with savage irony and excruciating humour. The dress, and accoutrements, and discipline of the troops of his Majesty the King of Candy, his Majesty the Emperor of the Patagonians, and her Majesty the Queen of the Amazons, are vaunted to the skies; to the deep disparagement of our own miserable, worthless, absurdly clad, troops, who can't breathe, work, stoop, walk, run, stand, or fight. The Candian chasseurs owe their superlatively greater skill in hitting a mark to their unimprisoned arms and wide trousers; the Patagonian sappers and miners survey, plan, dig, sap, and mine in an infinitely superior manner because of their comfortable boots; even the Amazonian bashi-bazouks—dressed in a reasonable manner; and not in the infamous, atrocious, absurd, hideous, stifling, choking, murderous way that ours are—do greater execution in the field.

Now, this is all very well up to a certain point. That a great deal needed to be mended, in the equipment of our fighting men, and that a great deal must still be mended, no reasonable person can doubt. Comfort, expediency, safety, and economy, demand many changes in the uniform of cavalry, infantry, and artillery—of the general camp, pioneers and all. I shall be glad to see these changes made speedily; though not without deliberation. If they are not found to be advantageous, try back and begin over again. Remember Bruce and the spider. Only last Saturday, at the little club where I

enjoy my harmony, pending the arrival of my election at the Carlton, I heard a gentleman attempt Norah the Pride of Kildare no less than seven times. He broke down regularly, and always at the same place, but was not the least disconcerted at being requested to "try back," and at last accomplished the ditty to the entire satisfaction of the room. In military tailoring, as well as in singing, the illustrious performers may try back with great advantage.

In this great "Reform your (military) tailors' bills," however, I cannot go so far as the fifty thousand letter writers in The Times. I will not pin my faith upon Justitia, who shrieks for shooting jackets; I will not swear by Veritas, who screams for short blouses with leather belts, and plenty of pockets in front; I will not adhere to the excited letter writers who vehemently demand the immediate abolition of all epaulettes, plumes, and embroidery as abominable. In this somewhat (to my mind) fierce and sweeping denunciation of military smartness and finery, I trace the presence of that indefatigable sect of religionists who swear by bristles, snouts, grunts, and curly-tails.

There are many absurdities, many inconveniences, many ridiculous dandyisms, in the costume of the army. Granted. Frock coats protect the thighs better than coatees; epaulettes are useless lumps of bullion; helmets are preferable to shakos; buttons and lace are so much metal and lace thrown away. Granted, granted, granted. Therefore dispense with the slightest attempt at ornament, and stop short of a button beyond the number absolutely necessary. No, I cannot quite come to that. I cannot in anything whatsoever yield myself up, bound hand and foot, to the uglifiers—men who have an innate, though I am willing to believe an unconscious, hatred of everything in which there is the slightest trace of beauty, symmetry, or fancy. I tremble for the day when the British grenadier, attired by whole-hoggery in the severest style of utilitarianism, would be nothing but a slovenly, slouching, tasteless, hideous guy. I don't want him to be a guy. I want him to be sensibly, comfortably, and usefully dressed; but I would leave him a little pride in himself, if he be, as Captain Bobadil says, so generously minded; and I doubt if he or anybody else would be much the worse for it.

COUNTY GUY.

Sir Walter Scott has a refrain to one of his charming ballads, in the form of an interrogation. The guests are met; the bride is ready (as far as I can recollect), but the bridegroom is missing; and the poet plaintively asks:

"Where is county Guy?"

I shall be glad to inform the literary executors and assigns of the Wizard of the North of the whereabouts of the Guy so anxiously inquired after. It needs not an advertisement in the second column of The Times to move him to return to his allegiance. County Guy is to be found, in great variety of form, and in most flourishing condition, in the County Militia.

Now, I do not object abstractedly to Guys in their proper place. If bigotry and intolerance never found a more dangerous outlet for their cruel passions, than the forlorn straw-stuffed old scare-crow, with steeple hat, pipe in mouth, outward turned fingers, and inward turned toes, that with dark lantern and matches, and doggrel rhymes, is paraded about London, every 5th of November, we should hear far less about Maynooth and Peter Dens, Orange processions and the Scarlet Woman. I don't mind a Guy stuck on a pole, in a field, to frighten the crows away. I can bear with that Guy of Guys, the serjeant-at-arms, when, with a gilt poker over his shoulder, he precedes Black Rod to the table of the House, with a message from the Lords. He is, there, the right Guy in the right place. Guildhall, too, is properly graced by the two Guy Giants, Gog and Magog. So is a pantomime by the Guys in huge masks. But I must and do solemnly protest against the introduction

of the Guy element into the British Army. I think it foul scorn that the brave men who are ready to spill their blood for us like water, as their brethren in the line have already done, and to carry the glory of the meteor flag of England to the ends of the earth, should be swathed—for they are not dressed—in habiliments needlessly and offensively ugly and ridiculous.

In the preceding paper—"Mars à la Mode," written more than a year ago, I essayed to point out the errors into which we were then in danger of running. Cheerfully admitting the necessity for an immediate and radical reform of the dress and accoutrements of the army; recognising in all their indefensibility the abominations of the stock, the coatee, the tight shoulder straps, the heavy shakos, the unwieldy brown bess; I yet foresaw how our glorious routiners would run —straight as a bull at a gate—into the opposite extreme; how, while reforming, they would destroy; how, while simplifying, they would uglify. Behold the result. Routine, clothing boards, sealed patterns, army tailors, have done their work. The tailor's goose has cackled, and we have an army of Guys.

Let any man walk the streets of any county town, or of the suburbs of the metropolis, and look at the Militia. The eye hath not seen, the ear hath not heard of, such Guys. They can't help being raw lads, loutish in aspect and awkward in gait. Time and the drill sergeant will set all that right. I grant the tunic in which the militiaman is dressed, properly fashioned and proportioned, is a sensible, serviceable garment: but, shades of good taste, symmetry and common-sense! is there any necessity for the unhappy County Guy to wear a hideous blanket-rag which is in shape neither a tunic, a frock, a blouse, a smock, a jacket, a jerkin, nor a vest, but which vacillates imbecilely between all these stools, and must fall to the ground at last, as a preposterous absurdity? Is there anything in the articles of war that renders it imperative for this miscalled tunic to be dyed a dingy brickdust colour —like a bad wine stain or an old iron-mould—and for the monstrosity to be finished off with facings that give the wretched militiaman the appearance of having a sore throat. Where is Mr. D. R. Hay and his theory of the harmony of

colours? Where is the School of Design? Where are the commissioners of nuisances? Is there any passage in the Queen's Regulations that points out as necessary to the good discipline of the army that the militiaman's tunic shall not fit him, and that, in accordance with the approved Treasury Bench system of the square men being put into the round holes, the tall men should be put into the short men's coats, and *vice versâ?* Why, because military costume is so reformed, should the miserable militiaman be thrust into shrunken trousers, baggy at the knees, and too short in the calf? Why should his head be extinguished by an unsuccessful modification of the Albert hat?

Why should he be made ten thousand times more forlorn and ludicrous in appearance than Bombastes' army, than any of Falstaff's ragged regiment; than any of the awkward squad?

It would be quite bad enough if things ended here; but County Guy, brave fellow, is ready to volunteer into the line, the cavalry, or the guards, so the costume of the line, the cavalry, and the guards, has been expressly Guyified to suit him. I have seen stalwart sergeants in line regiments—erst trim soldierly men—wandering furtively about the recruiting districts in the purlieus of Westminster, in the new costume, and manifestly ashamed. When Louis Napoleon came over here with his Empress on a visit to our gracious Queen, in 1855, I saw, in his escort to the City, some cavalry officers dressed in a new costume, in appearance somewhere between that of foreign couriers, horse-riders at Franconi's, and Lord Mayor's postilions. And on the following Sunday, crossing Trafalgar Square, I saw the Foot Guards marching home to their barracks on their way from church. I declare that their appearance gave me the horrors for the rest of the day. Their "togs" (no word out of the domain of slang will at all convey an idea of their ugliness), ill-made, ill-fitting; their bearskins, so boastfully cut down awhile since, manifestly more cumbrous and unshapely than before. There was one juvenile officer who slunk along, his head—poor little boy—aching and fevered, perhaps, by last night's Haymarket frolics—quite buried and weighed down by his enormous muff-cap. When the regiment, on an omnibus passing, broke into a

quick, running step, to see this little officer trotting across the square, his small legs kicking up the dust, his puny sword flickering in his hand, and the skirts flip-flapping in the summer breeze, was a sight to make the friends of bad taste laugh.

SHOPS.

I PITY the man who cannot be astonished. Yet there are many such men—people of so *non mirabolant* a nature, so cold-blooded, so fishy in temperament, that they marvel at, are perplexed, or are bewildered by nothing. If the ghost of their grandmother were to rise before them, they would request the apparition to shut the door and be seated. If the sky were to rain potatoes, they would simply thank Heaven for its bounties, and perhaps give themselves the trouble to entreat that, next time it rained, it would rain upwards instead of downwards. As Murat said (or is said to have said) of Talleyrand—you might kick them in the back for hours without the slightest change of countenance passing over them. An earthquake in Regent Street, a maelstrom in Chelsea Reach, a sirocco in Pall Mall, the sea-serpent in the Fleet Ditch, an alligator in Fetter Lane, snow in July, and sunstrokes in January—all these marvels would draw from them no observation more denoting agitation than a languid "Dear me!" or a feeble "How curious!" If the earth were to stand still, and the sun to turn green, they would, with a minute's reference to their almanacks, take the phenomena for granted. With them the world is a ball on which they live, and what there may be inside it, or underneath it, or above it, is no concern of theirs. In society they are known as "people who mind their own business;" and being a rather numerous class, and comprising within their ranks many peers, landed proprietors, bankers, and merchants, are highly esteemed and respected for their want of curiosity and their discreet immobility. They make money; and as for the poor people who can be and are astonished, and whose astonishification leading them from inquiry to discovery, and thence to the invention of machines, to the elucidation of scientific truths, and to the perfection of the arts which adorn

and humanise society—they live up steep flights of stairs, and don't dine every day.

As for me, I cannot walk a hundred paces into the street without seeing something to be wonder-stricken and amazed at. I am astonished at the ways of men, women, and children, and at the astonishing clothes they wear; at the ways of dogs, errant and stationary; at the ways of the noise, the dust, the rain, the heat; the frantic turmoil and straining moneywards and pleasurewards; the rags and the velvet; the gold and the dirt; the jewels and the sores; the rattling of patent-axled wheels and the paddling of bare feet. Are not these enough to fill me with amazement—to cause me to be bewildered, perplexed? I wonder at the day, at the light, at the bridge, at the river; the houses standing so bravely upright, and so seldom tumbling down; the countless vehicles, so seldom running foul of one another; the countless pedestrians, so seldom run over. I wonder at Myself—why and what, and who and how I am, and why my feet love more to press City stones than verdant fields; at other people—who they are, what they are, where they are going to, and why they are all in such a hurry; until, astonished and wonder-filled at everything, I become somewhat dazed; and, turning into a shop to collect and to rest myself a little, begin to be astonished harder than ever at Shops.

To the serene orders of mankind a shop is a shop—a room, tenement, messuage, or holding, containing, on the shelves and counters and in the windows thereof, certain goods and merchandises; which, for a specified money-consideration called a price, you may carry away, or cause to be conveyed to your own messuage or tenement. The proprietor of the Shop is a shopkeeper, and his assistant is a shopman; and the youth who carries your parcel home is a shopboy; and you have been shopping—and that is all. Your Serenity sees nothing to be surprised at in a Shop. Why should your Serenity? Your Serenity takes Shops—as it takes life, love, children, riches, place and power—as certain things proper to Be, and therefore Being; for you created and by you enjoyed. What can it matter to your Serene Opulence where the worm came from whose cocoon your purple robe was woven—or whence the slaves came who spun your fine linen? What

has your Unmoved Complacency to do with the goldsmiths who welded your chain of office—or the artificers who cut, and set, and fashioned your signet-ring? Why should your Composed Urbanity—your Immobile Gentility, that wonders at nothing, not even at kings, or coronations, or funerals, condescend to wonder at shops? Low, vulgar places with iron-stanchioned shutters, kept by varlets in aprons; with tills, and scales, and day-books in which they register their gross transactions.

Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. Right or wrong (wrongly, I think, for the shopkeeping element cannot be stronger than in France, where, besides, it never goes beyond shopkeeping; while ours carries us on to mercantile operations on a gigantic scale), the appellation has stuck to us. Still, with all our devotion to shopkeeping, we are apt to feel a little sore, and a little humiliation, at our connection therewith, and strive to sink the Shop at every convenient opportunity. Few terms in the English language are taken in so contumelious and insulting a sense as shopboy, shop-walker, or counter-jumper: the press and the caricature-sheets teem with poignant satires on such degraded beings, who become lord mayors, aldermen, merchant princes not unfrequently. Those of us who do keep shops are prone to conceal our servile avocation under some pseudo-classical cognomen. We call our shops warehouses, emporiums, repositories, stores, pantechnicons, establishments, *magasins*, anything but what they really are—Shops. Our shopkeepers are merchant tailors, *chemisiers*, artists in hair, purveyors, *costumiers*, *corsetiers*—anything but tailors, shirt-makers, hair-workers, grocers, or stay-makers. Why is this? Why, as we have hinted in a previous page, should it be considered mean and paltry to make a gentleman's coat, and something high and genteel to manufacture the cloth the coat is made from. The Leeds clothier is a gentleman, a county magistrate perchance, and a master of hounds; the Pall Mall tailor is a snip, the ninth part of a man, a beast with a bill. Sir Muscovado Cane (of the firm of Cane, Lump, and M'Trash, of London and Cutchcumapoor) is senior partner in a great East India house, dealing in rice, sugar, pepper, and spices. Thomas Sandy-grits, proprietor of the original golden teapot, in High Street,

Shoreditch, deals also in sugar, pepper, and spices; yet what an almost immeasurable distance there is between the two shopkeepers:—the one whose shop has a plate-glass frontage and a mahogany counter, and the one whose goods are stored in a musty, rat-infected warehouse up goodness knows how many flights of stairs, with great cranes like gibbets outside the windows. Sir Muscovado is a director of the Bank of England, and at his country residence at Putney he rears the finest hothouse grapes in this realm. He goes to court in a golden coach and a golden coat; he dines with Cabinet Ministers. Sandygrits is simply an elder of Little Rabshekah Chapel, hard by, smokes his pipe nightly in the parlour of the Hog and Tongs public-house, and has serious thoughts of marrying his daughter Jemima to young Joseph Sweetbread, the butcher of Kingsland. Can you, without being astonished, view the enormous social gulf that yawns between these two men, brothers in calling, aspirations, and sympathies—for both yearn but for one great object: to buy their sugars and rice in the cheapest market, and sell them in the dearest? Yet do you imagine that the head of the great Cutcheumapoor firm would ever take, in public or in private, the slightest notice of the grocer—that Lady Cane would sit in the same apartment, eat at the same board, as Mrs. Sandygrits? Why? Is it more honourable to sell a hogshead of sugar than a pound—a bale of cloth than an ell? Why is there such an enormous social disparity between Mr. Sheriff Slow who contracts to supply the Horse Guards with jackboots, and Mr. Crispin Snob who mends my bluchers? Who made all these rounds of the social ladder?

Of the infinite variety of shops which afford scope for criticism as to their internal economy and exercise for the faculty of astonishification, I now propose to select a few; and among these I shall be careful to select those in which I can exemplify the influence which this age of progress has made or failed to make in shops as well as men.

Take the Everything Shop. It was situated three or four miles from London, on the high road. The one I take for a type, and with which my earliest recollections are entwined, was situated somewhere on the road to Edgware—not more than a mile and a half, I believe, west of that ghastly range

of villas where years ago the mutilated trunk of Greenacre's victim was discovered, sewn up in a sack. Jerry Nutts kept this shop. He was a weird old man, horrible in aspect, and, to my young mind, shared with the goblin potman at the Black Lion opposite all the attributes of "Bogey." Jerry Nutts's face was, I remember, of an unwholesome pasty hue, like a half-congealed suet-pudding. The anatomy of his face seemed all wrong, for where you expected bones, there were deep hollows in his countenance, and where you looked for fresh, osseous protuberances. He had inflamed pink lines for eyelids. He had a dreadful old semi-bald head, where the sutures of the skull were minutely defined in inlaid dirt, and at either lateral extremity of which a flabby ear kept watch and ward like a scarecrow to frighten the hairs away. A rimy stubble upon his lips and chin; two purple marks on his cheeks, as if all the blood he had had in his cheeks had gathered there and stagnated; a filmy eye; an indescribable leer of malice and ill-temper; and teeth yellow, crooked, and wide apart, gave this old man such a vicious, unsightly aspect, that he was the terror of all the children who were his customers. I never heard of anything unfavourable to Jerry, however. Beyond his general forbidding demeanour, he was reported to be a hard man: that is, he never gave any credit, and usually refused to subscribe to any incidental charity or testimonial; but he paid his way, and sold good articles, and was, take him all in all, a quiet civil neighbour. So Jerry prospered.

Jerry sold everything, almost. Linendrapery, hosiery, stationery, confectionery, grocery, toys, books, hats, caps, and bonnets. If we were good, Jerry sold the marbles, tops, and story-books with which we were rewarded. If we were naughty, from Jerry's shop came rods and canes wherewith to chastise us. Were we in good health and in rejoicing mood, Jerry had low-priced fireworks, or bandits, and Red Rovers, and portraits of the champion at the Coronation for tinselling, or of the Seven Champions, bound in marble paper covers, for us to con and glory over. Were we ill, and peeking, Jerry had store of villainous pills and draughts, and powders more villainous still (which were taken in sweetmeats, confound them! and have made us loathe jam and marmalade ever

since); and worse and more abominable and abominated than all and any, sold Jerry the much-detested oil of the accursed castor—that nauseous amalgam of oleaginous globules floating on the top of a cup of coffee, or in a wineglass, to horrify and awe helpless little children.

When I knew Jerry first, these were the wares he sold. His Everything Shop was by no means an extensive repository, being, indeed, a little nook of a place, wedged in between the baker's and the butcher's shops. It had not been painted, glazed, decorated, or cleaned within the memory of man, and its window-panes were of some curiously dingy bottle-glass, with bulls'-eyes in the centre. On the cornice frieze above the frontage, Jerry had formerly designed to have his name painted in full: but the artist had stopped short at "JEREMIAH NU"—and had never got any further. There was, indeed, no need for Jerry's Christian or surname to be painted above his store. He was as well known as the butcher's trotting pony, the baker's bandy-legged terrier, or the potman at the Black Lion; and if any of our servants, or children, or adults, went, or were sent to fetch anything from Nutts's, they would find Nutts's without the name being painted above the lintel in Roman capitals, I'll warrant you. The excise requirements touching the license to sell tea, tobacco, snuff, and pepper—all of which Jerry sold—were satisfied by a little mortuary-looking inscription, which few could read, and nobody did read, on one of the door-jambs; and this, saving some disparaging epigrams in chalk upon Jerry himself, due to some juvenile Juvenals of the neighbourhood, formed all the writing displayed upon the doors, walls, or shutters of the Everything Shop. One of my earliest and chiefest marvels at Jerry and his establishment was that he never seemed to be "out" of anything. If you asked for some recondite article, such as a pair of scalpels, or an ounce of tincture of Benzoin, Jerry would produce the one or the other with as much alacrity as though you had ordered a halfpenny ball of twine, or a hank of tape. His merchandises, also, though arranged in seemingly the most heterogeneous and helter-skelter manner, seemed all marvellously susceptible of being found when they were wanted, and put away when they were done with. At first sight, you would

take his shelves to be a confused mass of red herrings, variegated ribbons, story-books, glazed calico, arrow-root, Everton toffee, drugs, children's socks, sugar-candy, beaver hats, butter and cheese, tracts, York hams, Irish poplins, band-boxes, fiddle-strings, japanned tea-trays, raspberry jam, and pickled anchovies, all thrown together without order, arrangement, or regularity. There was a place for everything, and everything had its place in Jerry's shop; and though, from the intensely amalgamated nature of the stock, there was certainly a somewhat saccharine flavour about the salt, a cheesy twang in the sugar, a slightly snuffy odour about the butter, and a sort of olla podrida perfume about the woven and textile fabrics, everything was as neatly stowed and arranged in Jerry's shop as in the store-room of a man-of-war, or the pledge department of the Mont de Piété in Paris.

Jerry had no wife alive. "His missus," he condescended to say, when he was conversational, which was not often, "died a many years since;" and he was wont afterwards to jerk his thumb towards a painted abomination in oils in an ebony frame, wherein a woman, with a face like a sheep, and a hat and feathers like a negress, was grinning like a baboon through what appeared to be a hole in a red curtain. Her neck being bare, and encircled by a preposterous necklace, and her waist about half an inch lower than her armpits, this performance was conjectured to be a portrait of the late Mrs. Nutts, and the period of its execution somewhat proximate to 1802. Nothing more, however, was known of the deceased lady, save that she was supposed, at some period or other anterior to her demise, to have given birth to Jerry's daughter, Julia—a pretty, fair-haired little mite of a thing of some eighteen summers, who would have been the belle of the village without appeal or opposition, had she not, poor soul! been afflicted with some constitutional weakness of the limbs, which constrained her to wear a grisly apparatus of irons, and crimson leather, and Heaven knows what belts and bars. It was very melancholy to see this poor, helpless, fair-haired child sitting inertly in her chair in the little parlour behind the shop, so beautiful yet so crippled; while her old father, with his weazened, ill-favoured face and shrunken limbs, skipped about as actively as a veteran ape. Jerry was

very fond of his daughter, and if she could have eaten gold, or all the pickled anchovies and orange marmalade (things by which he set as great a store, almost, as money), he would, I believe, have given it her to eat. Jerry even went to the length of taking sanitary journeys with her, leaving his shop to the care of his apprentice. He took her to Brighton, to Bath, to the famed waters of Harrogate; to an infallible curer of limb affections, who scrubbed his patients with a tooth-brush; to one who scraped his with an oyster-knife; to another who rubbed his with a horse-hair glove; and finally to one (in high repute just then) who stuck his patients all over with diachylon-plaster, and then oiled them with linseed oil and beeswax. Finding these hygeian excursions somewhat to interfere with his business (being indeed, moreover, apprehensive of the blunders of his apprentice), Jerry summoned from the depths of the north country a sister of his late wife—also sheep-faced, but reduced to the most dilapidated state of ewedom, yet attired in a sort of scarecrow lamb fashion. To this relative poor Julia was confided, once more to resume her travels in search of health; and astounding rumours were current at the bar of the Black Lion, and at garden-gates among the housemaids, who slipped out to purchase a "mossle of ribbing," about nine of the clock at night, of Mr. Nutts's unheard-of liberality; of how he had said to his sister-in-law, "Bring her back well, Judy, and I'll make a lady of you;" likewise, and at repeated intervals, the much meaning words, "Spare no expense."

Julia Nutts came back in about nine months or a year, not quite strong and well, but without the ghastly irons. Whether for this comparative cure the sheep-faced aunt was made a lady or not, I am unable to state; but it is certain that she was seen in our neighbourhood no more. Julia never relapsed into her helpless state again, but she was always delicate, languid, and ailing. She was well enough, however, two years afterwards, to be married, as you shall briefly hear.

I have said that Nutts had an apprentice. He was a varlet some seventeen years of age; the greatest lout, the most incorrigible sluggard and idler, and the most indomitable thickhead, you can conceive. His name was Martin Duff. He had a bullet-head, a snub-nose, beefy pendulous cheeks,

pig's eyes, a wide-mouthed waddling frog's mouth, and two great red ears, which were continually galled and chafed by a pair of gigantic and preternaturally stiffened shirt-collars, which he persisted in wearing. His stupidity and dulness were beyond human capacity to calculate or comprehend. He was not ignorant, he was ignorance itself—ignorance so crass that you might almost fancy sowing seed and growing mustard and cress in it. He inked his fingers and smeared his apron. He wore his shoes down at heel, and could not part his hair straight. His amusements were puerile, consisting in cutting out paper figures, or playing with boys ridiculously smaller than himself. He could remember the names of no articles, no prices, no customers. He was a fool, sir!

Between this youth, Jerry, and every cane, rope, and offensive missile in the house, there had been for years a union and understanding of the most intimate nature. But Jerry was at last obliged to give in. Of all the multifarious modes of correction he had tried, the experience he had gained only amounted to this: that the back part of a scrubbing-brush rapped violently on the boy's occiput would extract an answer when he was most obstinate; and that a pegtop dug violently into his elbow or shins would cause him to utter an ejaculation of pain. Beyond this the seed he had sown produced no fruit. The lad went on as usual for a couple of years more; droning, dawdling, scrawling inane figures on the slate, mixing sugar-candy with gum-Benjamin, and sassafras with floss-silk, till it became noised about one Saturday night that young Duff at Nutts's was growing a pair of whiskers. With the whiskers, which were of a scrubby, irregular kind, came apparently Martin Duff's intellect, or his wise teeth. His genius flowered late, but flowered at last. He took to wearing tail-coats, and shirt-collars larger than ever, and was perpetually studying a big book with a calfskin cover—by some averred to be Walkinghame's Tutor's Assistant; by others, Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge. Be it as it may, Martin Duff grew bright to the extent of weighing, tying up, and charging correctly for half a pound of tea—a thing he had been totally incapable of doing before; and so rapid was the

progress of his genius, and consequent advance in the estimation of society and of his master, that none of us were very surprised to hear that the long apprentice was about to be married to Julia Nutts.

Let me see. They were married just before I went to school for the first time; but I remember it as though it were yesterday. The ceremony took place in a little church, across three fields and a style, in the churchyard of which I have heard that Jack Sheppard, the great robber, was buried. Miss Nutts looked very pale and pretty, in slate-coloured silk; and Martin Duff was magnificently hideous in blue and brass buttons, and grey kerseymeres, and what not. Jerry Nutts for the first and last time in his life was seen in a hat (he usually wore a canvass cap with a battered peak), and from his continually frictionising his eyes with the sleeve of his coat on the road to and from church, it was conjectured that he was much affected. But the bride and bridegroom went off to some watering-place for the honeymoon; and I went to school, and from thence into the cruel world, and forgot, almost, that they or their village had being.

THE GREAT INVASION.

THE English Nation have always been distinguished by a strong predilection for a "bogey"—a dreadful bugbear, hated, feared, talked about by everybody. For a bogey of bogeys—a bugbear about whom there can be no mistake,—a thorough, right-down sanguinary, man-eating, woman-murdering, child-roasting, raw-head-and-cross-bones bogey, give me Bonaparte.

In the time of the original "Boney" the cry was very strong. The French were continually landing (in imagination) somewhere or other. Not a smuggler attempted a peaceable run of brandy on a moonlight night, but the hated Corsican—jack-boots, cocked hat and all—was presumed to be in full march on the Metropolis; not a little boy sent up his harmless rocket, or discharged his innocuous squib, but fearful reports were circulated of a French-kindled conflagration, or at best of the simultaneous illumining of the beacon fires. Boney, his marshals, and his much redoubted invasion, were here, there, and everywhere.

We had a slight invasion panic in the year '40 (when Commodore Napier beat the Egyptians with their famous instrument of torture—a stick). Our "Boney" then was an astute old gentleman, with a pear-shaped head, who, assuming the patronymic of Smith, abdicated sovereignty in a hack-cab. He was to invade us in the twinkling of a bedpost—he, Monsieur Thiers, Marshal Bugeaud, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique; all about some Eastern question, the merits of which, if anybody understood or understands, I am sure I don't. The year '43 came, and that terrible pamphlet by the good-natured Prince Admiral, who so kindly stood godfather to our Joinville cravats. He was to blow us to pieces with steam-frigates; to bombard Brighton; to demolish Dover; to lay Lowestoff low; to turn Great

Grimsby into a Golgotha, and Harwich into a howling desert. '45 came; Pritchard, Tahiti, Queen Pomare, and the grim Guizot. War! war! war! cried the bogey-fearers. Lamoricière, Pélissier, Changarnier were to land the day after-to-morrow. '48 came, and a few thousand National Guards, who, despite the fears of the alarmists, were provided with railway return tickets in lieu of mortars and howitzers.

And now the trumpet-cry sounds louder than ever. Now that the shores of England and France are united by the electric wire, by the iron hand-shaking of railroads, by a hundred thousand bonds of friendship and interest besides, we are to have a real invasion—a dreadful invasion—an invasion in earnest. It is all up with London, England, Great Britain, and the Colonies! Our soldiers can't fight, and our ships can't sail; our guns won't fire; nor will our bayonets pierce. Tilbury Fort is of no use, and the Guards must march out of London at one end as the French enter it by the other. We haven't got a decent fortification, or a serviceable gun, or an efficient soldier. As for "Veritas," "Civilian," "Q in the Corner," the "Constant Readers," and the "Occasional Correspondents," they give up all hope. It is all over with us. Let us put sackcloth and ashes on our heads.

But what is the use, my friends, of crying "Wolf!" when the foe has already entered our sheepfolds—when he has already carried away the most succulent of our young lambs from their bleating mothers, and thirsts now, with his ravening jaws all dripping with gore, for our lives?

Shall we be invaded?

We *are* invaded; root and branch, body and bones, horse and foot, neck and heel, outfang and infang. The invasion has been going on for years, and we recked nothing of it. The insidious enemy, burrowing like a mole underground, has sapped our foundations; has undermined our institutions. An unscrupulous army of mercenaries (principally Irish) have carried out his iniquitous behests. We are compassed round about, hemmed in, surrounded by his fortalices—not masked batteries or stockaded forts—but defiant, brazen-faced strongholds. Great, and getting greater day by day,

is the invasion of London. We are beleaguered by Brigadier Bricks and Field-Marshal Mortar. Their weapons of offence have been scaffold-poles and bricklayers' hods; their munitions of defence, hoarding and wheelbarrows. This is what I call the "real invasion."

Take up this map of the Metropolis published last year, and glance at that little kernel, coloured scarlet, called the City, and then at the prodigious extent of Nutshell surrounding it, all loudly demanding (and meriting) to be included in the general title "London." Yet this little scarlet kernel, with some scattered streets about Westmonasterian marshes, was the whole of London once. It was big enough to give laws to all England and to great part of France for hundreds of years; it was big enough to hold a Lombard Street; which, even then, stood in no unfavourable degree of comparison with a China orange. It was big enough to have Lord Mayors who bearded Kings; to be a constant source of anxiety and uneasiness to the Sovereign; to be the philosopher's stone of Jack Cade's ambition; to be, as it always has been, a monarch among cities. But the nutshell? How small the kernel looks, with his rubicund boundary! Throw in Westminster and Southwark, as the three appear in Hollar's print: how diminutive they are with the big nutshell around! Take a map of London, hydrographed even within the memory of man—within thirty years let us say—the nutshell has still the best of it, and the kernel shrinks wofully, even amidst its layers upon layers of cuticle.

The prodigious enlargement of London seems more to me in the act of the country closing round the town, than of the town advancing on the country—more as a giant hand gradually closes up its Titanic fingers on a shrivelled dwarf, than as the dwarf, growing into the giant, and throwing up earth-heaps in its struggle for emancipation from the parent monster. The fat has grown round the heart, and the heart has grown torpid and sluggish in the midst. Do you think it is that scarlet kernel—once the whole City of London—that has pushed out mandibles, crab-like feelers, on every side, and, cancer-like, has spread over the green fields and shady lanes? Do you think the kernel is the spider, and Westminster and Southwark the web? It may be so; but I rather incline to

the theory that the advancement is towards, and not from, the kernel. That is why I call it an invasion: and the invasion seems to me gradually but surely driving, into a constantly diminishing circle, all sorts of old abuses, old nuisances, old vested interests, old "time-honoured institutions," towards the shrivelled old kernel, which, though she knows (excuse the gender) she might be rid of them by the aërial locomotive of progress, seeks rather (happily impotently) to cause them to permeate through sewers into healthier streams, poisoning them meanwhile; or she would strenuously seek (always impotently) to cast them, as so much guano, on to the invader's fields around her, where they would produce a nice rich crop of gingerbread coaches, men in brass, prejudice, dirt, water-bailiffs, over-driven bullocks, choked sewers, reeking slaughter-houses, and coal and corn committees. What will the nut-shell do? Will its invasion, hugging, in boa-constrictor fashion, the old, musty, shrivelled, yet wealthy kernel, hug it into better shape? or will it crush it and cause it to collapse entirely; forcing it, by some hidden phœnix process of its own, to reproduction in another guise to entire réjuvenescence?

It is natural for large cities to grow larger. Pine-apples grow; so do little boys, and lawyers' bills of costs—why not capitals? The little island of St. Louis once held all there was of Paris. Vienna has outgrown its glacis; Madrid, Naples, Venice, have all grown; and Constantinople—no; for Constantinople will be to me always a mystery, even as Smyrna is. They are always being burnt down, yet never seem to get smaller or larger. But London has not grown in any natural, reasonable, understandable way. It hasn't grown bigger consistently. It hasn't increased by degrees, like the pine-apple or the little boy. The lawyer's bill may be a little more like it; for, like that dreadful document, it has swollen with frightful, alarming, supernatural rapidity. It has taken you unawares; it has dropped upon you without warning; it has started up without notice; it has grown with stealthy rapidity, from a mouse into a mastodon.

Forty years ago!—Boney the first, had all but finished eating his heart on a rock. Thistlewood and others had been decapitated. A grave judicial discussion had not long before been closed as to whether a murderer and ravisher had a

right to the "appeal by battle." The Old Bailey Monday morning performances yet took place before crowded and unfashionable audiences. Samuel Hayward had just been hanged for burglary, and Fauntleroy was yet to suffer for forgery; women were yet whipped for larceny; and George, the gentleman of gentlemen, was king. There were no rail-roads, and no police, save the red-waistcoated Bow-Street runners and the purblind old watchmen. There were no coffee-shops, no reading rooms; and the coffee-houses were taverns resorted to (in the paucity of clubs) by the nobility and gentry. It was considered aristocratic to beat the watch; it was esteemed "Corinthian" to get drunk in the purlieus of Drury-Lane; it was very "tip-top" to patronize a prize-fighter. We have been invaded by manners and customs somewhat different *since* the gentleman of gentlemen was king.

Concerning the brick-and-mortar invasion: There was no Victoria Park, no Belgravia, and no Tyburnia. Tyburn Gate, indeed, yet stood where Tyburn Gallows not so many years before had stood, and beneath which mouldered the bones of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw. Paddington was, but it was countrified; and the Edgeware Road was simply a rural road leading to Edgeware, as formerly Oxford Street was but the high-road to Oxford. Portland, Somers, Camden, and Kentish Towns were no more integral portions of London, as they now are, than is Footscray in Kent, or Patcham in Sussex. The New Road was dangerous to walk in at night, and the open fields about St. Pancras Church (catch any open fields about there now) a favourite rendezvous for body-snatchers and burkers to hide their "shots" (so the bodies they had rifled from graves, were called). Clerkenwell, it is true, was thickly populated; but Pentonville, about where the Model Prison is now (and there was no Model Prison then), was quite rural. Islington, as far as concerns the High Street and the neighbourhood of the "Angel," was suburbanly Londonified, but Holloway was still a journey. As to Highgate and Hornsey, they were nowhere—*terræ incognitæ*, almost, or at best as difficult of access as Windsor or Reading. Touching the irregular cube, bounded at the base by the Whitechapel and Mile End Roads, on the east and west by Hackney and by the Dalston and Kingsland Roads, and on the north by the

London and North-Western branch line (from Camden Town to Blackwall)—which irregular cube comprises within its limits, Hackney, Globe Town, Bethnal Green, Dalston, Kingsland, and the crowded districts known as the Tower Hamlets —I have no hesitation in saying, that, swarming with houses and inhabitants as it is now, it was in 1822 very little better than a waste. Goodman's Fields and the *entourage* of the London Docks had even then their tens of thousands; but where the Commercial Road stretches now, through Stepney, Bow, and down towards Limehouse, it stretches through strongholds of the real invaders of London—the brick-and-mortar warriors, who are compassing the city round about.

In '22, where was Chelsea? Rurally aquatic. Chiswick, Hammersmith, Kew? All plainly and distinguishably separated from London; but where are they now? Millbank was far off; Pimlico was in the country; no man had yet heard of Belgrave Square. Crossing Vauxhall Bridge, what were Newington, Kennington, Vauxhall, Lambeth, Walworth, Camberwell, Brixton, in the year 1822? What sort of road was the Old Kent Road in those days? And were not Deptford and Greenwich separated from London by miles of green fields? Bermondsey and the Borough were always, within my recollection, integral London; but how about Rotherhithe? How about Blue Anchor Road, Spa Road, the neighbourhood of the Commercial Docks, Millpond Fields, the Saltpetre Works, the Halfpenny Hatch, the ——

I am out of breath! Here is the real invasion! Don't tell me that the old London, the grim old kernel, far away over the water yonder, has done all this—has simply outgrown herself? It is an invasion, I tell you—stalwart provincials marching upon a devoted metropolis. Brighton, I know, will be bursting into the station at London Bridge very shortly; Greenwich *is* London already; so is Brentford; so are Clapham, Wandsworth, and Brixton; so are Kilburn, Cricklewood, and Crouch End. I am looking out for the arrival of Liverpool daily; and I should not be in the least surprised to meet, at no very distant period, Manchester, all clad in cotton, smoking an enormous chimney, arm-in-arm with Salford, marching gravely along the Great North Road, to make a juncture with London at Highgate.

To have a complete and comprehensive view of the progress of the invaders and the plight of the invaded; to form anything like a just view of the astonishing growth of London since the year '22; to see it as it is, monstrous, magnificent, the largest city in the world, and its capital, you should, properly, be a bird: say an eagle, or at least the gentle lark. Soaring on high, you should pause a moment on the wing, and drink in at a glance the wonders that lie beneath you. You can't be a bird, you say. Professors of metempsychosis are not so plentiful as those of mesmerism, clairvoyance, or the discernment of character from handwriting. Besides, you don't believe in the transmigration of souls. Very well! You believe in balloons? Here is one, just ready to ascend from the Royal Gardens no matter where. The "aërostat" is inflated; the last bottle of champagne imbibed; the amateur aëronauts try to look easy and unembarrassed, and fail dismally in the attempt; the signal gun is fired; the aëronaut vociferates "Let go!" A cheer! Two cheers! Some ridiculously inappropriate music is played by a brass band. More cheers! fainter and fainter, as the earth, in a most uncalled-for and inconsistent manner, appears to sink from beneath you. You *do* rise; for anon is silence, stillness, in the calm air, through which the occasional remarks of your companions ring sharp and clear like rifle cracks. There: never mind the neck of the balloon; that is the aëronaut's business, not yours. Take a firm grip of the side of the car, and look down. Look down with wonder, admiration, gratitude.

The City is all burnished gold; for the setting sun of a September day has put it into a warm bath—a "bath of beauty," as pantomime poets say. The river is all silver; save what are spangles and diamonds. It winds and twists and writhes like a beautiful serpent, as it is magnificently beautiful without, and foully poisonous (bless the scarlet kernel!) within. Those black lines crossing the river are the bridges. That fleeting evanescent darkness, tarnishing the gold on the houses and the silver on the river, is the shadow of a cloud. That transparent blue haze hanging quite over the City, like a gauze drapery to the golden houses, cut exactly to the shape of the City, thinner and almost ragged where parks, or

squares, or open places are, is the *smoke* — the smoke of London, hanging over it, shrouding it, blackening its edifices, poisoning its inhabitants.

Keep looking down, and look towards where my finger points, that thing, like a golden pine-apple much fore-shortened (the sun is strong upon it) is St. Paul's. Those crowds of small black ants toiling through that narrow lane, are men, women, and children, in carriages, on horses, on foot; driving, riding, or walking, eastward or westward. The Monument is a Christmas Candlestick; the Tower is a Doll's House. There is not a man in London as large as Shem, Ham, or Japhet, in the toy Noah's Ark. Where is the roar of London, and the rattle of wheels; the speechifying, the bargain-driving, the laughing and the weeping? Faster and faster we rise into space. And the silence is more intense, and the City below us is no bigger than a man's hand.

Now, if you had ascended with MM. Garnerin, Blanchard, or Pilatre de Rosier; had you taken a flight with old Mr. Sadler, the aeronaut in 1822, when George the Gentleman was King, you would be sore astonished now, gazing at London, under the auspices of some "gallant and intrepid aëronaut:" where all was green before, you would find long lines of compact masses of houses. The crowds of black ants would have increased an hundred-fold; the blue, gauzy, ragged smoke blanket would have stretched marvellously; you would have appreciated and acknowledged the effects of the Bricklayers' Invasion.

On ascending at night (which, by-the-bye, cautious old Mr. Sadler never did), you would be struck with pleasurable astonishment at the aspect of London by night, as compared with London as it was forty years ago. In the place of "darkness visible," you would have an elaborate and exquisitely beautiful network of gas spangles—a delicate tracery of glow-worm lights, of brilliant pinholes, sparkling dots, clearly defining the outline of every street, square, and alley of the world City; stretching out less thickly towards where the brick invasion had relaxed its vigour, dotting long lines of suburban roads, where the metropolitan constabulary drops off, and the horse patrol begin to be visible, getting small by degrees and beautifully less till they end in the blue blackness

of the far-off country, twenty or thirty miles away on either side of you.

In no part of London is the invasion of bricks and mortar so perceptible as on the line of railway which, commencing at Camden Town, runs through Islington, Hackney, Bow, Stratford, Old Ford, Stepney, and Limehouse to Blackwall. It extends nearly half round the Middlesex side of London. It is an eccentric railway, for I have measured the distance (on the map) from Camden Town to Blackwall, and my friend the railway goes miles out of its road to take you to the last-named locality; though, curiously enough, it rattles you thither in quicker time than the omnibus would do. I have seen irascible old gentlemen clench their umbrellas, muttering fiercely that they didn't understand being taken to Hackney on their way to Fenchurch Street; and middle-aged females reduced to a piteous state of mental imbecility by Islington being near Limehouse; afterwards piteously demanding which was Bow (which they were given to understand was in Cheapside), and inextricably confounding Stratford with the birthplace of the Swan of Avon. The last time I patronised this cheerful line, there was no glass to the window of the carriage in which I sat. Complaining mildly to four separate porters at four separate stations, and pleading rheumatism, I received consecutive answers of "Dear me!" "Oh, ah!" "So it is!" and "Can't help it;" which (taking them to be somewhat evasive and unsatisfactory in their construction) prompted me to give vent to vague threats of memorialising the public journals. I should like to become better acquainted with that philosopher (he *must* have been a philosopher) who, seeing me irate, administered cold comfort to me by telling me that the last time he travelled by the line in question, his carriage had no *door*. "And it was night, sir!"

As this iron and not immaculate railroad (it has its good points, notwithstanding) pursues its circuitous route, you may—if you don't mind looking out of the window, and running all the adverse chances of easterly winds and ashes from the engine—see many curious and edifying things. Anon, the train rushes through mangy, brown-turfed fields, where the invasion has just begun; where rubbish may be shot; where poles, with placards affixed to them, denote the various "lots" which are "To be

Sold or Let, on Building Leases." Melancholy-looking cows, misanthropic donkeys, pigs convinced of the hollowness of the world, wander pensively about these fields, gazing at the building-lots, grubbing about the lines of foundation for rows of houses which are to be erected; lamenting, perhaps, in their vaccine, asinine, or porcine hearts, the ruthless march of bricks and mortar. These semi-suburban animals feed strangely. Feeling themselves to be in a state of transition, perhaps, like their pasture-grounds, they accommodate themselves to all kinds of food. I think the cows eat quite as much broken crockery-ware as grass; the donkeys eat anything, from saucepan-lids to pieces of fractured bottles; and there is a pig of my acquaintance—residing in an impromptu pigstye in the neighbourhood of Hoxton—which, before my eyes, ate a straw-hat of considerable dimensions; and which, being subsequently (by the juvenile and indignant proprietor of the hat) lapidated with a decayed flower-pot, ate that too!

Bricks and mortar invade market-gardens; they elbow green-houses; they jostle conservatories; they thrust summer-houses away. Still looking from the carriage-window, do we see streets upon streets growing up in commons, and what were once shady lanes; filling up ditches; tumbling down hedges everywhere; crushing up the country in its concrete grasp. Here and there a solitary pollard willow stands among scaffold-poles and wheelbarrows, seeming to wonder very much how it got there, and feeling itself, doubtless, an anachronism. Again, the train rushes over houses—or rather on a viaduct parallel with the tops of the houses. The impertinent locomotive gives "knowing looks" into little, queer, poky attics, where gentlemen are giving the last turn to their whiskers, and ladies the last tug at the laces of their corsets. Curious Asmodeus-like peeps do we get of the internal life of these houses. The knowing locomotives wink at the windows, and the washing hung out in the back garden; and, with an impertinent whistle and a puff of smoke, rushes on.

Diverge at Bow, and you can go through Old London to Fenchurch Street. Keep on towards Blackwall, and the traces of New London, in its invading form, meet you at every step. Factories, dye-houses, bone-boiling establishments, are surrounded by houses, where they were (and ought to be) removed

from the contiguity of a metropolis. Chapels, devoted to the service of all imaginable creeds, start up in these invading streets. New Jerusalemites, Mormonites, Johanna Southcotonians, Howlers, Jumpers, and Shakers, join the army of invaders, and are fiercely pious in Meeting-houses, the roofs of which occasionally tumble in, not with age, but for pure want of seasoning—so new they are.

Try to get out of town any way, and the bricks drive you back, the mortar hangs on your skirts, and harasses you fiercely. I remember the time when London finished at Padlock House, and when Kensington was almost in the country. Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green (the "Pack Horse"), is a mere omnibus "public" now!—Brentford—Isleworth almost—what are they now? A line of houses—that is all.

Where is it all to end? When will the invasion cease? Will the whole island be covered with houses? Or even as the great wheel keeps turning round and round; even as the winter gives place to spring, and so round to winter again and again; even as the new grows old, and then new again; so, perhaps, will the great City grow and grow, and its growth yet resolve itself into insignificance—till the great becomes small, as small as when the boatman ferried St. Peter over the pond to Westminster, or the Danes fought at Holborn Bars, or Eleanor's corse rested at the village of Charing.

YADACÉ.

Now yadace is a game. There are required to play it neither cards nor dice, cues, balls, chequer-board, counters, fish, pawns, castles nor rooks. It can be played in winter or in summer, at home or abroad, in perfect silence, amidst the greatest hubbub. The race is to the swift in yadacé, for the most skilful player must win. You cannot cheat at yadacé; and it is a game that a child of nine may begin, and may not have finished when he finds himself an old man of ninety.

To give you a proper notion of yadacé I must take you to Algiers.

Are you acquainted with that strange town? the aspect of which—half Oriental half Parisian—puts me in mind fantastically of a fierce Barbary lion that has had his claws pared and his teeth drawn, and has been clipped, shaven, and curled into a semi-similitude of a French poodle. I never was in Algiers, myself. I mean to go there, of course (when I have visited Persia, Iceland, Thibet, Venice, the ruined cities of Central America, Heligoland, and a few other places I have down in my note-book), but my spirit has been there, and with its aid, that of my friend Doctor Cieco, who was formerly a surgeon in the Foreign Legion out there, and a file of the Akbar newspaper, I can form a tolerably correct mind-picture of the capital of Algeria. A wonderful journal is the Akbar, and a magic mirror of Algiers in itself. Commandants d'etat major, chefs d'escadron, and chirurgiens major are mixed up with sheikhs, mollahs, dervishes, and softas; spahis and zouaves indigènes. There are reports of trials for murder where Moorish women have been slain in deserted gardens, by choked up wells, under the shadows of date-trees—slain by brothers and cousins El This, Ben That, and Sidi Somebody—for the unpardonable eastern offence of appearing in

the presence of Christians without their veils; the witnesses are sworn on the Koran; the prisoner appears at the bar in a snowy bournouse; the galleries are full of Moorish ladies in white yashmaks or veils, and Jewish women in jewelled turbans; and the prosecution is conducted by a Procureur Imperial in such a square toque or cap, and black gown, as you may see any day in the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Paris Palais de Justice for a twenty-eight shilling return-ticket. There is a Monsieur le President, glib clerks, to read the Code Napoléon; gendarmes to keep order, and outside the court a guillotine, spick and span new from Paris, to which the bearded prisoner is, in due course of time, led for execution in a costume the very counterpart of that which Jacob wore when he went a-courting Laban's daughters. In the Akbar you may read advertisements of mosques to be sold, and milliners just arrived from Paris with the latest fashions; of balls at the ancient palace of the Dey, of a coffee-house to be let on lease close to the shambles in the Jews' quarter; of an adjudication in the bankruptcy of Sheikh El Haschun El Gouti Mogrebbin, and the last importation of Doctor Tintamarre's Infallible Pectoral Paste. In one column there is an announcement of the approaching sale by auction of the entire household furniture, wearing apparel and jewellery of Sultana Karadja, deceased—I suppose about an equivalent to the honourable Mrs. Smithers here. Sofas, divans, clocks, jewelled pipes, dresses of cloth of gold, turbans, and gauze bonnets are to be sold. The whole reads like an execrable French translation of a tale in the Arabian Nights. Altogether, reading the Akbar, I fancy that I know Algiers. I seem to see the deep blue skies, the low white houses with projecting balconies and porticoes painted a vivid green, and roofs fantastically tiled. The purple shadows that the houses cast. The narrow dark lanes where the eaves meet, and where you walk between dead-walls, through chinks of which, for aught you know, bright eyes may be looking. The newer streets with tall French houses and pert French names; where *cafés* brilliant with plate-glass, gilding, and arabesque paintings, quite outstare the humble little shieling of the Moorish *cafejee* with his store of pipes and tiny fillagree cups of bitter coffee full of dregs. The sandy up-hill ground. The crowded

port, where black war-steamers are moored by strange barques with sails of fantastic shapes and colours. The bouncing shop of the French *épicier*, who sells groceries, wines, and quack medicines, and whose smart young shopman, with an apron and a spade-cut beard, stands at the door; and the dusky unwindowed stall of the native merchant who sits cross-legged, smoking on a bale of goods in an odour of drugs, perfumed leather, and fragrant tobacco. The motley throng of officers, with cigars, and clanging spurs, and *kepis* knowingly set on one side of the head; of zouaves, dandies from the Boulevard des Italiens; grisettes in lace caps; commandants' wives in pink bonnets; orderly dragoons, Bedouins mounted on fleet Arabs, date and sherbet sellers, Jews, fezzes, caps, turbans, yashmaks, burnouses, lancers' caps, and felt-hats, and the many mingled smells of pitch, tar, garlick, *pot-au-feu*, attar of roses, caporal tobacco, haschish, salt water, melons, and musk.

Is this Algiers, I wonder? I fancy, erroneously, perhaps, that I can divine a city from a newspaper—a flask—a shoe—the most inconsiderable object. I have a clear and counterfeit presentment in my mind of Leipsic, from a book—which I am unable to read—a dimly printed, coarse-papered pamphlet stitched in rough blue paper. I can see in it high houses, grave, fat-faced children, a predominance of blue in the colour for stockings,—dinners at one o'clock—much beer—much tobacco—a great deal of fresh boiled-beef, soup, and cabbage, —early beds—straw-coloured beards—green spectacles—large umbrellas, and a great many town clocks. I should like to know whether Leipsic really possesses any of these characteristics. A worthy, weather-beaten old sea-captain once gave me a perfectly definite notion of Sierra Leone, in one little anecdote. "Sierra Leone, sir," he said: "I'll tell you what Sierra Leone is like. A black fellow, sir, goes into the market. It's as hot as —— well,—anything. He buys a melon for three farthings—and what does he do with it? The black fellow, sir, hasn't a rag on. He's as bare as a robin. He buys his melon, cuts it in halves, and scoops out the middle. He sits in one half, covers his head with the other, and eats the middle. That's what he does, sir."—I saw Sierra Leone in all its tropical glory, cheapness of produce,

darkness of population, gigantic vegetation, and primitive state of manners immediately.

All this, although you may not think so, bears upon, concerns, is yadacé. But to give you yadacé at once, we will quit Sierra Leone, and come back to Algiers.

Few would imagine, while watching in a Moorish coffee-house the *indigènes*, as the native inhabitants are called, playing with a grave and apparently immoveable tranquillity, at draughts, chess, or backgammon—not speaking, scarcely moving—that men, seemingly so impassible to the chances of loss or gain, were capable of feeling the most violent effects of the passion for gaming. Yet these passions and these effects they feel in all their intensity. They lack, it is true, the varied emotions that winners or losers express at the green baize table of the *trente-et-quarante*, the parti-coloured wheel of *roulette*, the good-intention paved court of the Stock Exchange, or the velvety sward of the area before the Grand Stand at Epsom. But no bull or bear, no caster or punter, no holder of a betting-book who has just lost thousands and his last halfpenny, could ever show a visage so horribly aghast, so despairingly downfallen, so ferociously miserable, as that unlucky Algerine player, to whom his adversary has just pronounced the fatal and triumphant word—Yadacé.

The game is of the utmost simplicity, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play. In order to ratify the convention which is established between the parties at the commencement of a game, each player takes by the end a morsel of straw, a slip of paper, or even a blade of grass, which is broken or torn in two between them, the sacramental formula "Yadacé" being pronounced at the same time. After this, the law of the game is in full force. In some cases, when one of the players imagines that he has to deal with an inexperienced or inattentive player, he immediately attempts to catch him by presenting him with the piece of straw or paper which has remained on his side, under pretence of having it measured against the other. Should the novice be foolish enough to accept the fragment, the terrible yadacé is forthwith thundered forth, and the game is lost in the very outset. But it rarely happens, save, perhaps, when one of the players is an

European, totally a stranger to the traditions of the game, that any one is found thoughtless enough to be caught in this gross palpable trap. Much more frequently a struggle of mutual astuteness, caution, and circumspection begins, which is prolonged for days, weeks, months, and, in many cases, years.

As it is almost impossible that the persons who live habitually together should not sometimes find it unavoidable to take something from one another, it is agreed upon, in the yadacéan hypothesis, that mutual acceptation may be made of articles, on condition that before an object is touched the person who accepts should say to the person who offers, "Fi bali," or "Ala bali," literally, "with (or by) my knowledge;" that is to say, I receive, with knowledge of reception. It is also agreed that all things appertaining to the body may be received without prejudice to a state of yadacé. The Moorish authorities mention specially a kiss or a grasp of the hand, but they say nothing of a blow. Perhaps they think that with a Moslem such a gift could never, under any circumstances, be received, but must naturally be returned as soon as given.

Yadacé may more properly be looked upon as a game of forfeits than as one adapted to gambling purposes; but the Algerines make—or rather used to make—it subservient to the good service of mammon to a tremendous extent. Before the French conquest, in the old times of the Dey and his jewelled fan, with which he was wont to rap the fingers of European consuls when they were impertinent—when the Mussulman population of Algiers was both numerous and wealthy, yadacé was in the highest fashion: husbands played at yadacé with their wives; brothers with their sisters; friends among themselves—and enormous sums were frequently won and lost. Houses, gardens, farms, nay, whole estates were often staked; and many a wealthy Moslem saw his fortune depart from him for having had the imprudence to accept a pipe of tobacco, a cup of coffee, a morsel of pilaff, without having pronounced the talismanic words, "Fi bali." However, there were many players at yadacé so cautious and attentive, that they were enabled to continue the mutual struggle for many years, in spite of the most ingenious ruses, and the most

deeply-laid plots to trap one another. One devoted amateur of yadacé, a venerable Turk, carried his caution and determination not to be taken in to such an extent, that he never helped himself to a pinch of snuff, of which he was immoderately fond, without repeating to himself the formula, "Ala bali!"

If, during the nights of the Ramadhan, you happen to stroll into any of the Moorish coffee-houses in Algiers, you will find yadacé to be a favourite theme with the kawis, or storytellers, and groups of attentive *indigènes* listening to their animated narrations of feats of intellectual dexterity in yadacé-players, and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field in that adventurous game. The majority of these stories are quite untranslateable into western language, and unsuitable for western ears to hear. I think, however, I can find two little anecdotes that will give you some idea of the subtleties of yadacé.

Karamani-oglou, the son of Tehoka-oglou, was a rich cloth-merchant of Algiers. Five long years had Karamani-oglou been playing at yadacé with his wife, but without success. The wife of Karamani was young and beautiful; but as yet Allah had not blessed their union with children. Suddenly it occurred to the cloth-merchant to make a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. He was absent just two years and nine months; but you must know that the pilgrimage was undertaken purely with a view towards yadacé. For the cunning Karamani reasoned within himself thus: "When I return home after so long an absence, my wife will be glad to see me. She will have forgotten all about yadacé, or at least will be thrown off her guard. She will accept, I will wager my beard, a present from her long-absent husband, particularly if that present happens to be a diamond ring of great value. Bismillah, we will see." Karamani-oglou bought the ring—a most gorgeous one—and returning safe and sound to Algiers, entered the court-yard of his own house just in the cool of the evening. Fathma, his wife, was standing in the inner porch. She looked younger and more beautiful than ever; but she was dandling a sturdy, curly-headed little boy, some two years old: and all at once a golden arrow shot through the heart of the cloth-merchant, and a silver voice cried, "Karamani-oglou, you have a son!" The delighted Mussulman rushed forward: his face was bathed with tears of joy. "I have a son!" he

gasped. "You have, O Oglou!" replied his blushing spouse. He held out his arms for the precious burden; he covered the child with kisses; he called him whole vocabularies of endearing names; when all at once he heard a peal of laughter that sounded like the mirth of ten thousand djinns, afrits, and ghoules; and looking up, he saw Fathma, his wife, dancing about the court-yard in her baggy trousers, and shaking the strings of sequins in her hair. From her had emanated the djinn-like laughter, and she was crying, "Yadacé! Karamani-oglou! Yadacé! O my lord! Yadacé! O my caliph! Yadacé, O my effendi! Yadacé! yadacé! yadacé! Thou saidst not, 'Fi bali!' when thou tookest the child from my arms. Yadacé!"

"Go to Eblis!" roared the enraged Karamani-oglou, letting the little boy fall flop upon the pavement of the court, where he lay howling, with nobody to pick him up.

From the foregoing, and especially from the following anecdote, it would appear that it is in the highest degree dangerous to play at yadacé with your wife.

Hassan-el-Djeninah was, thirty years since, vizier and chief favourite to the Pasha of the Oudjak of Constantine. He was the fattest man in the pachalic, and, more than that, was reckoned to be the most jealous husband in the whole of Barbary. It is something to be the most jealous in a land where all husbands are jealous. Gay young Mussulman sparks trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine, or issue from the barber's, or enter the coffee-house. He walked slowly, and with his legs very wide apart. His breath was short, but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Once, and once only, he had detected a young Beyjzade, Ibrahim-el-Majki, sacrilegiously attempting to accost his wife as she came from the bath, and having even the hardihood to lift a corner of her veil. "Allah Akbar! God is great!" Hassan the vizier was wont to say, pulling from a small green silk purse in his girdle a silver skewer, upon which appeared to be three dried-up shrivelled oysters. "This is the nose, and these are the ears of Ibrahim-el-Majki." Whereupon the beholders would shudder, and Hassan-el-Djeninah would replace his trophies in his girdle and waddle away.

Hassan had four wives,—Zouluki Khanoum, Suleima Khanoum, Gaza Khanoum, and Leila Khanoum. Khanoum, be it understood, means Lady, Madame, Donna, Signora. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other,—save poor little Leila, the youngest wife (the poor child was only sixteen years old), who was not of a jealous disposition at all; but who, between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with inconvenient fondness, led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favourite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouth-piece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loll for hours upon the cushions of his divan, listening while she sang monotonous love-songs, rocking herself to and fro the while and accompanying herself upon the little guitar called a *qouithrah*, as it is the manner of Moorish ladies to do. He gave her rich suits of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain to ride on when she went to the bath; he gave her jewels and Spanish doubloons to twine in her tresses; scented tobacco to smoke, and hennah for her eyelids and finger-nails; finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives, and the settlement of all his treasures upon her first-born—at yadacé.

At the same time, as I have observed, he was terribly jealous of her, and watched her, night and day, with the patience of a beaver, the perspicuity of a lynx, the cunning of a fox, and the ferocity of a wolf. He kept spies about her. He bribed the tradesmen with whom she dealt, and the attendants at the baths she frequented. He caused the menfonce, or little round aperture in the wall of the *queublou*, or alcove of her apartment (which menfonce looked into the street) to be bricked up. He studied the language of flowers (which in the East is rather more nervous and forcible a tongue than with us) in order that he might be able to examine Leila's bouquets, and discover whether any floral billet-doux had been sent her from outside. To complete his system of espionage, he cultivated a warm and intimate friendship with Ali ben

Assa, the opium merchant, whose house directly faced his own, in order that he might have the pleasure of sitting secretly at the window thereof, at periods when he was supposed to be miles away, and watching who entered or left the mansion opposite.

One day, as he was occupied in this manner, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously, as if to ascertain if she were observed, and beckon with her hand. Then, from a dark passage, he saw issue a young man habited as a Frank. The accursed giaour looked round cautiously, as the negro had done, crossed the road, whispered to her, slipped some money into her hand; and then the treacherous and guilty pair entered the mansion together.

Hassan-el-Djeninah broke out in a cold perspiration. Then he began to burn like live coals. Then he foamed at the mouth. Then he got his moustachios between his teeth, and gnawed them. Then he tore his beard. Then he dug his nails into the palms of his hands. Then he clapped his hand upon the hilt of the scimitar, and said—

"As to the black slave, child of Jehanum and Ahriman as she is, she shall walk on the palms of her hands all the days of her life; for if there be any virtue in the bastinado, I will leave her no feet to walk upon. As to the giaour, by the beard of the Prophet, I will have his head."

Long before this speech was finished, he had crossed the road, traversed his court-yard, entered his house, ascended the staircase, and gained the portal of his wife's apartment. He tore aside the silken curtains, and rushed into the room, livid with rage, just as Leila Khanoum was in the act of bending over a large chest of richly-carved wood, in which she kept her suits of brocade and cloth of gold, her jewels and her sequins. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs at a glance. The giaour must be in that chest!

He knocked over the wretched black slave as one might a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid. It was locked.

"The key, woman!—The key!" he roared.

"My lord, I have it not," stammered Leila Khanoum. "I have lost it—I have sent it to be repaired."

"The key!" screamed Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking ten thousand Bluebeards at once.

With tears and trembling Leila at length handed him the key, and then flung herself on her knees, as if to entreat mercy. The infuriated Hassan opened the chest. There was somebody inside certainly, and that somebody was habited as a giaour; but beneath the Frank habit there were the face and form of Lulu, Leila Khanoum's Georgian slave.

"What is this?" asked the bewildered Hassan, looking round. "Who is laughing at my beard? What is this?"

"Yadacé!" screamed Leila Khanoum, throwing herself down on the divan, and rolling about in ecstasy. "Yadacé, Oh, my lord, for you took the key!"

"Yadacé," repeated the Georgian slave, making a low obeisance.

"Yadacé," echoed the negress, with a horrible grin, and showing her white teeth.

"Allah Akbar!" said Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking very foolish.

And such is the game of Yadacé.

POOR ANGELICA.

In the records of gifted, beautiful, good, wronged, and unhappy women, there are few names that shine with so bright and pure a lustre as that of Angelica Kauffmann. The flower of her life was spent in this country; but she is scarcely remembered in it now, even among the members and lovers of the profession which she adorned. Those who wish to know anything definite concerning a lady who was the pet of the English aristocracy, and the cynosure of English painters for some years of the past century, must turn to foreign sources, and hear from foreign lips and pens the praises of poor Angelica. Though undeniably a foreigner, she had as undeniable a right to be mentioned in the records of British painters as those other foreigners domiciliated among us at the same epoch: Liotard, Zucchi, Zoffani, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Michael Moser, Loutherbourg, Zuccarelli, Vivares, and Fuseli. Of all these worthies of the easel and the burin there are copious memoirs and anecdotes extant, yet the published (English) notices of Angelica would not fill half this page. In Northcote's Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, there is no mention whatsoever made of my heroine; nor, which is more to be wondered at, is she named in Mr. Allan Cunningham's excellent Life of Sir Joshua. Yet Angelica painted the president's portrait; and the president himself, it is darkly said, was desirous on his part of possessing not only the portrait of his fair limner, but the original itself. Even the garrulous, tittle-tattling, busybody, Boswell, has nothing to say, in his Life of Johnson, of the catastrophe of Angelica's life; although it was town talk for weeks, and although the sinister finger of public suspicion pointed at no less a man than Johnson's greatest friend, Joshua Reynolds, as cognisant of, if not accessory to, the conspiracy by which the happiness of Angelica Kauffmann was blasted. In Smith's

Nollekens and his Times there is a silly bit of improbable scandal about the fair painter. In Knowles's Life of Fuseli we learn in half-a-dozen meagre lines that that eccentric genius was introduced to Madame Kauffmann on his first coming to England, and that he was very nearly becoming enamoured of her; but that this desirable consummation was prevented by Miss Mary Moser, daughter of the keeper of the Royal Academy (appropriately a Swiss), becoming enamoured of him. Stupid, woeful Mr. Pilkington has a brief memoir of Angelica. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, once, and once only, alludes to her. In Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary there is a notice of Angelica about equal, in compass and ability, to that we frequently find of a deceased commissioner of inland revenue in a weekly newspaper. In the vast catalogue of the Museum library I can only discover one reference to Angelica Kauffmann, personally, that being a stupid epistle to her, written in 1781 by one Mr. G. Keate. I have been thus minute in my English researches, in order to avoid the imputation of having gone abroad, when I might have fared better at home. I might have spared myself some labour too; for my travels in search of Angelica in foreign parts have been tedious and painful. That which M. Artaud, in that great caravanserai of celebrities, the Biographie Universelle, has to say about her is of the dryest; and a Herr Bockshammer, a German, from whom I expected great things, merely referred me to another A. Kauffmann, not at all angelical; but connected with a head-splitting treatise on the human mind.

I will try to paint my poor Angélica. Calumny, envy, biographers who lie by their silence, cannot deny that she was a creature marvellously endowed. She was a painter, a musician; she would have made an excellent tragic actress; she embroidered; she danced; she was facund in expression, infinite in variety; she was good, amiable, and virtuous: full of grace, vivacity, and wit. Fancy Venus without her mole; fancy Minerva without her ægis (which was, you may be sure, her ugliness). Fancy Ninon de l'Enclos with the virtue of Madame de Sévigné. Fancy a Rachel Esmond with the wit of a Becky Sharp. Fancy a woman as gifted as Sappho, but not a good-for-nothing, as wise as Queen Elizabeth, but no

tyrant; as brave as Charlotte, Countess of Derby, but no blood-spiller for revenge; as unhappy as Clarissa Harlowe, but no prude; as virtuous as Pamela, but no calculator; as fair as my own darling Clementina, but no fool. Fancy all this, and fancy too, if you like, that I am in love with the ghost of Angelica Kauffmann, and am talking nonsense.

She was born (to return to reason) in the year 1741, at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, a wild and picturesque district which extends along the right bank of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. She was baptised Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine. Angelica would have been enough for posterity to love her by. But, though rich in names, she was born to poverty in every other respect. Her father, John Joseph Kauffmann, was an artist, with talents below mediocrity, and his earnings proportionately meagre. He came, as all the Kauffmanns before him did, from Schwarzenburg, in the canton of Voralberg, and appears to have travelled about the surrounding cantons in something nearly approaching the character of an artistic tinker, mending a picture here, copying one there, painting a sign for this *gasthof* keeper, and decorating a dining-room for that proprietor of a château. These nomadic excursions were ordinarily performed on foot. In one of his visits to Coire, where he was detained for some time, he happened, very naturally, to fall over head and ears with a Protestant damsel named Cléofe; nor was it either so very unnatural that Fraulein Cléofe, should also fall in love with him. She loved him indeed so well as to adopt his religion, the Roman Catholic; upon which the church blessed their union, and they were married. Hence Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine, and hence this narrative.

If Goodman Kauffmann had really been a tinker, instead of a travelling painter, it is probable that his little daughter would very soon have been initiated into the mysteries of burning her fingers with hot solder, drumming with her infantile fists upon battered pots, and blackening her young face with cinders from the extinguished brazier. We all learn the vocation of our parents so early. I saw the other hot, sunny evening, a fat undertaker in a fever-breeding street near Soho, leaning against the door-jambs of his shop (where the *fasces* of mutes' staves are), smoking his pipe contentedly. He was

a lusty man, and smoked his pipe with a jocund face; but his eyes were turned into his shady shop, where his little daughter—as I live it is true, and she was not more than nine years old—was knocking nails into a coffin on tressels. She missed her aim now and then, but went on, on the whole, swimmingly, to the great contentment of her sire, and there was in his face—though it was a fat face; and a greasy face, and a pimpled face—so beneficent an expression of love and fatherly pride, that I could forgive him his raven-like laugh, and the ghastly game he had set his daughter to.

So it was with little Angelica. Her first playthings were paint-brushes, bladders of colours, mahl-sticks, and unstrained canvases; and there is no doubt that on many occasions she became quite a little Joseph, and had, if not a coat, at least a pinafore of many colours.

Kauffmann, an honest, simple-minded fellow, knowing nothing but his art, and not much of that, cherished the unselfish hope that in teaching his child, he might soon teach her to surpass him. The wish—not an unfrequent event in the annals of art—was soon realised. As Raffaelle surpassed Perugino, and Michael Angelo surpassed Ghirlandajo, their masters, so Angelica speedily surpassed her father, and left him far behind. But it did not happen with him as it did with a certain master of the present day, who one day turned his pupil neck and heels out of his studio, crying "You know more than I do. Go to the devil!" The father was delighted at his daughter's marvellous progress. Sensible of the obstacles opposed to a thorough study of drawing and anatomy in the case of females, he strenuously directed Angelica's faculties to the study of colour. Very early she became initiated in those wondrous secrets of *chiar' oscuro* which produce relief, and extenuate, if they do not redeem, the want of strict correctness. At nine years of age, Angelica was a little prodigy.

In those days Father Kauffmann, urged perhaps by the necessity of opening up a new prospect in Life's diggings, quitted Coire, and established himself at Morbegno in the Valteline. Here he stopped till 1752, when, the artistic diggings being again exhausted, he removed to Como, intending to reside there permanently. The Bishop of Como, Monsig-

nore Nevroni, had heard of the little painter prodigy, then only eleven years of age, and signified his gracious intention of sitting to her for his portrait. The prodigy succeeded to perfection, and she was soon overwhelmed with Mæcenases. The dignified clergy, who, to their honour be it said, have ever been the most generous patrons of art in Italy, were the first to offer Angelica commissions. She painted the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Pozzobonelli, Count Firmiani, Rinaldo d'Este, Duke of Modena, and the Duchess of Massa-Carrara, and "many more," as the bard of the coronation sings. John Joseph Kauffmann's little daughter was welcome in palazzo, convent, and villa.

I am glad, seeing that Angelica was a prodigy, that J. J. Kauffmann did not in any way resemble that to me most odious character, the ordinary prodigy's father. There was that little prodigy with flaxen curls, in a black velvet tunic, with thunder and lightning buttons, who used to play on the harp so divinely, and used to be lifted in at carriage windows for countesses to kiss; and had at home a horrible, snuffy, Italian monster of a father, who ate up the poor child's earnings; who drank *absinthe* till he was mad, and pulled his miserable son's flaxen hair till he was tired; who was insufferably lazy, unimaginably proud, mean, vain, and dirty—a profligate and a cheat—who was fit for no place but the galleys, from which I believe he came, and to which I devoutly hope he returned. Miserable little dancing, singing, guitar-playing, painting, pianoforte-thumping, horse-riding, poem-reciting prodigies have I known;—unfortunate little objects with heads much too large, with weary eyes, with dark bistre circles round them; with rachitic limbs, with a timid cowering aspect. I never knew but one prodigy's father who was good for anything, and he was a prodigy himself—an acrobat—and threw his son about as though he loved him. The rest,—not only fathers, but mothers, brothers, and uncles,—were all bad.

But J. J. Kauffmann loved his daughter dearly; and, though she was a prodigy, was kind to her. He delighted in sounding her praises. He petted her: he loved to vary her gentle name of Angelica into all the charming diminutives of which it was susceptible. He called her his Angela, his Angelina, his

Angelinetta. He was a widower now, and his strange old turn for vagabondising came over him with redoubled force. The father and daughter—strange pair, so ill-assorted in age, so well in love—went trooping about the Grisons, literally picking up bread with the tips of their pencils. Once Angelica was entrusted, alone, to paint, in fresco, an altar-piece for a village church; and a pleasant sight it must have been to watch the fragile little girl perched on the summit of a lofty scaffolding, gracefully, piously, painting angels and lambs and doves and winged heads: while, on the pavement beneath, honest J. J. Kauffmann was expatiating on his daughter's excellences to the pleased curate and the gaping villagers; or, more likely still, was himself watching the progress of those skilful, nimble little fingers up above—his arms folded, his head thrown back, tears in his eyes, and pride and joy in his heart.

The poor fellow knew he could never hope to leave his daughter a considerable inheritance. Money he had none to give her. He gave her instead, and nearly starved himself to give her, the most brilliant education that could be procured. He held out the apple of science, and his pretty daughter was only too ready to bite at it with all her white teeth. Besides her rare aptitude for painting, she was passionately fond of, and had a surprising talent for, music. Her voice was pure, sweet, of great compass; her execution full of soul. Valiantly she essayed and conquered the most difficult of the grand old Italian pieces. These she sang, accompanying herself on the harpsichord; and often would she sing from memory some dear and simple Tyrolean ballad to amuse her father, melancholy in his widowhood.

But painting and music, and the soul of a poet, and the form of a queen, how did these agree with poor Father Kauffmann's domestic arrangements? Alas! the roof was humble, the bed was hard, the sheets were coarse, the bread was dark and sour when won. Then, while the little girl lay on the rugged pallet, or mended her scanty wardrobe, there would come up—half unbidden, half ardently desired—resplendent day-dreams, gorgeous visions of Apelles, the friend of kings, of Titian in his palace, of Rubens an ambassador with fifty gentlemen riding in his train, of Anthony Vandyke knighted

by royalty, and respected by learning, and courted by beauty, of Raffaelle the divine, all but invested with the purple pallium of the sacred college, of Velasquez with his golden key—Aposentador Mayor to King Philip—master of the revels at the Isle of Pheasants—as handsome, rich, and proud, as any of the thousand nobles there. Who could help such dreams? The prizes in Art's lottery are few, but what can equal them in splendour and glory that dies not easily?

At sixteen years of age, Angelica was a brunette, rather pale than otherwise. She had blue eyes, long black hair, which fell in tresses over her polished shoulders, and which she could never be prevailed upon to powder, long beautiful hands, and coral lips. At twenty, Angelica was at Milan, where her voice and beauty were nearly the cause of her career as an artist being brought to an end. She was passionately solicited to appear on the lyric stage. Managers made her tempting offers; nobles sent her flattering notes; ladies approved; bishops and archbishops even gave a half assent; nay, J. J. Kauffmann himself could not disguise his eagerness for the siren voice of his Angelinetta to be heard at the Scala. But Angelica herself was true to her art. She knew how jealous a mistress Art is; with a sigh, but bravely and resolutely, she bade farewell to music, and resumed her artistic studies with renewed energy.

After having visited Parma and Florence, she arrived in Rome, in 1763. Next year she visited Naples, and in that following, Venice; painting everywhere, and received everywhere with brilliant and flattering homage. Six years of travel among the masterpieces of Italian art, and constant practice and application, had ripened her talent, had enlarged her experience, had given a firmer grasp both to her mind and her hand. Her reputation spread much in Germany, most in Italy; though the Italians were much better able to appreciate her talent than to reward it.

Now, in the eighteenth century, the two favourite amusements prevalent among the aristocracy of the island of Britain were the grand tour and patronage. No lord or baronet's education was complete till (accompanied by a reverend bear-leader) he had passed the Alps and studied each several continental vice on its own peculiar soil. But when he reached

Rome, he had done with vice, and went in for *virtu*. He fell into the hands of the antiquaries, *virtuosi*, and curiosity dealers of Rome with about the same result, to his pocket, as if he had fallen into the hands of the brigands of Terracina.

"Some demon whispered, Visto, have a taste."

But the demon of *virtù* was not satisfied with the possession of taste by Visto. He insisted that he should also have a painter, a sculptor, a medallist, or an enamellist; and scarcely a lord or baronet arrived in England from the grand tour without bringing with him French cooks, French dancers, poodles, broken statues, chaplains, led captains, Dresden china, Buhl cabinets, Viennese clocks, and Florentine jewellery—some Italian artist, with a long name ending in "elli," who was to be patronised by my lord; to paint the portraits of my lord's connections; to chisel out a colossal group for the vestibule of my lord's country-house; or to execute colossal monuments to departed British valour for Westminster Abbey by my lord's recommendation. Sometimes the patronised "elli" turned out well, was really clever, made money, and became eventually an English R. A.; but much more frequently he was Signor Donkeyelli, atrociously incapable, conceited, and worthless. He quarrelled with his patron, my lord, was cast off, and subsided into some wretched court near St. Martin's Lane, which he pervaded with stubbly jaws, a ragged duffel coat, and a shabby hat cocked nine-bauble-square. He haunted French cookshops, and painted clock-faces, tavern-signs, anything. He ended miserably, sometimes in the workhouse, sometimes at Tyburn for stabbing a fellow-countryman in a night-cellar.

My poor Angelica did not escape the wide-spread snare of the age—patronage; but she fell, in the first instance, into good hands. Some rich English families residing at Venice made her very handsome offers to come to England. She hesitated; but, while making up her mind, thought there could be no harm in undertaking the study of the English language. In this she was very successful. Meanwhile, Father Kauffmann was recalled to Germany by some urgent family affairs. In this conjuncture, an English lady, but the widow of a Dutch admiral, Lady Mary Veertvoort, offered to

become her chaperone to England. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and was promptly put in execution.

Angelica Kauffmann arrived in London on the 22d of June, 1766. She took up her residence with Lady Mary Veertvoort in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The good old lady treated her like her own daughter, petted her, made much of her, and initiated her into all the little secrets of English comfort. Before she had been long in this country, she was introduced by the Marquis of Exeter to the man who then occupied, without rivalry and without dissent, the throne of English art. Fortunate in his profession, easy in circumstances, liberal in his mode of living, cultivated in mind, fascinating in manners, the friendship of Joshua Reynolds was a thing of general desideration. To all it was pleasant—to many it was valuable.

Lord Exeter's introduction was speedily productive of a cordial intimacy between Angelica and Reynolds. He painted Angelica's portrait: she painted his. On the establishment of the Royal Academy, she was enrolled among its members, —a rare honour for a lady. But the friendship of Reynolds soon ripened into a warmer feeling: he became vehemently in love with her; and there is no evidence, or indeed reason, to suppose that his intentions towards Angelica Kauffmann were anything but honourable. There was no striking disparity between their ages. The fame of Angelica bid fair in time to equal his own, and bring with it a commensurate fortune; yet, for some inexplicable reason—probably through an aversion or a caprice as inexplicable—Angelica discouraged his advances. To avoid his importunities, she even fled from the protection of Lady Mary Veertvoort, and established herself in a house in Golden Square, where she was soon afterwards joined by her father.

At the commencement of the year 1767, Angelica Kauffmann shared—with hoops of extra magnitude, toupees of superabundant floweriness, shoe-heels of vividest scarlet, and china monsters of superlative ugliness—the mighty privilege of being the fashion. Madame de Pompadour was the fashion in France just then, so was Buhl furniture, Boucher's pictures, and Baron Holbach's atheism; so in England were "drums," ridottos, Junius's Letters, and burnings of Lord

Bute's jack-boots in effigy. The beauteous Duchess of Devonshire—she who had even refused Reynolds the favour of transferring her lineaments to canvas—commissioned the fair Tyrolean to execute her portrait, together with that of her sister Lady Duncannon. Soon came a presentation at St. James's; next a commission from George the Third for his portrait, and that of the young Prince of Wales. After this, Angelica became doubly, triply, fashionable. She painted at this time a picture of Venus attired by the Graces —a dangerous subject. Some of the critics grumbled of course, and muttered that Cupid wouldn't have known his own mother in the picture; but decorous royalty applauded, and (oh dear, how decorous!) aristocracy patronised, and the critics were dumb.

So, all went merry as a marriage bell with J. J. Kauffmann's daughter. A magnificent portrait of the Duchess of Brunswick, put the seal to the patent of her reputation. No fashionable assembly was complete without her presence. In the world of fashion, the world of art, the world of literature, she was sought after, courted, idolised. One young nobleman, it is stated, fell into a state of melancholy madness because she refused to paint his portrait. Officers in the Guards fought for a ribbon that had dropped from her corsage at a birthnight ball. The reigning toasts condescended to be jealous of her, and hinted that the beauty of "these foreign women" was often fictitious, and never lasting. Dowagers, more accustomed to the use of paint than even she was, hoped that she was "quite correct," and shook their powdered old heads, and croaked about Papists and female emissaries of the Pretender. Scandal, of course, was on the alert. Sir Benjamin Backbite called on Lady Sneerwell in his sedan-chair. Mrs. Candour was closeted with Mr. Marplot; and old Doctor Basilio, the Spanish music-master of Leicester Fields, talked toothless scandal with his patron, Don Bartolo of St. Mary-Axe. The worst stories that the scandalmongers could invent were but two in number, and are harmless enough to be told here. One was, that Angelica was in the habit of attending, dressed in boy's clothes, the Royal Academy Life School; the second story—dreadful accusation! —was that Angelica was a flirt, an arrant coquette; and that

one evening at Rome, being at the opera with two English artists, one of whom was Mr. Dance (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, the painter of Garrick in Richard the Third), she had allowed both gentlemen gently to encircle her waist with their arms—at the same time: nay, more, that folding her own white waxen arms on the ledge of the opera box, and finding naturally a palpitating artist's hand on either side, she had positively given each hand a squeeze, also at the same time: thereby leading each artist to believe that he was the favoured suitor. I don't believe my Angelica ever did anything of the kind.

Scandal, jealousy, reigning toasts, and withered dowagers notwithstanding, Angelica continued the fashion. Still the carriages blocked up Golden Square; still she was courted by the noble and wealthy; still ardent young Oxford bachelors and buckish students of the Temple wrote epistles in heroic verse to her; still she was the talk of the coffee-houses and studios; still from time to time the favoured few who gained admission to Lady Mary Veertvoort's evening concerts were charmed by Angelica's songs—by the grand Italian pieces, and the simple, plaintive, Tyrolean airs of old;—still all went merry as a marriage bell.

In 1768 there appeared in the most fashionable circles of London a man, young, handsome, distinguished, accomplished in manners, brilliant in conversation, the bearer of a noble name, and known to be the possessor of a princely fortune. He dressed splendidly, played freely, lost good-humouredly, took to racing, cock-fighting, masquerade-giving, and other fashionable amusements of the time, with much kindliness and spirit. He speedily became the fashion himself, but he did not oust Angelica from her throne: he reigned with her, a twin-planet. This was the Count Frederic de Horn, the representative of a noble Swedish family, who had been for some time expected in England. Whether my poor, poor little Angelica really loved him; whether she was dazzled by his embroidery, his diamond star, his glittering buckles, his green riband, his title, his handsome face and specious tongue, will never be known; but she became speedily his bride. For my part I think she was seized by one of those short madnesses of frivolity to which all beautiful women are subject,

You know not why, they know not why themselves, but they melt the pearl of their happiness in vinegar as the Egyptian queen did: she in the wantonness of wealth; they in the wasteful extravagance of youth, the consciousness of beauty, the impatience of control, and the momentary hatred of wise counsel.

Angelica Kauffmann was married in January, 1768, with great state and splendour, to the man of her choice. Half London witnessed their union: rich were the presents showered upon the bride, multifarious the good wishes for the health and prosperity of the young couple. And all went merry as a marriage bell—till the bell rang out, first in vague rumours, then in more accredited reports, at last as an incontrovertible miserable truth, that another Count de Horn had arrived in England to expose and punish an impostor and swindler who had robbed him of his property and his name—till it was discovered that Angelica Kauffmann had married the man so sought—a low-born cutpurse, the footman of the Count!

Poor Angelica, indeed! This bell tolled the knell of her happiness on earth. The fraudulent marriage was annulled as far as possible, by a deed of separation dated the 10th of February, 1768; a small annuity was secured to the wretched impostor, on condition that he should quit England and not return thereto. He took his money and went abroad. Eventually he died in obscurity.

Numberless conjectures have been made as to whether this unfortunate marriage was merely a genteel swindling speculation on the part of the Count de Horn's lacquey, or whether it was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy against the happiness and honour of Angelica. A French novelist, who has written a romance on the events of my heroine's life, invents a very dexterous, though very improbable, fable of a certain Lord Baronnet, member of the chamber of Commons, whose hand had been refused by Angelica, and who in mean and paltry revenge, discovered, tutored, fitted out, and launched into society, the rascally fellow who had been recently discharged from the service of the Count de Horn, and whose name he impudently assumed. Another novelist makes out the false Count to have been a young man, simple, credulous, and timid—lowly-born, it is true, but still sincerely enamoured

of Angelica (like the Claude Melnotte of Pauline in the Lady of Lyons). He is even led to believe that he is the real Prince of Como—we beg pardon: Count de Horn—imagines that a mysterious veil envelopes the circumstances of his birth; but, when the truth is discovered, and he finds that he has been made the tool of designing villains, he testifies the utmost remorse, and is desirous of making every reparation in his power. A third author, M. Dessalles Regis, not only avers the premeditated guilt of the false Count, but alludes to a dark rumour that the Beauséant of the drama, the villain who had dressed up this lay-figure in velvet and gold lace to tempt Angelica to destruction, was no other than her rejected lover, Sir Joshua Reynolds! For my part, I incline to the first hypothesis. I believe the footman to have been a scoundrel.

A long period of entire mental and bodily prostration followed the ill-starred marriage. J. J. Kauffmann, good fellow, comforted his daughter as well as he was able; but his panacea for her grief, both of mind and body, was Italy. He was weary of England, fogs, fashion, false counts—there was no danger of spurious nobility abroad; for could not any one with a hundred a-year of his own be a count if he liked? Still Angelica remained several years more in this country; still painting, still patronised, but living almost entirely in retirement. When the death of her husband the footman placed her hand at liberty, she bestowed it on an old and faithful friend, Antonio Zucchi, a painter of architecture; and, five days afterwards, the husband, wife, and father embarked for Venice. Zucchi was a tender husband; but he was a wayward, chimerical, visionary man, and wasted the greatest part of his wife's fortune in idle speculations. He died in 1795, leaving her little or nothing. The remainder of poor Angelica's life was passed, if not in poverty, at least in circumstances straitened to one who, after the first hardships of her wandering youth, had lived in splendour and freedom, and the companionship of the great. But she lived meekly, was a good woman, and went on painting to the last.

Angelica Kauffmann died a lingering death at Rome, on the 5th of November, 1805. On the 7th she was buried in the church of St. Andrea delle Frate; the academicians of St. Luke followed the bier, and the entire ceremony was under

the direction of Canova. As at the funeral of Rafaelle Sanzio, the two last pictures she had painted were carried in the procession; on the coffin there was a model of her right hand in plaster, the fingers crisped, as though it held a pencil.

This was the last on earth of Angelica Kauffmann. Young, beautiful, amiable, gifted by nature with the rarest predilections, consecrated to the most charming of human occupations, run after, caressed, celebrated among the most eminent of her contemporaries, she would appear to have possessed everything that is most desirable in this life. One little thing she wanted to fill up the measure of her existence, and that was happiness. This is man's life. There is no block of marble so white but you shall find a blue vein in it, and the snow-flake from heaven shall not rest a second on the earth without becoming tinged with its impurities.

OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENTS.

SATURDAY in Holy Week, and Easter Monday, were the days on which I went a-fairing this year.*

On the Hampstead road, by London, there is a place called Chalk Farm. There was a farm here, and chalk too, once upon a time, no doubt; probably when the adjacent hill bore primroses instead of a gymnasium; but both farm and chalk have long since disappeared, leaving us in their stead plenty of dust, a railway bridge with a prospect of the railway, a circular stable for high-mettled locomotives, and a big white chalk-faced tavern. Chalk Farm was a famous place in days of yore. It is on record that Jack Straw baited there on his way to and from the hostelry that bears his name. Many a bold highwayman cocking his stolen laced hat fiercely over his purloined periwig, and with shiny (and purloined) jack-boots bestriding his ill-gotten grey mare with a crop tail, has here refreshed himself previous to a raid on the bagmen, the post-chaises, or, haply, even the mail-coaches travelling on the Great North Road. Many a "hard-favoured man in a grey roquelaure and netherlings of blue drugget, with a cast in his eye," has here made appointments with wealthy City tradesmen who had been so unfortunate as to lose a portion of their stock-in-trade, and who have here received the "eighty yards of figured lutestring," or the "thirteen cards of gold lace, four guineas the ell," which had so unaccountably disappeared from their warehouses, and for the recovery of which they had advertised in Gazettes, Advertisers, and Ledgers, twenty guineas reward, and "no questions asked." Here, long before there was a Regent or a Regent's Park, long before Camden had kindly given his name to a town, long before the London

* This paper was originally published in May, 1852.

and Birmingham Railway was either born or thought of, many a bloody duel, with rapier or hair-trigger, was fought. Many a gentleman, whose nice sense of honour did not debar him from the cogging, the loading, or the sleeving of dice, or the carrying, at *écarté*, of three queens in his hat, and the fourth in the collar of his coat, has here avenged that honour (injured perhaps by oak or whipcord of opinionated pigeon) by "pinking" or "winging" his antagonist. Many a good tall fellow has driven from a drunken brawl to Chalk Farm, in the early morning, while the birds were singing, and before the smoke blurred the sunshine; and has come home on a shutter, stark, bloody, shot dead.

But there are no Jack Straws, no plundered merchants, no highwaymen, and no duels, now, at Chalk Farm. There is still, however, a Fair there, twice a-year: at Easter and at Whitsuntide. To that fair, last Easter Monday, I went.

It was a very hot (for April) day, to begin with: tempered by a bitter easterly wind, eddying round corners viciously, catching nursemaids cunningly, and drifting them all, drapery, ribbons, parasols, and baby, against old gentlemen of mysogynic appearance; smiting little boys on the hip, and savagely sending their caps into interminable space, and their hoops between the legs of grown-up people. But such a sun! such a genial, blazing, here-I-am-again-after-six-months'-absence, holiday-makers' sun; such a blue sky; such staring white robes the houses have put on, and such apparently endless crowds hurrying to Chalk Farm Fair!

The Fair ground was not extensive, on this Easter Monday. It was an anomalous, irregular-shaped patch of broken ground, resembling a dust-heap on a large scale, somewhat bounded on the North by Primrose Hill; on the South, by the Railway Bridge; on East and West, and on all intermediate points of the compass, by unfinished houses, and fantastic traceries of scaffold-poles. There were booths where the traditional kings, queens, and cocks in gilt gingerbread were dispensed; and where, in gaily decorated tin canisters, the highly-spiced nuts appealed to the senses of the holiday-makers. There were shabby little pavilions, stuck all over in front with the profiles of gentlemen with very black features and coats, and very white shirt-collars: together with a stock officer in mous-

taches, a vermilion habit, and epaulettes like knockers; the whole being intended to give you an extensive idea of the resources of the "Royal Chalk Farm Artist's Studio," where you could have your portrait taken by the instantaneous magic process for sixpence—a fact which the artist himself (in a wide-awake hat and a blouse) seemed never weary of reiterating. There were Royal Pavilion Theatres, and Royal Cobourg Saloons, and Royal Amphitheatres, where the old story of woebegone clowns, dirt, rouge, tarnished spangles, and soiled fleshings, was told for the thousandth time. There were a "giant and a dwarf," some "bounding brothers," a "bottle equilibrist," a "strong man," a "professor of necromancy," and a "sword and ribbon swallower." There were weighing machines, "sticks" (the speculation of swarthy gipsies), at which you might throw for pincushion prizes and never get any; there were Swiss bell-ringers, Ethiopian Serenaders, juveniles, who turned over three times, or threw "cartwheels" for a penny; sellers of cakes, sweet-stuff, tarts, damaged fruits, slang songs, whistles, catcalls, and penny trumpets. Finally, there were many swings, roundabouts, and turnovers, which, crammed to overflowing with men, children, and women, revolved, oscillated, or performed demi-summersaults incessantly; the motive power being given by brawny varlets in corduroys and ankle-jacks. Add to all this a little fortune-telling, a little fighting, and a great deal of music, noise, and bellowing, with a great deal of dust to cap all, and you will have a fairish notion of Chalk Farm Fair on Easter Monday.

Well, the astute reader will say, *Cui bono*, this oft-told tale? Are these things new to us? Have they not been since Fairs were? Have *we* never been to Greenwich, to Stepney, to Knott Mill, to Glasgow Fairs? Stop a moment: I have but treated of the scene. A word about the people who were there!

Imagine in this broken, dusty, confined patch of building-ground, a compact, wedged-in, fighting, screeching, yelling, blaspheming crowd. All manner of human rubbish licensed to be shot there. There was more crime, more depravity, more drunkenness and blasphemy; more sweltering, raging, and struggling in the dusty, mangy backyard of a place, than

in a whole German principality. There were more wild beasts in it (not Wombwell's) than Mr. Gordon Cumming would light upon in a summer's day, and a South African forest. You could not move, or try to move, ten paces without hearing the Decalogue broken in its entirety—the whole Ten Tables smashed at a blow. By sturdy ruffians, with dirty "kingsman" 'kerchiefs twisted round their bull necks like halters, with foul pipes stuck in their mouths, and bludgeons in their hands, jostling savagely through the crowd, six and eight abreast, with volleys of oaths and drunken songs. By slatternly, tawdry, bold-faced women, ever and anon falling to fighting with one another; and in a ring formed by a "fancy," composed of pickpockets, costermongers, and other intense blackguards, clawing, biting, pulling each other's hair, rending each other's garments, giving in at last breathless, almost sightless, all besmeared with blood and dust. By some of the defenders of their country with their side-belts (happily bayonetless) all robbed of pipe-clay, and besmirched with beer-stains. By beggars and tramps, shoeless boys and girls, thieves, low prize-fighters, silly "gents," and here and there, perhaps, a decent mechanic, or little tradesman, who had taken his family to the Fair in sheer ignorance, and expectation of some innocent entertainment out of doors.

Heaven knows, I grudge not the workers their few holidays, nor would I for a moment attempt to interfere with the amusements of the English people—otherwise than to increase them fifty-fold. I love to see the poorer classes enjoy themselves. There is no prettier sight to me than the river (even on a Sunday), crowded with steamers, more crowded still with holiday-makers dressed in their best. I glory in Gravesend "eaten out" on a hot summer evening; in the crowded parks, with the merry voices of children; in Chelsea and Kew, Richmond and Hampton Court; in the snug families of pleasure-seekers —father in a tail coat that morning intensely blue, but now somewhat dusty, and bearing the exhausted provision-basket —mother in a bright dress, a bright shawl, a brighter bonnet, and a parasol the brightest of all, soothing a stout baby, quite worn-out and flaccid with the unwonted dissipation of the day —children tired, quietly satisfied, or elated with the homœopathic "drinks" of mild porter administered to them: with,

may-be, one little misanthrope, who has pinched his sister Eliza, and tried to poke his finger through the tapestry in Hampton Court Great Hall; and who has made faces at waiters, and cried at sentinels, and has been threatened times out of number with "catching it." All these, with the decent young men and women cosily sweethearting; the simple-minded youths, so gorgeously apparelled, so careful of their apparel, and so harmless; the sensible mechanics with their wives; the pleasure-vans, the suburban tea-gardens; aye, and the dry skittle-grounds, and bowling-alleys, and quoits, and field-billiards, I delight to witness! Though the sons of St. Crispin may indulge themselves a little on Saint Monday, and the tailors may object to work on a Tuesday, and the carpenters may "knock off" on a Saturday, am I who also occasionally indulge and object and knock off, to blame them? Am I to grudge them their amusements? Heaven forbid! but Heaven save us, likewise, from many fairs like that I have mentioned on the road to Hampstead! Also from Battersea Fields on a Sunday morning and afternoon, all the year round! With the exception of the ground being more extensive, and of shows and theatres being absent; but, with the addition of gambling for half-pence, pigeon-shooting, and the most brutal cruelty to animals, in the shape of dog and cock fighting, and horse and donkey racing, or rather torturing; they are as bad as, even worse than, the fair.

This is in the natural depravity of the common people, of course! It is not at all because real education is wanted, or because the common folk must get their open-air entertainments by stealth and while the law is winking, or because anybody—saint or sinner, pot or kettle—proceeds on the prodigious assumption that the question lies between the worst amusements and none; between the declarations of a pet prisoner gnashing his teeth at sour grapes, and the striving fancy that there is in most of us, which even a lecture or a steam-engine will not always satisfy! No doubt.

And now, good people, for the first fair I saw this holiday time—I have been treating all this time of the second—a fair on the Saturday following Good Friday; a fair at Lewes some eight or nine miles inland from Brighton.

I was at this last-named place early on the Saturday morning, on business. There was but little wind, and, when the sun shone, which it did almost without cessation throughout the day, it was as hot as though the day were July. My business was over by a little after ten o'clock. I strolled a few minutes on the cliff, admiring the pretty Amazons and the bold riding-masters, so conscious of their proud position. I held mute converse with one of the most melancholy monkeys I have ever beheld, crouching mournfully before an organ on which a child of sunny Italy was grinding dolefully an anatomical preparation (so cadaverous was it) of the Marseillaise. In the midst of the hot, dusty Steyne, with its brown herbage, and waterless fountain, and fareless cabs, and memberless club and princeless palace, it looked (the monkey, I mean) like the ghost of George the Fourth lamenting over the ruins of the Pavilion. He (the monkey) spat on the penny I gave him, for luck, or seemed to do so; and I left him scratching his head with an aspect of the most dreadfully woebegone perplexity. I looked in at the Town Hall, where the Judge of the County Court was giving a dreary decision about a smoky chimney; I looked in at the Police Court, where an agricultural labourer (with at least fourteen pounds of hardened clay on each of his boots) was under examination, charged with breaking another A. L.'s head (he might have been his twin brother, he was so like him, clay and all), with a bench, or a four-legged table, or some light article of that sort, in a beer-shop. But I did not incline to Brighton, that hot Saturday morning. Brill's bath, Wright's library, bathing-machines, shell-picking, beach-wandering, or the Ocean Queen yacht, with its three cruises a-day at a shilling per head, had no charms for me. I determined to walk to the station and go back to London.

The first feat I accomplished, just as the clock struck the half-hour after ten. I found the station crammed with people—men, women, and children—in their holiday clothes. Sussex in general, and Brighton in particular had come out in immense strength. Coventry had done its duty nobly, for the ribbons were prodigious. Manchester had not flinched, and the display of printed cottons was enormous. There were married couples with their families, lov.ng couples,

old men and young. "Ha!" I said to myself, "I see—a fair!"

I was confirmed in my impression by the sight of bottles, and baskets, and bundles. "A fair," I said, "certainly! Where are they going?" "To Lewes," said the guard, with a knowing wink. Now, I wanted a little pleasure, a little excitement, for I was dull; hipped, to tell the truth, by the heat, and the dust, the smoky-chimney decision, and the melancholy monkey in the Steyne. I will go to Lewes and see the fair! I thought. I put my London return ticket in my pocket, and bought a return ticket to Lewes. The train was very full, and to Lewes I went—to the FAIR.

The newspapers said there were between three and four thousand persons present, and they know best; to my mind and to my eyes there were ten thousand living souls screaming, fighting, roaring with gipsy jollity in front of LEWES GAOL, where the fair was held. Besides the crowds of holiday-makers who had come with me from Brighton, there were thousands more who had poured in from the whole country side—from Hove, Chiddingley, Patcham, Allinghurst, Hayward's Heath—even from Chichester on the one side, and Crawley and Reigate on the other. It was a rare sight; stout yeomen on horseback, with flowers in their coats and in their horses' headstalls; lounging dragoons from the cavalry barracks on the Lewes road; women in crowds, gaily dressed, very merry, holding up their little children to see the show; white-haired old agriculturists in snowy smock frocks, and leaning on sticks; picturesque old dames in scarlet cloaks, that might have been worn by their great grandmothers when George the First was king; tribes of brown-faced urchins, farm-labourers, bird-catchers, and bird-scarers; crowds of navvies, rough customers—ugly customers to say the truth—very chalky indeed, striped night-capped, gigantic-shoed, and carrying little kegs of beer slung by their sides. Also, gangs of true genuine British scamps, the genuine agricultural vagabonds,—incorrigible poachers, irreclaimable drunkards at wakes and feasts, enlisting in foot-regiments and deserting the day afterwards—hawking crockery-ware, or doing dawdling work in Kent—sometimes, in hopping time—brawlers in ale-houses—not averse to a little bit of burglary on the quiet,

with crapes over their faces and shirts over their clothes. Also a great many policemen on horseback, and on foot. What could so many of *them* be wanting now, at a fair?

At a fair, too, where there were hawkers of cakes and fruit; where there were games and sports going on as at any other fair; where mirth and jollity seemed universally to reign, where they were calling for sale "Apples, oranges, ginger-beer, bills of the play." Yes: bills of the play! I saw one, printed on play-bill paper, with a rude woodcut at the top; indifferently printed, very indifferently spelt. I read it. "The last dying speech and confession of Sarah Ann French, executed at Lewes for the murder of her husband at Chiddingley." This was the play. This was the sight the people had come to see: had waited from six o'clock in the morning to get a good place at.

All the public-houses and beer-shops (Lewes boasts a fair proportion) were crowded. The taps were continually at work; such business had not been done since the day the railway was opened. Eager conversations were carried on in these hostelries. Had the criminal confessed?. "Did her spuk?" the agriculturists asked. Old stagers related their impressions and reminiscences of former murders and hangings. Of Holloway; of Corder, Maria Martin, and the Red Barn; of men hanged for setting fire to hayricks, for smuggling, and for burglary; of criminals who had gone to the gallows singing psalms, or who had been hanged in chains, or brought to life again by the first touch of the surgeon's anatomising knife. Most of the better class of shops in the High Street were closed; their inmates were either afraid of the rough visits of the mob returning from the execution, or they were gone to see it themselves. I wandered to and fro, noting these things; wishing to go away, a hundred times; turning, as many times, my feet towards the station; but, ever finding myself, as twelve o'clock approached, with my back against a wall, and my eyes fixed on the black stones of the prison, the awful scaffold, and the hot sun shining over all.

All this time the shouting, and singing, and cake and fruit vending, were going on with redoubled vigour in the crowd, getting denser every moment. Now, bets begin to be laid

whether the prisoner would die game or not, and odds were freely taken; the proceedings being diversified by a fellow screeching out a doggerel ballad on the culprit's life and crimes, to the tune of "Georgy Barnwell," and by a few lively fights.

And all this time, I suppose, they were trying to infuse as much strength into the wretched woman inside the gaol as would be sufficient to enable her to come out and be hanged without assistance. All this time, I suppose, (for I have no certain knowlege on this subject) there was the usual hand-shaking, and the usual worthy governors hoping that everything had been done to make the prisoner "comfortable" (comfortable, God help her!); and the usual ordinaries praiseworthily endeavouring to pour into ears deaf with the surdity of death, tidings of Heaven's mercy and salvation.

I stood with my back against the wall, now completely jammed and wedged in—very sick, and trying vainly to shut my eyes. There was a dull buzzing singing in my ears, too, in addition to the noise of the crowd.

Which rose to a roar, to a yell, as some one came out upon the scaffold. But it was not the principal performer. It was *a man*, who, shading his eyes with one of his large hands, glanced curiously, though coolly, at the crowd, and stamped on the planking, and cast scrutinising glances at the divers component parts of the apparatus of death. This was the executioner. *He* knew his trade, said his admirers in the crowd, did Calcraft——

Another roar: a howl. Hootings, groans, and screams of fainting women. The crowd swaying to and fro; the glazed hats and batons of the struggling policemen shining in the sun like meteors.

Two men brought, out and up, a bundle of clothes—so it seemed to me, for I am naturally short-sighted, and was, besides, giddy and confused.

It was propped up by some one, while the man with the large hands nimbly moved them about the bundle. Then it, and he, stood side by side; and, on the bundle, was something white—the cap I suppose—which I have seen hundreds of times since: which I shall see to my dying day: which I can see now close I my eyes ever so much, as I bend over this

paper. There was no roaring, but a dead, immutable silence. One sharp rattling cry there was, of "Hats off!" (whether in reverence and awe, or to see the show the better, I know not); another cry there was, a gasp, rather, from thousands of breasts, as the drop came lumbering down, and the executioner (you would almost have thought he would have fallen with his victim), who had stepped nimbly on one side, gazed on his work complacently. Then the elements of the crowd, swaying more than ever, made a great rush to the beer-houses, or refreshed themselves from their own private stores —yelling, screaming, and laughing heartily; then, the cake and fruit trades recommenced, and apples, oranges, and bills of the play were cried vigorously.

The moral lesson would be invaluable no doubt, to the little children, who played at "hanging" for a week afterwards; to the professional gentlemen, who had been picking pockets at the gallows-foot; to the mothers, who promised their children that if they were good they should go and see the next man hung; to the mass of readers of the narrative in the newspapers; to the boys, who would ask at the Circulating Libraries if the Newgate Calendar was in hand; to the hawkers and patterers, then reaping harvest from the sale of last dying speeches and confessions; to the Railway Company, who had not done so badly by their early trains that Saturday morning; to the crowd in general, who saw so brave a show, free, gratis, for nothing. I came back to Brighton again, and the train was full of enthusiastic sight-seers. Every minute particle of the horrible ceremony was enumerated, discussed, commented upon; but I can conscientiously declare that I did not hear one word, one sentiment expressed, which could lead me to believe that any single object for which this fair had been professedly made public, had been accomplished.

This, of course, is, likewise, in the natural depravity of the people. Verily, they are a bad people these English! And, touching the great open-air entertainment provided for them by their rulers, this last-mentioned Fair, they are the great phenomenon of the world; being an effect entirely without a cause! Mr. Grote is evidently mistaken in supposing that the Athenian Government never presented what is in itself so

moral and improving a spectacle, but always inflicted capital punishment in private. To believe that it was found necessary, because of their corrupting influences, to make executions private in New South Wales, not long ago, would be to attain the height of credulity. Shall we talk of any want of real education, or of recognised open-air entertainments, and decry these great moral lessons, in a breath!

THE FACULTY.

THE simple Highlander who came weeping to his commander after the battle of Preston Pans, lamenting that the watch, which was his share of the plunder from the vanquished English, had "died that morning," meaning that it had stopped, was not so far wrong in his generation after all. A man resembles a watch in very many respects. It would be but a sorry pun to adduce first, in support of this position, the old Latin saw, Homo Duplex—thereby intimating that a man is like a watch with a duplex movement. Yet there are duplex men; and those who go on the horizontal and on the lever principle. Some of us are jewelled in many holes, and have ruby rollers and escapements of price, yet are contained in humble silver or pinchbeck cases; while the trashy, ill-constructed, worse-going sets of works have gorgeous envelopes, cases of embossed gold, radiant with enamel and sparkling with gems. Did you never know an engine-turned man? Men who were too fast or too slow? Men who, being frequently in the watchmaker's hands for regulation, go all the worse for it afterwards? Men who, if neglected, were apt to run down and play the deuce with their insides? Are not men as often pledged as watches, and as seldom redeemed? Are there not as many worthless men as watches appended with sham Albert chains, and showy, valueless *breloques?* Has not an old-fashioned watch an unmistakable likeness to an old-fashioned man? Are there not ladies' men and ladies' watches; hunting men and hunting watches; men and watches that are repeaters; watches and men that you can set tunes upon, and that will go on tinkling the same tunes with sweet and unerring monotony over and over again, as often as you like to wind them up. And is not, finally, a man in this much like a watch, that, finished, capped, jewelled, engine-turned, wound

up, and going (to speak familiarly) like one o'clock; in the pride of his beauty, the accuracy of his movement, the perfection of his mechanism, the flower of his age—one slight concussion, one hasty touch, one wandering crumb, one accidental drop of moisture, will silence the healthful music of his pulse, and paralyse his nervous hands, and leave him a dumb, senseless, piece of matter, prone to go to rust, and fit only to be taken to pieces, to form the component parts of newer, braver watches? Yet a man will bear mending almost as often as a watch. You may take his interior almost out, and give him a new case, a new face, new hands. But when the man-spring is broken, it cannot, like the main-spring, be replaced.

If you will concede the resemblance of humanity to watch-work, you will not deny the likeness of the doctor to the skilful artisan who repairs watches. There is no such person, strictly speaking, as a watchmaker; the brightest mechanical geniuses of Cornhill, Clerkenwell, and the Palais Royal do not make watches; they merely collect their separate, already-made parts, and put them together. They also tinker and examine, clean, and regulate, improve and strengthen. So with the doctor; he is the human watch-mender. He knows the component parts of the machine, and when it is going right or wrong. He mends, adjusts, strengthens, and occasionally spoils us. As some watch workmen make dial plates, some springs, some wheels, and some hands—so some doctors attend to the limbs, some to the digestive organs, some to the brain, some to the liver, and some to the skins of humanity.

I have the highest respect and reverence for that medical aggregate commonly called The Faculty, and I hope that none of its members will be offended with me for drawing a comparison between the art of healing and the art of watchmaking. For, although the two professions do seem to run parallel, there is a point where they diverge widely and for ever; where the mechanist of mere inanimate discs of metal must keep in the beaten track of his trade; but where the doctor stands forth, another Mungo Park, to explore the sources of the Niger of Life; where he journeys into unknown countries, and valleys full of shadows to make discoveries as strange as Marco Polo's, to undergo vicissitudes as wondrous as Sale's, and as perilous as Burckhardt's, and as fatal as Captain Cook's. The

Faculty has had its pioneers, its explorers, its trappers, its apostles, and its martyrs. For centuries, energetic and enthusiastic men have devoted the flower of their lives and the fruitful harvest of their genius to one great object. At this moment there are hundreds of men passing the hours that we squander, in patient application, unwearied study, and profound meditation—applying, studying, meditating upon the site and foundations, the walls and roof, the beams and rafters, the very bricks and laths of that house of life of which so few of us have long leases, which so few of us take the commonest precautions to keep in habitable repair, which so many of us wantonly injure and dismantle, nay, sometimes burn down altogether with combustible fluids, or run away from, taking the key with us without paying the rent.

The Faculty has a literature of its own—a ghastly literature, illustrated by a ghastly style of art—as Mr. Churchill's shop, and the library and museum of the College of Surgeons can show. The Faculty has its newspapers, its monthly and quarterly journals, its philosophers, essayists and humorists; but where are its historians? When are we to have the history of The Faculty? Not a scientific history, not a controversial history, not even a professional history, but a history for the vulgar—a history of the doctor in all ages in his habit as he has lived. Surely, if the different schools of philosophy, poetry, music, and painting have found their historians; if Dr. Johnson could propose, even, a biography of Eminent Scoundrels; if insects have their historiographers, and the beasts that perished and the reptiles that crawled before the Flood their annalists; if we have memoirs of celebrated printers, celebrated quakers, celebrated pirates, celebrated criminals, celebrated children, celebrated Smiths, we have surely a right to expect a popular biography of celebrated doctors. Let us have The Faculty—its curiosities, eccentricities, its lights and shadows; its virtues and faults, from Avicenna to Abernethy, from Ambrose Paré to Astley Cooper, from Cardan to Clarke, from Rondelet to Ricord, from Sir Thomas Browne the learned knight of Norwich to Sir Benjamin Brodie, the more learned baronet of Savile Row.

The history of medical quackery and imposture alone would fill a spacious library, supplementary to that of The Faculty,

and be a rich boon to the reading public. From the charms and philters and dried eelskins of the old half-conjurors, half-doctors, to those more learned yet mistaken men, who as late as the days of the knight of Norwich believed in the efficacy of Misraïm for curing wounds, and sold Pharaoh for balsam; maintaining subtle controversies as to the virtues of powdered unicorn's horn, dried mermaid's scales, and the ashes of a phœnix sublimated and drunk in wine of canary thrice boiled, to later believers in the cure of the king's evil by the king's touch;—from these gropers in the labyrinth of error to the more ignorant, more pretentious, more versatile, more successful quacks of modern times, the Sangrados; the disciples of Molière's Sganarelle whose panacea for all human ailments was a lump of cheese; the Katterfeltos, with their hair on end, wondering at their own wonders; the Dulcamaras in scarlet coat, top-boots and powdered hair going about to fairs and markets with merry-andrews and big drums; the mystic Dr. Graham, with his goddess Hygeia (in the likeness of a Royal Academy model); the famous and erudite Dr. Lettsom, whose confession of faith is said to have been

> "When people 's ill they comes to I.
> I purges, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
> Sometimes they live, sometimes they die;
> What 's that to I?
> I. Lettsom."

—from the memoirs of these worthies, to the swarming professors, old and young doctors, Licentiates of the University of Trincomalee, Duly Qualified Surgeons, Medical Herbalists, and advertising pill and ointment impostors of the present day, who clear their thousands annually by the sale of nostrums to a besotted and credulous public, we might at least learn that whilst in all ages the average of human folly and credulity has been pretty nearly equal, still, that side by side with quackery and knavery that great edifice of science adorned with probity, and science softened by humanity, has grown up, which, though far from complete, is yet an honour and glory to this century and generation,—I mean the medical profession of to-day—in short, THE FACULTY.

Yes; we want a cunning hand to draw us the doctor ancient

and modern, nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice. We want to know all about the ancient disciples of Galen and Hippocrates; how they worshipped Esculapius, and whether the cock they sacrificed to him was a Cochin-China or a bantam. We desire acquaintance with the Arabian Hakim, with his talismans and amulets; with the despised Jew leech of the Plantagenet kings, trembling while he prescribed, and oft paying for the loss of a diseased life with his own healthy life; persecuted, reviled, yet with a mine of learning beneath his gaberdine and dingy head-dress. We crave to know more of those jovial practitioners and dispensers, the monks of old; and whether they took the same kind of physic themselves that they dispensed so liberally to the sick at the gates of their monasteries, or limited their pharmacopœia to the rich wine which they are said to have quaffed so frequently, and with so many "ha-has!" We seek introduction to the medieval doctor, riding gravely upon a mule, with his whole apparatus of surgical instruments hung at the crupper; his quaint skull cap, his learned spectacles, his bulky Latin folios, none of which could save him from the suspicion of dealing with the devil, or from the temptation of occasionally wasting his fees in the purchase of stuffed monsters and dried reptiles, with perhaps a neat apparatus of crucibles and alembics for purposes of alchemy. We call for the doctor of the seventeenth century, still a learned man, with square cut cap and falling bands, but with some glimmerings of facts and science breaking through the haze of his book-laden brains—full of mummy and Misraïm, unicorn's horn and golden water of life yet, but not quite so confident about them as heretofore—meditating perchance upon the antiquated prejudices and pedantries of medicine, much as a Major-General Sir Peregrine Pigtail of the present day may look upon tight stocks, and bearskin caps, and flint locks. Then would we be eager for a knowledge of the doctor of the Georgian era, in his square-cut coat, flapped waistcoat, huge cuffs, powdered wig, ruffles, three-cornered hat, and sapient gold-headed cane complete. So on and on till the doctor of to-day grows upon us, learned, skilful, knighted, broughamed, degreed, honoured, caressed, or cheerfully exercising his learning and his skill in poverty and obscurity, but sowing no less than his titled, initialled brother,

good seed, surely afterwards to grow up into a rich harvest of glory in the broad lands of reward.

Much do we desire cognisance of all these things; likewise when the first fee was taken, and the first consultation held; who invented the charming system of more than cuneiform hieroglyphics employed by the Faculty to express scruples, drachms, and grains; what scholiast upon Priscian settled the declensions and conjugations of doctors' Latin, and when prescriptions first came into use; when doctors began to disagree, and when first "physicians was in vain." I should like the historian, too, to clear up the story of Dr. Faustus; whom I consider myself to have been a highly ingenious practitioner, considerably in advance of his age, but with a fancy for cabalistics, table-turning, and spirit-rapping which eventually brought him into bad odour. I want further information about Macbeth's medical attendant:—why he wore trunk hose and roses in his shoes, while the rest of the court wore kilts and bonnets; and whether he married the gentlewoman after the discomfiture of his iniquitous master and the coronation of Malcolm at Scone. I am particularly anxious to know more of Dr. Butts, that wise physician attached to the person of Henry the Eighth, and whose duties appear to have been confined to looking out of window in the company of his royal patron. And I confess that I have an ardent longing to know all about the famous Dr. Fell, whether he was a doctor of physic, law, divinity, letters, or music; why the great lexicographer didn't like him, and why the reason thereof he could not tell. Who is to be our Doctor Dubitantium on the doctorial question? When may we expect the History of the Faculty in a cheap form for Railway Reading?

If you expect such a work from *me*, you are grievously mistaken. I don't know much about anything: I want other people to tell me; I am as ignorant about the doctors of bygone ages as a Zulu Kaffir; though, of the Faculty of the present day (and I acknowledge it with a sort of groan) I *do* know something. Yes, the doctor and I are old friends. We know a good deal about one another.

The Faculty was aware of me, of course, prior to my appearance upon the stage of men. The Faculty was down

upon me immediately afterwards. The Faculty put fetters on my legs, and fuller's earth poultices upon my eyes, blisters on my chest, worsted behind my ears. The Faculty put glass cups between my shoulders, scarified my flesh with infernal machines full of sharp steel teeth, and sucked up my young blood. The Faculty introduced to my notice sundry monsters of a slimy nature, originally from Asia Minor, I believe, which arrived in pill-boxes, and drank of me till they fell drunk into plates of salt, to dream, no doubt, about their father of the horse connection, and their three sisters who cried continually, "Give! Give!" The Faculty "put rat's-bane in my porridge and halters in my pew," in the shape of draughts and powders. The Faculty have endowed me to this day with a loathing for orange-marmalade as recalling horrible traditions of ipecacuanha. It has made black currant jelly abhorrent to me in connection with powdered aloes; and it has implanted a deadly and inextinguishable dread of roasted apple, lest it should be calomel in disguise, and a shuddering suspicion of flower of brimstone, when I see treacle. I have been rubbed by the Faculty, scraped, lanced, probed, plastered, and pickled by the Faculty. The Faculty sat by my side at dinner, far more awfully present than Sancho Panza's physician. The Faculty denied me pudding twice after meat; sent me to bed when I was broad awake; kept me indoors when my limbs yearned for exercise; forbade me to read the books I loved; tabooed open windows; banned green meats and fruits; swathed me in hot stifling clothing; kept me from church, pleading the danger of being over-heated, and from the play—the dear, delightful play, with its wax lights, gay dresses and miraculous transformations—through unfounded apprehensions of catching cold. Oh, you little children; if you could only find some juvenile Fox to write your martyrology. Saint Catherine and her wheel, Saint Lawrence and his gridiron, Saint Denis and his sore throat, Saint Stephen and his stones; what would their tortures be in comparison with your sufferings at the instigation of the merciless Faculty!

Yet I bear the Faculty no ill-will for all the experiments they made upon me, and I dare say that in my case they did it for the best. By all accounts I must have suffered under

dreadful ailments during my nonage. I know that there was always something the matter with my eyes, or my limbs, or my head. I can remember eyes that looked at me with a kind, sad, pitying wonder, as I played about, an ailing child, marvelling doubtless how any of the cheerfulness and sprightliness of infancy could abide in that afflicted and feeble frame. I can dimly recall words of sorrow and commiseration that I hoarded with a child's avarice, when I was very young—words from those who must have seen me swathed and bandaged up among vigorous playmates, or watched me sitting apart in weird and unnatural confabulation with my elders, when I should have been gambolling among my peers. I can remember that I was taken to a great many new doctors to make me "quite well," and to a great many new spots to make me "quite strong;" and I can call to mind that my mother had a maid once, with whom she had a "difficulty," and who, in the progress of the discussion, threw out the axiomatic insult, that I was a "hobject." It had never struck me before that I *was* an object; but I have no doubt that the lady's maid was substantially correct. Yet for all my objectibility it seems to me that I ate and slept, and enjoyed myself, on the whole, pretty much as other children do—that I was seldom conscious of my imperfect and wretched state; and I can understand and appreciate now that infinite mercy which, shutting one door, opens another; which strews the road to death with lotus leaves and masks the destroyer's battery; which gives cheerfulness to the consumptive, and the one good day among many days of pain and suffering to the condemned to disease; which gilds the lips of the dying child, with a smile that is as the smile of angels.

The many doctors that I have been to! the greatest having been the famous Sir Hygey Febrifuge. He lived in Celsus Row, which is a funereal thoroughfare leading from Upper Tomb Street into Cenotaph Square, out of a little masked alley called Incremation Passage. The houses in Celsus Row are tall and gloomy. The odour of quinquina, highly-dried sarsaparilla, and bitter aloes, seems to float about in the atmosphere. The gaunt iron railings before the houses look like the staves of mutes divested of their crape. At the corner leading into Upper Tomb Street is Memento House the town

mansion of the Earl of Moriarty. Celsus Row itself is almost exclusively occupied by the Faculty. There have been but two laymen renting houses in it during the last thirty years: the Lord of Moriarty, who resides abroad, and one Colonel Platterbattel, of the Nizam's army, who, as a punishment for his intrusion into the sacred precincts of Esculapius, was signally sold up lately, and had carpets hanging out of his windows, and auctioneers' placards pasted on his walls. The brass-plates as you advance upwards towards Incremation Passage are as brazen pages of the Medical Directory. Sir Hygey Febrifuge, Sir Esculap Bistoury, Scalpel Carver, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.; Doctor Drugg; Doctor Pelvill; Mr. Drum (the famous aurist); Mr. Bucephalon (the world-widely known oculist); Sir Ackwer Distillat; and others, have all their lodgments here. Grave broughams, or graver carriages and pair, driven by sedate coachmen—well read, no doubt, in the London Pharmacopœia, and putting their horses through regular courses of medicine—draw up, towards visiting hours, in Celsus Row. Footmen clad in solemn black, or—even if in undress—wearing sober black-and-white striped jackets, open and shut the tall doors noiselessly. Visitors come and go noiselessly, and give cautious double raps. Swathed and muffled figures emerge from cabs, and totter feebly into the houses. Cabmen forbear to slang, and butcher-boys to whistle, in Celsus Row. You hear in fancy the scratching of pens writing prescriptions, the clinking of the guinea fee into the physician's hand, the beating of the pulse, the long-drawn sigh, the half-suppressed groan as the patient waits agonisingly for a verdict of life or death from the doctor's lips.

For here in Celsus Row, in the tall quiet houses, dwell the locksmiths of the gate of ivory and the gate of horn. They cannot always find a key to fit; it often happens that the lock is so inscrutably constructed as to defy all their keys and baffle all their skill. But what it is within the compass of human capacity to know, thus much know the doctors of Celsus Row. They have the bunch of keys at their girdles: the key of pain and the key of solace, the key of sleep and the key of exhilaration; the key that gives strength to weakness, soundness to disease, cheerfulness to misery. From nine

to twelve daily, crowds pour through the gates, paying their guinea toll, but finding often and often that the ivory gate only admits them to a life that is false, and that through the gate of horn lies Truth and Death.

My recollections of Sir Hygey Febrifuge are of a little grey-headed man who was always in a hurry. He is still alive, I am happy to say—little, grey-headed, and as constantly in a hurry. A man has a right to be in a hurry whose time is worth a guinea a minute. He must be immensely aged by this time, and must have earned an immense number of guineas. Well can I remember the solemn, silent dining-room, in which I used to wait for audience with Sir Hygey Febrifuge. There were two large dusky pictures in it, the one representing the knight in his academical robes; the other a huge fruit and flower-piece, with a lobster, half-a-dozen oysters, a lemon with a long trailing rind, a flask of wine, and a profusion of luscious pineapples, cherries, grapes, roses, and vine-leaves. I used to look upon these two latter pictures with a sort of vengeful feeling, remembering how many delicacies had been forbidden to me through the instrumentality of the Faculty. There was a massive sideboard; beneath which there was a metallic monument, dreadfully like a sepulchral urn, which I now know to have been a wine-cooler, but which, in those days, I firmly believed to contain the ashes of dead patients. I can see now the dingy red drugget on the floor, the green-baize covered tables set out with bygone annuals, defunct court-guides, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, Lord Kaimes on Criticism, and an odd volume of the Annual Register; the faded morocco chairs; the double, crimson-covered, brass-nailed door, that led into the doctor's sanctum; the silent visitors waiting, as I was, for the arbiter of health. Here, the paralytic octogenarian; here, the widow in mourning, with her ricketty child; here the wounded officer from India; here, the withered nabob, who had lost his liver, and was come hither on speculation to ask Sir Hygey if he had seen it by chance come that way; here the old lady from the country afflicted with nothing save a plethora of money, and anxious to ask the doctor if it were likely that anything would ever be the matter with her; there, the anxious father with

his consumptive daughter—the gentleman of small means who had been painfully hoarding up his guineas that his child might have the benefit of the great London medical man's advice; there, the young exquisite who had been living too fast; the old exquisite anxious to die as slowly as possible; the over-taxed student, who had gained his double first and lost his health; the popular actor beginning to be nervous about his voice, and feeling a warning stiffness and weakness in his limbs. Here they all were, mournfully silent—wrapped up in their own ailments, or at best speaking in stealthy whispers. Every now and then you heard a silver bell tinkle, and saw the grave raven-hued servant flit in and out; and then the crimson door opened noiselessly; and, when your turn came (if you had been a duke you could not have gone out of it), you were ushered into the presence of Sir Hygey Febrifuge.

Who, as I have already said, was always in a hurry. He never sat down, but flitted about, now looking at his watch; consulting his visiting book; feeling your pulse; asking you short, nervous questions; convicting you out of your own mouth, if you attempted to deceive him; telling you in half-a-dozen words much more about yourself than you could have told him in a week, and a great deal that you didn't know at all; darting out into the hall to look (gratuitously) at a poor woman's leg, or a baby past hope; popping his head into the dining-room to see how many persons yet remained to see him; and then scribbling a prescription; precipitately giving you a rule of life and conduct for your future guidance; pocketing his fee, and nodding you out, all with perfect calmness and efficiency, yet all, so it seemed, simultaneously. Visitor after visitor would be summoned, and the same process repeated. Then, when *his* visiting time arrived, the Prince of the Faculty would enter his carriage, and drive from square to square, from street to street, hearing the long tales; judiciously cutting them short; giving a modicum of advice, a crumb of comfort, a healing touch of life and strength, and pocketing the guineas unceasingly. When to this you add attendance in the crowded wards of an hospital; operations; lectures in the hospital theatre to admiring crowds of students; and the occasional publication of an erudite work

upon operative surgery or physiology, you will wonder with me where and whenever Sir Hygey Febrifuge found time to snatch a mouthful of food, to swallow a glass of wine, much less to give grand dinners, and frequent the fashionable soirées, and be the domesticated husband and father that he was, and is to this day.

How many thousand faces must have passed before the doctor's eyes; how many pitiable tales of woe must have been poured into his ears; what awful secrets must find a repository beneath the black satin waistcoat! We may lie to the lawyer, we may lie to the confessor, but to the doctor we cannot lie. The murder must out. The prodigal pressed for an account of his debts will keep one back; the penitent will hide some sin from his ghostly director; but from the doctor we can hide nothing, or we die. He is our greatest master here on earth. The successful tyrant crouches before him like a hound; the scornful beauty bows the knee; the stern worldly man clings desperately to him as the anchor that will hold him from drifting into the dark sea that hath no limits. The doctor knows not rank. The mutilated beggar in St. Celsus's accident ward may be a more interesting case to him than the sick duchess. He despises beauty—there may be a cancer in its bloom. He laughs at wealth; it may be rendered intolerable by disease. He values not youth; it may be ripe for the tomb, as hay for the sickle. He makes light of power; it cannot cure an ache, nor avert a twinge of gout. He only knows, acknowledges, values, respects, two things—Life and Death.

In my experience of the Faculty, I can reckon no less than three knights besides Sir Hygey Febrifuge; I have had the honour of the medical attendance of Sir Squattling Squeb, the great Court Physician. Not of this present court, be it understood, but of the bygone *régime of* Queen Charlotte. Sir Squattling is dead now, I think; and for the last twenty years of his life the majority of the public believed him to be already deceased, although he was quietly making some hundreds of guineas yearly by his profession. Sir Squattling did not live in Celsus Row: but in Galen Square, where he had powdered footmen, in coloured liveries—quite Court Footmen. He had a sister, Miss Squeb; age uncertain; plainness certain; who

always carried a wire-work basket full of keys, which, when displeased, she rattled wrathfully. She frequently gave me a cake, which I liked, and tracts, which, at that unthinking age, I am afraid I did not sufficiently appreciate. He was a very white-headed, red-faced, feeble, trembling old man, and, I think, wore powder and silk stockings. People said that he had never been clever, and that he had originally been Court apothecary, and had been promoted for drawing a youthful prince's tooth, with a gold pencil case. I liked him. The first time I went to him he patted me on the head, and showed me a mighty rolling panorama of the coronation of George the Fourth, and said I didn't want any physic just then—it was that which made me like him.

Far different were my feelings towards Mr. Gruffinboote. Gruffinboote was one of those men—a class now extinct—who achieved a reputation for great talent and practical skill, by a savage and overbearing demeanour. Gruffinboote bullied the timid, frightened the ladies, and insulted the nobility. The timid people, the ladies, and the noblemen who liked to be bullied, and frightened, and insulted, went to Gruffinboote, read his book, and abused him continually, to the great increase of his practice and extension of his fame. It was my doleful lot to be taken to Mr. Gruffinboote; something, of course, being the matter with my eyes and limbs. It was a dark day, and we went in a yellow hackney-coach; but where Mr. Gruffinboote dwelt, or what sort of a house his was, I cannot call to mind. All I can recollect is, that Mr. Gruffinboote wanted to do something to my eyes; but whether to scoop them out, or bleed them, or scrape them, or drill holes through them, or paint them with mercury (I have suffered nearly all these processes in my time), I cannot now say. I objected to Mr. Gruffinboote, certainly with tears; probably with struggles; possibly with kicks; and it is a fact that Mr. Gruffinboote thrashed me. He was a big, rough man, like a fierce schoolmaster that had been turned out in a prairie to graze; and I say that he thrashed me—a weak ailing child, with bad eyes and limbs. I bear Gruffinboote no ill will, but I think were he yet alive, and were I to meet him, I should be sorely tempted to tell him a piece of my mind.

I should fill this sheet were I to enumerate half the mem-

bers of the Faculty between whom I ran the gauntlet in search of health. There was Sir E. Mollyent, the great ladies' doctor, who wrote the most complicated prescriptions, and was fond of recommending the waters of Maninbad, or the baths of Lucca, to very poor people's children, and once prescribed chicken-broth and carriage exercise to a pauper. There was Mr. Scalpel Carver, with an awful white neckcloth and shining white teeth, of whom men said, in a whisper, that he was fond of the knife; though, thank goodness, he never operated on me. And, among a whole host of others, there was worthy, kindly, Doctor Lilliput, with his morocco case full of infinitesimal bottles, his tasteless medicines, mild and gentle mode of treatment. I know that, as a boy, I looked upon him as the greatest, wisest, cleverest of Doctors; but I am afraid now that he was not one of the orthodox Faculty, but was of the Homœopathic persuasion.

I have not troubled the Faculty much since I came to years of discretion, or indiscretion. I think I may say, as Sir Godfrey Kneller did of Doctor Radcliffe, that I can take anything of a doctor, but his physic. The last doctor I went to seemed to have some intuitive notion of this; for, when I had gravely recited to him the details of my complaint, he gave me a very fine full-flavoured Havannah cigar, and ordered his servant to bring up the liqueur-case, and the hot water. To be sure, he was only a country doctor.

A HANDFUL OF FOREIGN MONEY.

"What have you had, *M's'r ?*" "*Demi tasse, p'tit verre, flûte.*" "*Six et trois, douze, dixneuf.*" The civil *garçon* (who has a chin-tuft a guardsman might envy, and a white neck-cloth more like that of a Cabinet Minister than the flaccid unwholesome wisp of limp calico that our English waiters twist round their throats) goes through a rapid act of calculation of the extent of my *consommation* at the *café;* where I have read seventeen newspapers, and have imbibed two little cups of coffee (with a suspicion of cognac in the last); where I have been served off marble, silver, and porcelain, and have enjoyed, besides, the supplementary privilege of sitting, for as long a period as I liked, in a noble saloon, adorned with a sea of mirrors, whose decorations *à la Renaissance* remind the spectator, not unpleasantly, of the Salon d'Apollon at the Louvre, —all for the consideration of ninepence-halfpenny sterling. Quite enough, too, you will say; remembering the three-halfpenny cup of coffee, the penny "slice," and chicory-stamped periodicals of the London *café;* but I must inform you likewise that I have had the gratification of contemplating a shining mahogany counter, with a gorgeous service of plate thereon, and an equally gorgeous *dame de comptoir* behind it (the noblest study of mankind, begging the poet's pardon, is —*woman*), and that I might have played half-a-dozen games at dominoes, and have popped what remained of my saucer full of lump-sugar into my pocket, had I felt so disposed. But, enough; I will take a walk in the Elysian Fields. I give the *garçon* a ten-franc piece, and he returns me a handful of change. He is thankful for the odd halfpenny of which I beg his acceptance, not however pocketing it, but dropping it into a species of electoral urn, common to his brother waiters, and which is the repository, I opine, of their *honoraria*, though whether the proceeds are devoted to the rehabilitation of their

white neckcloths, the purchase of ball tickets for the "Salle Valentino," or the support of a widow and orphan's fund, I am unable to say. Then the *garçon* gives me my hat, and, executing mesmeric passes with his napkin, bows me out like a lord. Truly, civility costs but little, but it will purchase a good many things in this world.

I cross the Place de la Concorde, always in my eyes a *chef-d'œuvre* of architectural magnificence, but in which, each time I visit Paris, I still find workmen employed, making it more magnificent still. The Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées is crowded with fashionable equipages, chequered here and there by omnibuses, wagons, and washerwomen's carts. Fleet Street commingles here with Rotten Row. I sit down on one of the benches (not on one of the chairs, in good sooth, for harpies hover there about them, fierce and implacable in their demands for retributory *sous*), and eye the aristocratic turn-outs complacently. There are some anomalous vehicles certainly, some queer liveries, and a few samples of harness, heraldry, and horses that would not pass muster in Long Acre; but on the whole I am pleased. Next to the pleasure of having a carriage and horses of your own comes that of admiring and criticising those of your neighbours. Provided always that you have dined, and have an unimpaired digestion.

I am a little late, though, for this amusement. Towards seven o'clock the grand carriages bear their occupants home, or to ministerial banquets. The chief of the State drives by in a pony phaeton, handling the ribbons himself prettily, and takes the road into the Faubourg St. Honoré, where his palace is. A long string of carriages and prancing cavaliers, sitting their horses more or less abominably to English eyes, follow him; and the carts and waggons bound towards Neuilly or Boulogne begin to be in the majority. Meanwhile, I have been jingling my handful of change in my dexter palm; glancing at the smirking little soldiers in red trousers, and at the *bonnes* and little children in go-carts and leading strings; listening lazily to the tattoo of the drums and the fanfare of the trumpets calling home the warriors of France to their barracks; luxuriously inhaling the calm summer evening air, and wondering where the smoke can be; in short, abandoning myself to the delights of doing nothing with that intensity

which only those who are compelled to work hard at intervals can appreciate.

Man being a thinking animal—at least he ought to be one—I think a little while I cool my heels in the evening breeze. The Elysian Fields are a capital place for thought. A fair, with round-abouts, conjurors, and dancing booths, goes on continually in one part; reviews and inspection of troops takes place frequently in another; while the roadway and its intersecting avenues are always more or less thronged with vehicles. Yet there are shady walks, and sequestered nooks and benches, far from the turmoil of the world, and where the contemplative man may take his recreation—where you may write sonnets to the stars, to Lesbia, or to Pyrrha, get a maiden speech by heart, or concoct the rough draft of a love letter—and be all the while as free from annoyance or interruption, as though you were in the rat-cage at the top of the monument on a rainy day, or Sir Simon Stylite a-top of his column all the year round. I could think, now, on the decadence of empires, the mutabilities of fortune, the state of Europe, or the Maynooth grant; but I find a subject of reflection sufficiently ample in the handful of change, which I have held till the coins are warm. Let me glance thoughtfully at them, ere I consign them to my waistcoat pocket.

Here is a brave piece of money—a two-franc coin, bearing the effigy of Louis Philippe, *Roi des Français*, 1835. This looks prosperous, rosy, clean-shaven, well-to-do in the world. The edges are neatly milled, the letters and numerals cleanly and brightly stamped. The monarch's whiskers are symmetrically curled; I can almost discern a wink in the royal eye, a mythical finger laid against the royal nose, and that seem to say: "Lyons is muzzled. Jacques Lafitte has eaten his heart. I no longer fear the newspapers, for Thiers is minister, and Guizot shall be, and Armand Carrel sleeps in Père la Chaise, shot to death. *Rentes* are on the *hausse*; all my sons are brave, and all my daughters virtuous; not a whalebone is loose in the umbrella of Orleans." The two-franc piece is a business-like coin, a favourite with the shopkeepers, who call it affectionately "the piece of forty." Next to the noble, the glorious, the bourgeoisie-beloved dollar, *la belle et bonne pièce de cent sous*, or "cartwheel," as the commons more irre-

verently term it, which from 1830 to 1848 was the fountain and main-spring, the be all and end all of French honour, virtue, mercy, courage, and patriotism—next to this deified shekel of Gaul, the two-franc piece is the favourite guest at counter and bureau. Louis Philippe coined the pieces of forty by myriads; so, on a smaller scale, are they patronised by his equally business-like son-in-law, Leopold of Belgium. They are not popular, however, with the obese, broadcloth-clad, faro-drinking Belgians, who being large and fat-faced, resent as an impertinence the advent of a coinage which is large and fat-faced too. They even turn up their noses at the crisp, classic thaler of Prussia; *their* delight is in "fiddler's money,"—battered, pockmarked Dutch guilders, Austrian zwanzigers all holes and corners, like weevilly biscuits; they have even a sneaking kindness for the abominable silver groschen of the Rhine provinces.

Next in my handful of change is a franc—somewhat battered, somewhat worn, slovenly in what I may call the tire of the wheel, but stern and austere-looking, and of an ashen hue, very different from the smug garishness of the Philippine coins, and the flashy Britannia-metal-like glitter of the second republic. The effigy it bears is more that of an "ancient Roman than a Dane" or of a Frenchman. Were this piece bronzed, decently notched, and passably spotted with verdigris, I should (did I know anything of numismatics, which I don't) imagine it to be some old medal stamped with the head of Trajan or Constantine. But the lofty forehead, the eagle eye, the Grecian nose, the exquisitely chiselled mouth, with its inexorable lips and rounded chin, the sparse locks of hair, and the laurel wreath binding the temples, all belong to a modern emperor. The legend is yet clear enough for me to read "*Napoleon Empéreur*," and on the obverse, '*République Française*, 1806." This was, I think, after a certain ceremony had taken place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at which the Pope of Rome assisted, and there must have been a good deal of the "*République Française*" left in 1806.

A half-franc comes next. It bears the same head—the features more filled out, perhaps, and the expression a trifle more thoughtful. Let me look at the inscription. Ah! the poor "*République*" is nowhere by this time, for here I read,

"*Napoleon: Empéreur et Roi;*" on the obverse, "*Empire Français*, 1812." I read, and lo! like an army the thoughts come rushing on me, conjured into life by this worn and tarnished fragment of silver. There is the Arc de l'Etoile, behind which the sun is bleeding to death in his crimson shroud, while my lady moon looks on with a cold unpitying eye, forgetting that he will rise again, and chase her from the skies to-morrow. There is the triumphal arch, commenced by him, completed by the king who proscribed his family, sculptured over with the list of his victories—lying wonders, many of them—but of which others have filled the world with awe. There, in the Place de la Concorde, where the golden pillars and fountains glisten; there, far beyond where the austere pavilion of the Tuileries, grown grey in the experiences of slaughter and pillages, bodes among the cypress-like trees, and jealously shrouds the bloody Carrousel behind, of whose courtyard there is not a stone uncemented with gore; there, to the right and to the left, by the marble Madeleine, by the bridge leading to the palace of the legislature; there, down the long line of quays, where the boy soldiers are staring greedily at the lithographed presentments of his victories; there by the dome of the Invalides, where his maimed veterans doze on the benches; there, on the shining river crossed by his bridges; and there, in the blue distance, where the dismal turrets of the Conciergerie point to the Palais de Justice, where his judges sit to this day and expound his code; there, on every side, the sign and mark of this man are for a wonder and an astonishment.

But I have not come to the end of my handful of change yet. I have a few more silver pieces, and many coppers. I finger again another franc—a dull, tasteless, leaden-looking piece of metal enough, bearing thereon a very ordinary, commonplace-looking ledger-and-day-book sort of head. *A Dieu ne plaise*, though, that I should be wanting in respect to the possessor of Claremont—to a sovereign, moreover, who, if he had no other claim to respect and affection, has this at least from English hearts, that he was the husband of the Princess Charlotte. But King Leopold does not shine advantageously on his silver coinage. The laurel wreath sits uneasily on his brow, and his entire position seems anomalous and uncom-

fortable, as perchance his corporeal one may be, in that hybrid land which has been a bone of European contention since Cæsar's time, in that fat, fertile country of corn-fields, battle-fields, and coal mines, of Rubens's pictures and Verbruggen's carvings, of bread-and-butter sandwiches and hard eggs (so excellently boiled, however, that I am privately of opinion that the hens *lay* hard eggs in the Low Countries), and whose inhabitants have been so accustomed to be politically bullied from time immemorial—from Julius Cæsar to Philip van Artevelde—from the Duke of Alva to Napoleon—that they don't seem to know what to make of liberty now they have got it. I never knew a Belgian, even one of the most constitutional, but who had a savoury relish for the pitiably greasy monks who infest the streets and railway trains. With all their liberty, "*les braves Belges*" are notoriously priest-ridden; and with all their gratitude for the battle of Waterloo and the downfall of Napoleon, eleven out of twelve Belgians maintain that the English were signally beaten on that occasion, only they were too stupid to become aware of the fact. They, the Belgians, found out their defeat in what is familiarly termed "no time," and showed their superior discrimination by running away as fast as their legs could carry them. When I visited the field of Waterloo, the guide—who of course had been in the battle, though I verily believe he must have been in petticoats in 1815—took care to inform me, while pointing out the notabilities of the landscape, of the invincible prowess displayed by the "*braves Belges*" during the battle, and of the hideous and crapulous cowardice of the Dutch. He avowed, while we were on the field and in the presence of a stout old Indian Colonel, who looked liberal but fierce as well, that it was a "*grande victoire,*" a glorious day for Britain; but, subsequently discussing a *chopine* of sour beer with me, he informed me confidentially that if it had not been for the "*infame trahison*" of somebody somewhere, the English would have been *écr-r-rasés* by the great Emperor.

Hallo! I thought my handful of change was confined to France and Belgium. But I am in error. Slides from between two francs a little shabby greasy disc of silver stating itself to be worth "*cinque soldi,*" and current, I suppose, in France as a five-sous piece. Whose is the head? Charles

Albert, bland and kingly-looking, and bearing the orthodox laurel wreath. The legend states him to be "*Dei gratiâ Sardiniæ Rex,*" and to the best of my knowledge his style and title was rightly that of King of Sardinia. But what is this in addition? "*Cypri, Hierosolymæ Rex*"—King of Cyprus and Jerusalem? How about the King of Naples? How about his highness Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, without whose permissory firman a single Christian could not go up to the holy city. Why should the King of Sardinia call himself King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, when he is about as much so as he is King of Brentford or King of Oude? Why should a king tell so gross a fib in public? Why should he send forth to the ends of Europe so palpable a what's-its-name upon this twopence-halfpenny coin, to pass himself off as King of Jerusalem to the industrials who black shoes and shave poodles on the Pont Neuf. But soft: empty boasts and lying titles are nothing to Charles Albert now; and before I fling a stone, I should remember that we have glasshouses in Great Britain. I should call to mind, that not very many years have passed since our matter-of-fact George III. publicly styled himself King of France—at the very time, too, that he was dispensing with a lavish hand the blood and treasure of his kingdom, to help the King of France to his own again.

More coins! but the coppers begin to have it their own way, like the carts and waggons over the carriages anon. Here are three kings all of a row. Louis XVIII., King of France and Navarre; very fat, very placid, pomatum and hair-powder visible even on the tarnished franc stamped with his royal portrait. Charles X., also King of France and Navarre, and passing current now for fivepence sterling; he has a wan, dissatisfied, mortified expression of countenance, but the thin bloodless lips and quenched eye have all the impassible obstinacy of the fated Bourbon race, who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing in years of exile and woe. And, to complete the category of kings in silver, is five-penn'orth of the *ancien régime*—five-penn'orth of Versailles, hoops, hair-powder and Madame de Pompadour—a *demi-livre*—a ten-sous piece, bearing the *vera effigies* of Louis XV., the well-beloved. Ah! Louis the well-beloved; if you could only ponder over my handful of change, and see how the seeds of love you

sowed, fructified into a harvest of blood and tears, when the gross copper *sous* of your grandson Louis XVI. came into circulation! The obverse sides of these three kingly coins bear also the arms of France and Navarre: the crown, the shield argent, and three fleurs-de-lis. These *were* the arms of France, but shall be never, never more, I think.

Come we to the coppers. Here we progress towards something like a uniformity of coinage. The monetary chaos on the silver side is relieved by the sober aspect of these pieces of one or two sous. But what sobriety? The sobriety of Louis XVI., by the grace of God, in 1779, trembling on his throne, pricked by encyclopedical pens sharpened with regicide penknives—of the same Louis, no longer King of France but "*Roi des Français*," in the "third year of liberty," 1792—of the same Louis, backed with the republican *fasces* and the legend "*la foi, la loi, le roi*," in 1793—and finally, the sobriety of these sprawling rugged two-sous pieces—*les gros sous* of the republic one and indivisible, cast from church bells, monumental brasses, bronze candlesticks and palace gates, and stamped with the head of a brazen woman with dishevelled hair and a red nightcap. Stay! One little silver piece yet remains: so thin, so fragile is it, that it has lain perdue between two of these corpulent democratic pence. But for all it is of silver, and bright, and neatly milled, and worth full twenty centimes; it is also democratic, and claims kindred with Madame Republique in the nightcap. This little coin is dated 1848, and bears the head of a female in a semi-Grecian costume, a sort of medley of Madame Tallien, Laïs, Aspasia, and Mademoiselle Mars. It bears for legend the redoubtable words, "*liberté, egalité, fraternité*" (similar inscriptions on the walls and public edifices were unfortunately grazed therefrom by stray cannon-balls that inaugurated the famous *coup-d'état* in December 1851). Liberty, equality, fraternity! Oh, liberty!—oh, Madame Roland, what right have I to take your words out of your mouth?

The sun has sunk to rest; the twilight has commenced and ended, while I have been pondering; and when I raise my eyes from my handful of change, I am dazzled by the gas-light festoons from the "*Château des Fleurs*" close by, and light suddenly upon an animated tableau of Paris by night.

Students and grisettes are hurrying to the joys of the polka, and the *valse à deux temps*. Open air concerts have commenced, which those who choose to invest capital in the purchase of cooling beverages are privileged to witness in garden chairs before little marble tables, where they listen as luxuriously to the strains of Donizetti and Bellini as though they were amateurs in their well-cushioned stalls at the opera. So much for the aristocracy, but, the vile multitude, as M. Thiers politely termed them—in the shape of good-humoured soldiers and bearded connoisseurs in blouses, are kept from the penetralia of the *café* concert by a ring fence, and pass criticisms on the ravishing strains which greet their ears through the leaves of the trees and the fumes of the very strong tobacco emitted by their and their companions' pipes. The highway resounds now with broughams and coupés with brilliant lamps, hastening to ball or *soirée*. Franconi's Cirque Olympique is surrounded by playbill sellers and loungers between the entertainments, while, from the open skylights, pour enlivening gushes of equestrian music. The man with the dancing dogs has led his dramatic company home to their kennel; the proprietor of the *rouge et noir* table, with whom the young and simple play for macaroons and lose, has also retired—to try his infallible martingale, I suppose, in the privacy of domestic life. But, the magicians yet remain in full force; the vendors of elixirs, unctions, and lotions, expatiate with the full force of their lungs on the unrivalled efficacy of their nostrums; the professors of electricity and galvanism paralyse whole strings of little boys. Swords are swallowed, flames vomited, duets and trios chanted, merry-go-rounds revolve; we have all the fun of the fair without any of the fighting.

Not towards these, do my thoughts incline this summer evening. Still, do I fumble my handful of change; still, do I meditate on these dull and mute pieces of metal. Ah! could some power endue them with tongues, though but for a moment, what eloquent tongues theirs would be! what lessons of history would be poured into my ears! Of all memoirs, what could be more interesting, more enthralling, more wofully instructive, than those of these silver and copper tokens? Who is to write the history of money, and when shall it be written? Who shall trace the history of the widow's mite,

of Cæsar's tribute, of the forty pieces of silver with which the potter's field was bought?

Of these pieces of money I hold, thou, O Palace of Tuileries, lowering in the night, with one solitary illumined window like a glowworm in the midst, hast seen the birth and the career! Could the walls speak; could the windows be mirrors; could these inanimate heads start from their silver or copper frames; what tales would they tell! They are but emblems and symbols; and the men of whom they are shallow counterfeits, are dust.

As I muse, a gentleman who has stopped to observe me, taking me perhaps for a despondent lover, or a dramatic author meditating a complicated plot, accidentally lets fall a five-franc piece close to me. As he stoops to pick it up, I observe that it is new and bright; and the light from a gas jet falling on it, I can discern a head as yet unknown to me, on gold, or silver, or on copper, but which is soon to be, they say, on all:—an aquiline nose, a pendant jaw, a thick moustache and imperial, and LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, 1852. So runs the world. There was a Member of Parliament, I have heard, who once seriously contemplated bringing in a bill for the abolition of Hansard, exposing, as that publication did, such inconvenient discrepancies between the opinions of honourable members from session to session. I wonder whether we shall ever have a ruler, who, remembering that comparisons are odious, will call in or deface all the moneys of his predecessors. As it is, a handful of small French change is a course of lectures, in miniature, on the history of France.

ROGER THE MONK.

EVERY one that has read (and who, claiming benefit of clergy, has not read?) the Ingoldsby Legends, must have a distinct remembrance of Roger the Monk. Every reader of that collection of wit, playful fancy, and jocose learning, must have simpered, or smiled, or "loffed heartylie," at the famous lines,—

> "And Roger the Monk
> Got excessively drunk,
> So they put him to bed, and they tucked him in!"

We have grown so accustomed to consider Roger the Monk merely in the light of an ecclesiastic, who, in the dubious period of chronology known as "once upon a time" got "excessively drunk," that any other claims he may have had either to notice or celebrity have been overlooked or forgotten. You may—says the saw—as well hang a dog as give him a bad name: Roger the Monk has been branded as a toper by the facetious bard of Tappington Everard; and though it is very probable that he was a pious, learned, and virtuous ecclesiastic prior to his indulgence in fermented beverages, and although we are assured by Master Ingoldsby himself, that, repenting, Roger subsequently joined the Teetotal Society, and assume that he walked in many processions with many banners, yet the brand of the wine-pot will stick to Roger the Monk as indelibly as the D to a deserter, or the fatal letters F O R C A T to the shoulder of a French convict; and the convivial ecclesiastic will be known as an incorrigible drunkard till Jack Cade come again, and it be death to have a knowledge of reading and writing.

Roger the Monk did something more, indeed, than get excessively drunk. I have a Roger to deal with, an' you will listen to me. Not Roger Bacon, the inventor of gunpowder,

chemistry, and the brazen head; but another Roger, another monk, a historian, and not a *savant*. My Roger is Roger de Wendover, a monk of the Abbey of St. Alban's, afterwards prior of Belvoir, from which preferment he was deposed by Walter de Trumpington, twenty-second Abbot of St. Alban's, on the ground of his excessive extravagance (dissolute Roger!), and ultimately a monk again in his own Abbey of St. Alban's, where he died in the year 1237, on the 6th of May thereof.

Very little indeed is known of Roger the Monk. He was promoted in the reign of John, and his degradation took place soon after the accession of Henry the Third. He might have droned his life away in the obscure ease, and amidst the unfructifying erudition of a provincial monastery—have been duly tolled for at his death by a bandy-legged sacristan, chanted and prayed over by his brethren, and as completely forgotten immediately afterwards as the Walderes, Sugwalds, Egulfs, Wigeres, Kinewales, Suiwulfs, Wulsis, Estans, and many more, his name might have been writ in water had it not occurred to him (astute Roger!) to write a chronicle called "The Flowers of History," containing an abridged narrative of the history of the world from its creation till the year 1235, the nineteenth year of King Henry the Third. The first part of "The Flowers" * extends from Adam and Eve to A.D. 447, when Hengist and Horsa, and those stout Saxons came over to England to amuse the Britons with a species of acting charade embodying the popular fable of the farmer who called in the huntsman and hounds to destroy the hares in his garden. All this Roger has copied from the most mendacious Greek and Latin authors, and from that audacious writer—that dark-age Dumas—Geoffrey of Monmouth. The second part comprises from A.D. 447 to *circa* A.D. 1200. In this Roger has consulted Sigebert of Gemblours, Hermanus Contractus, William of Malmesbury, the Byzantine historians, Bede, Cedrenus, &c. With respect to this second part being an authentic history, I may content myself with remarking that the members of the Jewish persuasion may

* Roger de Wendover's Flowers of History; the Latin Edition, by the Rev. H. O. Coxe, of the Bodleian Library, published by the English Historical Society. Translated by J. A. Giles, D.C.L., late fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. H. G. Bohn, London. 1849.

attach credibility to it, but that I won't. The third part extends from 1200 to 1235, and in it, says Roger's editor, "he rises into the character of an original writer." I am truly glad to hear of that elevation, but I am concerned to say that he does not rise in my estimation as a teller of truth.

I have been reading Roger lately very attentively and patiently. I have marked his assertions, digested his anecdotes, weighed his periods, plodded through his crabbed paragraphs. I have risen from the perusal of Roger (and I grieve to say so) with one settled and fixed conviction—that I don't believe Roger the Monk. More than this; I am not an unbeliever, generally, I hope. I have read Paley, and the French author who wrote "The Words of a Believer," but I can't believe in any ante-Norman History of England, because the chronicle of Mathew Paris, on which almost all our early histories are founded, has been lately discovered (by Roger's learned editor) to contain embodied therein, *verbatim et literatim*, the "Flowers of History" of Roger de Wendover; secondly, because the work of Roger de Wendover, who was copied by the first-named author, is as full of impossibilities as an egg is full of meat, as a stack is full of straws, as an Act of Parliament is full of flaws.

Any good that Roger de Wendover has done is certainly interred with his bones. The evil that he has done lives after him. He has poisoned the well of history undefiled; he has crammed more falsehoods into two octavo volumes than herrings could be crammed into a barrel. He has lied not for an age, but for all time; and the most distressing circumstances connected with his mendacity is, that so many are the lies—so often do we catch him Munchausenising—that we don't know when to believe him. It is the boy and the wolf over again. When we find, wedged sandwich-fashion between two palpable falsehoods, the story of King Alfred and the neatherd, of Canute and his courtiers, of William the Norman's invasion, how are we to know that Roger is not lying yet? I am sorry I have read Roger; sorry that Herr Niebuhr should have demolished Livy, and that Mr. Macaulay should have agreed with Niebuhr; sorry that Horace Walpole should have explained away Richard the Third's murders. I am always sorry to be disillusioned. After love there's

nothing half so sweet as History's young dream. After Roger's lies, how am I to place credence in King Alfred? I shake my head at him. The forty Royal Academicians may find the body of Harold now, as often as they like, and bury him, but I shall not go to the funeral. Was there ever a Fair Rosamond? Did Richard the First ever fight at Ascalon? A man don't know what to believe. Let me briefly and rapidly run through Roger.

Beginning in 447, Roger describes the inviting over of Hengist and Horsa, and tells us the stories of Vortigern and Rowena, and of the wars of King Vortimer, of the Picts and Scots, Merovius, King of the Franks, of the Emperor Valentinian, and of the Council of Chalcedon, in a very sensible, business-like, historical manner. He even mentions the cathedral of Saint Stephen, but with no fewer than three cock-and-bull stories. One concerning Severus, "a man remarkable for miraculous powers," and the "blessed Germanus." The former built the Vienna cathedral, and the latter had promised to attend at its dedication; but—happening to die at Ravenna, was there buried, "not without many miracles"—it might be reasonably supposed that he did not keep his appointment. No: hear Roger. "It fell out, that on the very day of the dedication, and before the service had commenced, the most blessed body of Germanus was taken into that new church while they rested; and thus the promise of that man of God was fulfilled." A highly credible miracle, provided always that no collusion existed between Saint Severus, "the man remarkable for miraculous powers," and the undertaker's men. Again, this romancing Roger tells us (on the authority of the arch-deceiver, Geoffrey of Monmouth) that Vortigern gave Hengist as much land as could be surrounded by a bull's hide, which the artful Saxon cut into long narrow thongs, and so surrounded a great expanse of earth with his leathern *cordon*. Ingenious and picturesque, but unhappily not original. Have we not an exactly similar story concerning Queen Dido of Carthage? And is it likely that the Wodin-worshipping Hengist was familiar with the writings of the ancients? Shortly afterwards we are favoured by a genteel anecdote applying to Saint Mamertus, Bishop of Vienna; who, keeping a vigil, and in the midst of a terrible conflagration

which was devastating the city, with a flood of tears restrained the violence of the fire. Oh, how are we to believe in Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena, after these bouncers!

In the paragraph immediately following, Roger gravely writes under the capitular title of "Discovery of the head of Saint John"—just as a penny-a-liner might record on his flimsy, "Discovery of the head of the murdered woman"—that "in the year of grace 458, two Eastern monks having gone up to Jerusalem to worship, he revealed to them the place of his head, near the house where Herod formerly lived. It was straightway brought to Edessa, a city of Phœnicia, and there buried with due honour."

"In the year of grace" (says Roger) "461, Hengist, hearing of the death of Vortimer, returned into Britain with three hundred thousand warriors." I don't believe that Hengist ever mustered a tithe of that number of warriors; yet every respectable historian has copied the assertion; and if I, being at school, had ever dared to question the veracity of the standard historian of my school, I should have been flogged. I place as little credence in Roger's minute description of the May-day banquet offered by Hengist to the Britons at the village of Ambrius, where every Saxon had a carving-knife stuck in his stocking, with which, in the interval between dinner and dessert, they treacherously slew their guests. I believe that banquet to have taken place just as much as I believe to have been present thereat the famous ancestor of Mr. Jonathan Wild the great, nicknamed "Langfanger," who was rather hard of hearing, and mistook the order to cut the visitors' throats for one to cut their purses, which he did instanter.

Gravely again, Roger tells us that, in the year 464, the Britons, disconsolate at the grievous tyranny of the Saxons, sent messengers into Britain to Aurelius Ambrosius and his brother Uterpendragon, beseeching them to come and extirpate Hengist. Likely enough: but why does the imprudent Roger, reversing his own trustworthiness, like a cow kicking over a bucket of her own milk, tell us that King Vortigern, hearing of the proposed expedition of Uterpendragon, called together his magicians to take counsel as to what was to be done under

the circumstances? That the magicians advised him to build a strong tower of defence for himself and friends, and that he commenced one near a certain Mount Erir; but that, as soon as the masons began to build, the earth swallowed up every night what they had done in the day. That, on his inquiry as to the causes of this architectural failure, the magicians advised him to seek out a youth without a father, and to sprinkle the mortar and stones with his blood, which would give solidity to the work. That, the fatherless youth being found at Carmarthen, he turned out to be the son of the King of Demicia's daughter, his papa having basely deserted and left him chargeable to his parish. That, astonished at this recital, the king called to the youth and asked for his card. That he was no other than the Döbler or Robert Houdin of his epoch, the marvel-working Merlin Ambrosius; that utterly (and wisely I think) repudiating the notion that the irrigation of the tower with his blood was in any way necessary to its stability, he up and said: "Command thy magicians to come before me, and I will convict them of inventing lies; for, not knowing what is under the foundation of thy work, they thought to satisfy thee by falsehood. But call thy workmen, my lord and king, and command them to dig into the earth, and thou shalt discover a pool underneath, which is the cause that thy work doth not stand." That this being done, all was found exactly as Merlin had said, whereupon he up again, and said to the magicians, "Tell me now, ye base sycophants, what there is lying at the bottom of the pool?" That the incapable magicians were, at this query, familiarly so to speak, dumbfoundered. That, for the third time, Merlin up again and said: "Give orders that the pool may be drained, and thou wilt find at the bottom two dragons asleep in them." That the pool was emptied, the dragons found, and the magicians brought to great shame and confusion. I sincerely hope they were, and that Merlin, through the success which had attended his ingenious clairvoyance, obtained an extended connection as a professor of prestidigitation, and exhibited his skill to numerous and distinguished audiences.

In the year of grace 561, Roger would fain have us believe Saint Brandon flourished in Scotland, for which, in the manner

of the country, we are told to read Ireland; the Irish being anciently known as Scots. What "flourishing" was, literally, I never could well understand; unless, indeed, the Saints really flourished and convoluted their limbs and heads from side to side, as their effigies do in monumental brasses, painted windows, and in certain performances of the pre-Raffaelite school. However, Saint Brandon flourished, and for about seven years went flourishing about the world in quest of the Fortunate Islands, which it is almost superfluous to say he did not find. Machutus, who accompanied him, was famous for his miracles and sanctity; though how far these eminent qualities could have been available in what appears to have been a sort of filibustering expedition in quest of gold diggings, I am unable to determine. Being exasperated by the Britons, it occurred to Saint Brandon to show *his* miracles and sanctity by cursing them; through which the miserable Britons suffered many plagues and grievous afflictions. But Saint Brandon was not only a man of miracles and sanctity, but a saint possessing no ordinary degree of prudence; for, after cursing the Britons, he wisely "passed over to Gaul, where, under Leontius, Bishop of Saintonge, he was eminent for his many virtues." Subsequently, Saint Brandon appears to have relinquished the character of an ecclesiastical Sam Hall, and to have uncursed the Britons, who thereupon throve and prospered exceedingly.

In 563, Priscian, the grammarian and orator (whose head has been so frequently in need of vinegar and brown paper, these last thirteen hundred years), flourished at Rome. He turned the Acts of the Apostles into hexameter verse. Very good; very credible, Roger: there is a respectable amount of verisimilitude in this statement; but why do you destroy your own credit by telling that in 562 a mountain on the river Rhone bellowed for many days, and then jumped into the river, with "many churches, houses, men, and beasts?"—that in the year 573, the Spaniards and the Gauls disagreed concerning the observance of Easter, the Spaniards keeping it on the 21st of March, and the Gauls on the 18th of April, that it was "miraculously" proved that the Gauls were in the right, inasmuch as all the fonts in Spain which were wont to be "miraculously" filled on Easter Sunday, did so

"miraculously" and spontaneously fill themselves on the day answering to the computation of the Gauls.

How are we to believe, after these thy "sornettes," that in 585 began the kingdom of the Mercians, whose first king was Credda—albeit is it very likely that the Mercian kingdom did in that year so begin, and that its first king *was* Credda? How are we to believe the charming story of Saint Augustine and the little Angels in the Roman slave-market—and of the conversion of King Athelbert and his people to the true faith: a story all of us, I think, would be sorry to disbelieve, were it not for a terribly long story—showing how Pope Gregory delivered the soul of the Emperor Trajan from the pains of hell, five hundred years and more after his decease; Saint Peter himself condescending to inform Gregory that in consequence of Trajan's handsome conduct to a certain widow during his lifetime, his soul though placed in flames did not feel the torments thereof?

But Roger is incorrigible. In 606, "Sabinian sat in the Roman chair one year, five months, and five days." Very plain, very credible, very matter-of-fact this; but mark what follows. At this time a certain poor man asking alms of some sailors, and they refusing, the master of the vessel alleging "We have nothing here but stones," the poor man then replied, "Let, then, all you have be turned into stones." This was no sooner said than whatever there was in the ship that was eatable was turned into stones, retaining yet its former colour and shape; but as uncookable and innutritious as granite pavement.

I will skip two hundred and more annals, filled with accounts of transactions we have been taught to acknowledge and recognise as authentic English history. I come to that Saxon King, of whom every man with English blood in his veins is so proud—the King who has been glorified in poetry, and history, and painting, by thousands of voices and pens and pencils for a thousand years. I come to Alfred the Great. Roger tells us, without bombast or exaggeration, of Alfred's wisdom, learning, bravery, and benevolence; of how he heard from his teacher, that an illiterate king is no better than a crowned ass; and incited, moreover, by the desire of giving pleasure to his mother (ambition sweeter than any longing for

double first class or stony, thorny Senior Wranglership), learnt, while at a tender age, a book of Saxon poetry, quite by heart. Of how he "set in order the affairs of his kingdom, exercised every sportsman-like art, instructed his goldsmiths and artificers, his falconers and hawkers; by his wisdom constructed buildings, venerable and noble beyond anything that had been attempted by his predecessors; was careful to hear mass daily at stated hours, and loved psalms, and prayers, and almsgiving." Of how he waged fierce and laborious wars with the Pagans; of how he was brought very low indeed by Hinguar and Halden, took refuge in a swineherd's cottage, lived in disguise and poverty, burnt the cakes, and was rated by the swineherd's wife; of how he overcame his enemies, became a mighty sovereign, invented the wax-candle horologes, hung up golden bracelets in the highway, founded monasteries, died on the 23rd day of October in the fifth indiction, A.D. 900, and was buried at Winchester;—"clad," says Roger, piously, "in a robe of blessed immortality, and waiting to be crowned anew at the general resurrection." These are flowers, indeed: if Roger always wrote like this, we should revere him as the most conscientious of historians; but why will he tell us an abominable fable, in the very midst of King Alfred's life, of the Emperor Charlemagne's having a clue tied to his thumb, by which he was led into purgatory by a shiny personage, supposed to be an angel; "into deep and fiery valleys full of pits burning with pitch and sulphur, lead, wax, and tallow;" of Charlemagne there seeing the ghosts of his fathers and his uncles; and of his convoking the bishops and nobles of his kingdom in solemn conclave, and relating this preposterous vision to them? We begin to entertain doubts about King Alfred, burnt cakes, vanquished Danes, and golden bracelets immediately. Two spirits would seem to have sat beside Roger while he penned his chronicles. One was the angel of truth, the other the father of lies, and their amalgamation is confusion.

From King Alfred to Cnute, King of England and Denmark, whom we more familiarly know in our English histories as Canute the Great, we have the story of the wars between King Cnute and the Saxon King Eadmund, of their doughty conflict, hand to hand, and of their ultimate compact and

division of the kingdom. We are told King Cnute made a pilgrimage to Rome, and promised the Pope that the tribute of Saint Peter's penny, called in England "Romescot," together with the "chiriesat," or first-fruits of sheaves should, in future, be faithfully paid. Roger relates further, how Cnute overcame Malcolm King of Scots, and rebuked his (Cnute's) courtiers, on the occasion of the high tide, and how he would never, through humility, wear the crown afterwards. All this is very pretty and very historical; nor do I see any reason to doubt Earl Godwin's treason, or Harold's coronation, or young Alfred's death and burial, of which Roger tells us subsequently.

Next we have Hardicanute crowned, and Gunilda, his sister, married to Henry, the Roman Emperor. "The same emperor, in the lifetime of his father, Conrad, had received from a certain clerk a silver pipe" on condition that, when he became emperor, he would confer on him a bishopric; which Henry, on succeeding to the crown, duly did. That falling ill, afterwards, he was beset by demons, who assailed him and shot into his face flames of fire through this notable pipe, burning his whole body inwardly and outwardly. "But, in the midst of these intolerable flames, the said emperor had with him a young man, holding in his hands a golden cup of extraordinary size filled with water, by whose assiduity in sprinkling the water, the violence of the heat was extinguished; and, while the emperor was wondering who the youth could be, a voice from Heaven said to him, 'Recal to memory the monastery of the blessed martyr Lawrence, on whose shrine thou conferredst a golden cup; wherefore know, for a certainty, that that youth is the blessed Saint Lawrence, who, in requital, gave thee space for repentance, and refreshed thee in thy torments.'"

The Norman Conquest, the life and death of William Rufus, the Crusades, are all narrated by Roger de Wendover; but he does not grow veracious as the transactions he relates grow more modern. He lies fast and furiously, consistently, unblushingly, till miracles, ghosts, falling stars, bloody comets, headless men, talking beasts, singing birds, and dancing fishes are so mixed up with battles, sieges, charters, and chronology, that the brain becomes giddy, the eye weary.

Verily Roger the Monk hath made my heart heavy. Is the earth square or round, or three-cornered? Is there an authentic History of England? What am I to believe? Where is truth?

Truth purest and most refulgent of the feathers in angels' wings; jewel beyond price and value—that thou art at the bottom of the well who can doubt? Yet, often and often, does the bucket sent fifty fathoms deep after thee come, after much tangling and straining of cordage, up to the surface, and lo! we have some lying pebble blinking in our faces, while thou, Truth, yet liest deep in the pellucid water. Old Roger may have sought for truth. I hope he did. I trust he did, but I am afraid he lost his way ever so many times during his search for it.

Yet, what should we all be without Faith? which comforting, makes all things clear in one greater mystery, when history contends with marvel. And perhaps Roger the Monk, simple-minded old friar, in his strong belief, and faith, and trust, grew credulous, and in things temporal forgot to discriminate, and was afraid to rob one saint or martyr of one miracle or marvel with which ignorance and superstition had invested him—thinking that disrespect to a saint was disrespect to the Master of them all.

LILE JACK,

THE DODDERHAM WORTHY.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is a little, out of the way, north-country inn; not only in the corner of a lane, but of a parish; not only of a parish, but of a county; not only of a county, but of England. Sheltered by tall old trees that talk soughfully among themselves, in the summer breeze, of the days gone by, the Travis Arms is not without resemblance to some gray moss-clad old stone in a forest, that has been a trysting-place for courters and a resting-place for weary woodcutters for ages. Gray is this old inn and with verdure clad. The old oaks know it, and the old ravens; for it has been contemporary with the hoariest patriarchs among trees and birds. And yet it has a greater claim to antiquity in the fact, that it has been an inn and the Travis Arms ever since the grand old family of Travis (and Heaven, and Norroy king-at-arms, only know how many years before the flood the heirs of Travis were belted knights) have held their own in Rocksavage Park, hard-by.

The Travises are astonishingly old. Their woods might be (they look so old) almost primeval. Their ancient manor house is crumbling to pieces. Their servants are gray-beards. They are of the old fallen faith (the Protestant peasantry round about call them *Papes*), and bury their dead in an old vault beneath the gray ruins of Saint Severin's Abbey, within the demense of Rocksavage itself. The vault is so old, and ruinous, and gray: so full of sculptured, crumbling, venerable, noble age: that death loses half its newness and noisomeness there, and the pilgrim comes to look upon it less as a grave, than as a musty, worm-eaten volume of heraldry. Foul shame and sorest pity would it be if the Travis Arms,

and the Travises of Rocksavage, were ever to be removed from the place of their long abidement; and goodness grant that there may be no truth in the report that young Sir Bevis Tracy, the present Lord of Rocksavage, is in pecuniary difficulties, and is thinking of selling his estates!

I have been riding from Dodderham town to Rocksavage, ten miles, this golden afternoon. Wishing to be merciful to my beast I deliver him at the door of the Travis Arms unto an ancient ostler who might from his looks have groomed Bucephalus. Wishing to be consistent, and therefore merciful to myself also, I enter the keeping-room of the inn, to bestow upon myself some victuals and drink.

I find little in the keeping-room, however, save sand, silence, and some wonderful oil-paintings—master and date unknown; subjects doubtful—one representing a person apparently following agricultural pursuits, with a woman (probably his wife) on a porter's-knot behind him, who is driving a bargain (as it would seem) with a shiny black man with horns, hoofs, and a tail, about whose being the Evil One there can be no doubt at all. The fiend holds out a long purse of money and points exultingly to a neighbouring mile-stone on which is inscribed "IX miles to Garstaing," which puzzles me. So, wishing for company, explanation, and most of all refreshment, I move, carry unanimously, and execute, an immediate adjournment from the keeping-room to the kitchen of the Travis Arms.

I am speedily made quite at home, and am sitting in the chimney-corner of the inn, for, although it is summer, and there is no fire, the chimney is the only legitimate corner to sit in in such an inn. I wish to be Mr. George Cattermole, Mr. Louis Haghe, or some other skilful delineator of old interiors; immediately, though vainly, I strive to fix in my mind the yawning old cavernous chimney, with its Dutch-tiled sides, the lumbering mantel tumbling forward into the room; the great boiling-pot of state suspended over the hearth, by a chain and hook; the armoury of bright polished culinary weapons; the store of hams and bacon-sides, and dried salmon hanging up; the cratch above my head—which said cratch, I beg to state, for the benefit of my southern readers, consists of a frame of thin iron bars, something like

a monster gridiron without a handle, which hangs about a foot from the ceiling, and supports the last baking of oat-bread, or girdle-cakes, such as are called bannocks by the Scotch; the heavy beams; the staring ballads on the walls; the quaint clock; the tiled sanded floor; the bunches of sweet-herbs perched on shelves and hooks; the dazzlingly clean deal tables and clumsy settles; the iron dish of tobacco in lieu of screws; the long pipes, smock-frocks, leggings, weather-beaten faces, and tall brown drinking jugs of the company who are mostly of the earth (as connected with farming) earthy, and who have dropped in to "tak' a mouggo' yill." Said "mougg" or mug, being understood to mean one of the full brown jugs replenished with home-brewed browner ale any number of times.

When I have partaken of the clean simple fare which the Travis Arms can afford me, and which is set before me by a very neat-handed Phillis—so neat-handed, so smart, so attired after the latest Gazettes of fashion, that I am almost disappointed and wish she were older, and older-fashioned, I fill my pipe from the iron-dish, and fall to listening; an accomplishment which I flatter myself I am rather a proficient in, and on which I have received some pretty compliments in my time. I hear all about the crops, the latest markets, fights and fairs, and the very latest bulletins of the health of all the horses, dogs, and horned cattle in the neighbourhood. More than this, I hear some old country anecdotes, and old country stories of the North-country celebrities, contemporary and departed; and among these I become acquainted, for the first time, with the memorabilia bearing on Lile Jack.

Who, Lile Jack, shall be my theme for a few lines. You must not expect much from him, ladies and gentlemen. Lile Jack killed no giants, rescued no distressed damsels, fought no battles. He was never even once in London in his life. He was a plain man, who spoke the North-country dialect, and very broadly too, but, he was an honest man was Lile Jack, a true Northern worthy. And when I remember that pleasant Master Thomas Fuller, the great biographer of worthies, did not disdain oft-times to sit in ingle-neuks, and gossip with rustic crones, endeavouring to elicit information relative to the

brave good men gone to their reward; you will bear with me, I hope, if I make Lile Jack my hero.

Lile Jack was simply an auctioneer, upholsterer, broker, and appraiser in Dodderham town. He had a great rambling house and shop crammed with the most heterogeneous miscellany of furniture imaginable. There was a four-post bedstead in the parlour, and carved oak sideboards in the kitchen, which were used as dressers; and in the best bed-room there was a huge billiard-table, taken to pieces and stowed away, as if a miniature slate quarry had lost its way, and accommodating itself to indoor life, had assumed a decent suit of green baize. There were chests of books which Lile Jack never read, for reading was not his forte, and a scarlet leather-covered Bible was his chief study; there were chairs without number, and busts cheek by jowl with agricultural implements, for Lile Jack bought all sorts of things and sold most.

It is upon the face of the case to state that he was called Jack because he had been christened John; but the origin of the prefix of Lile is not quite so clear. In Dodderham parlance Lile might mean a variety of things. Dodderham talked of a lile dog, a lile day, a lile book, a lile bairn. Lile was generally understood, however, to mean anything that everybody was attached to; and as John Scotforth, the auctioneer, was beloved by the whole of Dodderham town, it may be deduced therefrom that he was in consequence called Lile Jack.

The title, moreover, may have originally been attached to his name, as there were a great many more Jacks in Dodderham town. There was Slape Jack, the exciseman; Wiggy Jack, the postmaster; Pug Jack, the draper; and Brandy Jack, who had been a schoolmaster, and a sailor, and a "methody parson," and was now nothing particular; so as Lile Jack, John Scotforth was easily distinguished, and was so known to the end of his days.

My principal informant as to this worthy's history gave me his general character in a very few and simple words. "He was a Lile man," he said, "and niver spak ane wurd looder than anither, and trod his shoes as straight as an arrow." Evenness of declamation, and regularity of pedal movement may have had something to do with Jack's lileness.

In the great rambling house up-street, and its dependencies,

Jack kept, besides the furniture, quite an aviary of singing-birds; a spacious court of fowls, turkeys, magpies, ravens, and starlings; several tame rabbits, and numerous dogs. As they were all well fed, and had all tempers of their own, and all adored Lile Jack, the noise they made at dinner, on the return of their master, or on any odd occasion that turned up, was rather confusing, not to say deafening. I need scarcely add, I think, that Lile Jack was a bachelor.

But Lile Jack kept other things besides fowls, hens, rabbits, and dogs. He kept a prodigiously old grandmother, who surrounded herself every morning with a perfect spider's web of worsted and knitting needles, and passed the major part of the day in endeavours to knit herself out of her toils. The number of pairs of stockings that resulted from these combinations was so great that if they had all been put into immediate wear, instead of being comfortably entombed as soon as made in a dusty family vault a-top of the bed tester, would have sufficed for a township of centipedes, to the great injury of the trade and commerce of Nottingham. He kept a pale-faced niece, tall, and woefully marked with the small-pox, who had difficulties connected with her legs, and was frequently belated in wash-houses, and "fit to drop" over puddings. He kept an ancient man in a smock-frock, who was nearly a hundred years of age, past all work, hearing, sight, and almost speech,—and who could do little save crouch by the fire-side with a short pipe in his toothless mouth, or potter about in the stable with a venerable white horse, comparatively as old and quite as blind, as feeble, as past work, as he was. The old man was called Daddy, the horse was called Snowball; Lile Jack sternly repudiated the slightest suggestion as to the termination of the useless old horse's career by the bullet or poleaxe, and more sternly still the hint that the parish might charge itself with the keep of Daddy. "Baith ha' served me and mine, i' th' winter wark and summer, years an' years, and baith shall bite and sup, and bide wi' me till a' th' wark be ower—be 't wi' them, or be 't wi' Jack Scotforth."

So, with his old grandmother, niece, old servitors, both dumb and human, did Lile Jack continue to dwell. He was reputed to be a rich man; but those who reckoned up his

"snougg hundreds" on their fingers, little knew what a private relieving-officer Lile Jack was; what an amount of outdoor relief he dispensed in secret; how many unrecorded quartern loaves, sides of bacon, blankets, and half-crowns, were distributed by him, without the board of guardians or the ratepayers knowing anything of the matter. He might have been worth many, many more hundreds of pounds if he had not given away so many, many hundreds of coals.

Jack wore a very broad-brimmed white hat, on the crown of which he frequently made calculations in pencil, and which he considerably damaged in the excitement of his eloquence in the auctioneer's rostrum. He wore very large spectacles with thick tortoiseshell rims, and carried a stout oak sapling —a portentous staff with a bull-dog's head carved at the top. He wore paddock shoes: with which last item you must be content without further explanation, for my informant is three hundred miles away, and it is not probable that I shall ever see him again, and I have not the least idea what paddock shoes are. Still he wore them, and perhaps they may have assisted him in attaining that straightness of gait by which he is yet affectionately remembered.

Jack talked to himself as he walked. He would stop in the middle of the street, and walk round posts, or swing his stick violently, and sometimes take his hat off, and rumple his gray hair. He snuffed so much, and, when he smoked, inhaled and exhaled the tobacco fumes so fast, that it was difficult to divest yourself of the idea that Lile Jack was on fire, and that flames would burst from him presently. He was no spirit-drinker, but his consumption of ale was prodigious. "Gi 's soummat quick," he would say, "soummats that 's gat yist—life—in 't. Ise nit drink yer brandy slugs, an' dobbins o' gin, an' squibs o' rum; gi' me what's quick, an' measure me a gill o' yill. Friday's, Maggie!" It should be known that "Friday's," so called from brewing-day, was an ale of a potency and quickness which gave great satisfaction to Lile Jack; and brought great fame and custom to Maggie Sharp, landlady of the Cross Keys in Dodderham town.

Jack had other eccentricities—some, in the artificial state of society which prevails even in a quiet town like Dodderham, rather inconvenient. He *would* tell the truth, and speak his

mind. If he saw, or was in company for the first time with, an individual whose demeanour or conversation did not please him, he told him so at once. "Thee 's gude for nowt," was his ordinary remark; "git out wi' thee." And as Jack's dictum in all houses of entertainment in Dodderham town was law, the sooner the unfortunate person accused of being gude for nowt, got out with him, the better.

Taking his goodness of heart as an extenuation, freedoms of speech in Lile Jack were tolerated, when in other less favoured persons they would have been indignantly avenged. Thus when, one evening, Lile Jack sat smoking in the bar-parlour of the Cross Keys, with Maggie Sharp, then a very young and comely widow, on one side, and young Gafferson, the farmer of Cattenmere Fells on the other, and suddenly cried out, "Tom, wha dost thee not ask Maggie to wed?" Maggie only smiled, blushed, bridled, simpered, and cried "Mercy on us, Mr. Scotforth!" and young Tom Gafferson only laughed outright (he blushed a little, too), smote his stalwart thigh, and stammered "Maggie's ne'er thowt of weddin', I'se warrant!" If any other person had made such a remark, Maggie would have quitted the room indignantly, and there would have been tiling of doors, and hammering of heads for sure. But, bolder still, when Jack arose, and taking Maggie round the waist, and chucking her under the chin, deliberately led her to Tom Gafferson, and thrust her into that yeoman's arms, saying, "Gang till him, lass, gang till him, hizzie. Thee 'll mak a hundred a year till her, Tom, I know thou will—" what would have been the consequence if anybody else had taken such a liberty? Blood at least. Yet Maggie Sharp and Tom Gafferson could forgive anything in Mr. Scotforth. They forgave him so completely indeed, that they were married six weeks afterwards, and at a certain event thereafter ensuing, solicited Jack (for about the five hundredth time in his life) to stand godfather.

Thus merrily, charitably, through a peaceful, useful life, Lile Jack went down towards an honourable grave. He heaped not up riches, knowing not who should gather them; he gave not according to his means, but according to the want of means of the poor and lowly. He was a Lile man, and his purse was as open as his heart.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMPASSIONATE BROKER.

HARD lines—stern and grim avocations—do not necessarily make hard men. On the contrary, it would seem as though the constant contemplation of pain and suffering had a tendency to soften rather than indurate the heart of the beholder. Butchers are not always sanguinary, but are ordinarily tender-hearted men. Grisly soldiers and sailors are gentle and lamb-like with children. Burly dustmen and coalheavers are, save when excited with the furor of alcohol, men of a meek and peaceable demeanour. Turnkeys and gaolers, generally, are mild and benign men, full of quiet suggestions for the prisoner's comforts. The majority of prize-fighters are slow to take offence, and loth to use their terrible weapons. Indeed, with the exception of relieving-officers, slave-dealers, plaintiffs'-attorneys, some schoolmasters, bill-discounters, and secretaries of loan societies, it is rare to find men who at all partake of the hardness of the callings they are compelled to follow. Much belied as this poor human nature is, those who delight in the infliction of pain, and the spectacle of misery, for their own sakes, are very very few. Nero, Governor Wall, and Mrs. Brownrigg, are yet monsters.

Now of all hardest, stoniest, sternest lines a man can well follow, commend me to that of an auctioneer, broker, and appraiser. To be a George Robins, a Musgrove and Gadsden, a Cafe, Sons, and Reed, must be hard enough to a man of sensitive feelings. To have to sell the broad green acres that have been in the good old family for generations and generations, to have to build one's auctioneering nest in the scathed branches of the old mahogany tree, and knock down, one by one, the withered blossoms of friendship and hospitality, and love; to see the Turkey carpets rolled up, and the pictures turned with their faces to the wall; to value the goblets that have held a thousand loving pledges, and the heir-looms that have been won by wisdom and bravery, only as so much metal, at so much per ounce; to solicit an advance on the marriage bed, and turn up the grandsire's arm-chair, that a Hebrew

upholsterer, from Finsbury Pavement, may inspect its castors; to hammer the pearls out of the coronet, and draw the bar-sinister of poverty across the time-honoured scutcheon; to draw up the death-warrant of the pride, and wealth, and comfort of a family in a catalogue—reckoning the choicest household treasures, the Lares and Penates of the hearth; the old lord's velvet crutch, the heir's cricket bat, when he was a boy, the heiress's bird-cage, only as so many lots—all this must be hard and cruel enough; and as the auctioneer's hammer in its verberations seems but to punctuate the text that Favour is deceitful and beauty vain, and that there is no profit under the sun, the auctioneer himself must sigh.

But when, as is generally the case in the provinces, the auctioneer is also a broker and valuer, when he seizes as well as sells; when he is not only favoured with instructions to sell, but commanded, with her Majesty's greeting, to impound under the sheriff's levy, the vocation becomes doubly painful, doubly melancholy. The auctioneer becomes the undertaker of the family happiness, and with his hammer nails up the coffin of their hopes. He comes, not of himself, but by the law, to strip the widow and the orphan, and despoil the fatherless. The bed is his, the ticking clock, the little old miniature on the mantel, the few books on the hanging shelf, the bright pots and pans, the father's gun, the children's little go-cart. He can take the hearth-rug from under the cat, and though that domestic animal herself is beneath his notice, if she had a brass collar it would be his, and down as an item in the inventory in a moment. To seize the poor man's sticks is utterly to beggar and crush him, to scrape him as clean as a forked radish, to knock the poor edifice of his prosperity as completely about his ears, as the housemaid's broom demolishes the spider's web; aye, but without having the power to re-construct his web, as the spider can. But though hard, it is the law, and the law must be obeyed; and we must do our duty, as Lile Jack Scotforth of Dodderham said.

Lile Jack had sold up some hundreds of families in his time. He, a man of toast and butter, a man with a heart so soft and big and porous, that it was continually sucking up milk and honey, and continually being squeezed by the fingers of sympathy for the benefit of those about him, and continually

ready to imbibe, and be squeezed again—he had been in possession times out of number. He, who not only prayed for his daily bread, but shared it with his hungry neighbour, was the almost daily exponent of the writ of *Fi. fa.* Each distress he put in, was a distress to him; inventories were so many penitential psalms to him; but what was to be done? If landlords wouldn't wait, the law, so hasty in taking, so tardy in restoring, could not afford to wait a moment either, you may be sure, and "if you cannot get meal you mun tak' malt, an' sell the creeturs up," said Lile Jack with a sigh.

Auctioneering, among the middle classes, the good man took to more kindly. Among the peculiarities of Dodderham folk is a strong predilection for attending sales, and bidding for articles thereat. Little Miss Ogle, the confectioner, has quite a museum of articles she has picked up at sales—Chinese slippers, boxes of cigars, harness, gas-fittings, and other miscellaneous articles, all of which she has acquired from time to time, without the slighest definite idea of their being any use to her, but with a vague notion that they may turn up handy some day. Mrs. Squatto, Captain Squatto's widow, who is seventy-eight, and very nearly blind, has quite a bibliomania for book-purchasing, whether through a pure Roxburghian love of learning, or through a desire for outbidding the Misses Spackthorn, who conduct the young ladies' seminary in Danes' Gate, has not been stated. Old Puckfist, the druggist, bought an extensive consignment of slates at Jerry Morson's sale last year, knocked his doors and stair-walls half to pieces in bringing them home, and has never made any use of them since. Miss Reek, the milliner, who is an inveterate sale-frequenter, positively outbid Puckfist on the same occasion, and had knocked down to her a hideous figure of a river god, in Roman cement, which was wont to stand in Jerry Morson's garden, with a neat bordering of oyster-shells, bits of painted coal, and moss, like parsley round cold meat, surrounding it. She never had the courage to remove it, or sell it, or do anything with it: and it stands to this day in Hodder the plasterer's yard, a dreary battered old object, with a broken nose, and a portrait of Latherum, the national-school-master, vilely drawn in red chalk on its pedestal. I think, were it not so heavy, the boys would have it for a Guy, next fifth of Novem-

ber; yet, I dare say, Miss Reek, in common with Miss Ogle, still cherishes the idea that it will eventually turn up handy. As so many Dodderham folk are so fond of buying, it may readily be imagined that a considerable number are as addicted to selling their goods through the same channel. Thus you will scarcely meet a Dodderham burgess, or small annuitant, but talks of his sale, his father's sale, aunt's sale, or brother-in-law's sale. A marriage, a death, a removal, a family quarrel, a rise or a fall in fortune, are all so many incentives to the Dodderham people to call in the auctioneer and have a sale; and you may believe that popular as Lile Jack was in his lifetime, he was very frequently indeed favoured with instructions to sell without reserve.

Jack's delight was in selling inns and public-houses, by auction. He was, as I have already hinted, a humourist; and with much north-country jocoseness, would he expatiate on the neat wines and genuine spirits, the comfortable beds, commodious, commercial and show rooms, clean stabling, convenient eating parlours, roomy bar, ancient lineage, and excellent connection of the establishments he offered for public competition. Jack's cracks, or witticisms in the rostrum, grew to be famous all over the country-side; sly, personal satire (genial and good-humoured, however), mingled with his professional facetiousness, and it grew at last quite common for one burgess to meet another in the market-place on the morning of a sale, and say, "Ise gangin up street t'heer Lile Jack trot fouk, will't come?" "Trot" is Dodderham for the familiar London chaff.

The great Squire Rigg, of Regans's Manor—the Lord of Regans—as with a remnant of feudal reverence he was still called by the peasantry, was a frequent attendant at Lile Jack's sales, and it was he who started, and so liberally subscribed to the fund for presenting Jack with the bonny silver hammer, which he flourished with so much honest pride for so many years. The Lord of Regans put the hammer into the auctioneer's hand himself, after a dinner at John Quitt's, the Royal Oak hotel; with a speech. I will not say the Squire's speech was bad, because Lile Jack's oratory in reply was infinitely worse, not to say choky. I know that there were a good many healths drunk that night, and much laughter and

good fellowship, and that the auctioneer coming home that night could only ejaculate to his household, in very thick and incoherent accents—"T'Lord O'Regans, th' born Lord O'Regans. A silver hammer. Jack thee's lile, thee's lile!" with which pardonable expression of vanity he fell, and they put him to bed.

But, as has already been noticed in this performance, there were dark sides in Jack's professional career, and Jack's hammer was of coffin-elm as well as silver. It became his duty, in the way of business, to sell up the Widow Webb. Mrs. Webb was a poor hard-working body, whose husband, a rachitic tailor, had lived, and worked, and died in extreme poverty. The lone woman, on his decease, took to waistcoat-making as a livelihood, but her earnings were very small, and the times were very hard. She had a grown-up daughter who turned her mother's joy to sorrow, and coming in beauty, and health, and innocence, departed in darkness, so that she was covered with it and with shame. This help-meet rudely severed, the Widow Webb still kept patiently and cheerfully upon her stony way, rearing up her two young children, one of whom was a mere baby, a girl,—the other a feeble, flaxen-haired, pale-faced child, five years old, by name Obadiah. They called him Oby. The forlorn mother struggled on and on against poverty as a doctor will struggle against a hopeless cancer, or a besieged general without arms or provisions, and almost without men, will defend a fortress against a powerful, persevering assailant. But no relief came, and the citadel was stormed at last. The widow had the misfortune to sit under a hard landlord. Gregson, the tea-dealer, surnamed Smell o' Brass; which sobriquet he had acquired through a colloquy with another burgess, who, expressing an opinion that he, Gregson, must "have a power o' brass," the tea-dealer answered, "Brass! I fairly smell o' brass!" Mrs. Webb grew in arrear with her rent, and could not pay, and Smell o' Brass was implacable, and instructed Lile Jack to sell her up.

Our friend went down the street towards the widow's humble dwelling in a very unusual state of perturbation. The white hat with the calculations on the crown was constantly off his head, and brought into rude collision with

posts and barrows. The quantities of snuff he took were enormous, and his mutterings prodigious. He had sent a man before him as an avant-courier of evil—a man whose boots were hideous on the pavement as he brought bad tidings; but he was sorely discomposed on reaching the widow's cottage to find little Oby at the door, who ran to embrace his knees, and hailed him affectionately as "mon." Oby was a great ally and favourite of Lile Jack, and would frequently toddle up to the auctioneer's shop, and cry out "Mon, com' out an' gi' Oby claggett" (which claggett is a description of hardbake), whereupon, if Jack were not at home, the man that was nearly a hundred years of age would come out and talk toothlessly to Oby.

The broker hurriedly patted the child on the head, and passed in. The catastrophe was out. The widow was sitting rocking herself in her chair, wringing her hands and crying bitterly. The baby, cast upon its own resources and upon the wide wide world, was lamenting its miseries with prophetic anticipation; Tom Bagshaw, Lile Jack's assistant, had already commenced his inventory; and Oby, seeing that grief was the order of the day, had taken to crying quietly over a waistcoat-piece. Under these circumstances there was nothing left for Lile Jack to do but to take more snuff, and ill-treat the long-suffering white hat worse than ever.

"My poor father," cried the widow in her anguish, "oft said that th' prison or th' poor-house wor nit built that should hold yan o' his bairns. But I mun gang till baith—till baith, Mr. Scotforth, and th' lile bairns; the creeter that canna walk nor speak, and Oby, so frile an' delicate. I'll never rise again, Mr. Scotforth, I'll never rise again."

"It's hard to bear, my lass," quoth Lile Jack; "cruel hard to bear. But we a' ha' our burdens, and mun bear them. And yet," he added, despondingly, "there's auld Middlegate Mumping Wilson up at t' Bank, wi' mair goud than wad fill thy house, and Miss Sturk, t' mantymecker wi' hunderds, an Sangate Gregson, that smells o' brass, an yit nit a penny for thee."

"If it war nit for t' bairns, I wad gang to service. I wad work i' th' crofts and fields, i' th' shippons and middens; but can I leave these bonny creeturs?"

"Puir body, puir body!" murmured Lile Jack, doing the white hat a mortal injury.

"Can I coin goud? Can I mak' siller oot o' barley-meal?" asked the widow, despairingly.

"It's hard," quoth Lile Jack, wrenching a button off his waistcoat. "It's bitter hard," he continued, manifesting a strong desire to tear the brim of the white hat from the body. "It's *domed* hard!" cried the compassionate broker, throwing the white hat into the fireplace.

But the inventory was completed, and Jack had his business to do. He spoke the widow fair, and promised to exert his utmost influence with that hard man and tea-dealer, Smell o' Brass, with but very faint hopes in his own mind, however, of making any impression upon that auriferous person. He was about departing, and had beckoned Oby to him, with the intention of patting him upon the head, and slipping a sovereign into his hand, when the child ran to him, and caught hold of his legs.

"I'se gang yam wi' thee," he cried. "Lem-me gang yam wi' thee, thou lile mon."

"Nay, nay, my bairn," answered Lile Jack, shaking his head kindly; "there's bigger bairns nor thee at yam that sup a' the parritch I can find meal for. Thee cannot come wi' me, Oby!"

"I'se gang yam wi' thee, I'se gang yam wi' thee," repeated the little boy, looking up imploringly, his blue eyes swimming with tears, into Lile Jack's face.

The compassionate broker looked towards where the white hat was, as if to ask that ill-used article of apparel for advice. But the white hat was grovelling in the dust and ashes of the fire-place, as if in profound disgust at its maltreatment, and Lile Jack not being able to avail himself of its counsel, followed, instead, that of his own true heart.

Lile Jack spoke, as he had promised, to the redoubtable Smell o' Brass. I fancy, however, that he spoke to him much as the gentleman with the illegible, but glorious and delightful signature, who is connected with the bank of England speaks to Mr. Matthew Marshall of that establishment. At all events, the widow's sticks were released, and she was enablëd to resume her humble business. But she did not live long.

Worn out with sorrow, privation, hard work, and ill-health, she soon rejoined her harmless rachitic husband the tailor, and her weakly baby followed her soon afterwards. Then Oby was left an orphan indeed.

An orphan! No! He went home with Lile Jack, and in the heterogeneous household of that good fellow, found a list of relatives as long as that in the Prayer-book, which enumerates the persons a man may not marry. The man that was nearly a hundred years old was a grandfather to him; the pock-marked niece was his aunt; and he found an uncle in the white horse, and cousins in the rabbits, and brothers-in-law in the starlings. In Lile Jack he found a whole conscription of fathers.

The child grew up to be a thin, pale, tall, delicate lad. Lile Jack had him taught a plain decent education. "Latin an' Greek, and sic' like thirlygigs," he said, "were good for nowt i' th' warkin' warl'." When Oby came to be about twelve, he was bound prentice to Dick Heelband, the principal tailor in Dodderham, but he made such progress, and turned out to be so ingenious, active, industrious, docile a lad, that Lile Jack announced his intention of sending him to Lunnon, and making a gentleman of him. A great London auctioneer with whom Jack was in correspondence offered to take Obadiah into his counting-house for three years at a moderate premium, and the great squire Rigg, now one of the members for the county, told Lile Jack that he was an honest man (which from so great a squire, was commendation indeed); that he should take upon himself to pay the lad's premium, and the expense of cancelling his indentures with Heelband, and that Jack would have all the more to leave Oby when he died.

The boy's ill-health, and the manifest disinclination of Lile Jack to part with a being whom he had grown to love as the apple of his eye, caused the journey to London to be deferred from six months to six months, and from year to year, till Oby was nearly eighteen years of age. At last Lile Jack made up his mind to part with his darling, and Oby with great difficulty reconciled himself to the necessity of a temporary separation from his adopted father. The three years would soon be over, and then Oby would return full as a cratch with the wisdom of London town, and succeed Lile

Jack, who was beginning to get old, and fond of a pipe in the middle of the day, in the auctioneering business. A day was fixed for his departure, and a place taken for him in the Constitution coach. The pock-marked niece prepared him a huge chest of linen. Dick Heelband turned out for him two suits of clothes, which, in the private opinion of Dick, and indeed of the whole of Dodderham folk to boot, would rather astonish the Londoners; and Lile Jack solemnly presented him with a big silver watch—a watch that had kept time in auctions out of number—which went like a church clock, and made nearly as much noise as one in ticking. The day before that fixed for his journey, Oby went round to bid all the principal inhabitants of Dodderham a formal good-bye. His tour resembled in some degree that of the heraldic lion and unicorn, for some gave him white bread and some brown, and some plum-cake; some gave him Bibles too, also Prayer-books, also jams and woollen comforters; and little Miss Ogle presented him with a purse of bonny money, containing a Spanish doubloon, a William and Mary half-crown, and two silverpennies of George II. There was not one who did not give the gentle, affectionate lad their warmest wishes for health and success.

Oby was to start by the night coach from Dodderham. It was winter, and Lile Jack and his *protégé* sat by the fireside in the parlour of the Royal Oak, waiting for the mail. The lad's luggage was in the hall, all corded and directed. The parlour was full of Dodderham folk, over their pipes, all waiting to see Oby Webb off, and bid him God speed.

Lile Jack had been smoking more, and snuffing more, and coughing more, and lacerating the person and feelings of the white hat—which was now a mere tawny wreck—more than usual that evening. He had talked with Oby about his plans, and how soon the three years would be over, and how happy they would all be when he returned to Dodderham town again, quite the gentleman.

"Thee's gangin t' Lunnon, Oby ma lad," he concluded. "It's aye large, and wicked, and thee wilt meet wi' a mony rogues, and a mony fules, and a mony that's gude fur nowt: nay, nit to mak' bacca leets o'. But thou'rt a gude lad, and sure I am thou wilt do thy duty towowrds man an' fear God.

But dinna be fleeted, Oby. Open the lugs, an' cock up t' end o' thee ee; and if ony speaks agin Dodderham toun or Dodderham fouk, blare oot at 'em. Sprak oup at 'em like a brak' bowstring. I'se ge'en thee brass for thy meat, and brass for thy gear, and brass for thy shear; an' here's that thou shall nit want for swaggerin' money, which thou wilt not brak into, unless to prevent a Dodderham lad lookin' like a fule." With which, Jack handed a leathern purse to his adopted child, containing five golden guineas.

The Constitution coach drove up to the Royal Oak door about a quarter to eleven. The hostler handed up Oby's luggage; and Spurrell the coachman entered the inn parlour for a glass of brandy. Spurrell was a lusty man with a scarlet face, and all eyes were immediately turned to that renowned white box-coat of his, in the breast pocket of which all men knew he carried the Dodderham Bank parcel, containing notes amounting to unnumbered thousands.

One by one the guests arose, and shaking Oby cordially by the hand bade him farewell. Mrs. Quitt the landlady kissed him on both cheeks, and left a tear upon his woollen comforter; and Spurrell, the burly, and the scarlet-faced, looked on like an Anglo-Greek chorus who could moralise a great deal upon the leave-takings he had seen, if he chose.

And now it was Lile Jack's turn. He led the lad into the middle of the room, and held him at arm's length by both hands, the lamp-light streaming over his working face.

"Thou'rt goin' to Lunnon, Oby," he said, in a strange voice. "T' Lunnon to be a gentleman. An'—an'—"

The rest of Lile Jack's speech must ever remain as great a secret as an unreported debate. It might have been a perfectly Ciceronian oration; it might have been as incoherent an address as he made on the night of the presentation of the hammer. For, to use the words of my informant, he "brak doun soudden, an' cried out." Indeed, he fell upon the neck of the lad he loved so dearly, sobbing out, "My bairn, my bairn, my lile, lile bairn!"

"I'll nit gang t' Lunnon," sobbed, on his part, Oby. "I'll nit be a gentleman, nor mak' my fortune. For thou hast been Lunnon and gentlefolk, and fortune, and a' th' warl tu me, an' I will na leave thee!"

The Constitution coach went to London that night; but without Oby. He did not go next week, next month, next year; he never went. If I were writing a romance I should dearly love to tell how Oby grew up strong, clever, and prosperous, and in due time wedded one of the fair maids of Dodderham. But alas! this is but the story of a true hard world that I heard in a little country inn. The lad had been delicate from his cradle, and he died before he was twenty-two years of age. Lile Jack followed him to the grave, and the tears that fell upon his coffin pattered louder than the dust that the gravedigger sprinkled on it.

BULLFROG.

I CLAIM to be a free-born Briton. I have been told I am, so many times, by so many different persons, from so many platforms, newspaper columns, and honourable houses, to which honourable gentlemen come down on purpose to tell me that I am free and a Briton, that I have grown quite to believe in my freedom and my British birth. I believe in them implicitly and without reservation.

I say, I am a free-born Briton, and I am proud of it. I pay my taxes—a few with pleasure, more with reluctance, some with grumbling and aversion; but I do pay them all, somehow. I know that my house is my castle; that the blackest bondsman landing on my shores becomes free; that my representative system does (in a certain bungling manner) represent me, my wife and children, my wants and wishes; that my ministers only hold office during good behaviour; that my press is free as the air I breathe; that the Queen cannot shut me out of her parks (even if she wished to do so, of any such intention of doing which I entirely acquit the illustrious lady); that the Woods and Forests cannot shut me out of Westminster Hall, nor the sheriffs out of the gallery of the Old Bailey,—at least that they cannot *legally* do so, though they do shut me out from time to time on the pretexts of half-crowns, interesting murder trials, &c. I know that I am legally free and independent; that I have a legal guardian in the Lord Chancellor, and three legal nursing mothers in the Poor Law Commissioners; that all in this great *Res Publica* is done for me and by me—The People.

It is because I know this, and have read and sung Rule Britannia, chorusing till I was hoarse that Britons never, never, never will be slaves, that I am determined not to submit to the tyranny of BULLFROG. Who is Bullfrog, I should like to know, that he is to dictate to me how I am to act and

speak and think; whom I am to like and dislike; what I am to read and write; what I am to eat, drink, and avoid; whom I am to recognise and whom to cut? Who is Bullfrog, that he should stand at my elbow, a thousand times more exigent and obtrusive than Sancho's physician, and with his puny bâton wave away the viands that I love,—nay, with even more insolence and pretension than the Baratarian practitioner, insist upon my gorging myself with meats of his selection—meats which my stomach rebels against and my soul abhors? Is it because Bullfrog is related by the mother's side to the Bellows family, and is a distant connection of the Blowers, and the Puffs, and the Blatants? Is it because he married Miss Hogg (of the Wholecombe family), that I am to pin my faith on Bullfrog, and reverence his *dicta* in all matters of taste as well as conduct, and accept him as my *arbiter elegantiarum*,—my guide, philosopher, and friend? Am I to give up my convictions, to abandon my preconceived notions, to write myself down an ass, which is a hundred degrees worse than being written down one by somebody else? Am I to see through Bullfrog's spectacles; to ride behind him on his hobby-horse and a pillion; to stand in his shoes; be fed with mind-pap from his spoon, and learn my A B C from his hornbook? No, not for a thousand Bullfrogs.

It is my steadfast opinion that the British public are not only in danger of falling under the tyranny of Bullfrog, but that a considerable section of them are absolutely subject to his humiliating domination. Not believing in, or setting the slightest store by the opinions of Bullfrog, I am sensible that he has legions of dupes, admirers, and adherents. I deplore this. I consider Bullfrog to be a shallow, conceited, mischievous impostor, and I denounce him as such. I don't care about his being on visiting terms with Sir Fretful Plagiary, and having Dangle and Sneer at his elbow. I don't care for his kinsman Mr. Puff's tragedy in which the heroine goes mad in white satin and the confidante in white linen. I don't care for his having the "press under his thumb" (as he boasts); for his telling me "what they say at the clubs;" for his after-dinner speeches; for his platform speeches; for his stage speeches; for his pulpit speeches; for

his advertisements, placards, posters, slips, cards, circulars, and handbills. I won't believe in his coats, his hats, his cookery, his books, his patriotism, his pills, his temperance, his accomplishments as a linguist, his leaders, his travels I don't know how far beyond the Rocky Mountains, his æsthetic tragedies, his poetry (spasmodic or otherwise), his pictures, his lectures, his Shakespearean impersonations, his Seers (of Poughkeepsie or otherwise), his remedial measures, and his finality. I snap my fingers at the statistics which he vomits; I scorn his tables that turn, his cheffoniers that argue, and his music-stools that reason. Let him pass acts of parliament, I will drive six-in-hand through them, till they are repealed. Let him croak, puff, blow, and swell as much as he pleases; he will burst at last, and his marsh will know him no more.

For Bullfrog would not be Bullfrog if he were not continually emulating that emerited prototype of his in the fable, and straining till his eyes start out of his head, and the froggish blood out of his veins in a miserable attempt to attain the size and stature of the lordly bull above him. Whenever a great thing is done, a great principle recognised, a great man made manifest, forthwith up rises Bullfrog from the mud and the rushes; forthwith he swells and swells and swells. He is ridiculous of course; it would be well enough if he were only ridiculous; but the worst of it is that the other frogs believe in him; likewise the toads, and the tadpoles, and the newts: they all believe in him, and cry what a fine frog he is as they see him swell and hear him roar (for your Bullfrog can roar lustily)—till he bursts.

When a few learned and pious men, possibly vain, perhaps mistaken, certainly enthusiastic, obviously disinterested, parted from the church that reared, and the schools of learning that nurtured them, then, from afar off, uprose Bullfrog, and swelled and roared. Bullfrog gave up no fat living: not he. Prebend he stuck to, and fellowship he held on to with prehensile tenacity; but he parted his hair down the middle, and allowed it to grow down his back; he left off wearing collars to his coat, collars to his shirt, and bows to his neckcloth; he fastened his waistcoat behind; abjured pomatum; shaved three times a day; cut out a large cross in red cloth, and

pasted it on his prayer-book; and dated his letters Feast of St. Puterpotte, Eve of St. Giles. He did not read the Fathers, but he quoted them. He dined upon parched peas twice a week, and was suspected of wearing vegetables of that description in his patent leather boots. He did not condemn while mildly refraining from absolutely approving the wearing of, hair shirts, spiked girdles, and sackcloth drawers. He talked of lecterns, piscinæ, pyxes, octaves, novenas, matins, vespers, and complins. He almost ruined himself in the purchase of flowers for the communion-table of his quiet, humble, little country church. He preached in a surplice, and put the ragged little boys of the village into surplices too, and made them chant drearily, to the great scandal of the white-headed organist and the parish clerk. He made more bows than a dancing-master, and went through more postures than an acrobat, in the solemn, simple Liturgy. He wrote foolish letters to his bishop, and foolish pamphlets for the benefit of his butterman. He shared, with lap-dogs, bearded music-masters, and quack-doctors, the capricious admiration of wheezy dowagers and sentimental young ladies with long auburn ringlets. In short—what is curious, but perfectly reconcilable with the Bullfrog organisation—he made an ass of himself.

Bullfrog's great cynosure—the bull—is remarkable for his obtuse perversity in running at a gate: it is all the same to Bull should the gate happen to be a railway one, with an express train passing in front of it, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In a parity of perverseness the ecclesiastical Bullfrog endeavours to puff the poor twopenny wax taper, anent which, with its attendant candlestick, there is such a terrible pother between him and his bishop, into the dimensions of that famous candle which Latimer told good master Ridley should never be extinguished in England. But it will not do, Bullfrog. We know which is the twopenny taper and which the church candle. You may preach in a surplice, a shirt over your clothes, like a whiteboy, a smock-frock, a flour-sack, or a harlequin's jacket, if you like; you may make such reverences and gyrations before carved screens and ornamental brass-work as may warrant your being mistaken for my friend Saltimbanque tumbling over head and ears in the booth

yonder; you may wear your hair parted in the middle, behind, before, or twisted into a tail, after the Chinese fashion; you may mortify yourself with fasts, macerations, vigils, and disciplines, till you become as emaciated as Jean Baptiste Whats-his-name, the living skeleton (a dead skeleton now, I opine); you may publish whole libraries of controversial portmanteaus, bandboxes, and Cheshire cheese wrappers, but you shall not ride over me, Bullfrog.

I am a free-born Briton (I think I observed that before) and I hate cant—which is Bullfrog. Also arrogance. Which is Bullfrog. Also the conceited puffery and exaggeration of ridiculous and offensive ceremonies into rules of faith and conduct. Bullfrog again. If I am to be a religious Briton, let me have by all means as much faith, hope, and charity, as possible; but don't tell me that there is any faith, or hope, or charity in the Reverend Bullfrog bribing the blackguard "little Froggees" to pelt his rivals—the billstickers—with rotten eggs, on a disputed question of churchwardens and candlesticks.

You had better paint, Bullfrog. No free-born Briton in this favoured island would be happier than I would be to recognise and admire a good, a great picture from your pencil. And though I denounce you by times, as an imitator, I would in no case decry imitation in art where imitation is associated with study, with appreciation, with progress. Copy, follow, dwell upon those grand old masters of the Loggie and Stanze, whose footsteps echo through the corridors of Time. Pin your faith upon a Giotto or a Cimabue. Cry with Gainsborough that you are going to heaven, and that Vandyke is of the company; paraphrase Erasmus, and say, "*Sancte Rafaelle, orate pro nobis*;" be a disciple, and a passionate one, of the colourists of Venice, the draughtsmen of Florence, and the thinkers of Rome. Do this, Bullfrog, and I will immediately change my name from Muggins to Mæcenas, and give you commissions for canvases fifty feet by twenty, the painting of which shall last you life long, and make you a millionnaire. But you can't do it, Bullfrog. Here are two or three good and true young men. Scholars, enthusiasts, thinkers; indefatigable in study, triumphant in performance. They paint pictures in which the subtle delicacy of thought and poetical

feeling, arms itself against the world in the chain-mail of reality. Because these painters depict with minute fidelity the minutest accessories to the story they tell; because they conquer the manipulated representation of the mortar between the bricks, the reticulations of the leaves, the bloom on the petals of the flowers, the ruddle on the sheep, the pores of the flesh, the reflection of the face in the glass and the form in the water; therefore Bullfrog, who thinks he had better paint and be a brother too, perches himself on the topmost peak of the easel, and begins to swell and croak for brotherhood. "Let us have the B. B. B., the Beauty in Bricks Brotherhood," says Bullfrog. No more aerial perspective, no more middle distance, no more drawing from the antique, no more classical landscape; have we not the bricks in the workhouse-wall opposite, to study from? Are they not real? Go for reality. Go for a basket of sprats with every osier in the basket and every scale on the sprats, because the basket is a basket, and the sprats are sprats. Go for bad drawing, because you cannot draw; for grimy colour, because a factory chimney is grimy; for violently inharmonious colour, because a yellow bonnet with scarlet poppies in it, though producing a violent and inharmonious effect, is real. Go for ugliness, because ugliness is oftentimes terribly real, and because you cannot depict beauty. Reality is ugly (sometimes) and must be faithfully rendered for the honour and glory of the B. B. B., certainly. A laystall is ugly; a wretched, ragged, untaught, street Arab boy is ugly; but you, miserable Bullfrog, can you paint, can you even understand, the beauties of the gold and silver skies, the leafy woods, the spangled and jewelled fields, the sounding sea?

It is because I wish the character of Bullfrog to be thoroughly known (with a view to his being as thoroughly exposed and ultimately demolished) that I now call attention from his mischievous imitative foolery to his more mischievous imitative roguery. It is the delight of this reptile friend of mine to foist delusions on the public mind; to pass off brainless impostors for transcendant geniuses; to exaggerate backstairs scanmaggery into grave conspiracies; to set ignorance and impudence and conceit, side by side with wit and learning and pathos; to persuade Pennywhistle that the eyes of Europe

are upon him; to tell Earthworm that forty centuries look down upon him from the pyramids; to elevate the Three Tailors of Tooley Street into the people of England.

Bullfrog must be literary, of course. Here is a brave but tender-hearted Christian gentlewoman, who sits down and writes us a good book upon a subject that must come home to every Christian man and woman in this working world. Suppose we call the book the great Patagonian novel. Bullfrog is on the alert. He has his pen ready nibbed, his distending apparatus in first-rate working order. He covers the dead walls and hoardings with gigantic announcements of the forthcoming publication of the great trans-Patagonian novel—the Scavenger. A million copies sold in twelve weeks. Everybody ought to read the Scavenger. I read it, and don't like it. I don't think much of the other great Patagonian novel—the Mudlark, though it contains that exquisitely-sentimental lyric, Little Dirty's Song of the Rushlight. I don't care for Gauze and Guilt, Mrs. Modely's great Crim-Tartar novel. I yawn over Miss Wiredraw's Passion and Pantomime, ninety-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-six copies of which were disposed of, I hear. I fall asleep over Miss Ada Johnnycake's Tears, Treacle, and Terror. I find in all these great novels little but platitudes, wishy-washy sentiment, contemptible and transparent imitations of great exemplars, and endless, drouthy, watery-eyed, maudlin "talkee." I reverence real pathos and real sentiment; but I scorn Bullfrog, hiding his fat foolish face in a pocket handkerchief (squinting over the corner thereof at the publisher's ledger), and weeping sham tears enough for that larger reptile friend of his, the crocodile.

Bullfrog is a noisome pest in every field of literature. Young Flackus, for instance (Horace is his Christian name), is a poet. He writes the most delicious ditties, the most captivating sonnets. He flings flowers of grace, and loveliness, and humour, and pathos, around him with the most delightful caprice,—bless him! But sometimes he has what the French call lubies. He is dark, mysterious, hazy, vehement about nothing. He is occasionally nonsensical. He grinds his teeth, and is spasmodic. Bullfrog beholds him, and instantly has the stomach-ache, and foams at the mouth. His

friends Ragg, and Tatters, and Bævius and Mævius, have frightful spasms, roll on the hearthrug, and make poetry hideous by their howlings. Bad grammar, involved style, foggy ideas, incoherent declamation, wordy bombast, pass (at least, Bullfrog endeavours to make them pass) current for poetry. Thus, too, because Viking, the great Nordt-könig of philosophy, is strong and terrible to look upon; because he writes with an adamantine stylet upon a plate of seven-times tempered steel; because he knows what Thor said and Odin thought; because he has so many good words and good thoughts at his command that he is occasionally troubled with the *embarras de richesses*, and becomes complicated; Bullfrog, who has nothing whatever to say, except "Croak," attempts to conceal his ignorance by the assuming to be complicated.

You are not to suppose, Bullfrog, if I only adduce one more instance of your ubiquity, that I am at all at a loss for subjects on which to vent my just indignation against you. There are things I know about you, my friend, connected with the Beer question, the general Sunday question, the Education question, the Colonisation question, the Prison discipline question—things in which you have manifested enough rancour, ignorance, and presumption, to bring you a thousand times to shame, if shame you had, or knew, or ever heard of.

In common with many other free-born Britons I have great liking and respect for public amusements. I like the sound, sterling, nervous English drama—the good play, played by good actors. But if my friend Charles Bodger chooses to get up the second part of Henry the Sixth, at the Royal Pantechnicon, with the most gorgeous accessories of scenery, costume, and decorative furniture in general, I will not quarrel with him, nor will I stand out for the text, the mere text, and nothing but the text. I am for catholicity, but for toleration in catholicity. Rope-dancing is good in its place. Tumbling and posturing are good (though painful) in their place. I like to see the clown steal sausages at Christmas, but not in the awful play scene in Hamlet. Richardson's show is admirable; Horse-riding is capital. Let Bullfrog fool himself with fire-eaters, sword-swallowers, ribbon-vomiters, conjurors, acrobats, learned pigs, live armadillos, and spotted girls. But

do not let Bullfrog tell me that the drama is to be revived through the agency of the live armadillo, or that the only hope of the admirers of Shakespeare, rests on the spotted girl. Neither shall Bullfrog revive the drama by crystal curtains, distributions of soup, coals and counterpanes to the ruffians of Low Lane, or presentations of a glass of ale and a sandwich to every visitor to the pit, and a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings to every occupant of a private box. Herein, as in his other presentments, Bullfrog swells and swells exceedingly; and when he is swollen to his largest dimensions—bursts!

THE END.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.