

# **Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine — Volume 53, No. 330, April 1843 eBook**

## **Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine — Volume 53, No. 330, April 1843**

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# Page 1

## THE PRACTICE OF AGRICULTURE

Skilful practice is applied science. This fact is illustrated in every chapter of the excellent and comprehensive work now before us [1].

In a previous article, (see the number for June 1842,) we illustrated at some length the connexion which now exists, and which hereafter must become more intimate, between practical agriculture and modern science. We showed by what secret and silent steps the progress and gradual diffusion of modern scientific discoveries had imperceptibly led to great improvements in the agriculture of the present century—by what other more open and manifest applications of science it had directly, and in the eyes of all, been advanced—to what useful practical discussions the promulgation of scientific opinions had given rise—and to what better practice such discussions had eventually led. Above all, we earnestly solicited the attention of the friends of agriculture to what science seemed not only capable of doing, but anxious also to effect, for the further advance of this important art—what new lessons to give, new suggestions to offer, and new means of fertility to place in the hands of, the skilful experimental farmer.

It is but a comparatively short time since that article was written, and yet the spread of sound opinion, of correct and enlightened views, and of a just appreciation, as well of the aids which science is capable of giving to agriculture, as of the expediency of availing ourselves of all these aids, which within that period has taken place among practical men, has really surprised us. Nor have we been less delighted by the zeal with which the pursuit of scientific knowledge, in its relations to agriculture, has been entered upon in every part of the empire—by the progress which has been made in the acquisition of this knowledge—and by the numerous applications already visible of the important principles and suggestions embodied in the works then before us, (JOHNSTON'S *Lectures and Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*.) But on this important topic we do not at present dwell. We may have occasion to return to the subject in a future number, and in the mean time we refer our readers to the remarks contained in our previous article.

The truly scientific man—among those, we mean, who devote themselves to such studies as are susceptible of important applications to the affairs and pursuits of daily life—the truly scientific man does not despise the *practice* of any art, in which he sees the principles he investigates embodied and made useful in promoting the welfare of his fellow-men. He does not even undervalue it—he rather upholds and magnifies its importance, as the agent or means by which his greatest and best discoveries can be made to subserve their greatest and most beneficent end. In him this may possibly arise from no unusual liberality of mind; it may spring from a selfish desire to see the principles he has established or made his own carried out to their legitimate extent, and their value established and acknowledged—for *it is the application of a principle that imparts to it its highest value.*

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[Footnote 1: *The book of the farm*. By Henry Stephens.]

Science is to practical skill in the arts of life as the soul is to the body. They are united as faith and works are in concerns of higher moment. As both, though separately good, must yet be united in the finished Christian, so the perfection of husbandry implies the union of all the lights of existing theoretical knowledge with all the skill of the most improved agricultural practice.

Though such is the belief of those scientific men who are able and willing to do the most for practical agriculture, who see most clearly what *can* be done for it, and the true line along which agricultural improvement may now most hopefully direct her course—yet with this opinion the greater part of practical men are still far from sympathizing. Some voices even—becoming every day more feeble, however, and recurring at more distant intervals—continue to be raised against the utility and the applications of science; as if practice with *stationary* knowledge were omnipotent in developing the resources of nature; as if a man, in a rugged and partially explored country, could have too much light to guide his steps.

In the history of maritime intercourse there was a time when the timid seaman crept from port to port, feeling his cautious and wary way from headland to headland, and daring no distant voyage where seas, and winds, and rocks, unknown to him, increased the dangers of his uncertain life. Then a bolder race sprung up—tall ships danced proudly upon the waves, and many brave hearts manned and guided them; yet still they rarely ventured from sight of land. Men became bewildered still, perplexed, and full of fear, when sea and sky alone presented themselves. But a third period arose—and in the same circumstances, men not more brave appeared collected, fearless, and full of hope. Faith in a trembling needle gave confidence to the most timorous, and neither the rough Atlantic nor the wide Pacific could deter the bold adventurer, or the curious investigator of nature.

And yet it was not till this comparatively advanced stage of the nautical art—when man had obtained a faithful guide in his most devious and trackless wanderings—when he was apparently set free from the unsteady dominion of the seas and of the fickle winds—and amid his labyrinthine course could ever and at once turn his face towards his happy and expectant home;—it was not till this period that science began to lend her most useful and most extensive aids, and that her value in the advancement of the sailor's art began to be justly appreciated. The astronomer forthwith taught him more accurately to observe the heavens, and compiled laborious tables for his daily use. Geography and hydrography obtained higher estimation, and harbour-engineering and ship-building were elevated into more important separate arts, chiefly from their applications to his use. Nautical schools and



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nautical surveys, and lighthouse boards, with all their attendant scientific researches, and magnetic observations, and voyages of discovery all sprung up—at once the causes and the consequences of the advancement of his art towards perfection; and latest, though yet far from being the last, all the new knowledge that belongs to steam-navigation has been incorporated in the vast body of nautical science. *The further an art advances, the more necessary does science become to it.*

Thus it is with agriculture. It cannot be denied that the tillage of the soil, with almost every other branch of husbandry, has made large strides among us—that we have more productive and better cultivated provinces, and more skilful farmers, than are to be found in any other part of the world in which equal disadvantages of climate prevail. Any one will readily satisfy himself of this, who, with an agricultural eye, shall visit the other parts of Europe to which the same northern sky is common with ourselves. And it is because we have reached this pitch of improvement—at which many think we ought to be content to stop—because we have dismissed our frail and diminutive boats, and sail now in majestic and decorated ships, provided with such abundant stores that we need not, night by night, to seek the harbour for new supplies—that we begin to feel the want of some directing principle—to look about for some favouring star to guide our wanderings upon the deep. To the trembling needle of science we must now turn to point our way. Feeble and uncertain it may itself appear—wavering as it directs us—and therefore by many may be depreciated and despised—yet it will surely lead us right if we have faith in its indications. Let the practical man then build his ships skilfully and well after the best models, and of the soundest oak—let their timbers be Kyanized, their cables of iron, their cordage and sails of the most approved make and material—let their sailors be true men and fearless, and let stores be providently laid in for the voyage; but let not the trembling needle of science be forgotten; for though the distant harbour he would gain be well known to him—without the aid of the needle he may never be able to reach it.

In thus rigging out his ship—in other words, in fitting up his farm and doing all for it, and upon it, which experience and skilful practice can suggest—he cannot have a better guide than the book now before us.

*The book of the farm* is not a mere didactic treatise on practical agriculture, of which we already possess several of deserved reputation; nor yet a laborious compilation, systematically arranged, of every thing which, in the opinion of the author, it should interest the farmer to know. Of such Cyclopaedias, that of Loudon will not soon find a rival. But, as its name implies, *The Book of the Farm* contains a detail of all the operations, the more minute as well as the greater, which the



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husbandman will be called upon to undertake upon his farm—in the exact order in point of time in which they will successively demand his attention. Beginning at the close of the agricultural year, when the crops are reaped and housed, and the long winter invites to new and peculiar, and, as they may be called, preparatory labours, the reader is taught what work in each succeeding month and season should be undertaken—why at that season for what purpose it is to be done—in what way it can best be performed—how at the least cost of money and the smallest waste of time—and *how the master may at all times ascertain if his work has been efficiently performed.*

We confess that we have been much struck with the wide range of *practical* subjects on which the author gives, in such a way as to show that he is himself familiar with them, the most minute directions for the guidance at once of the master farmer himself, and for the direction of those who are under his orders. We have satisfied ourselves that by carefully *examining* the contents of this one book, we should be prepared not merely to pass an examination, but actually to undertake the office of public examiner in any or all of the several crafts and mysteries of the farm-builder, the weather-seer, the hedge-planter, the ditcher, the drainer, the ploughman, the cattle-feeder, the stock-buyer, the drover, the pig-killer, the fat cattle seller, the butcher, the miller, and the grieve or general overseer of the farm. We know not what other gentle crafts the still unpublished parts of the work may hereafter teach us; but so faithfully and so minutely, in general so clearly, and with so much apparent enjoyment, does the author enter into the details of all the above lines of life, that we have been deceived (we suppose) into the persuasion that Mr. Stephens must, in his lifetime, have “played many parts”—that he has himself, as occasion offered, or as work fell in his way, engaged in every one of these as well as of the other varied occupations it falls in his way to describe.

How, otherwise, for instance, should he so well understand the duties and habits, and sympathize with the privations and simple enjoyments of the humble and way-worn drover?—

“A drover of sheep should always be provided with a dog, as the numbers and nimbleness of sheep render it impossible for one man to guide a capricious flock along a road subject to many casualties; not a young dog, who is apt to work and bark a great deal more than necessary, much to the annoyance of the sheep—but a knowing cautious tyke. The drover should have a walking stick, a useful instrument at times in turning a sheep disposed to break off from the rest. A shepherd’s plaid he will find to afford comfortable protection to his body from cold and wet, while the mode in which it is worn leaves his limbs free for motion. He should carry provision with him, such as bread, meat, cheese or butter, that



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he may take luncheon or dinner quietly beside his flock, while resting in a sequestered part of the road; and he may slake his thirst in the first brook or spring he finds, or purchase a bottle of ale at a roadside ale-house. Though exposed all day to the air, and even though he feel cold, he should avoid drinking spirits, which only produce temporary warmth, and for a long time after induce chilliness and languor. Much rather let him reserve the allowance of spirits he gives himself until the evening, when he can *enjoy it in warm toddy beside a comfortable fire*, before retiring to rest for the night.” — Vol. ii. p. 89.

Then how knowingly he treats of the fat upon the sheep:—

“The formation of fat in a sheep commences in the inside, the *net* of fat which envelopes the intestines being first formed. After that, fat is seen on the outside, and first upon the end of the rump at the tail head, which continues to move on along the back, on both sides of the spine to the bend of the ribs, to the neck. Then it is deposited between the muscles, parallel with the cellular tissue. Meanwhile it is covering the lower round of the ribs, descending to the flanks until the two sides meet under the belly, from whence it proceeds to the brisket or breast in front and the shaw behind, filling up the inside of the arm-pits and thighs. The spaces around the fibres of the muscles are the last to receive a deposition of fat, but after this has begun, every other part simultaneously receives its due share, the back and kidneys receiving the most—so much so that the former literally becomes *nicked*, as it is termed; that is, the fat is felt through the skin to be divided into two portions. When all this has been accomplished, the sheep is said to be *fat or ripe*.”—Vol. ii. p. 93.

But the enjoyment of tracing the accumulating fat is not enough for our author—as soon as his sheep is ripe, he forthwith proceeds to slaughter it; and though he describes every part of this process accurately, and with true professional relish, coolly telling us, that “the *operation* is unattended with cruelty;” yet we must be content to refer our readers to the passage (vol. ii. p. 96) as an illustration of his skill in this interesting branch of farm-surgery. He is really an amiable sheep-operator, our author—what placid benevolence and hatred of quackery appear in his instructions— “Learn to slaughter *gently*, dress the carcass neatly and cleanly, in as plain a manner as possible, and without *flourishes*.”—p. 167.

But whisky-toddy and fat mutton are not the only things our author relishes. He must have been a farm-servant, living in a bothy, at least as long as he drove on the road or practised surgery in the slaughter-house. After describing the farm-servant’s wages and mode of living, he thus expands upon the subject of Scottish brose:—



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“The oatmeal is usually cooked in one way, as *brose*. A pot of water is put on the fire to boil—a task which the men (in the bothy) take in turns; a handful or two of oatmeal is taken out of the small chest with which each man provides himself, and put into a wooden bowl, which also is the ploughman’s property; and, on a hollow being made in the meal, and sprinkled with salt, the boiling-water is poured over the meal, and the mixture receiving a little stirring with a horn-spoon, and the allowance of milk poured over it, the brose is ready to be eaten; and, as every man makes his own brose, and knows his own appetite, he makes just as much as he can consume.” [2]

[Footnote 2: “The fare is simple, and is as simply made, but it must be wholesome, and capable of supplying the loss of substance occasioned by hard labour; for I believe that no class of men can endure more bodily fatigue for ten hours every day, than those ploughmen of Scotland who subsist on this brose three times a-day.”—Vol. ii. p. 384.]

But if the *life* of the ploughman is familiar to our author, the *work* he has to do, and the mode of doing it well, and the reason why it should be done one way here, and another way there, are no less so. The uninitiated have no idea of the complicated patterns which the ploughman works, according to the nature of the soil and the season of the year in which he labours. He may be “gathering up—crown-and-furrow ploughing—casting, or yoking, or coupling ridges—casting ridges with gore furrows—cleaving down ridges with or without gore furrows—ploughing two-out-and-two-in—ploughing in breaks—cross-furrowing—angle-ploughing, ribbing, and drilling—or he may be preparing the land by feering or striking the ridges.”— (Vol. i. p. 464.) All these methods of turning up the land are described and illustrated by wood-cuts, and we are sure quite as effectually done upon paper as if the author had been explaining them upon his own farm, guiding one of his own best ploughs, and strengthened by a basin of good brose made from his own meal-chest.

But the practical skill of Mr. Stephens is not confined to the lower walks of the agricultural life. The ploughman sometimes qualifies himself to become a steward, that he may rid himself of the drudgery of working horses. He has then new duties to perform, which are thus generally described.

“The duty of the *steward* or *grieve*, as he is called in some parts of Scotland, and *bailiff* in England, consists in receiving general instructions from his master, the farmer, which he sees executed by the people under his charge. He exercises a direct control over the ploughmen and field-workers.... It is his duty to enforce the commands of his master, and to check every deviation from rectitude he may observe in the servants against his interests. It is not generally understood that he has control over the shepherd, the hedger, or the cattleman, who

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are stewards, in one sense, over their respective departments of labour.... He should always deliver the daily allowance of corn to the horses. *He should be the first person out of bed in the morning, and the last in it at night.* On most farms, he sows the seed in spring, superintends the field-workers in summer, tends the harvest-field and builds the stacks in autumn, and thrashes the corn with the mill, and cleans it with the winnowing-machine in winter. He keeps an account of the workpeople's time, and of the quantity of grain thrashed, consumed on the farm, and delivered to purchasers."—Vol. i. p. 221.

The practical man who reads the above detail of the steward's duties, will see at once that it must have been written by "one of themselves;" and, by its correctness, will be able to judge of the full faith which may be placed in the numerous other details upon every branch of practical farming with which the work now before us is so full.

We have brought prominently forward the above extracts in relation to the *minutiae* of the farmer's life—to the detailed practical knowledge which is so valuable to him, as being those upon which it appeared to us that a writer who was capable of getting up a book at all, much more such a book as this professes to be, in reference to the higher branches of the farmers' art, was most likely to fail. But these parts of the work are written not only knowingly and well, but with an evident relish for the subject. Let us turn, therefore, to the more intellectual part of the book, and see how far this part of the task has been satisfactorily accomplished.

*The Book of the Farm* is mainly intended as a manual for the master-farmer, accompanying him every where, and at every season of the year, counselling, guiding, and directing him in all his operations. But it has a higher and more useful aim than merely to remind the practical agriculturist of what he already knows. It is fitted, without other aid, to teach the beginner nearly every thing which it is necessary for him to know in order to take his place among the most intelligent practical men; and to teach it precisely at the time, and in the order, in which it is most easy, most useful, and most interesting for him to learn it.

The beginner is supposed by Mr. Stephens to have undergone a previous course of instruction under a practical man, and to enter upon a farm of his own in the beginning of winter. This farm is a more or less naked and unimproved piece of land, without a farm-stead or farm-house, with few hedge-rows, and wholly undrained. On entering the farm, also, he has servants to engage, stock to buy, and implements to select. In all these difficulties, *The Book of the Farm* comes to his aid. The most useful, approved, and economical form of a farm-stead is pointed out. The structure of barns, stables, cow-houses, piggeries, *liquid-manure tanks*, poultry-yards, and every other appendage

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of the farm-house, and, finally, the most fitting construction of the farm-house itself, according to the size and situation of the farm, are discussed, described, and explained. Plans and estimates of every expense are added, and woodcuts illustrative of every less known suggestion. These are not only sufficient to guide the intelligent young farmer in all the preliminary arrangements for his future comfort and success, but will, we are sure, supply hints to many older heads for the reconstruction or improvement of farm-steadings, heretofore deemed convenient and complete. The following chapter aids him in the choice of his servants, and describes distinctly the duties and province of each.

And now, having concluded his domestic arrangements, [3] he must learn to know something of the weather which prevails in the district in which he has settled, before he can properly plan out or direct the execution of the various labours which are to be undertaken upon his farm during the winter. A chapter of some length, therefore, is devoted to the “weather in winter,” in which the principles by which the weather is regulated in the different parts of our islands, and the methods of foreseeing or predicting changes, are described and illustrated *as far as they are known*. This is the first of those chapters of *The Book of the Farm* which illustrates in a way not to be mistaken, the truth announced at the head of this article, that *skillful practice is applied science*.

[Footnote 3: Hesiod considered one other appendage to the homestead indispensable, to which Mr. Stephens does not allude, perhaps from feeling himself incompetent to advise.]

To some it may appear at first sight that our author has indulged in too much detail upon this subject; but he is not a true practical farmer who says so. The weather has always been a most interesting subject to the agriculturist—he is every day, in nearly all his movements, dependant upon it. A week of rain, or of extraordinary drought, or of nipping frost, may disappoint his most sanguine and best founded expectations. His daily comfort, his yearly profit, and the general welfare of his family, all depend upon the weather, or upon his *skill in foreseeing its changes*, and availing himself of every moment which is favourable to his purposes. Hence, with agricultural writers, from the most early times, the varied appearances of the clouds, the nature of the winds, and the changing aspects of the sun and moon, and their several significations, have formed a favourite subject of description and discussion. Thus of the sun Virgil says—

“Sol quoque, et exoriens et quum se condet in undas,  
Signa dabit; solem certissima signa sequuntir.  
Et quae mane refert, et quae surgentibus astris.”

And then he gives the following *prognostics*, as unerring guides to the Latian farmer:—



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“Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum,  
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe;  
Suspecti tibi sint imbres....  
Caeruleus pluviam denuntiat, igneus Euros.  
At si quum referetque diem condit que relatum  
Lucidus orbis erit: frustra terreberere nimbis  
Et claro silvas cernes aquilone moveri.”

Mr. Stephens recognises similar solar indications in the following rhymes:—

“If the sun in red should set,  
The next day surely will be wet;  
If the sun should set in grey,  
The next will be a rainy day.”

And again—

“An evening red, or a morning grey,  
Doth betoken a bonnie day;  
In an evening grey and a morning red,  
Put on your hat, or ye’ll weet your head.”

In his next edition we recommend to Mr. Stephens’s notice the Border version of the latter:—

“An evening red and a morning grey,  
Send the shepherd on his way;  
An evening grey and a morning red  
Send the shepherd wet to bed.”

The most learned meteorologists of the present day believe the moon to influence the weather—the practical farmer is sure of it—and we have known the result of the hay crop, in adjoining farms, to be strikingly different, when upon the one the supposed influence of the time of change was taken into account and acted upon, while in the other it was neglected. Mr. Stephens gives as true proverbs—

\* \* \* \* \*

“In the wane of the moon,  
A cloudy morning bodes a fair afternoon.”

And

“New moon’s mist  
Never dies of thirst.”



But Virgil is more specific—

“Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna  
Felices operum; quintam fuge....  
Septuma post decumam felix et ponere vitem,  
Et prensos domitare boves.”

And in these warnings he only imitates Hesiod—

[Greek: Pempias de hexaleasthai, hepei chalepai te chai ainai.]

And

[Greek: Maenos de isamenou trischaidecha taen haleasthai,  
Spezmatos azxasthai phuta de henthzepsasthai arisa.]

But the vague prognostics of old times are not sufficient for the guidance of the skilful and provident farmer of our day. The barometer, the thermometer, and even the hygrometer, should be his companions and guides, or occasional counsellors. To the description and useful indications of these instruments, therefore, a sufficient space is devoted in the book before us. We do not know any other source from which the practical farmer can draw so much meteorological matter specially adapted to his own walk of life, as from this chapter upon the weather.

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All this our young farmer is not supposed to sit down and master before he proceeds with the proper business of his new farm; it will be a subject of study with him in many future months, and winters too. But after a most judicious recommendation, to observe and *record* whatever occurs either new or interesting in his field of labour—without which record he will not be able to contribute, as he may hereafter do, to the extension of agricultural knowledge—he is taught next, in an able chapter “upon soils and sub-soils,” to study the nature of his farm more thoroughly; to ascertain its natural capabilities—the improvements of which it is susceptible—the simplest, most efficacious, and most economical means by which this improvement may be effected—and the kind of implements which it will be most prudent in him to purchase for tilling the kind of land of which his farm consists, or for bringing it into a more fertile condition. This chapter also draws largely, especially upon geological and chemical science, and affords another illustration of what, I trust, Mr. Stephens’s book will more and more impress upon our working farmers, that *skilful practice is applied science*. We have not room for any extracts, but when we mention that in the chemical part of it the author has been assisted by Dr. Madden, readers of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* will be able to form an estimate of the way in which this chapter has been got up.

Having now satisfied himself of the nature of his farm as to soil and capabilities, he sees that new enclosures and shelter will be necessary—that some fields must be subdivided, others laid out anew—that old hedge-rows must be rooted out or straightened, and new ones planted in their room. Of what all this may be made to accomplish for his farm, and of how the work itself may be done, even to the minutest details, the chapters on “enclosures and shelter,” and on “planting of farm hedges,” will fully inform him. The benefits of shelter on our elevated lands, are not half understood. Thousands upon thousands of acres are lying in comparative barrenness, which, by adequate shelter, might be converted into productive fields. The increase of mean temperature which results from skilful enclosures, is estimated at 5 deg. to 8 deg. Fahrenheit; while in regard to the increased money value, Mr. Thomas Bishop gives the following testimony:—

“Previous to the division of the common moor of Methven in Perthshire, in 1793, the venerable Lord Lynedoch and Lord Methven had each secured their lower slopes of land adjoining the moor with belts of plantation. The year following I entered Lord Methven’s service, and in 1798 planted about sixty acres of the higher moor ground, valued at 2s. per acre, for shelter to eighty or ninety acres set apart for cultivation, and let in three divisions to six individuals. The progress made in improving the land was very slow for the first fifteen years, but thereafter went on

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rapidly, being aided by the *shelter derived from* the growth of the plantations; and the whole has now become fair land, bearing annually crops of oats, barley, peas, potatoes, and turnips. In spring 1838, exactly forty years from the time of putting down the plantation, I sold four acres of larch and fir (average growth) standing therein, for L.220, which, with the value of reserved trees and average amount per acre of thinnings sold previously, gave a return of L.67 per acre.”—Vol. i, p. 367.

We are satisfied that in localities with which we are ourselves acquainted, there are tens of thousand of acres which, by the simple protection of sheltering plantations, would soon be made to exhibit an equal improvement with either the moor of Methven, or the lands upon Shotley Fell, which are also referred to in the work before us. At a time when such strenuous endeavours are making to introduce and extend a more efficient drainage among our clay lands, the more simple amelioration of our cold uplands by judicious plantations, ought neither to be lost sight of, nor by those who address themselves to the landlords and cultivators, be passed by without especial and frequent notice.

Did space permit, we could have wished to extract a paragraph or two upon the mode of planting hedges, and forming ditches, for the purpose of proving to our readers that Mr. Stephens is as complete a *hedger* and *ditcher*, as we have seen him to be cunning as a drover and a cattle surgeon. But we must refer the reader to the passages in pp. 376 and 379. Even in the planting of thorn hedges he will find that science is not unavailing, for both mathematics and botany are made by Mr. Stephens to yield their several contributions to the chapters we are now considering.

But the fields being divided and the hedges planted, or while those operations are going on, a portion of the land must be subjected to the plough. Next in order, therefore, follows a chapter upon this important instrument, in which the merits and uses of the several best known—especially of the Scotch swing-ploughs—are explained and discussed. Here our young farmer is taught which variety of plough he ought to select for his land, *why* it is to be preferred, and *how* it is to be used, and its movable parts (plough-irons) *tempered* and adjusted, according to the effect which the workman is desirous of producing. We are quite sure that the writer of such parts of this chapter as refer to the practical use of the plough, must himself have handled it for many a day in the field.

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The part of this chapter, again, which relates to the theoretical construction—to the history of the successive improvements, and to the discussion of the relative merits of the numerous varieties of ploughs which have lately been recommended to notice—is drawn up by Mr. James Slight, curator of the museum of the Highland Society, a gentleman whose authority on such subjects stands deservedly high. To this monograph, as we may call it, upon the plough, we may again refer as another illustration of the union between agriculture and science. Mechanism perfects the construction of instruments, chemistry explains the effects which they are the means of producing in the soil—says also to the mechanic, if you could make them act in such and such a way, these effects would be more constantly and more fully brought about, and returns them to the workshop for further improvement. Thus each branch of knowledge aids the other, and suggests to it means of still further benefitting practical agriculture.

One of the most interesting, and not the least important, of those practical discussions which have arisen since the establishment of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, has been in regard to the relative merits and lightness of draught of the Scottish swing-ploughs, and of certain of the wheel-ploughs made and extensively used, especially in the southern counties. It is admitted, we believe, on all hands, that a less skilful workman will execute as presentable a piece of work with a wheel-plough, as a more skilful ploughman with a Scotch swing-plough. This is insisted upon by one party as a great advantage, while the other attaches no weight to it at all, saying, that they find no difficulty in getting good ploughmen to work with the swing-plough, and therefore it would be no advantage to them to change. Still this greater facility in using it is a true economical advantage, nevertheless; since that which is difficult to acquire will always be purchased at a dearer rate; and in an improving district, it is some gain, that it is neither necessary to import very skilful ploughmen, nor to wait till they are produced at home.

But it is also conceded, we believe, that the swing-plough, in skilful hands, is more easily or quickly managed than a wheel-plough; that it *turns more readily*, and when doing the same kind of work, will go over the ground quicker, and consequently do more work in a day. Theoretically, this seems undeniable, though it does not appear to be as yet clearly established in what precise proportion this theoretical acceleration ought to increase the extent of ground gone over by a diligent ploughman in the ten hours of his daily labour. It is said that, with the wheel-plough, three-fourths of an acre is an average day's work, while with a swing-plough, an acre is the ordinary and easy work of an active man on soil of average tenacity. The *pace*, however, must depend considerably both upon the horses and their driver; and to whatever extent such a difference may really exist—and opinions differ upon the subject—it is clearly an argument in favour of the swing-plough.



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But a third and equally important element in the discussion, is the relative draught of the swing and wheel-ploughs. This element has been lately brought more prominently forward, in consequence of some interesting experiments, made first, we believe, by Mr. Pusey, and since repeated by others, as to the relative draught of different ploughs in the same circumstances, as measured by the dynamometer. This, as well as the other parts of this question, is taken up, and ably discussed, by Mr. Slight; and he has, we think, satisfactorily shown, that no wheel-plough (or plough with a foot) can be lighter in draught, *merely because it is wheeled*—that, on the contrary, its draught must be in some small degree increased, other things being equal, (vol. i. p. 463.) This, we think, is probable, on other grounds besides those stated by Mr. Slight; yet there appears satisfactory reason for believing, that some of the wheel-ploughs which have been made the subject of experiment, have actually been lighter in draught, when doing the same work, than any of the swing-ploughs that have been opposed to them. But this does not show that, in *principle*, the swing-plough is not superior to the wheel-plough—it only shows that, in *construction*, it is still capable of great emendations, and that, in this respect, some of the wheel-ploughs have got the start of it. But the Scotch makers, who first so greatly improved the plough, are capable still of competing with their southern rivals; and from their conjoined exertions, future ploughmen are destined to receive still further aid.

When the ploughs are brought home, and while the winter ploughing is going on, an opportunity presents itself for laying out, and probably, as the weather permits, of cutting a portion of the intended drains. Upon this important subject, Mr. Stephens treats with more even than his usual skill. How true is the following passage:—

“Land, however, though it does not contain such a superabundance of water as to obstruct arable culture, may nevertheless, by its inherent wetness, prevent or retard the luxuriant growth of useful plants, as much as decidedly wet land. The truth is, that deficiency of crops on apparently dry land is frequently attributed to unskilful husbandry, when it really arises from the baleful influence of *concealed* stagnant water; and the want of skill is shown, not so much in the management of the arable culture of the land, as in neglecting to remove the true cause of the deficiency of the crop, namely, the concealed stagnant water. Indeed, my opinion is, and its conviction has been forced upon me by long and extensive observation of the state of the soil over a large part of the country—that this is the *true cause of most of the bad farming to be seen*, and that *not one farm* is to be found throughout the kingdom that *would not be much the better for draining.*” —Vol. i. p. 483.



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Draining is now truly regarded as a great national work, involving considerations of the highest moment, and bearing upon some of the most vital questions of our national policy. It is a subject, therefore, the practical discussion of which is of the greatest importance, especially in reference to the mode in which it can be most *efficiently* and most *cheaply* done. Into these points, Mr. Stephens enters minutely, and the course he prescribes is, we think, full of judgment. He explains the Elkington mode of draining, and he gives due praise to the more recent improvements of Mr. Smith of Deanston.

Every one knows how difficult it is to persuade our practical men to adopt any new method; but even after you have satisfied them that the adoption of it will really do good to their farms, it is almost as difficult to persuade them, that a partial adoption of the method, or some alteration of it—as they fancy some *improvement* of it—will not best suit their land, or the circumstances in which they are placed. Thus, one thinks, that a drain in each alternate furrow is enough for his soil—that his drains need not be above twelve(!) or eighteen inches deep—or that on his clay, the use of soles is a needless expense. On all these points, the book before us gives confident opinions, with which we entirely coincide.

In regard to the depth of drains, it is shown, that in order that they may *draw*, they should never be shallower than thirty inches, and should always leave a depth of eighteen inches clear of the draining materials, in order that the subsoil and trench plough may have full freedom of action, without risk of injury to the drain; while of the use of soles he says—

“I am a strenuous advocate for drainsoles *in all cases*; and even when they may really prove of little use, I would rather use too many, than too few precautions in draining; because, even in the most favourable circumstances, we cannot tell what change may take place beyond our view, in the interior of a drain, which we are never again permitted, and which *we have no desire to see*.”

This passage expresses the true principle of safety, by which, in the outlay of large sums of money for improvements, the landowner, and the holder of an improving lease, ought to be actuated. Though great losses have already been incurred by shallow drains, and by the rejection of soles, the practice, especially in the more backward districts, still goes on, and thousands of pounds are still expended upon the principles of a false economy, in repetition of the same faulty practice. We know of drainings now going on to a great extent, which will never permit the use of the subsoil plough; and of the neglect of soles, upon soils generally of clay, but here and there with patches of sand, into which the tiles must inevitably sink. When a person drains his own land, of course reason is the only constraint by which

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he can be withheld from doing as he likes with his own; or where a yearly tenant drains part of his farm at his own expense, the risk is exclusively his, and his landlord, who perhaps refuses to give any effectual aid, can have no right to dictate as to the mode in which the draining is to be performed; but when the landlord contributes either directly or indirectly to the expense, he, or his agent—if he has one who is skilful enough—should insist upon every thing being done according to the most improved, which, in reality, are also ultimately the most economical principles.

While the draining thus proceeds on the best and most economical principles, the ploughing is supposed to be still in progress. Indeed the arrangements for the two operations, the selection and purchase of the implements for both, may go on simultaneously. The plough, indeed, is sometimes used as a draining implement for making a deep furrow, in which, with more or less emendation from the spade, the tiles or other draining materials may subsequently be laid. But in this case, the draught is excessive, and many horses must often be yoked into the same plough, in order to drag it through the ground. Here, therefore, the young farmer must learn a new art—the art of harnessing and yoking his horses, in such a way as to obtain the greatest possible effect, at the least expense, or with the smallest waste of animal strength. This is a very important subject for consideration, and it is one which the author who is best acquainted with the practice, and with the state of knowledge regarding it, over a great part of our island, will feel himself most imperatively called upon to treat of in detail. This is done, accordingly, in the chapter upon the “Yoking and Harnessing of the Plough,” in which, by the able assistance of Mr. Slight, the principles upon which these processes should be conducted, as well as the simplest, strongest, and most economical methods, in actual practice among the most skilful farmers, are illustrated and explained.

To this follows a chapter upon “Ploughing stubble and lea ground,” in which, with the aid of his two coadjutors, the practical and scientific questions involved in the general process of ploughing such land, are discussed with equal skill and judgment. We have been particularly pleased with the remarks of Mr. Slight upon ploughing-matches, (Vol. i. p. 651,) in reference especially to the general disregard among judges, of the nature of the *underground* work, on which so much of the good effects of ploughing in reality depends. They will, we doubt not, have their due weight, at future ploughing-matches, among those—and we hope they will be many—into whose hands the work before us may come.



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Second in importance to draining only, are the subjects of “subsoil and trench ploughing,” operations which are also to be performed at this season of the year—and a chapter upon which concludes the first volume of Mr. Stephens’s work. Those who are acquainted with the writings of Mr. Smith of Deanston, and with the operations of the Marquis of Tweeddale at Yester, will duly estimate the importance, not merely to the young farmer himself, but to the nation at large, of proper instruction in regard to these two important operations—in the mode of economically conducting them—in the principles upon which their beneficial action depends—and in the circumstances by which the practical man ought to be regulated in putting the one or the other, or the one *rather* than the other, in operation upon his own land. Our limits do not permit us to discuss the relative merits of subsoil and trench ploughing, which by some writers have unwisely been pitted against each other—as if they were in reality methods of improving the land, either of which a man may equally adopt in any soil and under all circumstances. But they, in reality, agree universally only in this one thing—that *neither process will produce a permanently good effect unless the land be previously thorough-drained*. But being drained, the farmer must then exercise a sound discretion, and Mr. Stephens’s book will aid his judgment much in determining which of the two subsequent methods he ought to adopt. The safer plan for the young farmer would be to try one or two acres in each way, and in his after procedure upon the same kind of land to be regulated by the result of this trial. Mr. Stephens expresses a decided opinion in favour of trench-ploughing in the following passages:—

“I have no hesitation in expressing my preference of trench to subsoil ploughing: and I cannot see a single instance, with the sole exception of turning up a very bad subsoil in large quantity, in which there is any advantage attending subsoil, that cannot be enjoyed by trench ploughing: and for this single drawback of a very bad subsoil, trenching has the advantage of being performed in perfect safety, where subsoil ploughing could not be, without previous drainage.

“But whilst giving a preference to trench ploughing over subsoil, I am of opinion that it should not be generally attempted under any circumstances, however favourable, without previous thorough-draining, any more than subsoil ploughing; but when so drained, there is no mode of management, in my opinion, that will render land so soon amenable to the means of putting it in a high degree of fertility as trench ploughing.”—  
Vol. i. p. 664.



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We confess that, in the first of the above passages, Mr. Stephens appears to us to assume something of the tone of a partizan, which has always the effect of lessening the weight of an author's opinion with the intelligent reader who is in search of the truth only. What is advanced as the main advantage of trench-ploughing in the first passage—that it can be safely done without previous draining, is in the second wholly discarded by the advice, *never to trench-plough without previous draining*. At the same time it is confessed, that in the case of a bad subsoil, trench-ploughing may do much harm. Every practical man in fact knows that bringing up the subsoil in any quantity, he would in some districts render his fields in a great measure unproductive for years to come. On the other hand, we believe that the use of the subsoil-plough can never do harm upon drained land. We speak, of course, of soils upon which it is already conceded that either the one method or the other ought to be adopted. The utmost evil that can follow in any such case from the use of the subsoil-plough, is that the expense will be thrown away—the land cannot be rendered more unfruitful by it. Subsoiling, therefore, is the *safer* practice.

But in reality, there ought, as we have already stated, to be no opposition between the two methods. Each has its own special uses for which it can be best employed, and the skill of the farmer must be exercised in determining whether the circumstances in which he is placed are such as to call specially for the one or for the other instrument. If the subsoil be a rich black mould, or a continuation of the same alluvial or other fertile soil which forms the surface—it may be turned up at once by the trench-plough without hesitation. Or, if the subsoil be more or less full of lime, which has sunk from above, trenching may with equal safety be adopted. But, if the subsoil be more or less ferruginous—if it be of that yellow unproductive clay which in some cases extends over nearly whole counties—or of that hard, blue, stony till which requires the aid of the mattock to work out of the drains—or if it consist of a hard and stony, more or less impervious bed—in all these cases the use of the subsoil-plough is clearly indicated. In short, the young farmer can scarcely have a safer rule than this—to subsoil his land first, *whenever there is a doubt of the soundness of the subsoil*, or a fear that by bringing it to the surface, the fertility of the upper soil will be diminished. It is no reply to this safer practice to say that even Mr. Smith recommends turning up the subsoil afterwards, and that we have therefore a double expense to incur. For it is known, that after a time any subsoil so treated may be turned up with safety, and consequently there is no risk of loss by delaying this deeper ploughing for a few years; and in regard to the question of expense, it appears that the cost of both draining and subsoiling are

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generally repayed by the first two or three crops which succeed each improvement. What more, then, can be required? The expense is repaid—the land is, to a certain extent, permanently improved—no risk of loss has been incurred, and there still remains to the improving farmer—improving his own circumstances, as well as the quality of his land, by his prudent and skilful measures—there still remains the deeper ploughing, by which he can gradually bring new soil to the surface, as he sees it mellow, and become wholesome, under the joint influences which the drain and the subsoil-plough have brought to bear upon it.

There can, therefore, it is clear, be no universal rule for the use of the two valuable instruments in question, as each has its own defined sphere of action. This, we think, is the common-sense view of the case. But if any one insists upon having a universal rule which shall save him from thinking or observing for himself in all cases, then we should say—*in all cases subsoil, because it is the safer.*

With this subject the first volume of *The Book of the Farm* is brought to a close; but winter still continues, and in other winter-work of scarcely less importance the young farmer has still to be instructed. We have hitherto said nothing of the more expensive and beautiful embellishments of the book, because the most interesting of them are portraits of celebrated short-horns, working horses, sheep, and pigs—a subject of which the author begins to treat only at the commencement of the second volume. The feeding of stock is one of those parts of the winter's labours, in improving husbandry, upon which not only the immediate profit of the farmer, but the ultimate fertility of his land, in a great measure depends. The choice of his stock, and the best mode of treating and tending them, therefore, are subjects of the greatest consequence to the young farmer. In the choice of his stock he will be aided at once by the clear descriptions, and by the portraits so beautifully executed by Landseer and Sheriff, by which the letterpress is accompanied. In the subsequent treatment of them, and in the mode by which they may be most profitably, most quickly, or most economically fed *in the winter season*, he will be fully instructed in the succeeding chapters of the book.

Turnips and other roots are the principal food of cattle in the winter: a preliminary chapter, therefore, is devoted to the “drawing and storing of turnips and other roots.” Had we our article to begin again, we could devote several pages, agreeably to ourselves, and not without interest, we believe, or without instruction, to our reader, in discussing a few of those points connected with the feeding of cattle, upon which, though the means of information are within their reach, practical men have hitherto permitted themselves to remain wholly ignorant. Of these points Mr. Stephens adverts to several, and suggests the advantage of additional experiments; but the whole subject requires revision, and, under the guidance of persons able to direct, who are acquainted with all that is yet known, or has as yet been done either in our own or in foreign

countries, experiments will hereafter, no doubt, be made, by which many new truths, both theoretically and practically valuable, are sure to be elucidated.



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We may advert, as an illustration, to the feeding properties of the turnip. It is usual to reckon the value of a crop of turnips by the number of tons per acre which it is found to yield when so many square yards of the produce are weighed. But this may be very fallacious in many ways. If they are white turnips, for instance, nine tons of small will contain as much nourishment as ten tons of large—or twenty-seven tons an acre of small turnips will feed as many sheep as thirty tons per acre of large turnips. Or if the crop be Swedes, the reverse will be the case, twenty-seven tons of large will feed as much stock as thirty tons of small.—(Vol. ii., p. 20.) Mr. Stephens points out other fallacies also, to which we cannot advert. One, however, he has passed over, of equal, we believe of greater, consequence than any other—we allude to the variable quantity of water which the turnip grown on different soils in different seasons is found to contain.

It is obvious, that in so far as the roots of the turnip, the carrot, and the potatoe, consist of water, they can serve the purposes of drink only—they cannot feed the animals to which they are given. Now, the quantity of water in the turnip is so great, that 100 *tons sometimes contain only nine tons of dry feeding matter*—more than nine-tenths of their weight consisting of water. But again, their constitution is so variable, that 100 *tons sometimes contain more than twenty tons of dry food*—or less than four-fifths of their weight of water. It is possible, therefore, that one acre of turnips, on which only twenty tons are growing, may feed as many sheep as another on which forty tons are produced. What, therefore, can be more uncertain than the feeding value of an acre of turnips as estimated by the weight? How much in the dark are buyers and sellers of this root? What wonder is there, that different writers should estimate so very differently the weight of turnips which ought to be given for the purpose of sustaining the condition, or of increasing the weight, of the several varieties of stock? Other roots exhibit similar differences; and even the potatoe, while it sometimes contains thirty tons of food in every hundred of raw roots, at others, contains no more than twenty—the same weight, namely, which exists at times in the turnip. [4]

[Footnote 4: For our authority on this subject, we refer to Johnston's *Suggestion for Experiments in Practical Agriculture*, No. 111. pp. 62 and 64, of which we have been favoured with an early copy by the author.]

This latter fact, shows the very slippery ground on which the assertion rests, that has lately astonished the weak minds of our Southern cattle-feeding brethren, from the mouth of one of their talented but hasty lecturers—that the potatoe contains two or three times the weight of nourishment which exists in the turnip. It is true that *some* varieties of potatoes contain three times as much as *some*



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varieties of turnip—but, on the other hand, some turnips contain as much nourishment as an equal weight of potatoes. But no man can tell, by bare inspection, as yet, to which class of turnips, the more or less watery, his own may belong—whether that which is apparently the most prolific may not in reality be the least so—whether that mode of manuring his land which gives him the greatest weight of raw roots may not give him the smallest weight of real substantial food for his stock. What a wide field, therefore, for experiment? To what useful results might they not be expected to lead? If any of our readers wish to undertake such experiments, or to learn how they are to be performed, we refer them to the pamphlet mentioned in the note.

In connexion with the chapter “on the feeding of sheep,” we could have wished to advert to the advantages of shelter, in producing the largest weight of meat from a given weight of turnips, or other food—as illustrated by the experiments of Mr. Childers, Lord Western, and others; but we must refer our readers to the passage itself, (vol. ii. p. 51,) as we must also to the no less important comparative view of the advantages of feeding cattle in close byres and in open hammels, (vol. ii. p. 129,) and to the interesting details regarding the use of raw and steamed food, contained in the chapter upon the feeding of cattle, (vol. ii. p. 120 to 148.)

But our author is so cunning in the qualities of mutton—which, as we have already seen, he can “kill so gently,” performing the operation without pain—that we think our readers will enjoy the following passage:—

“The gigot is the handsomest and most valuable part of the carcass, and on that account fetches the highest price. It is either a roasting or a boiling piece. Of black-faced mutton it makes a fine roast, and the piece of fat in it called the *pope’s eye*, is considered a delicate *morceau* by epicures. A gigot of Leicester, Cheviot, or Southdown mutton makes a beautiful ‘boiled leg of mutton,’ which is prized the more the fatter it is, as this part of the carcass is never overloaded with fat. The loin is almost always roasted, the flap of the flank being skewered up, and it is a juicy piece. For a small family, the black-faced mutton is preferable; for a large, the Southdown and Cheviot. Many consider this piece of Leicester mutton roasted as too rich, and when warm, this is probably the case; but a cold roast loin is an excellent summer dish. The back-ribs are divided into two, and used for very different purposes. The fore-part, the neck, is boiled and makes sweet barley-broth, and the meat, when well boiled, or rather the whole pottage simmered for a considerable time *beside* the fire, eats tenderly. The back-ribs make an excellent roast; indeed, there is not a sweeter or more varied one in the carcass, having both ribs and shoulder. The shoulder-blade eats best cold, and the ribs warm. The ribs make excellent chops. The Leicester and



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Southdowns afford the best mutton-chops. The breast is mostly a roasting-piece, consisting of rib and shoulder, and is particularly good when cold. When the piece is large, as of Southdown or Cheviot, the gristly part of the ribs may be divided from the true ribs, and helped separately. The breast is an excellent piece in black-faced mutton, and suitable to small families, the shoulder being eaten cold, while the ribs and brisket are sweet and juicy when warm. This piece also boils well; or, when corned for eight days, and served with onion sauce, with mashed turnip in it, there are few more savoury dishes at a farmer's table. The shoulder is separated before being dressed, and makes an excellent roast for family use, and may be eaten warm or cold, or corned and dressed as the breast mentioned above. The shoulder is best from a large carcass of Southdown, Cheviot, or Leicester, the black-faced being too thin for the purpose; and it was probably because English mutton is usually large that the practice of removing it originated. The neckpiece is partly laid bare by the removal of the shoulder, the fore-part being fitted for boiling and making into broth, and the best end for roasting or broiling into chops. On this account this is a good family piece, and in such request among the tradesmen of London that they prefer it to any part of the hind-quarter."— (Vol. ii. p. 98.)

Nor is he less skilful in the humble food and cooking of the farm-labourer; indeed, he seems never satisfied until he fairly exhausts all the useful matter contained in every subject upon which he touches. He not only breeds, and feeds, and kills, and cooks, but he does the latter with such relish, that we have several times fancied that we could actually see him eating his own mutton, beef, and pork. And, whether he luxuriates over a roast of the back-ribs of mutton, "so sweet and so varied," or complains that "the hotel-keepers have a trick of seasoning brown-soup, or rather beef-tea, with a few joints of tail, and passing it off for genuine ox-tail soup,"—(vol. ii. p. 169,) or describes the "*famous fat brose*, for which Scotland has long been celebrated," as formed by skimming off the fat when boiling the hough, pouring it upon oatmeal, and seasoning with pepper and salt; or indulges in the humbler brose of the ploughman in his bothy, he evidently enjoys every thing set before him so much, that we are sure he must lay on the fat kindly. We should not wonder if he is himself already *nicked*; and we cannot more warmly testify our good wishes, than by expressing a hope, that, when he is fully *ripe*, the grim surgeon will operate upon him *without pain*, and kill him *gently*.

One of Mr. Stephens's humbler dishes is the following:—



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“The only time Scotch farm-servants indulge in butcher-meat is when a sheep *falls*, as it is termed; that is, when it is killed before being affected with an unwholesome disease, and the mutton is sold at a reduced price. Shred down the suet small, removing any flesh or cellular membrane adhering to it; then mix amongst it intimately 1/2 oz. of salt and a tea-spoonful of pepper to every pound of suet; put the mixture into an earthen jar, and tie up tightly with bladder. One table spoonful of seasoned suet will, at any time, make good barley-broth or potato-soup for two persons. The lean of the mutton may be shred down small, and seasoned in a similar manner, and used when required; or it may be corned with salt, and used as a joint.” —Vol. ii. p. 105.

How much of the natural habits and manners of a country, and of the circumstances and inner life of the various classes of its inhabitants, is to be learned from a study of their cookery!

Reader, what a mystery hangs over the *handling* of a fat beast! A feeder approaches a well filled short-horn—he touches it here—he pinches it there—he declares it to have many good *points* about it; but pronounces the existence of defects, where the uninitiated see only beauties. The points of a fat ox, how mysterious they are, how difficult to make out! The five points of Arminianism, our old vicar used to say, were nothing to them. But here, too, Mr. Stephens is at home. Listen to his simple explanation of the whole:

“The first point usually *handled* is the end of the rump at the tail-head, although any fat here is very obvious, and sometimes attains to an enormous size, amounting even to deformity. The hook-bone gets a touch, and when well covered, is right.... To the hand, or rather to the points of the fingers of the right hand, when laid upon the ribs, the flesh should feel soft and thick and the form be round when all is right, but if the ribs are flat the flesh will feel hard and thin from want of fat. The skin, too, on a rounded rib, will feel soft and mobile, the hair deep and mossy, both indicative of a kindly disposition to lay on flesh. The hand then grasps the flank, and finds it thick, when the existence of internal tallow is indicated.... The palm of the hand laid along the line of the back will point out any objectionable hard piece on it, but if all is soft and pleasant, then the shoulder-top is good. A hollowness behind the shoulder is a very common occurrence; but when it is filled up with a layer of fat, the flesh of all the fore-quarter is thereby rendered very much more valuable. You would scarcely believe that such a difference could exist in the flesh between a lean and a fat shoulder. A high narrow shoulder is frequently attended with a ridged back-bone, and lowset narrow hooks, a form which gets the appropriate name of *razor-back*, with which will always be found a deficiency of flesh in all the upper part



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of the animal, where the best flesh always is. If the shoulder-point is covered, and feels soft like the point of the hook-bone, it is good, and indicates a well filled neck-vein, which runs from that point to the side of the head. The shoulder-point, however, is often bare and prominent. When the neck-vein is so firmly filled up as not to permit the points of the fingers inside of the shoulder-point, this indicates a well tallowed animal; as also does the filling up between the brisket and inside of the fore legs, as well as a full, projecting, well covered brisket in front. When the flesh comes down heavy upon the thighs, making a sort of double thigh, it is called *lyary*, and indicates a tendency of the flesh to grow on the lower instead of the upper part of the body. These are all the *points* that require *touching when the hand is used*; and in a high-conditioned ox, they may be gone over very rapidly.”—Vol. ii. p. 165.

The treatment of horses follows that of cattle, and this chapter is fitted to be of extensive use among our practical farmers. There are few subjects to which the attention of our small farmers requires more to be drawn than to the treatment of their horses—few in which want of skill causes a more general and *constant* waste. The economy of *prepared* food is ably treated of, and we select the following passage as containing at once sound theoretical and important practical truths:

“It appears at first sight somewhat surprising that the idea of preparing food for farm-horses should only have been recently acted on; but I have no doubt that the practice of the turf and of the road, of maintaining horses on large quantities of oats and dry ryegrass hay, has had a powerful influence in retaining it on farms. But now that a more natural treatment has been adopted by the owners of horses on fast work, farmers, having now the example of post-horses standing their work well on prepared food, should easily be persuaded that, on slow work, the same sort of food should have even a more salutary effect on their horses. How prevalent was the notion, at one time, that horses could not be expected to do work at all, unless there was *hard meat* in them! ‘This is a very silly and erroneous idea, if we inquire into it,’ as Professor Dick truly observes, ‘for whatever may be the consistency of the food when taken into the stomach, it must, before the body can possibly derive any substantial support or benefit from it, be converted into *chyme*—a pultacious mass; and this, as it passes onward from the stomach into the intestinal canal, is rendered still more fluid by the admixture of the secretions from the stomach, the liver, and the pancreas, when it becomes of a milky appearance, and is called *chyle*. It is then taken into the system by the lacteals, and in this *fluid*, this *soft state*—*and in this state only*—mixes with the blood, and passes through the circulating vessels for the



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nourishment of the system.' Actuated by these rational principles, Mr. John Croall, a large coach-proprietor in Edinburgh, now supports his coach horses on 8 lb. of chopped hay and 16 lb. of bruised oats; so does Mr. Isaac Scott, a postmaster, who gives 10 lb. or 12 lb. of chopped hay and 16 lb. of bruised oats, to large horses: and to carry the principle still further into practice, Captain Cheyne found his post-horses work well on the following mixture, the proportions of which are given for each horse every day; and this constitutes the second of the formulae alluded to above."

In the day, 8 lb. of bruised oats. 3 lb. of bruised beans. 4 lb. of chopped straw. ----- 15 lb.

At night

22 lb. of steamed potatoes.

1-1/2 lb. of fine barley dust.

2 lb. of chopped straw.

2 oz. of salt.

-----  
25-1/2 lb.

"Estimating the barley-dust at 10d. per stone; chopped straw, 6d. per stone, potatoes, steamed, at 7s. 6d. per cwt.; and the oats and beans at ordinary prices, the cost of supper was 6d., and for daily food, 1s. with cooking, in all 1s. 6d. a horse each day."—  
Vol. ii. p. 194.

The reader will also peruse with interest the following paragraph, illustrative at once of the habits of the horse, and of our author's familiarity with the race:—

"The horse is an intelligent animal, and seems to delight in the society of man. It is remarked by those who have much to do with blood-horses, that, when at liberty, and seeing two or more people standing conversing together, they will approach, and seem, as it were, to wish to listen to the conversation. The farm-horse will not do this; but he is quite obedient to call, and distinguishes his name readily from that of his companion, and will not stir when desired to stand until *his own name* is pronounced. He distinguishes the various sorts of work he is put to, and will apply his strength and skill in the best way to effect his purpose, whether in the thrashing-mill, the cart, or the plough. He soon acquires a perfect sense of his work. I have seen a horse walk very steadily towards a feering pole, and halt when his head had reached it. He seems also to have a sense of time. I have heard another neigh almost daily about ten minutes before the time of loosening in the evening, whether in summer or winter. He is capable of distinguishing the tones of the voice, whether spoken in anger or otherwise; and can even distinguish between musical notes. There was a work-horse of my own, when even at his corn, would desist eating, and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note of low G sounded, and would continue to listen as long as it was sustained; and another, that was similarly affected by



a particular high note. The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the extraordinary effects of particular sounds on horses.”—Vol. ii. p. 216.



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We recollect in our younger days, when we used to drive home from Penrith market, our friend would say, “come, let us give the horse a song—he will go home so briskly with us.” And it really was so, or seemed so at least, be the principle what it may.

Pigs and poultry succeed to cattle and horses, and the author is equally at home in regard to the management of these as of the more valued varieties of stock—as learned in their various breeds, and as skilful in the methods of fattening, killing, and cutting up. How much truth is contained in the following remarks, and how easily and usefully might the evil be amended:—

“Of all the animals reared on a farm, there are none so much neglected by the farmer, both in regard to the selection of their kind, and their qualifications to fatten, as all the sorts of domesticated fowls found in the farm-yard. Indeed, the very supposition that *he* would devote any of *his* time to the consideration of poultry, is regarded as a positive affront on his manhood. Women, in his estimation, may be fit enough for such a charge, and doubtless they would do it well, provided they were not begrudged every particle of food bestowed upon those useful creatures. The consequence is what might be expected in the circumstances, that go to most farm-steads, and the surprise will be to meet a single fowl of any description in *good* condition, that is to say, in such condition that it may be killed at the instant in a fit state for the table, which it might be if it had been treated as a fattening animal from its birth.”—Vol. ii. p. 246.

The methods of fattening them are afterwards described; and for a mode *of securing a new-laid egg to breakfast every winter morning*, a luxury which our author “enjoyed for as many years as he lived in the country,” we refer the reader to page 256 of the second volume.

Besides the feeding of stock, one other in-door labour demands the attention of the farmer, when the severity of winter weather has put a stop to the ploughing and the draining of his land. His grain crops are to be thrashed out, and sent to the market or the mill. In this part of his work Mr. Stephens has again availed himself of the valuable assistance of Mr. Slight, who, in upwards of 100 pages of closely printed matter, has figured and described nearly all the more useful instruments employed in the preparation of the food of cattle, and in separating the grain of the corn crops. The thrashing machine, so valuable an addition to the working establishment of a modern farm-stead, is minutely explained—the varieties in its construction illustrated by wood-cuts—and the respective merits of the different forms of the machine examined and discussed. With the following, among his other conclusions, we cordially concur.



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“I cannot view these two machines without feeling impressed with a conviction that both countries would soon feel the advantage of an amalgamation between the two forms of the machine. The drum of the Scotch thrashing-machine would most certainly be improved by a transfusion from the principles of the English machine; and the latter might be equally improved by the adoption of the manufacturing-like arrangements and general economy of the Scotch system of thrashing. That such interchange will ere long take place, I am thoroughly convinced; and as I am alike satisfied that the advantages would be mutual, it is to be hoped that these views will not stand alone. It has not been lost sight of, that each machine may be said to be suited to the system to which it belongs, and that here, where the corn is cut by the sickle, the machine is adapted to that; while the same may be said of the other, where cutting by the scythe is so much practised. Notwithstanding all this, there appears to be good properties in both that either seems to stand in need of.” —Vol. ii. p. 329.

Other scientific, especially chemical information, connected with the different varieties of grain, and the kind and quantity of food they respectively yield, is incorporated in the chapters upon “wheat, flour, and oat and bean meal,” to which we can only advert, as further illustrations of the intimate manner in which science and skilful or enlightened practice are invariably, necessarily, and every where interwoven.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now the dreary months of winter are ended—and the labours of the farmer take a new direction.

“Salvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni.”

But we cannot follow Mr. Stephens through the cheerful labours of the coming year. Our task is so far ended, and from the way in which the whole of the long weeks of winter are described, the reader must judge of Mr. Stephens’s ability to lead him safely and surely through the rest of the year.

A closing observation or two, however, we beg to offer. We look upon a good book on agriculture as something more than a lucky speculation for the publisher, or a profitable occupation of his time for the author. *It is a gain to the community at large,—a new instrument of national wealth.* The first honour or praise in reference to every such instrument, is, no doubt, due to the maker or inventor—but he who brings is into general use, merits also no little approbation. Such is our case with respect to the book before us. We shall be glad to learn that our analysis of it contributes to a wider circulation among the practical farmers of the empire, of the manifold information which the book

contains, not so much for the sake of the author, as with a view to the common good of the country at large. It is



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to the more general diffusion of sound agricultural literature among our farmers, that we look for that more rapid development of the resources of our varied soils which the times so imperatively demand. To gain this end no legitimate means ought to be passed by, and we have detained our readers so long upon the book before us, in the hope that they may be induced to lend us *their* aid also in attaining so desirable an object.

We do not consider *The Book of the Farm* a perfect work: the author indulges now and then in loose and careless writing; and this incorrectness has more frequently struck us in the later portions of the work, no doubt from the greater haste of composition. He sets out by slighting the aids of science to agriculture; and yet, in an early part of his book, tells the young farmer that he “must become acquainted with the agency of *electricity* before he can understand the variations of the weather,” and ends by making his book, as we have said, a running commentary upon the truth we have already several times repeated, that SKILFUL PRACTICE IS APPLIED SCIENCE.

These, and no doubt other faults the book has—as what book is without them?—but as a practical manual for those who wish to be good farmers, it is the best book we know. It contains more of the practical applications of modern science, and adverts to more of those interesting questions from which past improvements have sprung, and from the discussion of which future ameliorations are likely to flow, than any other of the newer works which have come under our eye. Where so many excellences exist, we are not ill-natured enough to magnify a few defects.

The excellence of Scottish agriculture may be said by some to give rise to the excellent agricultural books which Scotland, time after time, has produced. But it may with equal truth be said, that the existence of good books, and their diffusion among a reading population, are the sources of the agricultural distinction possessed by the northern parts of the island. It is beyond our power, as individuals, to convert the entire agricultural population of our islands into a reading body, but we can avail ourselves of the tendency wherever it exists; and by writing, or diffusing, or aiding to diffuse, good books, we can supply ready instruction to such as *now* wish for it, and can put it in the way of those in whom other men, by other means, are labouring to awaken the dormant desire for knowledge. Reader, do *you* wish to improve agriculture? —then buy you a good book, and place it in the hands of your tenant or your neighbouring farmer; if he be a reading man, he will thank you, and his children may live to bless you; if he be not a reader, you may have the gratification of wakening a dormant spirit; and though you may appear to be casting your bread upon the waters, yet you shall find it again after many days.

\* \* \* \* \*



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### POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. VII.

(The two following poems, "The Ideal," and, "The Ideal and Life," are essentially distinct in their mode of treatment. The first is simple and tender, and expresses feelings in which all can sympathize. As a recent and able critic, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, has observed, this poem, "still little known, contains a regret for the period of youthful faith," and may take its place among the most charming and pathetic of all those numberless effusions of genius in which individual feeling is but the echo of the universal heart. But the poem on "The Ideal and Life" is highly mystical and obscure;—"it is a specimen," says the critic we have just quoted, "of those poems which were the immediate results of Schiller's metaphysical studies. Here the subject is purely supersensual, and does not descend to the earth at all. The very tendency of the poem is to recommend a life not in the actual world, but in the world of appearances [5]—that is, in the aesthetical world."

It requires considerable concentration of mind to follow its meaning through the cloud of its dark and gigantic images. Schiller desired his friend Humboldt to read it in perfect stillness, 'and put away from him all that was profane.' Humboldt, of course, admired it prodigiously; and it is unquestionably full of thought expressed with the power of the highest genius. But, on the other hand, its philosophy, even for a Poet or Idealist, is more than disputable, and it incurs the very worst fault which a Poet can commit, *viz.* obscurity of idea as well as expression. When the Poet sets himself up for the teacher, he must not forget that the teacher's duty is to be clear; and the higher the mystery he would expound, the more pains he should bestow on the simplicity of the elucidation. For the true Poet does not address philosophical coteries, but an eternal and universal public. Happily this fault is rare in Schiller, and more happily still, his great mind did not long remain a groper amidst the 'Realm of Shadow.' The true Ideal is quite as liable to be lost amidst the maze of metaphysics, as in the actual thoroughfares of work-day life. A plunge into Kant may do more harm to a Poet than a walk through Fleet Street. Goethe, than whom no man had ever more studied the elements of the diviner art, was right as an artist in his dislike to the over-cultivation of the aesthetical. The domain of the Ideal is the heart, and through the heart it operates on the soul. It grows feebler and dimmer in proportion as it seeks to rise above human emotion.... Longinus does not err, when he asserts that Passion (often erroneously translated Pathos) is the best part of the Sublime.)

[Footnote 5: Rather, according to Aesthetical Philosophy, is the *actual* world to be called the *world of appearances*, and the Ideal the world of substance.]



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### TO THE IDEAL.

Then wilt thou, with thy fancies holy—  
Wilt thou, faithless, fly from me?  
With thy joy, thy melancholy,  
Wilt thou thus relentless flee?  
O Golden Time, O Human May,  
Can nothing, Fleet One, thee restrain?  
Must thy sweet river glide away  
Into the eternal Ocean-Main?

The suns serene are lost and vanish'd  
That wont the path of youth to gild,  
And all the fair Ideals banish'd  
From that wild heart they whilome fill'd.  
Gone the divine and sweet believing  
In dreams which Heaven itself unfurl'd!  
What godlike shapes have years bereaving  
Swept from this real work-day world!

As once, with tearful passion fired,  
The Cyprian Sculptor clasp'd the stone,  
Till the cold cheeks, delight-inspired,  
Blush'd—to sweet life the marble grown;  
So Youth's desire for Nature!—round  
The Statue, so my arms I wreathed,  
Till warmth and life in mine it found  
And breath that poets breathe—it breathed.

With my own burning thoughts it burn'd;—  
Its silence stirr'd to speech divine;—  
Its lips my glowing kiss return'd;—  
Its heart in beating answer'd mine!  
How fair was then the flower—the tree!—  
How silver-sweet the fountain's fall!  
The soulless had a soul to me!  
My life its own life lent to all!

The Universe of Things seem'd swelling  
The panting heart to burst its bound,  
And wandering Fancy found a dwelling  
In every shape—thought—deed, and sound.  
Germ'd in the mystic buds, reposing,



A whole creation slumber'd mute,  
Alas, when from the buds unclosing,  
How scant and blighted sprung the fruit!

How happy in his dreaming error,  
His own gay valour for his wing,  
Of not one care as yet in terror,  
Did Youth upon his journey spring;  
Till floods of balm, through air's dominion,  
Bore upward to the faintest star—  
For never aught to that bright pinion  
Could dwell too high, or spread too far.

Though laden with delight, how lightly  
The wanderer heavenward still could soar,  
And aye the ways of life how brightly  
The airy Pageant danced before!—  
Love, showering gifts (life's sweetest) down,  
Fortune, with golden garlands gay,  
And Fame, with starbeams for a crown,  
And Truth, whose dwelling is the Day.

Ah! midway soon, lost evermore,  
Afar the blithe companions stray;  
In vain their faithless steps explore,  
As, one by one, they glide away.  
Fleet Fortune was the first escaper—  
The thirst for wisdom linger'd yet;  
But doubts with many a gloomy vapour  
The sun-shape of the Truth beset!



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The holy crown which Fame was wreathing,  
Behold! the mean man's temples wore!  
And but for one short spring-day breathing,  
Bloom'd Love—the Beautiful—no more!  
And ever stiller yet, and ever  
The barren path more lonely lay,  
Till waning Hope could scarcely quiver  
Along the darkly widening way.

Who, loving, linger'd yet to guide me,  
When all her boon companions fled?  
Who stands consoling still beside me,  
And follows to the House of Dread?  
*Thine*, Friendship! *thine*, the hand so tender—  
Thine the balm dropping on the wound—  
Thy task—the load more light to render,  
O, earliest sought and soonest found!

And *thou*, so pleased with her uniting  
To charm the soul-storm into peace,  
Sweet *Toil!*[6] in toil itself delighting,  
That more it labor'd, less could cease:  
Though but by grains, thou aid'st the pile  
The vast Eternity uprears—  
At least thou strik'st from Time, the while,  
Life's debt—the minutes, days, and years![7]

[Footnote 6: That is to say—the Poet's occupation—The Ideal.]

[Footnote 7: Though the Ideal images of youth forsake us—the Ideal still remains to the Poet.—Nay, it is his task and his companion; unlike the worldly fantasies of fortune—fame, and love—the fantasies the Ideal creates are imperishable. While, as the occupation of his life, it pays off the debt of time; as the exalter of life, it contributes to the building of eternity.]

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL LIFE.

The *first title* of this Poem was “The Realm of Shadow.” Perhaps in the whole range of German poetry there exists no poem which presents greater difficulties to the English translator. The chief object of the present inadequate version has been to render the sense intelligible as well as the words. The attempt stands in need of all the indulgence



which the German scholar will readily allow that a much abler translator might reasonably require.

1

For ever fair, for ever calm and bright,  
Life flies on plumage, zephyr-light,  
For those who on the Olympian hill rejoice—  
Moons wane, and races wither to the tomb,  
And 'mid the universal ruin, bloom  
The rosy days of Gods—  
With Man, the choice,  
Timid and anxious, hesitates between  
The sense's pleasure and the soul's content;  
While on celestial brows, aloft and sheen,  
The beams of both are blent.

2

Seek'st thou on earth the life of Gods to share,  
Safe in the Realm of Death?—beware  
To pluck the fruits that glitter to thine eye;  
Content thyself with gazing on their glow—  
Short are the joys Possession can bestow,  
And in Possession sweet Desire will die.  
'Twas not the ninefold chain of waves that bound  
Thy daughter, Ceres, to the Stygian river—  
She pluck'd the fruit of the unholy ground,  
And so—was Hell's for ever!



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3

The weavers of the web—the Fates—but sway  
The matter and the things of clay;  
Safe from each change that Time to matter gives,  
Nature's blest playmate, free at will to stray  
With Gods a god, amidst the fields of Day,  
The FORM, the ARCHETYPE,[8] serenely lives.  
Would'st thou soar heavenward on its joyous wing?  
Cast from thee, Earth, the bitter and the real,  
High from this cramp'd and dungeon being, spring  
Into the Realm of the Ideal!

[Footnote 8: "Die Gestalt"—Form, the Platonic Archetype.]

4

Here, bathed, Perfection, in thy purest ray,  
Free from the clogs and taints of clay,  
Hovers divine the Archetypal Man!  
Like those dim phantom ghosts of life that gleam  
And wander voiceless by the Stygian stream,  
While yet they stand in fields Elysian,  
Ere to the flesh the Immortal ones descend—  
If doubtful ever in the Actual life,  
Each contest—here a victory crowns the end  
Of every nobler strife.

5

Not from the strife itself to set thee free,  
But more to nerve—doth Victory  
Wave her rich garland from the Ideal clime.  
Whate'er thy wish, the Earth has no repose—  
Life still must drag thee onward as it flows,  
Whirling thee down the dancing surge of Time.  
But when the courage sinks beneath the dull  
Sense of its narrow limits—on the soul,  
Bright from the hill-tops of the Beautiful,  
Bursts the attained goal!

6



If worth thy while the glory and the strife  
Which fire the lists of Actual Life—  
The ardent rush to fortune or to fame,  
In the hot field where Strength and Valour are,  
And rolls the whirling, thunder of the car,  
And the world, breathless, eyes the glorious game—  
Then dare and strive—the prize can but belong  
To him whose valour o'er his tribe prevails;  
In life the victory only crowns the strong—  
He who is feeble fails.

7

But as some stream, when from its source it gushes,  
O'er rocks in storm and tumult rushes,  
And smooths its after course to bright repose,  
So, through the Shadow-Land of Beauty glides  
The Life Ideal—on sweet silver tides  
Glassing the day and night star as it flows—  
Here, contest is the interchange of Love,  
Here, rule is but the empire of the Grace;  
Gone every foe, Peace folds her wings above  
The holy, haunted place.

8

When through dead stone to breathe a soul of light,  
With the dull matter to unite  
The kindling genius, some great sculptor glows;  
Behold him straining every nerve intent—  
Behold how, o'er the subject element,  
The stately THOUGHT its march laborious goes.  
For never, save to Toil untiring, spoke  
The unwilling Truth from her mysterious well—  
The statute only to the chisel's stroke  
Wakes from its marble cell.



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9

But onward to the Sphere of Beauty—go  
Onward, O Child of Art! and, lo,  
    Out of the matter which thy pains control  
The Statue springs!—not as with labour wrung  
From the hard block, but as from Nothing sprung—  
    Airy and light—the offspring of the soul!  
The pangs, the cares, the weary toils it cost  
    Leave not a trace when once the work is done—  
The artist's human frailty merged and lost  
    In art's great victory won!

10

If human Sin confronts the rigid law  
Of perfect Truth and Virtue,[9] awe  
    Seizes and saddens thee to see how far  
Beyond thy reach, Perfection;—if we test  
By the Ideal of the Good, the best,  
    How mean our efforts and our actions are!  
This space between the Ideal of man's soul  
    And man's achievement, who hath ever past?  
An ocean spreads between us and that goal,  
    Where anchor ne'er was cast!

11

But fly the boundary of the Senses—live  
the Ideal life free Thought can give;  
    And, lo, the gulf shall vanish, and the chill  
Of the soul's impotent despair be gone!  
And with divinity thou sharest the throne,  
    Let but divinity become thy will!  
Scorn not the Law—permit its iron band  
    The sense (it cannot chain the soul) to thrall.  
Let man no more the will of Jove withstand,  
And Jove the bolt lets fall!

12

If, in the woes of Actual Human Life—  
If thou could'st see the serpent strife  
    Which the Greek Art has made divine in stone—



Could'st see the writhing limbs, the livid cheek,  
Note every pang, and hearken every shriek  
Of some despairing lost Laocoon,  
The human nature would thyself subdue  
To share the human woe before thine eye—  
Thy cheek would pale, and all thy soul be true  
To Man's great Sympathy.

13

But in the Ideal realm, aloof and far,  
Where the calm Art's pure dwellers are,  
Lo, the Laocoon writhes, but does not groan.  
Here, no sharp grief the high emotion knows—  
Here, suffering's self is made divine, and shows  
The brave resolve of the firm soul alone:  
Here, lovely as the rainbow on the dew  
Of the spent thunder-cloud, to Art is given,  
Gleaming through Grief's dark veil, the peaceful blue  
Of the sweet Moral Heaven.

[Footnote 9: The Law, *i.e.* the Kantian ideal of Truth and Virtue. This stanza and the next embody, perhaps with some exaggeration, the Kantian doctrine of morality.]

14

So, in the glorious parable, behold  
How, bow'd to mortal bonds, of old  
Life's dreary path divine Alcides trode:  
The hydra and the lion were his prey,  
And to restore the friend he loved to day,  
He went undaunted to the black-brow'd God;  
And all the torments and the labours sore  
Wroth Juno sent—meek majestic One,  
With patient spirit and unquailing, bore,  
Until the course was run—



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15

Until the God cast down his garb of clay,  
And rent in hallowing flame away  
The mortal part from the divine—to soar  
To the empyreal air! Behold him spring  
Blithe in the pride of the unwonted wing,  
And the dull matter that confined before  
Sinks downward, downward, downward as a dream!  
Olympian hymns receive the escaping soul,  
And smiling Hebe, from the ambrosial stream,  
Fills for a God the bowl!

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE FAVOUR OF THE MOMENT.

And so we find ourselves once more  
A ring, though varying yet serene,  
The wreaths of song we wove of yore  
Again we'll weave as fresh and green.  
But who the God to whom we bring  
The earliest tribute song can treasure?  
Him, first of all the Gods, we sing  
Whose blessing to ourselves is—pleasure!  
For boots it on the votive shrine  
That Ceres life itself bestows  
Or liberal Bacchus gives the wine  
That through the glass in purple glows—  
If still there come not from the heaven  
The spark that sets the hearth on flame;  
If to the soul no fire is given,  
And the sad heart remain the same?  
Sudden as from the clouds must fall,  
As from the lap of God, our bliss—  
And still the mightiest lord of all,  
Monarch of Time, the MOMENT is!  
Since endless Nature first began  
Whate'er of might the mind hath wrought—  
Whate'er of Godlike comes from Man  
Springs from one lightning-flash of thought!  
For years the marble block awaits  
The breath of life, beneath the soil—



A happy thought the work creates,  
 A moment's glance rewards the toil.  
 As suns that weave from out their blaze  
 The various colours round them given;  
 As Iris, on her arch of rays,  
 Hovers, and vanishes from heaven;  
 So fair, so fleeting every prize—  
 A lightning flash that shines and fades—  
 The Moment's brightness gilds the skies  
 And round the brightness close the shades.

**EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.**

O'er ocean with a thousand masts sails on the young man bold—  
 One boat, hard-rescued from the deep, draws into port the old!

\* \* \* \* \*

**TO THE PROSELYTE—MAKER.**

“A little Earth from out the Earth, and I  
 The Earth will move”—so said the sage divine;  
 Out of myself one little moment try  
 Myself to take;—succeed, and I am thine.

\* \* \* \* \*

**VALUE AND WORTH.**

If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods, a fair return be  
 thine!—  
 If thou *art* something—bring thy soul, and interchange with mine.

\* \* \* \* \*



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### THE FORTUNE-FAVOURED. [10]

[Footnote 10: The first verses in the original of this poem are placed as a motto on Goethe's statue at Weimar.]

Ah! happy He, upon whose birth each god  
Looks down in love, whose earliest sleep the bright  
Idalia cradles, whose young lips the rod  
Of eloquent Hermes kindles—to whose eyes,  
Scarce waken'd yet, Apollo steals in light,  
While on imperial brows Jove sets the seal of might.  
Godlike the lot ordain'd for him to share,  
He wins the garland ere he runs the race;  
He learns life's wisdom ere he knows life's care,  
And, without labour vanquish'd, smiles the Grace.  
Great is the man, I grant, whose strength of mind,  
Self-shapes its objects and subdues the Fates—  
Virtue subdues the Fates, but cannot bind  
The fickle Happiness, whose smile awaits  
Those who scarce seek it; nor can courage earn  
What the Grace showers not from her own free urn!

From aught *unworthy*, the determined will  
Can guard the watchful spirit—there it ends.  
The all that's *glorious* from the heaven descends;  
As some sweet mistress loves us, freely still  
Come the spontaneous gifts of heaven!—Above  
Favour rules Jove, as it below rules Love!  
The Immortals have their bias!—Kindly they  
See the bright locks of youth enamour'd play,  
And where the glad one goes, shed gladness round the way.  
It is not they who boast the best to see,  
Whose eyes the holy apparitions bless;  
The stately light of their divinity  
Hath oft but shone the brightest on the blind;—  
And their choice spirit found its calm recess  
In the pure childhood of a simple mind.  
Unask'd they come—delighted to delude  
The expectation of our baffled Pride;  
No law can call their free steps to our side.  
Him whom He loves, the Sire of men and gods,  
(Selected from the marvelling multitude,)  
Bears on his eagle to his bright abodes;



And showers, with partial hand and lavish, down  
The minstrel's laurel or the monarch's crown.

Before the fortune-favour'd son of earth,  
Apollo walks—and, with his jocund mirth,  
The heart-enthraling Smiler of the skies.  
For him grey Neptune smooths the pliant wave—  
Harmless the waters for the ship that bore  
The Caesar and his fortunes to the shore!  
Charm'd, at his feet the crouching lion lies,  
To him his back the murmuring dolphin gave;  
His soul is born a sovereign o'er the strife—  
The lord of all the Beautiful of Life;  
Where'er his presence in its calm has trod,  
It charms—it sways as some diviner god.



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Scorn not the Fortune-favour'd, that to him  
The light-won victory by the gods is given,  
Or that, as Paris, from the strife severe,  
The Venus draws her darling,—Whom the heaven  
So prospers, love so watches, I revere!  
And not the man upon whose eyes, with dim  
And baleful night, sits Fate. The Dorian lord,  
August Achilles, was not less divine  
That Vulcan wrought for him the shield and sword—  
That round the mortal hover'd all the hosts  
Of all Olympus—that his wrath to grace,  
The best and bravest of the Grecian race  
Fell by the Trojan steel, what time the ghosts  
Of souls untimely slain fled to the Stygian coasts.

Scorn not the Beautiful—if it be fair,  
And yet seem useless in thy human sight.  
As scentless lilies in the loving air,  
Be *they* delighted—*thou* in them delight.  
If without use they shine, yet still the glow  
May thine own eyes enamour. Oh rejoice  
That heaven the gifts of Song showers down below—  
That what the muse hath taught him, the sweet voice  
Of the glad minstrel teaches thee!—the soul  
Which the god breathes in him, he can bestow  
In turn upon the listener—if his breast  
The blessing feel, thy heart is in that blessing blest.

The busy mart let Justice still control,  
Weighing the guerdon to the toil!—What then?  
A god alone claims joy—all joy is his,  
Flushing with unsought light the cheeks of men.  
Where is no miracle, why there no bliss!  
Grow, change, and ripen all that mortal be,  
Shapen'd from form to form, by toiling time;  
The Blissful and the Beautiful are born  
Full grown, and ripen'd from Eternity—  
No gradual changes to their glorious prime,  
No childhood dwarfs them, and no age has worn.—  
Like Heaven's, each earthly Venus on the sight  
Comes, a dark birth, from out an endless sea;  
Like the first Pallas, in maturest might,  
Arm'd, from the Thunderer's brow, leaps forth each Thought of Light.



\*\*\*\*\*

We have now, with few exceptions, translated all the principal poems comprised in the third, or maturest period of Schiller's life. We here pass back to the poems of his youth. The contrast in tone, thought, and spirit, between the compositions of the first and the third period, in the great poet's intellectual career, is sufficiently striking. In the former, there is little of that majestic repose of strength so visible in the latter; but there is infinitely more fire and action—more of that lavish and exuberant energy which characterized the earlier tales of Lord Byron, and redeemed, in that wonderful master of animated and nervous style, a certain poverty of conception by a vigour and *gusto* of execution, which no English poet, perhaps, has ever surpassed. In his poems lies the life, and beats the heart, of Schiller. They conduct us



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through the various stages of his spiritual education, and indicate each step in the progress. In this division, *effort* is no less discernible than power—both in language and thought there is a struggle at something not yet achieved, and not, perhaps, even yet definite and distinct to the poet himself. Here may be traced, though softened by the charm of genius, (which softens all things,) the splendid errors that belong to a passionate youth, and that give such distorted grandeur to the giant melodrama of “The Robbers.” But here are to be traced also, and in far clearer characters, the man’s strong heart, essentially human in its sympathies—the thoughtful and earnest intellect, not yet equally developed with the fancy, but giving ample promise of all it was destined to receive. In these earlier poems, extravagance is sufficiently noticeable—yet never the sickly eccentricities of diseased weakness, but the exuberant overflowings of a young Titan’s strength. There is a distinction, which our critics do not always notice, between the *extravagance* of a great genius, and the *affectation* of a pretty poet.

### FIRST PERIOD

#### HECTOR AND ANCROMACHE. [11]

[Footnote 11: This and the following poem are, with some alterations, introduced in the play of “The Robbers.”]

ANDROMACHE.

Will Hector leave me for the fatal plain,  
Where, fierce with vengeance for Patroclus slain,  
Stalks Peleus’ ruthless son?  
Who, when thou glidest amid the dark abodes,  
To hurl the spear and to revere the Gods,  
Shall teach shine Orphan One?

HECTOR.

Woman and wife beloved—cease thy tears;  
My soul is nerved—the war-clang in my ears!  
Be mine in life to stand  
Troy’s bulwark, fighting for our hearths—to go,  
In death, exulting to the streams below,  
Slain for my fatherland!

ANDROMACHE.



No more I hear thy martial footsteps fall—  
Thine arms shall hang, dull trophies, on the wall—  
Fallen the stem of Troy!  
Thou go'st where slow Cocytus wanders—where  
Love sinks in Lethe, and the sunless air  
Is dark to light and joy!

HECTOR.

Sinew and thought—yea, all I feel and think  
May in the silent sloth of Lethe sink,  
But my love not!  
Hark, the wild swarm is at the walls!—I hear!  
Gird on my sword—beloved one, dry the tear—  
Lethe for love is not!

**AMALIA.**

Fair as an angel from his blessed hall—  
Of every fairest youth the fairest he!  
Heaven-mild his look, as maybeams when they fall,  
Or shine reflected from a clear blue sea!  
His kisses—feelings rife with paradise!  
Ev'n as two flames, one on the other driven—  
Ev'n as two harp-tones their melodious sighs  
Blend in some music that seems born of heaven;  
So rush'd, mix'd, melted—life



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with life united!  
Lips, cheeks burn'd, trembled—soul to soul was won!  
And earth and heaven seem'd chaos, as delighted  
Earth—heaven were blent round the beloved one!  
Now, he is gone! vainly and wearily  
Groans the full heart, the yearning sorrow flows—  
Gone! and all zest of life, in one long sigh,  
Goes with him where he goes.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TO LAURA.

#### THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE. [12]

[Footnote 12: This most exquisite love-poem is founded on the Platonic notion, that souls were united in a pre-existent state, that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one—and which it discovers on earth. The idea has often been made subservient to poetry, but never with so earnest and elaborate a beauty.]

Who, and what gave to me the wish to woo thee—  
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?  
Who made thy glances to my soul the link—  
Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink—  
My life in thine to sink?  
As from the conquerors unresisted glaive,  
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—  
So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see  
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—  
Yields not my soul to thee?  
Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?—  
Is it because its native home thou art?  
Or were they brothers in the days of yore,  
Twin-bound both souls, and in the links they bore  
Sigh to be bound once more?  
Were once our beings blent and intertwining,  
And therefore still my heart for thine is pining?  
Knew we the light of some extinguished sun—  
The joys remote of some bright realm undone,  
Where once our souls were ONE?  
Yes, it is so!—And thou wert bound to me



In the long-vanish'd Eld eternally!  
In the dark troubled tablets which enroll  
The Past—my Muse beheld this blessed scroll—  
“One with thy love my soul!”  
Oh yes, I learn'd in awe, when gazing there,  
How once one bright inseparate life we were,

How once, one glorious essence as a God,  
Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trode—  
All Nature our abode!  
Round us, in waters of delight, for ever  
Voluptuous flow'd the heavenly Nectar river;  
We were the master of the seal of things,  
And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain-springs  
Quiver'd our glancing wings.  
Weep for the godlike life we lost afar—  
Weep!—thou and I its scatter'd fragments are;  
And still the unconquer'd yearning we retain—  
Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,  
And grow divine again.  
And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee—  
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee;  
*This* made thy glances to my soul the link—  
*This* made me burn thy very breath to drink—  
My life in thine to sink:  
And therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive,  
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave,



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So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see  
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—  
Yieldeth my soul to thee!  
Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,  
*Because*, beloved, its native home thou art;  
Because the twins recall the links they bore,  
And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,  
Meets and unites once more.  
Thou too—Ah, there thy gaze upon me dwells,  
And thy young blush the tender answer tells;  
Yes! with the dear relation still we thrill,  
Both lives—tho' exiles from the homeward hill—  
*One* life—all glowing still!

\* \* \* \* \*

### TO LAURA.

(Rapture.)

Laura—above this world methinks I fly,  
And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,  
    When thy looks beam on mine!  
And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,  
When mine own shape I see reflected there,  
    In those blue eyes of thine!  
A lyre-sound from the Paradise afar,  
A harp-note trembling from some gracious star,  
    Seems the wild ear to fill;  
And my muse feels the Golden Shepherd-hours,  
When from thy lips the silver music pours  
    Slow, as against its will.  
I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—  
Move the charm'd trees, as when the Thracian's string  
    Wild life to forests gave;  
Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,  
When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,  
    Light as a happy wave.  
Thy looks, when there love sheds the loving smile,



Could from the senseless marble life beguile—  
Lend rocks a pulse divine;  
Into a dream my very being dies,  
I can but read—for ever read—thine eyes—  
Laura, sweet Laura, mine![13]

[Footnote 13: We confess we cannot admire the sagacity of those who have contended that Schiller's passion for Laura was purely Platonic.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO LAURA PLAYING.

When o'er the chords thy fingers steal,  
A soulless statue now I feel,  
And now a soul set free!  
Sweet Sovereign! ruling over death and life—  
Seizes the heart, in a voluptuous strife  
As with a thousand strings—the SORCERY![14]

[Footnote 14: "The Sorcery."—In the original, Schiller has an allusion of very questionable taste, and one which is very obscure to the general reader, to a conjurer of the name of Philadelphia who exhibited before Frederick the Great.]

Then the vassal airs that woo thee,  
Hush their low breath hearkening to thee.  
In delight and in devotion,  
Pausing from her whirling motion,  
Nature, in enchanted calm,  
Silently drinks the floating balm.  
Sorceress, *her* heart with thy tone  
Chaining—as thine eyes my own!



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O'er the transport-tumult driven,  
Doth the music gliding swim;  
From the strings, as from their heaven,  
Burst the new-born Seraphim.  
As when from Chaos' giant arms set free,  
'Mid the Creation-storm, exultingly  
Sprang sparkling thro' the dark the Orbs of Light—  
So streams the rich tone in melodious might.

Soft-gliding now, as when o'er pebbles glancing,  
The silver wave goes dancing;  
Now with majestic swell, and strong,  
As thunder peals in organ-tones along;  
And now with stormy gush,  
As down the rock, in foam, the whirling torrents rush.  
To a whisper now  
Melts it amorously,  
Like the breeze through the bough  
Of the aspen tree;  
Heavily now, and with a mournful breath,  
Like midnight's wind along those wastes of death,  
Where Awe the wail of ghosts lamenting hears,  
And slow Cocytus trails the stream whose waves are tears.

Speak, maiden, speak!—Oh, art thou one of those  
Spirits more lofty than our region knows?  
Should we in *thine* the mother-language seek  
Souls in Elysium speak?

## FLOWERS.

Children of Suns restored to youth,  
In purpled fields ye dwell,  
Rear'd to delight and joy—in sooth  
Kind Nature loves ye well!  
Broider'd with light the robes ye wear,  
And liberal Flora decks ye fair  
In gorgeous-colour'd pride.  
Yet woe—Spring's harmless infants—woe!  
Mourn, for ye wither while ye glow—  
Mourn for the *soul* denied!



The sky-lark and the nightbird sing  
To you their hymns of love;  
And Sylphs that wanton on the wing,  
Embrace your blooms above.  
Woven for Love's soft pillow were  
The chalice crowns ye flushing bear,  
By the Idalian Queen.  
Yet weep, soft children of the Spring,  
The *feelings* love alone can bring  
To you denied have been!

But *me* in vain my Fanny's [15] eyes  
Her mother hath forbidden;  
For in the buds I gather, lies  
Love's symbol-language hidden.  
Mute heralds of voluptuous pain,  
I touch ye—*life—speech—heart—ye* gain,  
And *soul* denied before.  
And silently your leaves enclose,  
The mightiest God in arch repose,  
Soft-cradled in the core.

[Footnote 15: Literally "Nanny."]

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE BATTLE.

Heavy and solemn,  
A cloudy column,  
Thro' the green plain they marching came!  
Measureless spread, like a table dread,  
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.  
The looks are bent on the shaking ground,  
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;  
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,  
Gallops the Major along the front—  
"Halt!"  
And fetter'd they stand at the stark command,  
And the warriors, silent, halt!



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Proud in the blush of morning glowing,  
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?  
“See you the Foeman’s banners waving?”  
“We see the Foeman’s banners waving!”  
Now, God be with you, woman and child,  
Lustily hark to the music wild—  
The mighty trump and the mellow fife,  
Nerving the limbs to a stouter life;  
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,  
Thrilling they go, through the marrow and bone.  
*Brothers, God grant when this life is o’er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!*

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!  
Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!  
From host to host, with kindling sound,  
The shouting signal circles round,  
Ay, shout it forth to life or death—  
Freer already breathes the breath!  
The war is waging, slaughter raging,  
And heavy through the reeking pall,  
The iron Death-dice fall!  
Nearer they close—foes upon foes  
“Ready!”—From square to square it goes,  
Down on the knee they sank,  
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.  
Many a man to the earth it sent,  
Many a gap by the balls is rent—  
O’er the corpse before springs the hinder-man,  
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.  
To the right, to the left, and around and around,  
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.  
The sun goes down on the burning fight,  
And over the host falls the brooding Night.  
*Brothers, God grant when this life is o’er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!*

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,  
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,  
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,  
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.  
“What, Francis!” “Give Charlotte my last farewell.”  
Wilder the slaughter roars, fierce and fell.  
“I’ll give—Look, comrades, beware—beware  
How the bullets behind us are whirring there—



I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,  
Sleep soft! where death's seeds are the thickest sown,  
Goes the heart which thy silent heart leaves alone."  
Hitherward—thitherward reels the fight,  
Darker and darker comes down the night—  
*Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!*

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!  
The Adjutants flying,—  
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,  
Their thunder booms in dying—  
Victory!  
The terror has seized on the dastards all,  
And their colours fall.  
Victory!  
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight.  
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.  
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,  
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.  
*Live—brothers—live!—and when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come may we meet once more!*



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## THE LAST OF THE SHEPHERDS.

### CHAPTER I.

I wish I had lived in France in 1672! It was the age of romances in twenty volumes, and flowing periwigs, and high-heeled shoes, and hoops, and elegance, and wit, and rouge, and literary suppers, and gallantry, and devotion. What names are those of La Calprenede, and D'Urfe, and De Scuderi, to be the idols and tutelary deities of a circulating library!—and Sevigne, to conduct the fashionable correspondence of the *Morning Post*!—and Racine, to contribute to the unacted drama!—and ladies skipping up the steepest parts of Parnassus, with petticoats well tucked up, to show the beauty of their ankles, and their hands filled with artificial flowers—almost as good as natural—to show the simplicity of their tastes! I wish I had lived in France in 1672; for in that year Madame Deshoulieres, who had already been voted the tenth muse by all the freeholders of Pieria, and whose pastorals were lisped by all the fashionable shepherdesses in Paris, left the flowery banks of the Seine to rejoin her husband. Monsieur Deshoulieres was in Guyenne; Madame Deshoulieres went into Dauphine. Matrimony seems to be rather hurtful to geographical studies, but Madame Deshoulieres was a poetess; and in spite of the thirty-eight summers that shaded the lustre of her cheek, she was beautiful, and was still in the glow of youth by her grace and her talent, and—her heart. Wherever she moved she left crowds of Corydons and Alexises; but, luckily for M. Deshoulieres, their whole conversation was about sheep.

The two Mesdemoiselles Deshoulieres, Madeleine and Bribri, were beautiful girls of seventeen or eighteen, brought up in all the innocent pastoralism of their mother. They believed in all the poetical descriptions they read in her eclogues. They expected to see shepherds playing on their pipes, and shepherdesses dancing, and naiads reclining on the shady banks of clear-running rivers. They were delighted to get out of the prosaic atmosphere of Paris, and all the three were overjoyed when they sprang from their carriage, one evening in May, at the chateau of Madame d'Urtis on the banks of the Lignon. Though there were occasional showers at that season, the mornings were splendid; and accordingly the travellers were up almost by daylight, to tread the grass still trembling 'neath the steps of Astrea—to see the fountain, that mirror where the shepherdesses wove wild-flowers into their hair—and to explore the wood, still vocal with the complaints of Celadon. In one of their first excursions, Madeleine Deshoulieres, impatient to see some of the scenes so gracefully described by her mother, asked if they were really not to encounter a single shepherd on the banks of the Lignon? Madame Deshoulieres perceived, at no great distance, a herdsman and cow-girl playing at chuckfarthing; and, after a pause, replied—

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“Behold upon the verdant grass so sweet,  
The shepherdess is at her shepherd’s feet!  
Her arms are bare, her foot is small and white,  
The very oxen wonder at the sight;  
Her locks half bound, half floating in the air,  
And gown as light as those that satyrs wear.”

While these lines were given in Madame Deshoulieres’ inimitable recitative, the party had come close to the rustic pair. “People may well say,” muttered Madeleine, “that the pictures of Nature are always best at a distance. Can it be possible that this is a shepherdess—a shepherdess of Lignon?” The shepherdess was in reality a poor little peasant girl, unkempt, unshorn, with hands of prodigious size, a miraculous squint, and a mouth which probably had a beginning, but of which it was impossible to say where it might end. The shepherd was worthy of his companion; and yet there was something in the extravagant stupidity of his fat and florid countenance that was interesting to a Parisian eye. Madame Deshoulieres, who was too much occupied with the verses of the great D’Urfé to attend to what was before her, continued her description—

“The birds all round her praises ever sing,  
And ’neath her steps the flowers incessant spring.”

“Your occupation here is delightful, isn’t it?” said Madeleine to the peasant girl.

“No, ’tain’t, miss—that it ain’t. I gets nothink for all I does, and when I goes hoam at night I gets a good licking to the bargain.”

“And you?” enquired Madeleine, turning to the herdsman, who was slinking off.

“I’m a little b-b-b-etter off nor hur,” said the man, stuttering, “for I gets board and lodging—dasht if I doesn’t—but I gets bread like a stone, and s-s-sleeps below a hedge—dasht if I doesn’t.”

“But where are your sheep, shepherd?” said Bribri.

“Hain’t a got none,” stuttered the man again, “dasht if I has.”

“What!” exclaimed Madeleine in despair, “am I not to see the lovely lambkins bleating and skipping in the meadows on the banks of the Lignon, O Celadon?”

But Madame Deshoulieres was too much of a poetess to hear or see what was going on. She thought of nothing but the loves of Astrea, and heard nothing but the imaginary songs of contending Damons.

On their return to the chateau, Madeleine and Bribri complained that they had seen neither flock nor shepherdess.



“And are you anxious to see them?” enquired Madame D’Urtis, with a smile.

“Oh, very,” exclaimed Bribri; “we expected to live like shepherdesses when we came here. I have brought every thing a rustic wants.”

“And so have I,” continued Madeleine; “I have brought twenty yards of rose-coloured ribands, and twenty yards of blue, to ornament my crook and the handsomest of my ewes.”

“Well then,” said the Duchess d’Urtis, good-naturedly, “there are a dozen of sheep feeding at the end of the park. Take the key of the gate, and drive them into the meadows beyond.”



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Madeleine and Bribri were wild with joy, while their mother was labouring in search of a rhyme, and did not attend to the real eclogue which was about to be commenced. They scarcely took time to breakfast.—“They dressed themselves coquettishly”—so Madame Deshoulieres wrote to Mascaron—“they cut with their own hands a crook a-piece in the park—they beautified them with ribands. Madeleine was for the blue ribands, Bribri for the rose colour. Oh, the gentle shepherdesses! they spent a whole hour in finding a name they liked. At last, Madeleine fixed on Amaranthe, Bribri on Daphne. I have just seen them gliding among the trees that overshadow the lovely stream.—Poor shepherdesses! be on your guard against the wolves.”

At noon that very day Madeleine and Bribri, or rather Amaranthe and Daphne, in grey silk petticoats and satin bodies, with their beautiful hair in a state of most careful disorder, and with their crooks in hand, conducted the twelve sheep out of the park into the meadows. The flock, which seemed to be very hungry, were rather troublesome and disobedient. The shepherdesses did all they could to keep them in the proper path. It was a delicious mixture of bleatings, and laughter, and baaings, and pastoral songs. The happy girls inhaled the soul of nature, as their poetical mamma expressed it. They ran—they threw themselves on the blooming grass—they looked at themselves in the limpid waters of the Lignon—they gathered lapfuls of primroses. The flock made the best use of their time; and every now and then a sheep of more observation than the rest, perceiving they were guarded by such extraordinary shepherdesses, took half an hour's diversion among the fresh-springing corn.

“That's one of yours,” said Amaranthe.

“No; 'tis yours,” replied Daphne; but, by way of having no difficulties in future, they resolved to divide the flock, and ornament one-half with blue collars, and the other with rose-colour. And they gave a name also to each of the members of their flock, such as Meliboeus, and Jeannot, and Robin, and Blanchette. Twelve more poetical sheep were never fed on grass before. When the sun began to sink, the shepherdesses brought back their flocks. Madame Deshoulieres cried with joy. “Oh, my dear girls!” she said, kissing their fair foreheads; “it is you that have composed an eclogue, and not I.”

“Nothing is wanting to the picture,” said the Duchess, seating herself under the willows of the watering-place, and admiring the graceful girls.

“I think we want a dog,” said Daphne.

“No; we are rather in want of a wolf,” whispered the beautiful Amaranthe—and blushed.

## CHAPTER II.



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Not far from the Chateau d'Urtis, the old manor-house of Langevy raised its pointed turrets above the surrounding woods. There, in complete isolation from the world, lived Monsieur de Langevy, his old mother, and his young son. M. de Langevy had struggled against the storms and misfortunes of human life; he now reposed in the bosom of solitude, with many a regret over his wife and his youth—his valiant sword and his adventures. His son, Hector Henri de Langevy, had studied under the Jesuits at Lyons till he was eighteen. Accustomed to the indulgent tenderness of his grandmother, he had returned, about two years before, determined to live in his quiet home without troubling himself about the military glories that had inspired his father. M. de Langevy, though he disapproved of the youth's choice, did not interfere with it, except that he insisted on his sometimes following the chase, as the next best occupation to actual war. The chase had few charms for Hector. It perhaps might have had more, if he had not been forced to arm himself with an enormous fowling-piece that had belonged to one of his ancestors, the very sight of which alarmed him a mighty deal more than the game. He was so prodigious a sportsman, that, after six months' practice, he was startled as much as ever by the whirr of a partridge. But don't imagine, on this account, that Hector's time was utterly wasted. He mused and dreamed, and fancied it would be so pleasant to be in love; for he was at that golden age—the only golden age the world has ever seen—when the heart passes from vision to vision (as the bee from flower to flower)—and wanders, in its dreams of hope, from earth to heaven, from sunshine to shade—from warbling groves to sighing maidens. But alas! the heart of Hector searched in vain for sighing maidens in the woods of Langevy. In the chateau, there was no one but an old housekeeper, who had probably not sighed for thirty years, and a chubby scullion-maid—all unworthy of a soul that dreamed romances on the banks of the Lignon. He counted greatly on a cousin from Paris, who had promised them a visit in the spring. In the meantime, he paced up and down with a gun on his shoulder, pretending to be a sportsman—happy in his hopes, happy in the clear sunshine, happy because he knew no better—as happens to a great many other people in the gay days of their youth, in this most unjustly condemned and vilipended world. And now you will probably guess what occurred one day he was walking in his usual dreamy state of abstraction, and as nearly as possible tumbled head foremost into the Lignon. By dint of marching straight on, without minding either hedge or ditch, he found himself, when he awakened from his reverie, with his right foot raised, in the very act of stepping off the bank into the water. He stood stock-still, in that somewhat unpicturesque attitude—his mouth wide open, his eyes strained, and his cheek glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. He had caught a glimpse



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of our two enchanting shepherdesses on the other side of the stream, who were watching his movements by stealth. He blushed far redder than he had ever done before, and hesitated whether he should retreat or advance. To retreat, he felt, would look rather awkward: at the same time, he thought it would be too great a price to pay for his honour to jump into the river. And, besides, even if he got over to the other side, would he have courage to speak to them? Altogether, I think he acted more wisely, though less chivalrously, than some might have done in his place. He laid down his gun, and seated himself on the bank, and looked at the sheep as they fed on the opposite side. At twenty years of age, love travels at an amazing pace; and Hector felt that he was already over head and ears with one of the fair shepherdesses. He did not stop to examine which of them it was; it was of no consequence—sufficient for him that he knew he was in love—gone—captivated. If he had been twenty years older, he would perhaps have admired them both: it would have been less romantic, but decidedly more wise.

It is not to be denied that Amaranthe and Daphne blushed a little, too, at this sort of half meeting with Hector. They hung down their heads in the most captivating manner, and continued silent for some time. But at last Amaranthe, more lively than her sister, recommenced her chatter. “Look, Bribri,” she said—“Daphne I mean—he is one of the silvan deities, or perhaps Narcissus looking at himself in the water.”

“Rather say, looking at you,” replied Daphne, with a blush.

“’Tis Pan hiding himself in the oziers till you are metamorphosed into a flute, dear Daphne.”

“Not so, fair sister,” replied Daphne; “’tis Endymion in pursuit of the shepherdess Amaranthe.”

“At his present pace, the pursuit will last some time. If he weren’t quite so rustic, he would be a captivating shepherd, with his long brown ringlets. He has not moved for an hour. What if he has taken root like a hamadryad?”

“Poor fellow!” said Daphne, in the simplest tone in the world; “he looks very dull all by himself.”

“He must come over to us—that’s very plain. We will give him a crook and a bouquet of flowers.”

“Oh, just the thing!” exclaimed the innocent Daphne. “We need a shepherd: and yet, no, no”—she added, for she was a little jealous of her sister—“’tis a lucky thing there is river between us.”



“I hope he will find a bridge *per passa lou riou d’amor.*”

Now, just at that moment Hector’s mind was set on passing the river of Love. In casting his eyes all round in search of a passage, he perceived an old willow half thrown across the stream. With a little courage and activity, it was a graceful and poetical bridge. Hector resolved to try it. He rose and went right onward towards the tree; but, when he arrived, he couldn’t help reflecting that, at that season, the river was immensely deep.



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He disdained the danger—sprang lightly up the trunk, and flung himself along one of the branches, dropping, happily without any accident, on the meadow of the Chateau d'Urtis. Little more was left for him to do; and that little he did. He went towards the fair shepherdesses. He tried to overcome his timidity—he overwhelmed the first sheep of the flock with his insidious caresses—and then, finding himself within a few feet of Amaranthe—he bowed, and smiled, and said, “Mademoiselle.”

He was suddenly interrupted by a clear and silvery voice.

“There are no Mesdemoiselles here—there are only two shepherdesses, Amaranthe and Daphne.”

Hector had prepared a complimentary speech for a young lady attending a flock of sheep—but he hadn't a word to say to a shepherdess.

He bowed again, and there was a pause.

“Fair Amaranthe,” he said—“and fair Daphne, will you permit a mortal to tread these flowery plains?”

Amaranthe received the speech with a smile, in which a little raillery was mingled. “You speak like a true shepherd,” she said.

But Daphne was more good-natured, and more touched with the politeness of the sportsman. She cast her eyes on the ground and blushed.

“Oh—if you wish to pass through these meadows,” she said—“we shall be”—

“We were going to do the honours of our reception room,” continued Amaranthe, “and offer you a seat on the grass.”

“’Tis too much happiness to throw myself at your feet,” replied Hector, casting himself on one knee.

But he had not looked where he knelt, and he broke Daphne's crook.

“Oh, my poor crook!” she said—and sighed.

“What have I done?” cried Hector. “I am distressed at my stupidity—I will cut you another from the ash grove below. But you loved this crook,” he added—“the gift, perhaps, of some shepherd—some shepherd? —no, some prince; for you yourselves are princesses—or fairies.”



“We are nothing but simple shepherdesses,” said Amaranthe.

“You are nothing but beautiful young ladies from the capital,” said Hector, “on a visit at the Chateau d’Urtis. Heaven be praised—for in my walks I shall at least catch glimpses of you at a distance, if I dare not come near. I shall see you glinting among the trees like enchantresses of old.”

“Yes, we are Parisians, as you have guessed—but retired for ever from the world and its deceitful joys.”

Amaranthe had uttered the last words in a declamatory tone; you might have thought them a quotation from her mamma.

“You complain rather early, methinks,” replied Hector, with a smile; “have you indeed much fault to find with the world?”

“That is our secret, fair sportsman,” answered Amaranthe; “but it seems you also live retired—an eremite forlorn.”

“I? fair Amaranthe? I have done nothing but dream of the delights of a shepherd’s life—though I confess I had given up all hopes of seeing a good-looking shepherdess—but now I shall go back more happily than ever to my day-dreams. Ah! why can’t I help you to guard your flock?”



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The two young girls did not know what to say to this proposition. Daphne at last replied

“Our flock is very small—and quite ill enough attended to as it is.”

“What joy for me to become Daphnis—to sing to you, and gather roses, and twine them in your hair!”

“Let us say no more,” interrupted Amaranthe, a little disquieted at the sudden ardour of Daphnis; “the sun is going down: we must return to the park. Adieu,” she added, rising to go away.

“Adieu, Daphnis!” murmured the tender Daphne, confused and blushing.

Hector did not dare to follow them. He stood for a quarter of an hour with his eyes fixed first on them, and then on the door of the park. His heart beat violently, his whole soul pursued the steps of the shepherdesses.

“‘Adieu, Daphnis,’ the lovely Daphne said to me. I hear her sweet voice still! How beautiful she is! how beautiful they are, both—Amaranthe is more graceful, but Daphne is more winning—bright eyes—white hands! sweet smiles! and the delicious dress, so simple, yet so captivating! the white corset that I could not venture to look at—the gown of silk that couldn’t hide the points of the charming little feet. ’Tis witchery—enchantment—Venus and Diana—I shall inevitably go mad. Ah, cousin! you ought to have come long ago, and all this might never have occurred.”

The sun had sunk behind a bed of clouds—the nightingale began its song, and the fresh green leaves rustled beneath the mild breath of the evening breeze. The bee hummed joyously on its homeward way, loaded with the sweets of the spring flowers. Down in the valley, the voice of the hinds driving their herds to rest, increased the rustic concert; the river rippled on beneath the mysterious shade of old fantastic trees, and the air was filled with soft noises, and rich perfumes, and the voice of birds. There was no room in Hector’s heart for all these natural enjoyments. “To-morrow,” he said, kissing the broken crook—“I will come back again to-morrow.”

### CHAPTER III.

Early in the following morning, Hector wandered along the banks of the Lignon, with a fresh-cut crook in his hand. He looked to the door of the Park d’Urtis, expecting every moment to see the glorious apparitions of the day before. And at stroke of noon, a lamb rushing through the gate, careered along the meadow, and the eleven others ran gayly after it, amidst a peal of musical laughter from Amaranthe. Daphne did not laugh.



The moment she crossed the threshold, she glanced stealthily towards the river. “I thought so,” she murmured; “Daphnis has come back.” And Daphnis, in a transport of joy, was hurrying to the shepherdesses, when he was suddenly interrupted by Madame Deshoulieres and the Duchess d’Urtis. When the sisters had returned, on the evening before, Amaranthe, to Daphne’s great discomfiture, had told word for word all that had occurred; how that



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a young sportsman had joined them, and how they had talked and laughed; and Madame d'Urtis had no doubt, from the description, that it was Hector de Langevy. Amaranthe having added to the story, that she felt certain, in spite of Daphne's declarations to the contrary, that he would meet them again, the seniors had determined to watch the result. Hector would fain have made his escape; two ladies he might have faced, but four!—and two of them above thirty years of age! 'Twas too much; but his retreat was instantly cut off. He stood at bay, blushed with all his might, but saluted the ladies as manfully as if he had been a page. He received three most gracious curtsies in return—only three; for Daphne wished to pass on without taking any notice—which he considered a very favourable omen. He did not know how to begin a conversation; and besides, he began to get confused; and his blushing increased to a most alarming extent—and—in short—he held out his crook to Daphne. As that young shepherdess had no crook of her own, and did not know how to refuse the one he offered, she took it, though her hand trembled a little, and looked at Madame Deshoulieres.

"I broke your crook yesterday, fair Daphne," said Hector, "but it is not lost. I shall make a relic of it—more precious than—than—", but the bones of the particular saint he was about to name stuck in his throat and he was silent.

"Monsieur de Langevy," said Madam d'Urtis kindly, "since you make such a point of aiding these shepherdesses in guarding the flock, I hope in an hour you will accompany them to the castle to lunch."

"I'll go with them wherever you allow me, madam," said Hector. (I wonder if the impudent fellow thought he had the permission of the young ones already.)

"Let that be settled then," said the Duchess. "I shall go and have the butter cooled, and the curds made—a simple lunch, as befits the guests."

"The fare of shepherds!" said Madame Deshoulieres, and immediately set out in search of a rhyme.

Daphne had walked slowly on, pressing the crook involuntarily to her heart, and arrived at the river side, impelled by a desire for solitude, without knowing why. There are some mysterious influences to which damsels of seventeen seem particularly subject. A lamb—the gentlest of the flock, which had become accustomed to her caresses—had followed her like a dog. She passed her small hand lightly over the snowy neck of the favourite, and looked round to see what the party she had left were doing. She was astonished to see her mother and Hector conversing, as if they had been acquainted for ages, while Madame d'Urtis and Amaranthe were running a race towards the park. She sat down on the grassy bank, exactly opposite the oziars where she had seen Hector

the preceding day. When she felt she was quite alone, she ventured to look at the crook. It was a branch of ash of good size, ornamented with a rustic bouquet



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and a bunch of ribands, not very skilfully tied. Daphne was just going to improve the knot, when she saw a billet hid in the flowers. What should she do?—read it? That were dangerous; her confessor did not allow such venialities—her mamma would be enraged—some people are so fond of monopolies—and besides, she might be discovered. 'Twould be better, then, *not* to read it—a much simpler proceeding; for couldn't she nearly guess what was in it? And what did she care what was in it? Not to read it was evidently the safer mode; and accordingly she—read it through and through, and blushed and smiled, and read it through and through again. It was none of your commonplace prosaic epistles—'twas all poetry, all fire; her mamma would have been enchanted if the verses had only been addressed to her. Here they are:—

“My sweetest hour, my happiest day,  
Was in the happy month of May!  
The happy dreams that round me lay  
On that delicious morn of May!”

“I saw thee! loved thee! If my love  
A tribute unrejected be,  
The happiest day of May shall prove  
The happiest of my life to me!”

It is quite evident that if such an open declaration had been made in plain prose, Daphne would have been angry; but in verse, 'twas nothing but a poetical license. Instead, therefore, of tearing it in pieces, and throwing it into the water, she folded it carefully up, and placed it in the pretty corset of white satin, which seems the natural escritoire of a shepherdess in her teens. Scarcely had she closed the drawer, and double locked it, when she saw at her side—Hector and Madame Deshoulieres.

“My poor child,” said the poetess, “how thoughtful you seem on Lignon’s flowery side—forgetful of your sheep—”

‘That o’er the meadows negligently stray!’

Monsieur de Langevy, as you have given her a crook, methinks you ought to aid her in her duties in watching the flock. As for myself, I must be off to finish a letter to my bishop.

‘From Lignon’s famous banks  
What can I find to say?  
The breezes freshly springing,  
Make me—and nature—gay.  
When Celadon would weep;



His lost Astrea fair,  
To Lignon he would creep,  
But oh! this joyous air  
Would force to skip and leap  
A dragon in despair!—&c. &c.

Madame Deshoulieres had no prudish notions, you will perceive, about a flirtation—provided it was carried on with the airs and graces of the Hotel Rambouillet. She merely, therefore, interposed a word here and there, to show that she was present. Daphne, who scarcely said a word to Hector, took good care to answer every time her mamma spoke to her. To be sure, it detracts a little from this filial merit, that she did not know what she said. But if all parties were pleased, I don't see what possible right anybody else has to find fault.



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The shepherdess Daphne, or rather Bribri Deshoulieres, as we have seen, was beautiful, and simple, and tender—beautiful from the admirable sweetness of her expression—simple, as young girls are simple: that is to say, with a small spice of mischief to relieve the insipidity—and tender, with a smile that seems to open the heart as well as the lips. What struck people in her expression at first, was a shade of sadness over her features—a fatal presentiment, as it were, that added infinitely to her charm. Her sister was more beautiful, perhaps—had richer roses on her cheek, and more of what is called *manner* altogether—but if Amaranthe pleased the eyes, Daphne captivated the heart; and as the eyes are evidently subordinate to the heart, Daphne carried the day. Hector accordingly, on the first burst of his admiration, had *seen* nothing but Amaranthe; but when he had left the sisters, it was astonishing how exclusively he *thought* of Daphne.

### CHAPTER IV.

The castle clock sounded the hour of luncheon. Hector offered his arm to Madame Deshoulieres; Daphne called her flock. They entered the park, and were joined by the Duchess d'Urtis and Amaranthe. The collation was magnificent. First course, an omelette au jambon, entree cakes, and fresh butter; second course, a superb cream cheese. Dessert, a trifle and preserves. All these interesting details are embalmed in the poetic correspondence of Madame Deshoulieres, in which every dish was duly chronicled for the edification of her friends.

At nightfall—for Hector lingered as long as he could—the young shepherd quitted the party with great regret; but there was no time to lose, for he had two leagues to go, and there was no moon, and the roads were still broken into immense ruts by the equinoctial rains. On the following day, Hector returned to the Chateau d'Urtis through the meadow. When he arrived near the willow that served for his bridge across the river, he was surprised to see neither shepherdess nor flock in the field. He tripped across the tree, lamenting the bad omen; but scarcely had he reached the other side when he saw some sheep straggling here and there. He rushed towards them, amazed at not seeing either Amaranthe or Daphne; and what was his enchantment when, on advancing a little further, he perceived his adored shepherdess by the margin of the Lignon, which at that point formed a pretty little cascade. The tender Daphne had thrown her beautiful arm round one of the young willows in flower, and, trusting to its support, leaned gracefully over the waterfall, in the shadow of its odoriferous leaves. She had allowed her soul to wander in one of those delicious reveries, of which the thread—broken and renewed a thousand times—is the work of the joy which hopes, and the sadness which fears. She was not aware of Hector's approach. When she saw him, she started, as if waking from a dream.



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“You are all alone,” said Hector, drawing near.

She hurriedly told him that her sister would soon join her. The two lovers kept silence for some time, looking timidly at each other, not venturing to speak, as if they feared the sound of their own voices in the solitude.

“There seems a sadness,” said Hector at length, but his voice trembled as he spoke—  
“there seems a sadness on your brow?”

“’Tis true,” replied Daphne. “Mamma has heard from Monsieur Deshoulieres. He is going to pass through Avignon soon, and we are going away to see him on his passage.”

“Going away!” cried Hector, turning pale.

“Yes! and I felt myself so happy,” said Daphne, mournfully, “in these meadows with my sheep, that I loved so well.”

When Daphne spoke of her sheep, she looked at Hector.

“But why should you go? Madame Deshoulieres could return for you here” —

“And take me away when I had been longer here—my grief would only be greater. No—I must go now or stay always.”

On hearing these words Hector fell on one knee, seized her hand and kissed it, and, looking up with eyes overflowing with love, said—

“Yes—always! always!—you know that I love you, Daphne—I wish to tell you how I will adore you all my life long.”

Daphne yielded to her heart—and let him kiss her hand without resistance.

“But alas!” she said, “I can’t be always guarding a flock. What will the poor shepherdess do?”

“Am I not your shepherd? your Daphnis?” cried Hector, as if inspired—“trust to me, Daphne—to my heart—to my soul! This hand shall never be separated from yours: we shall live the same life—in the same sunshine—in the same shadow—in the same hovel—in the same palace; but with you, dearest Daphne, the humblest hut would be a palace. Listen, my dearest Daphne: at a short distance from here there is a cottage—the Cottage of the Vines—that belongs to the sister of my nurse, where we can live in love and happiness—no eye to watch and no tongue to wound us.”

“Never! never!” said Daphne.



She snatched her hands from those of her lover, retreated a few paces, and began to cry. Hector went up to her; he spoke of his affection—he besought her with tears in his eyes—he was so eloquent and so sincere, that poor Daphne was unable to resist, for any length of time, those bewildering shocks of first love to which the wisest of us yield: she said, all pale and trembling—

“Well—yes—I trust myself to you—and heaven. I am not to blame—is it my fault that I love you so?”

A tender embrace followed these words. Evening was now come; the sun, sinking behind the clouds on the horizon, cast but a feeble light; the little herdsman was driving home his oxen and his flock of turkeys, whose gabbling disturbed the solemnity of the closing day. The flock belonging to the castle turned naturally towards the watering-place.



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“Look at my poor sheep,” said Daphne, throwing back the curls which by some means had fallen over her forehead—“look at my poor sheep: they are pointing out the road I ought to go.”

“On the contrary,” replied Hector, “the ungrateful wretches are going off very contentedly without you.”

“But I am terrified,” rejoined Daphne: “how can I leave my mother in this way? She will die of grief!”

“She will write a poem on it; and that will be all.”

“I will write to her that I was unable to resist my inclination for a monastic life, and that I have gone, without giving her notice, to the nunnery of St. Marie that we were speaking of last night.”

So said the pure and candid Bribri, hitting in a moment on the ingenious device; so true it is, that at the bottom of all hearts—even the most amiable—there is some small spark of mischief ready to explode when we least expect it.

“Yes—dearest,” cried Hector, delighted at the thought, “you will write to her you have gone into the convent; she will go on to Avignon; we shall remain together beneath these cloudless skies, in this lovely country, happy as the birds, and free as the winds of the hill!”

Daphne thought she heard some brilliant quotation from her mother, and perhaps was, on that account, the more easily led by Hector. After walking half an hour, with many a glance by the way, and many a smile, they arrived in front of the Cottage of the Vines—the good old woman was hoeing peas in her garden—she had left her house to the protection of an old grey cat, that was sleeping in the doorway. Daphne was enraptured with the cottage. It was beautifully retired, and was approached by a little grass walk bordered by elder-trees; and all was closed in by a pretty orchard, in which luxuriant vines clambered up the fine old pear-trees, and formed in festoons between the branching elms. The Lignon formed a graceful curve and nearly encircled the paddock.

“At all events,” said Daphne, “if I am wretched here, my tears will fall into the stream I love.”

“But you will have no time to weep,” replied Hector, pressing her hand, “all our days will be happy here! Look at that window half hidden in vine-leaves; 'tis there you will inhale the fragrance of the garden every morning when you awake; look at that pretty bower with the honeysuckle screen, 'tis there we will sit every evening, and talk over the joys of the day. Our life will be bright and beautiful as a sunbeam among roses!”



They had gone inside the cottage. It had certainly no great resemblance to a palace; but under these worn rafters—within these simple walls—by the side of that rustic chimney—poverty itself would be delightful, in its tidiness and simplicity, if shared with one you loved. Daphne was a little disconcerted at first by the rough uneven floor, and by the smell of the evening meal—the toasted cheese, and the little oven where the loaf was baking; but, thanks to love—the enchanter, who has the power of transforming to what shape he likes, and can shed his magic splendours over any thing—Daphne found the cottage charming, and she was pleased with the floor, and the toasted cheese, and the oven! The good old woman, on coming in from the garden, was astonished at the sight of Hector and Daphne.



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“What a pretty sister you have, Monsieur Hector!” she said.

“Listen to me, Babet—since your daughter married, nobody has used the little room up stairs. This young lady will occupy it for a few days; but you must keep it a secret from all the world—you understand.”

“Don’t be afraid, Master Hector—I am delighted to have so pretty a tenant for my daughter’s room. The bed is rather small, but it is white and clean, and the sheets are fresh bleached. They smell of the daisies yet. You will sup with me, my fair young lady?” continued Babet, turning to Daphne; “my dishes are only pewter, but there is such a flavour in my simple fare—my vegetables and fruits—I can’t account for it, except it be the blessing of heaven.”

Babet spread a tablecloth like snow, and laid some dishes of fruit upon the table. Hector took a tender farewell of Daphne, and kissed her hand at least a dozen times. At last he tore himself away, with a promise that he would be with her at daybreak next morning.

### CHAPTER V.

Daphne hardly slept all night in her chamber. She was disturbed by many thoughts, and became alarmed at the step she had taken. At earliest dawn she threw open her window. The first sun-rays, reflected on a thousand dewdrops on the trees; the chirping of the birds, which already began their matin song; the joyous voice of the cock, which crowed in a most satisfactory and majestic manner in the paddock of her hostess; all these sights and sounds, to which she was so little accustomed, restored her serenity of mind once more. She dwelt more on the attractions of her love—so adventurous, so romantic. Love’s ways, like those of wickedness, are strewed at first with roses, and Daphne was only at the entrance of the path.

While she was repelling from her heart the miserable fancies that had crowded on her at night, she all of a sudden perceived Hector by the whitethorn hedge.

“Welcome! welcome!” she cried, “you come to me with the sun.”

“How lovely you are this morning!” said Hector to her, with a look of admiration which there needed no physiognomist to discover was profoundly real. She looked at herself when he spoke, and perceived she was but half dressed. She threw herself on the foot of her bed.

“What am I to do?” she thought, “I can’t always wear a silk petticoat and a corset of white satin?”



She dressed herself notwithstanding, as last night, trusting to fate for the morrow. Hector had brought her writing materials, and she composed a tender adieu to her mamma.

“Admirably done!” cried Hector; “I have a peasant here who will carry it to Madame Deshoulieres—as for me, I shall go as usual to the Park d’Urtis at noon. When they see me they will have no suspicion. Your mamma goes away this evening, so that after to-day we shall have nothing to fear.”

The lovers breakfasted in the spirits which only youth and love can furnish. Daphne had herself gone to the fountain with the broken pitcher of the cottage. “You perceive, Hector,” she said, on seating herself at the table, “that I have all the qualifications of a peasant girl.”



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“And all the gracefulness of a duchess,” added the youth.

At one o'clock Hector had found his way to the meadow. Nobody was there. He opened the gate of the park, and before he had gone far was met by Madame Deshoulieres.

“My daughter!” she cried in an agitated voice; “You have not seen my daughter?”

“I was in hopes of seeing her here,” replied Hector, with a start of well-acted surprise.

“She is gone off,” resumed the mother; “gone off, like a silly creature, to some convent, disguised as a shepherdess—the foolish, senseless girl!—and I am obliged to depart this very day, so that it is impossible to follow her.”

Hector continued to enact astonishment—he even offered his services to reclaim the fugitive—and, in short, exhibited such sorrow and disappointment, that the habitual quickness of Madame Deshoulieres was deceived. The Duchess, Amaranthe, and the mamma all thanked him for his sympathy; and he at last took his leave, with no doubt in his mind, that he was a consummate actor, and qualified for any plot whatever.

He went back to Daphne, who had sunk into despondency once more, and consoled her by painting a brilliant picture of their future happiness. But on the following day he came later than before—he seemed dull and listless—and embraced his shepherdess with evident constraint. Things like these never escape the observations of shepherdesses, gentle or simple.

“Do you know, Hector, that you are not by any means too gallant?—A shepherd of proper sentiments would waken his sweetheart every morning with the sound of his pipe. He would gather flowers for her before the dew was gone, and fill her basket with fruits. He would carve her initials on the bark of the tree beneath the window, as her name is written on his heart. But you! you come at nearly noon—and leave me to attend to myself. 'Twas I, you inattentive Daphnis, who gathered all these fruits and flowers. Don't you see how the room is improved? Hyacinths in the window, roses on the mantelpiece, and violets every where—ah! what a time you were in coming!”

They went out into the garden, where the good old Babet was at breakfast, with her cat and the bees.

“Come hither,” continued Daphne, “look at this little corner so beautifully worked—'tis my own garden—I have raked and weeded it all. There is not much planted in it yet, but what a charming place it is for vines!—and the hedge, how sweet and flourishing! But what is the matter with you, Hector? You seem absent—sad.”

“Oh! nothing, Daphne, nothing indeed—I only love you more and more every hour; that's all.”



“Well, that isn’t a thing to be sad about”—said Daphne, with a smile that would have dispelled any grief less deeply settled than that of her young companion. He parted from Daphne soon; without letting her into the cause of his disquiet. But as there is no reason why the secret should be kept any longer, let us tell what was going on at the Chateau de Langevy.



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His cousin Clotilde had arrived the evening before, with an old aunt, to remain for the whole spring! Monsieur de Langevy, who was not addicted to circumlocution in his mode of talk, told his son point-blank, that his cousin was a pretty girl, and what was more, a considerable heiress—so that it was his duty—his, Hector de Langevy—the owner of a great name and a very small fortune, to marry the said cousin—or if not, he must stand the consequences. Hector, at the first intimation, had revolted indignantly against the inhuman proposal, and made many inaudible vows of undying constancy to his innocent and trusting Daphne; but by degrees, there is no denying that—without thinking of the fortune—he found various attractions in his cousin. She was beautiful, graceful, winning. She took his arm quite unceremoniously. She had the most captivating small-talk in the world. In short, if it had not been for Daphne, he would have been in love with her at once. As he was obliged, of course, to escort his cousin in her walks—or break with her altogether—he did not go for two whole days to the Cottage of the Vines. On the third day Clotilde begged him to take her to the banks of the Lignon, and as the request was made in presence of his father, he dared not refuse. He contented himself—by way of a relief to his conscience—with breathing a sigh to Daphne. The straightest road from the Chateau de Langevy to the Lignon, led past the Cottage of the Vines—but Hector had no wish to go the straightest road. He took a detour of nearly two miles, and led her almost to the Park D’Urtis. While Clotilde amused herself by gathering the blossoms, and turning aside the pendent boughs of the willows that hung over the celebrated stream. Hector looked over the scene of his first meeting with the shepherdesses, and sighed—perhaps without knowing exactly wherefore. He was suddenly startled by a scream—Clotilde, in stretching too far forward, had missed her footing, and fallen upon the bank; she was within an inch of rolling into the river. Hector rushed to her, raised her gently up, and begging her to lean her head upon his shoulder, assisted her up the bank. “She’s like a naiad surprised by a shepherd”—he thought—and it is not improbable that at that moment he pressed his lips pretty close to the pale cheek that rested almost in his breast. When he lifted up his head, he perceived, half hidden among the willows, on the other side of the river—Daphne! She had wandered to see once more the cradle of her love, to tread the meadow where, two days only before—could it be only two days?—she had been so happy. What did she see? What did she hear? As her only reply to the kiss to which she had so unfortunately been a witness, she broke her crook in an excess of indignation. But it was too much to bear. She fell upon the bank, and uttered a plaintive cry. At that cry—at sight of his poor Daphne fainting upon the grass, he rushed like a madman across the stream, buoyant with love and despair. He ran to his insensate shepherdess, regardless of the exclamations of the fair Clotilde, and raised her in his trembling arms.



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“Daphne, Daphne,” he cried, “open your eyes. I love nobody but you—nobody but you.”

He embraced her tenderly; he wept—and spoke to her as if she heard: Daphne opened her eyes for a moment with a look of misery—and shut them again—and shuddered.

“No, no!” she said—“’tis over! You are no longer Daphnis, and I Daphne no more—leave me, leave me alone—to die!”

“My life! my love! my darling Daphne! I love you—I swear it to you from my heart. I do not desert you: you are the only one I care for!”

In the meantime Clotilde had approached the touching scene.

“Pon my word, sir! very well”—she said—“am I to return to the Chateau by myself?”

“Go, sir, go!” said Daphne, pushing him away, “You are waited for, you are called.”

“But, Daphne—but, fair cousin”—

“I won’t listen to you—my daydream is past—speak of it no more,” said Daphne.

“Do you know, cousin,” said Clotilde, with a malicious sneer, “that this rural surprise is quite enchanting! I am greatly obliged to you for getting it up for my amusement. You did not prepare me for so exquisite a scene; I conclude it is from the last chapter of the *Astrea*.”

“Ah! cousin,” said Hector, “I will overtake you in a moment—I will tell you all, and then I don’t think you’ll laugh at us.”

“Excuse me, sir,” cried Daphne, in a tone of disdainful anger— “let that history be for ever a secret. I do not wish people to laugh at the weakness of my heart. Farewell, sir, let every thing be forgotten—buried!”

Large tears rolled down the poor girl’s cheek.

“No, Daphne, no!—I never will leave you. I declare it before heaven and earth, I will conduct my cousin to the Chateau, and in an hour I will be with you to dry your tears, and to ask pardon of you on my knees. Moreover, I am not to blame, I call my cousin to witness. Is it not true, Clotilde, that I don’t love you?”

“Pon my word, cousin, you have certainly *told* me you loved me; but as men generally say the contrary of what is the fact, I am willing to believe you don’t. But I beg you’ll not incommode yourself on my account; I can find my way to the Chateau perfectly well alone.”



She walked away, hiding her chagrin under the most easy and careless air in the world.

“I must run after her,” said Hector, “or she will tell every thing to my father. Adieu Daphne; in two hours I shall be at the Cottage of the Vines, and more in love than ever.”

“Adieu, then,” murmured Daphne in a dying voice; “adieu,” she repeated on seeing him retire; “adieu!—as for me, in two hours, I shall *not* be at the Cottage of Vines.”

## CHAPTER VI

She returned to the cottage of old Babet. On seeing the little chamber she had taken so much pains to ornament with flowers and blossoms, she sank her head upon her bosom. “Poor roses!” she murmured—“little I thought when I gathered you, that my heart would be the first to wither!”



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The poor old woman came in to her. “What! crying?” she said— “do people weep at eighteen?”

Daphne threw herself into Babet’s arms, and sobbed.

“He has deceived me—left me for his cousin. I must go. You will tell him that he has behaved cruelly, that I am——but no!—tell him that I forgive him.”

Daphne loved Hector with all her heart, and with all her soul. There never was an affection so blind, or a girl so innocent. Before leaving Paris, she had had various visions of what might happen in the country—how she might meet some graceful cavalier beside the wall of some romantic castle, who would fling himself on his knees before her, like a hero of romance. And this dream, so cherished in Paris, was nearly realized on the banks of the Lignon. Hector was exactly the sort of youth she had fancied, and the interest became greater from their enacting the parts of shepherdess and shepherd. She had been strengthened in this, her first love, by the former illusions of her imagination; and without one thought of evil, she had lost her common sense, and had followed her lover instead of attending to her mamma. Oh, young damsels, who are fond of pastorals, and can dream of young cavaliers and ancient castles!—who hear, on one side, the soft whisperings of a lover, and on the other, the sensible remarks of your mother!—need I tell you which of the two to choose? If you are still in doubt, read to the end of this story, and you will hesitate no longer.

Hector rejoined his cousin, but during their walk home, neither of them ventured to allude to the incident in the meadow. Hector augured well from the silence of Clotilde—he hoped she would not speak of his secret at the chateau. Vain hope! the moment she found an opportunity, it all came out! That evening, M. de Langevy saw her more pensive than usual, and asked her the cause.

“Oh, nothing,” she said, and sighed.

The uncle persisted in trying to find it out.

“What is the matter, my dear Clotilde?” he said. “Has your pilgrimage to the banks of the Lignon disappointed you?”

“Yes, uncle.”

“Has my son—but where is Hector?”

“He has gone on the pilgrimage again.”

“What the devil is he doing there?” “He has his reasons, of course,” said Clotilde.

“Indeed!—Do you know what they are?” enquired the father.



“Not the least in the world—only—”

“Only what? I hate these only’s—out with it all!”

“My dear uncle, I’ve told you I know nothing about it—only I have seen his shepherdess.”

“His shepherdess? You’re laughing, Clotilde. Do you believe in shepherdesses at this time of day?”

“Yes, uncle—for I tell you I saw his shepherdess fall down in a faint on the side of the Lignon.”

“The deuce you did? A shepherdess!—Hector in love with a shepherdess!”

“Yes, uncle; but a very pretty one, I assure you, in silk petticoat and corset of white satin.”



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The father was petrified. "What is the meaning of all this? It must be a very curious story. Bring me my fowling-piece and game-bag. Do you think, my dear Clotilde, that infernal boy has returned to his shepherdess?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well—has the shepherdess any sheep?"

"No, uncle."

"The devil! that looks more serious. You went past the withy bed?"

"Yes, uncle; but I fancy the gentle shepherdess is nearer the village."

"Very good," grumbled the old Baron, with a tone of voice that made it difficult to believe he saw much good in it. "Silk petticoats and satin corsets! I wonder where the rascal finds money for such fineries for his shepherdess."

He went straight on to the Cottage of the Vines, in hopes that Babet would know something of Hector's proceedings. He found the old woman in her porch, resting from the labours of the day.

"How do you do, Babet?" said the old Baron, softening his voice like any sucking dove. "Anything new going on?"

"Nothing new, your honour," replied Babet, attempting to rise.

"Sit still," said the Baron, putting his hand kindly on the old lady's shoulder; "here's a seat for me on this basket of rushes." At this moment M. de Langevy heard the upstairs casement closed. "Oho!" he thought, "I've hit upon it at once—this is the cage where these turtles bill and coo. Have you seen my son this week, Babet?" he said aloud.

"Oh, I see him often, your honour; he often comes sporting into my paddock."

"Sporting in your preserves, Babet—a pretty sort of game."

"Oh, very good game, your honour; this very day he sent me a beautiful hare. I did not know what to do with it; but at last I put it on the spit."

"The hare wasn't all for you, perhaps. But, listen to me, Babet—I know the whole business—my son is in love with some shepherdess or other—and I don't think she is far from here."

"I don't understand you, sir," said the old lady—a true *confidante*, though seventy years of age.



“You understand me so perfectly,” said the Baron, “that you are evidently ashamed of your behaviour. But do not be uneasy, there is no great harm in it—a mere childish frolic—only tell me where the girl is?”

“Ah, your honour,” cried Babet, who saw there was no use for further pretence—“she’s an angel—she is—a perfect angel!”

“Where does the angel come from, Babet?” enquired the Baron, “she has not come fresh from heaven, has she?”

“I know nothing more about her, your honour; but I pray morning and night that you may have no one else for a daughter.”

“We shall see—the two lovers are above, are not they?”

“Why should I conceal it? Yes, your honour, you may go up stairs at once. An innocent love like theirs never bolts the door.”

When the Baron was half-way up the stair, he stopped short, on seeing the two lovers sitting close to each other, the one weeping, and the other trying to console her. There was such an air of infantine candour about them both, and both seemed so miserable, that the hard heart of sixty-three was nearly touched.



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"Very well!"—he said, and walked into the room. Daphne uttered a scream of terror, and her tears redoubled.

"There is nothing to cry about," said M. de Langevy; "but as for you, young man, you must let me into the secret, if you please."

"I have nothing to tell you," said Hector, in a determined tone.

Daphne, who had leant for support on his shoulder, fell senseless on her chair.

"Father," said Hector, bending over her, "you perceive that this is no place for you."

"Nor for you, either," said the old man in a rage. "What do you mean by such folly? Go home this instant, sir, or you shall never enter my door again."

But Hector made no reply. His whole attention was bestowed on Daphne.

"I ask you again, sir," said the father, still more angry at his son's neglect. "Think well on what you do."

"I *have* thought, sir," replied Hector, raising the head of the still senseless Daphne. "You may shut your door for ever."

"None of your impudence, jackanapes. Will you come home with me now, or stay here?"

"If I go with you, sir," said Hector, "it will be to show my respect to you as my father, but I must tell you that I love Mademoiselle Deshoulieres, and no one else. We are engaged, and only death shall part us."

"Deshoulieres—Deshoulieres," said the Baron, "I've heard that name before. I knew a Colonel Deshoulieres in the campaigns of Flanders; a gallant fellow, with a beautiful wife, a number of wounds, many medals, but not a *sou*. Are you coming, sir?"

Daphne motioned him to go, and Hector followed his father in silence. He was not without hopes of gaining his permission to love his poor Daphne as much as he chose. M. de Langevy bowed to her as he went out of the room; and wishing Babet a good appetite as he passed the kitchen door, commenced a sermon for the edification of poor Hector, which lasted all the way. The only attention Hector paid to it was to turn round at every pause, and take a look at the little casement window.

When Daphne saw him disappear among the woods at the side of the road, she sighed; and while the tears rolled down her cheek, she said, "Adieu, adieu! I shall never see him more!"



She looked sadly round the little apartment—now so desolate; she gathered one of the roses that clustered round the window, and scattered the leaves one by one, and watched them as they were wafted away by the breeze.

“Even so will I do with my love,” said the poetical shepherdess; “I will scatter it on the winds of death.”

“Adieu,” she said, embracing poor old Babet; “I am going back to the place I left so sillily. If you see Hector again, tell him I loved him; but that he must forget me, as I forget the world, and myself.”

As she said these words, she grew pale and staggered, but she recovered by an effort, and walked away on the path that led to the Chateau d’Urtis. When she came to the meadow, she saw at her feet the crook she had broken in the morning. She lifted it, and took it with her as the only memorial of Hector. The sun was sinking slowly, and Daphne knelt down and said a prayer, pressing the crook to her bosom—poor Daphne!



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### CHAPTER VII.

She did not find her mother at the chateau: Madame d'Urtis was overjoyed to see her.

"Well, my lost sheep," she said, "you have come back again to the fold."

"Yes," said Daphne, sadly; "I am come back never to stray again. See, here is my broken crook, and Daphnis will never come to cut me another."

She told every thing to Madame d'Urtis. The Duchess did not know whether to laugh or scold; so she got over the difficulty by alternately doing both.

In the Chateau de Langevy, Hector continued firm in the presence of his father, and even of his cousin. He told them every thing exactly as it occurred; and spoke so enthusiastically and so sincerely, that the old Baron was somewhat softened. Clotilde herself was touched, and pled in Hector's behalf. But the old Baron was firm, and his only answer was, "In eight days he will forget all about her. I am astonished, Clotilde, to see you reason so absurdly."

"Oh, my dear uncle!" said Clotilde, "I believe that those who reason the worst on such a subject are the most reasonable."

"I tell you again, in a week he will have changed his divinity—you know that very well; or I don't see the use of your having such beautiful eyes."

"Be sure of this, uncle," replied Clotilde, in a more serious voice, "Hector will never love me, and besides," she added, relapsing into gaiety once more, "I don't like to succeed to another; I agree with Mademoiselle de Scuderi, that, in love, those queens are the happiest who create kingdoms for themselves in undiscovered lands."

"You read romances, Clotilde, so I shall argue with you no longer about the phantom you call love."

Hector took his father on the weak side.

"If I marry Mademoiselle Deshoulieres," he said, "I shall march forward in the glorious career of arms; you have opened the way for me, and I cannot fail of success under the instruction of the brave Deshoulieres, whom Louvois honours with his friendship."

M. de Langevy put an end to the conversation by saying he would consider—which seemed already a great step gained in favour of the lovers.

On the next day's dawn, Hector was at the Cottage of the Vines.



“Alas, alas!” said the old woman, throwing open the window, “the dear young lady is gone!”

“Gone!—you let her go!—but I will find her.”

Hector ran to the Chateau d’Urtis. When he entered the park, he felt he was too late, for he saw a carriage hurrying down the opposite avenue. He rang the bell, and was shown in to the Duchess.

“’Tis you, Monsieur de Langevy,” she said, sadly; “you come to see Mademoiselle Deshoulieres. Think of her no more, for all is at an end between you. On this earth you will meet no more, for in an hour she will have left the world. She is gone, with her maid, to the Convent of Val Chretien.”



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“Gone!” cried Hector, nearly fainting.

“She has left a farewell for you in this letter.” Hector took the letter which the Duchess held to him, and grew deadly pale as he read these lines:—

“Farewell, then! 'Tis no longer Daphne who writes to you, but a broken-hearted girl, who is to devote her life to praying for the unhappy. I retire from the world with resignation. I make no complaint: my two days' dream of happiness is gone. It was a delicious eclogue—pure, sincere, and tender; but it is past—Adieu!”

Hector kissed the letter, and turned to the Duchess. “Have you a horse, madam?” he said.

“What would you do with it?”

“I would overtake Mademoiselle Deshoulieres.”

“You might overtake her, but you couldn't turn her.”

“For mercy's sake, madam, a horse! Take pity on my misery.”

The Duchess ordered a horse to be saddled, for she had opposed Daphne's design. “Go,” she said, “and Heaven guide you both!”

He started at full gallop: he overtook the carriage in half an hour.

“Daphne, you must go no further!” he said, holding out his hand to the melancholy girl.

“'Tis you!” cried Daphne, with a look of surprise and joy—soon succeeded by deeper grief than ever.

“Yes, 'tis I! I,” continued the youth, “who love you as my Daphne, my wife, for my father has listened at last to reason, and agrees to all.”

“But I also have listened to reason, and you know where I am going. Leave me: you are rich—I am poor: you love me to-day—who can say if you will love me to-morrow? We began a delightful dream, let us not spoil it by a bad ending. Let our dream continue unbroken in its freshness and romance. Our crooks are both broken; they have killed two of our sheep; they have cut down the willows in the meadow. You perceive that our bright day is over. The lady I saw yesterday should be your wife. Marry her, then; and if ever, in your hours of happiness, you wander on the banks of the Lignon, my shade will appear to you. But *then* it shall be with a smile!”

“Daphne! Daphne! I love you! I will never leave you! I will live or die with you!”



\* \* \* \* \*

It was fifty years after that day, that one evening, during a brilliant supper in the Rue St. Dominique, Gentil Bernard, who was the life of the company, announced the death of an original, who had ordered a broken stick to be buried along with him.

“He is Monsieur de Langevy,” said Fontenelle. “He was forced against his inclination to marry the dashing Clotilde de Langevy, who eloped so shamefully with one of the Mousquetaires. M. de Langevy had been desperately attached to Bribri Deshoulieres, and this broken stick was a crook they had cut during their courtship on the banks of the Lignon. The Last Shepherd is dead, gentlemen—we must go to his funeral.”

“And what became of Bribri Deshoulieres?” asked a lady of the party.



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“I have been told she died very young in a convent in the south,” replied Fontenelle; “and the odd thing is, that, when they were burying her, they found a crook attached to her horse-hair tunic.”

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Hark! how the furnace pants and roars!  
Hark! how the molten metal pours,  
As, bursting from its iron doors,  
    It glitters in the sun!  
Now through the ready mould it flows,  
Seething and hissing as it goes,  
And filling every crevice up  
As the red vintage fills the cup:  
    *Hurra! the work is done!*

Unswathe him now. Take off each stay  
That binds him to his couch of clay,  
And let him struggle into day;  
    Let chain and pulley run,  
With yielding crank and steady rope,  
Until he rise from rim to cope,  
In rounded beauty, ribb'd in strength,  
Without a flaw in all his length:  
    *Hurra! the work is done!*

The clapper on his giant side  
Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,  
For birth, or death, or new-year-tide,  
    Or festival begun!  
A nation's joy alone shall be  
The signal for his revelry;  
And for a nation's woes alone  
His melancholy tongue shall moan:  
    *Hurra! the work is done!*



Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,  
His long loud summons shall we hear,  
When statesmen to their country dear  
    Their mortal race have run;  
When mighty monarchs yield their breath,  
And patriots sleep the sleep of death,  
Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,  
And peal a requiem o'er their tomb:  
    *Hurra! the work is done!*

Should foemen lift their haughty hand,  
And dare invade us where we stand,  
Fast by the altars of our land  
    We'll gather every one;  
And he shall ring the loud alarm,  
To call the multitudes to arm,  
From distant field and forest brown,  
And teeming alleys of the town:  
    *Hurra! the work is done!*

And as the solemn boom they hear,  
Old men shall grasp the idle spear,  
Laid by to rust for many a year,  
    And to the struggle run;  
Young men shall leave their toils or books,  
Or turn to swords their pruninghooks;  
And maids have sweetest smiles for those  
Who battle with their country's foes:  
    *Hurra! the work is done!*

And when the cannon's iron throat  
Shall bear the news to dells remote,  
And trumpet-blast resound the note,  
    That victory is won;  
While down the wind the banner drops,  
And bonfires blaze on mountain-tops,  
His sides shall glow with fierce delight,  
And ring glad peals from morn to night;  
    *Hurra! the work is done!*



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But of such themes forbear to tell.  
May never War awake this bell  
To sound the tocsin or the knell!  
Hush'd be the alarum gun!  
Sheath'd be the sword! and may his voice  
Call up the nations to rejoice  
That War his tatter'd flag has furl'd,  
And vanish'd from a wiser world!  
*Hurra! the work is done!*

Still may he ring when struggles cease,  
Still may he ring for joy's increase,  
For progress in the arts of peace,  
And friendly trophies won!  
When rival nations join their hands,  
When plenty crowns the happy lands,  
When knowledge gives new blessings birth,  
And freedom reigns o'er all the earth!  
*Hurra! the work is done!*

\* \* \* \* \*

### AMMALAT BEK.

A TRUE TALE OF THE CAUCASUS.  
FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MARLINSKI.

### CHAPTER III.

It was daybreak when Ammalat came to himself. Slowly, one by one, his thoughts reassembled in his mind, and flitted to and fro as in a mist, in consequence of his extreme weakness. He felt no pain at all in his body, and his sensations were even agreeable; life seemed to have lost its bitterness, and death its terror: in this condition he would have listened with equal indifference to the announcement of his recovery, or of his inevitable death. He had no wish to utter a word, or to stir a finger. This half sleep, however, did not continue long. At midday, after the visit of the physician, when the attendants had gone to perform the rites of noon-tide prayer, when their sleepy voices were still, and nought but the cry of the mullah resounded from afar, Ammalat listened to a soft and cautious step upon the carpets of the chamber. He raised his heavy eyelids, and between their lashes appeared, approaching his bed, a fair, black-eyed girl, dressed in an orange-coloured sarotchka, an arkhaloukh of cloth of gold with two rows of enamelled buttons, and her long hair falling upon her shoulders. Gently she



fanned his face, and so pityingly looked at his wound that all his nerves thrilled. Then she softly poured some medicine into a cup, and—he could see no more—his eyelids sank like lead—he only caught with his ear the rustling of her silken dress, like the sound of a parting angel's wings, and all was still again. Whenever his weak senses strove to discover the meaning of this fair apparition, it was so mingled with the uncertain dreams of fever, that his first thought—his first word—when he awoke, was, "Tis a dream!" But it was no dream. This beautiful girl was the daughter of the Sultan Akhmet Khan, and sixteen years old. Among all the mountaineers, in general, the unmarried women enjoy a great freedom of intercourse with the other sex, without regard to the law of Mahomet. The favourite daughter of the Khan was even more independent



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than usual. By her side alone he forgot his cares and disappointments; by her side alone his eye met a smile, and his heart a gleam of gayety. When the elders of Avar discussed in a circle the affairs of their mountain politics, or gave their judgment on right or wrong; when, surrounded by his household, he related stories of past forays, or planned fresh expeditions, she would fly to him like a swallow, bringing hope and spring into his soul. Fortunate was the culprit during whose trial the Khana came to her father! The lifted dagger was arrested in the air; and not seldom would the Khan, when looking upon her, defer projects of danger and blood, lest he should be parted from his darling daughter. Every thing was permitted, every thing was accessible, to her. To refuse her any thing never entered into the mind of the Khan; and suspicion of any thing unworthy her sex and rank, was as far from his thoughts as from his daughter's heart. But who among those who surrounded the Khan, could have inspired her with tender feelings? To bend her thoughts—to lower her sentiments to any man inferior to her in birth, would have been an unheard-of disgrace in the daughter of the humblest retainer; how much more, then, in the child of a khan, imbued from her very cradle with the pride of ancestry!—this pride, like a sheet of ice, separating her heart from the society of those she saw. As yet no guest of her father had ever been of equal birth to hers; at least, her heart had never asked the question. It is probable, that her age—of careless, passionless youth—was the cause of this; perhaps the hour of love had already struck, and the heart of the inexperienced girl was fluttering in her bosom. She was hurrying to clasp her father in her embrace, when she had beheld a handsome youth falling like a corpse at her feet. Her first feeling was terror; but when her father related how and wherefore Ammalat was his guest, when the village doctor declared that his wound was not dangerous, a tender sympathy for the stranger filled her whole being. All night there flitted before her the blood-stained guest, and she met the morning-beam, for the first time, less rosy than itself. For the first time she had recourse to artifice: in order to look on the stranger, she entered his room as though to salute her father, and afterwards she slipped in there at mid-day. An unaccountable, resistless curiosity impelled her to gaze on Ammalat. Never, in her childhood, had she so eagerly longed for a plaything; never, at her present age, had she so vehemently wished for a new dress or a glittering ornament, as she desired to meet the eye of the guest; and when at length, in the evening, she encountered his languid, yet expressive gaze, she could not remove her look from the black eyes of Ammalat, which were intently fixed on her. They seemed to say—“Hide not thyself; star of my soul!” as they drank health and consolation from her glances. She knew not what was passing within her; she could not



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distinguish whether she was on the earth, or floating in the air; changing colours flitted on her face. At length she ventured, in a trembling voice, to ask him about his health. One must be a Tartar—who accounts it a sin and an offence to speak a word to a strange woman, who never sees any thing female but the veil and the eye-brows—to conceive how deeply agitated was the ardent Bek, by the looks and words of the beautiful girl addressed so tenderly to him. A soft flame ran through his heart, notwithstanding his weakness.

“Oh, I am very well, now,” he answered, endeavouring to rise; “so well, that I am ready to die, Seltanetta.”

“Allah sakhla-suen!” (God protect you!) she replied. “Live, live long! Would you not regret life?”

“At a sweet moment sweet is death, Seltanetta! But if I live a hundred years, a more delightful moment than this can never be found!”

Seltanetta did not understand the words of the stranger; but she understood his look—she understood the expression of his voice. She blushed yet more deeply; and, making a sign with her hand that he should repose, disappeared from the chamber.

Among the mountaineers there are many very skilful surgeons, chiefly in cases of wounds and fractures; but Ammalat, more than by herb or plaster, was cured by the presence of the charming mountain-maid. With the agreeable hope of seeing her in his dreams, he fell asleep, and awoke with joy, knowing that he should meet her in reality. His strength rapidly returned, and with his strength grew his attachment to Seltanetta.

Ammalat was married; but, as it often happens in the East, only from motives of interest. He had never seen his bride before his marriage, and afterwards found no attraction in her which could awake his sleeping heart. In course of time, his wife became blind; and this circumstance loosened still more a tie founded on Asiatic customs rather than affection. Family disagreements with his father-in-law and uncle, the Shamkhal, still further separated the young couple, and they were seldom together. Was it strange, under the circumstances, that a young man, ardent by nature, self-willed by nature, should be inspired with a new love? To be with her was his highest happiness—to await her arrival his most delightful occupation. He ever felt a tremor when he heard her voice: each accent, like a ray of the sun, penetrated his soul. This feeling resembled pain, but a pain so delicious, that he would have prolonged it for ages. Little by little the acquaintance between the young people grew into friendship—they were almost continually together. The Khan frequently departed to the interior of Avar for business of government or military arrangements, leaving his guest to the care of his wife, a quiet, silent woman. He was not blind to the inclination of Ammalat for his

daughter, and in secret rejoiced at it; it flattered his ambition, and forwarded his military views; a connexion with



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a Bek possessing the right to the Shamkhalat would place in his hands a thousand means of injuring the Russians. The Khansha, occupied in her household affairs, not infrequently left Ammalat for hours together in her apartments—as he was a relation; and Seltanetta, with two or three of her personal attendants, seated on cushions, and engaged in needlework, would not remark how the hours flew by, conversing with the guest, and listening to his talk. Sometimes Ammalat would sit long, long, reclining at the feet of his Seltanetta, without uttering a word, and gazing at her dark, absorbing eyes; or enjoying the mountain prospect from her window, which opened towards the north, on the rugged banks and windings of the roaring Ouzen, over which hung the castle of the Khan. By the side of this being, innocent as a child, Ammalat forgot the desires which she as yet knew not; and, dissolving in a joy, strange, incomprehensible to himself, he thought not of the past nor of the future; he thought of nothing—he could only feel; and indolently, without taking the cup from his lips, he drained his draught of bliss, drop by drop.

Thus passed a year.

The Avaretzes are a free people, neither acknowledging nor suffering any power above them. Every Avaretz calls himself an Ouzden; and if he possesses a yezeer, (prisoner, slave,) he considers himself a great man. Poor, and consequently brave to extravagance, excellent marksmen with the rifle, they fight well on foot; they ride on horseback only in their plundering expeditions, and even then but a few of them. Their horses are small, but singularly strong; their language is divided into a multitude of dialects, but is essentially Lezghin for the Avartzi themselves are of the Lezghin stock. They retain traces of the Christian faith, for it is not 120 years that they have worshipped Mahomet, and even now they are but cool Moslems; they drink brandy, they drink boozza, [16] and occasionally wine made of grapes, but most ordinarily a sort of boiled wine, called among them djapa. The truth of an Avaretz's word has passed into a proverb among the mountains. At home, they are peaceful, hospitable, and benevolent; they do not conceal their wives and daughters; for their guest they are ready to die, and to revenge to the end of the generation. Revenge, among them, is sacred; plundering, glory; and they are often forced by necessity to brigandize.

[Footnote 16: A species of drink used by the Tartars, produced by fermenting oats.]

Passing over the summit of Atala and Tkhezerouk, across the crests of Tourpi-Taou, in Kakhétia, beyond the river Alazan, they find employment at a very low price; occasionally remaining two or three days together without work, and then, at an agreement among themselves, they rush like famished wolves, by night, into the neighbouring villages, and, if they succeed, drive away the cattle, carry off the women, make prisoners, and will often perish in an unequal combat. Their



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invasions into the Russian limits ceased from the time when Azlan Khan retained possession of the defiles which lead into his territories from Avar. But the village of Khounzakh, or Avar, at the eastern extremity of the Avar country, has ever remained the heritage of the khans, and their command there is law. Besides, though he has the right to order his noukers to cut to pieces with their kinjals [17] any inhabitant of Khounzakh, nay, any passer-by, the Khan cannot lay any tax or impost upon the people, and must content himself with the revenues arising from his flocks, and the fields cultivated by his karavashes (slaves,) or yezeers (prisoners.)

[Footnote 17: Dagger or poniard. These weapons are of various forms, and generally much more formidable than would be suggested to an European by the name dagger. The kinjal is used with wonderful force and dexterity by the mountaineers, whose national weapon it may be said to be; it is sometimes employed even as a missile. It is worn suspended in a slanting direction in the girdle, not on the side, but in front of the body.]

Without, however, taking any direct imposts, the khans do not abstain from exacting dues, sanctified rather by force than custom. For the Khan to take from their home a young man or a girl—to command a waggon with oxen or buffaloes to transport his goods—to force labourers to work in his fields, or to go as messengers, &c., is an affair of every day. The inhabitants of Khounzakh are not more wealthy than the rest of their countrymen; their houses are clean, and, for the most part, have two stories, the men are well made, the women handsome, chiefly because the greater number of them are Georgian prisoners. In Avar, they study the Arabic language, and the style of their educated men is in consequence very flowery. The Haram of the Khan is always crowded with guests and petitioners, who, after the Asiatic manner, dare not present themselves without a present—be it but a dozen of eggs. The Khan's noukers, on the number and bravery of whom he depends for his power, fill from morning to night his courts and chambers, always with loaded pistols in their belt, and daggers at their waist. The favourite Ouzdens and guests, Tchetchenetzes or Tartars, generally present themselves every morning to salute the Khan, whence they depart in a crowd to the Khansha, sometimes passing the whole day in banqueting in separate chambers, regaling even during the Khan's absence. One day there came into the company an Ouzden of Avar, who related the news that an immense tiger had been seen not far off, and that two of their best shots had fallen victims to its fierceness. "This has so frightened our hunters," he said, "that nobody likes to attempt the adventure a third time."

"I will try my luck," cried Ammalat, burning with impatience to show his prowess before the mountaineers. "Only put me on the trail of the beast!" A broad-shouldered Avaretz measured with his eye our bold Bek from head to foot, and said with a smile: "A tiger is not like a boar of Daghestan, Ammalat! His trail sometimes leads to death!"



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“Do you think,” answered he haughtily, “that on that slippery path my head would turn, or my hand tremble? I invite you not to help me: I invite you but to witness my combat with the tiger. I hope you will then allow, that if the heart of an Avaretz is firm as the granite of his mountains, the heart of a Daghestanetz is tenpered like his famous *boulat*. [18] Do you consent?”

[Footnote 18: A species of highly tempered steel, manufactured, and much prized, by the Tartars.]

The Avaretz was caught. To have refused would have been shameful: so, clearing up his face, he stretched out his hand to Ammalat. “I will willingly go with you,” he replied. “Let us not delay—let us swear in the mosque, and go to the fight together! Allah will judge whether we are to bring back his skin for a housing, or whether he is to devour us.”

It is not in accordance with Asiatic manners, much less with Asiatic customs, to bid farewell to the women when departing for a long or even an unlimited period. This privilege belongs only to relations, and it is but rarely that it is granted to a guest. Ammalat, therefore, glanced with a sigh at the window of Seltanetta, and went with lingering steps to the mosque. There, already awaited him the elders of the village, and a crowd of curious idlers. By an ancient custom of Avar, the hunters were obliged to swear upon the Koran, that they would not desert one another, either in the combat with the beast or in the chase; that they would not quit each other when wounded; if fate willed that the animal should attack them, that they would defend each other to the last, and die side by side, careless of life; and that in any case they would not return without the animal’s skin; that he who betrayed this oath, should be hurled from the rocks, as a coward and traitor. The moollah armed them, the companions embraced, and they set out on their journey amid the acclamations of the whole crowd. “Both, or neither!” they cried after them. “We will slay him, or die!” answered the hunters.

A day had passed. A second had sunk below the snowy summits. The old men had wearied their eyes in gazing from their roofs along the road. The boys had gone far on the hills that crested the village, to meet the hunters—but no tidings of them. Throughout all Khounzakh, at every fireside, either from interest or idleness, they were talking of this; but above all, Seltanetta was sad. At every voice in the courtyard, at every sound on the staircase, all her blood flew to her face, and her heart beat with anxiety. She would start up, and run to the window or the door; and then, disappointed for the twentieth time, with downcast eyes would return slowly to her needlework, which, for the first time, appeared tiresome and endless. At last, succeeding doubt, fear laid its icy hand upon the maiden’s heart. She demanded of her father, her brothers, the guests, whether the wounds given by a tiger were dangerous?—was this animal far from the villages? And ever and anon, having counted the moments, she would wring her hands, and cry, “They have perished!” and silently bowed her head on her agitated breast, while large tears flowed down her fair face.



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On the third day, it was clear that the fears of all were not idle. The Ouzden, Ammalat's companion to the chase, crawled with difficulty, alone, into Khounzakh. His coat was torn by the claws of some wild beast; he himself was as pale as death from exhaustion, hunger, and fatigue. Young and old surrounded him with eager curiosity; and having refreshed himself with a cup of milk and a piece of *tchourek*, [19] he related as follows: —“On the same day that we left this place, we found the track of the tiger. We discovered him asleep among the thick hazels—may Allah keep me from them!”

[Footnote 19: “Tchourek,” a kind of bread.]

Drawing lots, it fell to my chance to fire: I crept gently up, and aiming well, I fired—but for my sorrow, the beast was sleeping with his face covered by his paw; and the ball, piercing the paw, hit him in the neck. Aroused by the report and by the pain, the tiger gave a roar, and with a couple of bounds, dashed at me before I had time to draw my dagger: with one leap, he hurled me on the ground, trode on me with his hind feet, and I only know that at this moment there resounded a cry, and the shot of Ammalat, and afterwards a deafening and tremendous roar. Crushed by the weight, I lost sense and memory, and how long I lay in this fainting fit, I know not.

“When I opened my eyes all was still around me, a small rain was falling from a thick mist ... was it evening or morning? My gun, covered with rust, lay beside me, Ammalat's not far off, broken in two; here and there the stones were stained with blood ... but whose? The tiger's or Ammalat's? How can I tell? Broken twigs lay around ... the brute must have broken them in his mad boundings. I called on my comrade as loudly as I could. No answer. I sat down, and shouted again ... but in vain. Neither animal nor bird passed by. Many times did I endeavour to find traces of Ammalat, either to discover him alive, or to die upon his corpse—that I might avenge on the beast the death of the brave man; but I had no strength. I wept bitterly: why have I perished both in life and honour! I determined to await the hour of death in the wilderness; but hunger conquered me. Alas! thought I, let me carry to Khounzakh the news that Ammalat has perished; let me at least die among my own people! Behold me, then; I have crept hither like a serpent. Brethren, my head is before you: judge me as Allah inclines your hearts. Sentence me to life; I will live, remembering your justice: condemn me to death; your will be done! I will die innocent, Allah is my witness: I did what I could!”

A murmur arose among the people, as they listened to the new comer. Some excused, others condemned, though all regretted him. “Every one must take care of himself,” said some of the accusers: “who can say that he did not fly? He has no wound, and, therefore, no proof ... but that he has abandoned his comrade is most certain.” “Not only abandoned, but perhaps betrayed him,” said others—“they talked not as friends together!” The Khan's noukers went further: they suspected that the Ouzden had killed Ammalat out of jealousy: “he looked too lovingly on the Khan's daughter, but the Khan's daughter found one far his superior in Ammalat.”



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Sultan Akhmet Khan, learning what the people were assembling about in the street, rode up to the crowd. "Coward!" he cried with mingled anger and contempt to the Ouzden: "you are a disgrace to the name of Avaretz. Now every Tartar may say, that we let wild beasts devour our guests, and that we know not how to defend them! At least we know how to avenge him: you have sworn upon the Koran, after the ancient usage of Avar, never to abandon your comrade in distress, and if he fall, not to return home without the skin of the beast ... thou hast broken thine oath ... but we will not break our law: perish! Three days shall be allowed thee to prepare thy soul; but then—if Ammalat be not found, thou shalt be cast from the rock. You shall answer for his head with your own!" he added, turning to his noukers, pulling his cap over his eyes and directing his horse towards his home. Thirty mountaineers rushed in different directions from Khounzakh, to search for at least the remains of the Bek of Bouinaki. Among the mountaineers it is considered a sacred duty to bury with honour their kinsmen and comrades, and they will sometimes, like the heroes of Homer, rush into the thickest of the battle to drag from the hands of the Russians the body of a companion, and will fall in dozens round the corpse rather than abandon it.

The unfortunate Ouzden was conducted to the stable of the Khan; a place frequently used as a prison. The people, discussing what had happened, separated sadly, but without complaining, for the sentence of the Khan was in accordance with their customs.

The melancholy news soon reached Seltanetta, and though they tried to soften it, it struck terribly a maiden who loved so deeply. Nevertheless, contrary to their expectation, she appeared tranquil; she neither wept nor complained, but she smiled no more, and uttered not a word. Her mother spoke to her; she heard her not. A spark from her father's pipe burned her dress; she saw it not. The cold wind blew upon her bosom; she felt it not. All her feelings seemed to retire into her heart to torture her; but that heart was hidden from the view, and nothing was reflected in her proud features. The Khan's daughter was struggling with the girl: it was easy to see which would yield first.

But this secret struggle seemed to choke Seltanetta: she longed to fly from the sight of man, and give the reins to her sorrow. "O heaven!" she thought; "having lost him, may I not weep for him? All gaze on me, to mock me and watch my every tear, to make sport for their malignant tongues. The sorrows of others amuse them, Sekina," she added, to her maid; "let us go and walk on the bank of the Ouzen."

At the distance of three *agatcha* [20] from Khounzakh, towards the west, are the ruins of an ancient Christian monastery, a lonely monument of the forgotten faith of the aborigines.

[Footnote 20: "Agatcha," seven versts, a measure for riding—for the pedestrian, the agatcha is four versts.]

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The hand of time, as if in veneration, has not touched the church itself, and even the fanaticism of the people has spared the sanctuary of their ancestors. It stood entire amid the ruined cells and falling wall. The dome, with its high pointed roof of stone, was already darkened by the breath of ages: ivy covered with its tendrils the narrow windows, and trees were growing in the crevices of the stones. Within, soft moss spread its verdant carpet, and in the sultriness a moist freshness breathed there, nourished by a fountain, which, having pierced the wall, fell tinkling behind the stone altar, and, dividing into silver ever-murmuring threads of pure water, filtered among the pavement stones, and crept meandering away. A solitary ray slanting through the window, flitted over the trembling verdure, and smiled on the gloomy wall, like a child on its grandame's knee. Thither Seltanetta directed her steps: there she rested from the looks which so tormented her: all around was so still, so soft, so happy; and all augmented but the more her sadness: the light trembling on the wall, the twittering of the swallows, the murmur of the fountain, melted into tears the load that weighed upon her breast, and her sorrow dissolved into lamentation: Sekina went to pluck the pears which grew in abundance round the church; and Seltanetta could freely yield to nature.

But sudden, raising her head, she uttered an exclamation of surprise! before her stood a well-made Avaretz, stained with blood and mire. "Does not your heart, do not your eyes, O Seltanetta, recognize your favourite?" No, but with a second glance she knew Ammalat; and forgetting all but her joy, she threw herself on his neck, embraced it with her arms, and long, long, gazed fixedly on the much-loved face; and the fire of confidence, the fire of ecstasy, glimmered through the still falling tears. Could then the impassioned Ammalat contain his rapture? He clung like a bee to the rosy lips of Seltanetta; he had heard enough for his happiness; he was now at the summit of bliss; the lovers had not yet said a word of their love, but they already understood each other. "And dost thou then, angel," added Ammalat, when Seltanetta, ashamed of the kiss, withdrew from his embrace: "dost thou love me?"

"Allah protect me!" replied the innocent girl, lowering her eyelashes, but not her eyes: "Love! that is a terrible word. Last year, going into the street, I saw them pelting a girl with stones: terrified I rushed home, but nowhere could I hide myself: the bloody image of the sinner was everywhere before me, and her groan yet rings unceasingly in my ears. When I asked why they had so inhumanly put to death that unhappy creature, they answered, that she loved a certain youth!"

"No, dearest, it was not because she loved one, but that she loved not one alone—because she betrayed some one, it may be, that they killed her."

"What means '*betrayed*,' Ammalat? I understand it not."



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“Oh, God grant that you may never learn what it is to betray; that you may never forget me for another!”

“Ah, Ammalat, within these four days I have learned how bitter to me was separation! For a long time I have not seen my brothers Noutsal and Sourkha, and I meet them with pleasure; but without them I do not grieve: without you I wish not to live!”

“For thee I am ready to die, my morning-star: to thee I give my soul—not only life, my beloved!”

The sound of footsteps interrupted the lovers' talk: it was Seltanetta's attendant. All three went to congratulate the Khan, who was consoled, and unaffectedly delighted.

Ammalat related in a few words how the affair had occurred. “Hardly had I remarked that my comrade had fallen when I fired at the beast, flying, with a ball which broke his jaw. The monster with a terrific roar began to whirl round, to leap, to roll, sometimes darting towards me, and then again, tormented by the agony, bounding aside. At this moment, striking him with the butt of my gun on the skull, I broke it. I pursued him a long time as soon as he betook himself to flight, following him by his bloody track: the day began to fail, and when I plunged my dagger into the throat of the fallen tiger, dark night had fallen upon the earth. Would I or not, I was compelled to pass the night with the rocks for a bed-chamber, and the wolves and jackals for companions. The morning was dark and rainy; the clouds around my head poured their waters on me like a river. At ten paces before my face nothing could be seen. Without a view of the sun, ignorant of the country, in vain I wandered round and round: weariness and hunger overwhelmed me. A partridge which I shot with my pistol restored my strength for a while; but I could not find my way out of my rocky grave. In the evening the only sounds I could hear were the murmur of water falling from a cliff, or the whistling of the eagles' wings as they flew through the clouds; but at night the audacious jackals raised, three paces off, their lamentable song. This morning the sun rose brightly, and I myself arose more cheerful, and directed my steps towards the east. I shortly afterwards heard a cry and a shot: it was your messengers. Overcome by heat, I went to drink the pure water of the fountain by the old mosque, and there I met Seltanetta. Thanks be to you, and glory to God!”

“Glory to God, and honour to you!” exclaimed the Sultan, embracing him. “But your courage has nearly cost us your life, and even that of your comrade. If you had delayed a day, he would have been obliged to dance the Sezghinka in the air. You have returned just in time. Djemboula't, a famous cavalier of Little Kabarda, has sent to invite you to a foray against the Russians. I would willingly buy beforehand your glory; as much as you won in your last battle. The time is short; tomorrow's sun must see you ready.”

This news was by no means unwelcome to Ammalat: he decided instantly; answering, that he would go with pleasure. He felt sure that a distinguished reputation as a cavalier would ensure him future success.



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But Seltanetta turned pale—bowing her head like a flower, when she heard of this new and more cruel separation. Her look, as it dwelt upon Ammalat, showed painful apprehension—the pain of prophetic sorrow.

“Allah!” she mournfully exclaimed: “more forays, more slaughter. When will blood cease to be shed in the mountains?”

“When the mountain torrents run milk, and the sugar-canes wave on the snowy peaks!” said the Khan.

### CHAPTER IV.

Wildly beautiful is the resounding Terek in the mountains of Darial. There, like a genie, borrowing his strength from heaven, he wrestles with Nature. There bright and shining as steel, cutting through the overshadowing cliff, he gleams among the rocks. There, blackening with rage, he bellows and bounds like a wild beast, among the imprisoning cliffs: he bursts, overthrows, and rolls afar their broken fragments. On a stormy night, when the belated traveller, enveloped in his furry bourka, gazing fearfully around him, travels along the bank which hangs over the torrent of Terek, all is terror such as only a vivid imagination can conceive. With slow steps he winds along, the rain-torrents stream around his feet, and tumble upon his head from the rocks which frown above and threaten his destruction. Suddenly the lightning flashes before his eyes—with horror he beholds but a black cloud above him, below a yawning gulf, beside him crags, and before him the roaring Terek. At one moment he sees its wild and troubled waves raging like infernal spirits chased by the archangel's brand. After them, with a shout as of laughter, roll the huge stones. In another moment, the blinding flash is gone, and he is plunged once more in the dark ocean of night: then bursts the thunder-crash, jarring the foundations of the rocks, as though a thousand mountains were dashed against each other, so deafeningly do the echoes repeat the bellow of the heavens. Then a long-protracted growl, as of massive oaks plucked up by their roots, or the crash of bursting rocks, or the yell of the Titans as they were hurled headlong into the abyss; it mingles with the war of the blast, and the blast swells to a hurricane, and the rain pours down in torrents. And again the lightning blinds him, and again the thunder, answering from afar to the splinter-crash, deafens him. The terrified steed rears, starts backward—the rider utters a short prayer.

But after this how softly smiles the morning—morn, in whose light Terek glides, and ripples, and murmurs! The clouds, like a torn veil whirling on the breeze, appear and vanish fitfully among the icy peaks. The sunbeams discover jagged profiles of the summits on the opposing mountain wall. The rocks glitter freshly from the rain. The mountain-torrents leap through the morning mist; and the mists themselves creep winding through the cliffs, even as the smoke from a cottage chimney, then twine

themselves like a turban round some ancient tower, while Terek ripples on among the stones, curling as a tired hound who seeks a resting-place.



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In the Caucasus, it must be confessed, there are no waters in which the mountains can worthily reflect themselves—those giants of creation. There are no gentle rivers, no vast lakes; but Terek receives in his stream the tribute of a thousand streamlets. Beneath the further Caucasus, where the mountains melt into the plain, he seems to flow calmly and gently, he wanders on in huge curves, depositing the pebbles he has brought down from the hills. Further on, bending to the north-west, the stream is still strong, but less noisy, as though wearied with its fierce strugglings. At length, embraced by the narrow gorge of Cape M. aloi (Little Kabardi,) the river, like a good Moslem, bending religiously to the east, and peacefully spreading over the hated shore, gliding sometimes over beds of stone, sometimes over banks of clay, falls, by Kizlar, into the basin of the Caspian. There alone does it deign to bear boats upon its waters, and, like a labourer, turn the huge wheels of floating mills. On its right bank, among hillocks and thickets, are scattered the villages (aoule) of the Kabardinetzes, a tribe which we confound under one name with the Tcherkess, (Circassians,) who dwell beyond the Kouban, and with the Tchetchenetzes much lower by the sea. These villages on the bank are peaceful only in name, for in reality they are the haunts of brigands, who acknowledge the Russian government only as far as it suits their interest, capturing, as Russian subjects, from the mountaineers, the plunder they seize in the Russian frontier. Enjoying free passage on all sides, they inform those of the same religion and the same way of thinking, of the movement of our troops, and the condition of our fortresses; conceal them among themselves when they are assembling for an incursion, buy their plunder at their return, furnish them with Russian salt and powder, and not rarely take themselves a part, secret or open, in their forays. It is exceedingly irritating to see, even in full view of these mountaineers, nations hostile to us boldly swim over the Terek, two, three, or five men at a time, and in broad day set to work to rob; it being useless to pursue them, as their dress has nothing to distinguish them from the friendly tribes. On the opposite bank, though apparently quite peaceable, and employing this as their excuse, they fall, when in force, upon travellers, carry off cattle and men when off their guard, slaughter them without mercy, or sell them into slavery at a distance. To say the truth, their natural position, between two powerful neighbours, of necessity compels them to have recourse to these stratagems. Knowing that the Russians will not pass to the other side of the river to protect them from the revenge of the mountaineers, who melt away like snow at the approach of a strong force, they easily and habitually, as well as from inevitable circumstances, ally themselves to people of their own blood, while they affect to pay deference to the Russians, whom they fear.

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Indeed, there exists among them certain persons really devoted to the Russians, but the greater number will betray even their own countrymen for a bribe. In general, the morality of these peaceful allies of ours is completely corrupted; they have lost the courage of an independent people, and have acquired all the vices of half-civilization. Among them an oath is a jest; treachery, their glory; even hospitality, a trade. Each of them is ready to engage himself to the Russians in the morning, as a kounak (friend), and at night to guide a brigand to rob his new friend.

The left bank of the Terek is covered with flourishing stanitzas [21] of the Kazaks of the Line, the descendants of the famous Zaporozhetzes. Among them is here and there a Christian village. These Kazaks are distinguished from the mountaineers only by their unshaven heads: their tools, dress, harness, manners—all are of the mountains. They like the almost ceaseless war with the mountaineers; it is not a battle, but a trial of arms, in which each party desires to gain glory by his superiority in strength, valour, and address. Two Kazaks would not fear to encounter four mountain horsemen, and with equal numbers they are invariably victors. Lastly, they speak the Tartar language; they are connected with the mountaineers by friendship and alliance, their women being mutually carried off into captivity; but in the field they are inflexible enemies. As it is not forbidden to make incursions on the mountain side of the Terek, the brigands frequently betake themselves thither by swimming the river, for the chase of various kinds of game. The mountain brigands, in their turn, frequently swim over the Terek at night, or cross it on bourdouchs, (skins blown up,) hide themselves in the reeds, or under a projection of the bank, thence gliding through the thickets to the road, to carry off an unsuspecting traveller, or to seize a woman, as she is raking the hay. It sometimes happens that they will pass a day or two in the vineyards by the village, awaiting a favourable opportunity to fall upon it unexpectedly; and hence the Kazak of the Line never stirs over his threshold without his dagger, nor goes into the field without his gun at his back: he ploughs and sows completely armed.

[Footnote 21: Villages of Kazaks.]

For some time past, the mountaineers had fallen in considerable numbers only on Christian villages, for in the stanitzas the resistance had cost them very dear. For the plundering of houses; they approached boldly yet cunningly the Russian frontier, and on such occasions they frequently escaped a battle. The bravest Ouzdens desire to meet with these affairs that they may acquire fame, which they value even more than plunder.



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In the autumn of the year 1819, the Kabardinetzes and Tchetchenetzes, encouraged by the absence of the commander-in-chief, assembled to the number of 1500 men to make an attack upon one of the villages beyond the Terek, to seize it, carry off prisoners, and take the droves of horses. The leader of the Kabardinetzes was the Prince (Kniazek) Djenboulat. Ammalat Bek, who had arrived with a letter from Sultan Akhmet Khan, was received with delight. They did not, indeed, assign him the command of any division; but this arose from the circumstance that with them there is no order of battle or gradation of command; an active horse and individual courage secures the most distinguished place in action. At first they deliberate how best to begin the attack—how to repel the enemy; but afterwards they pay no attention to plan or order, and chance decides the affair. Having sent messengers to summon the neighbouring Ouzdens, Djemboulat fixed on a place of assembling; and immediately, on a signal agreed on, from every height spread the cry, “Gharai, gharai!” (alarm,) and in one hour the Tchetchenetzes and Kabardinetzes were assembling from all sides. To avoid treason, no one but the leader knew where the night-camp was to be, from which they were to cross the river. They were divided into small bands, and were to go by almost invisible paths to the peaceful village, where they were to conceal themselves till night. By twilight, all the divisions were already mustered. As they arrived, they were received by their countrymen with frank embraces; but Djemboulat, not trusting to this, guarded the village with sentinels, and proclaimed to the inhabitants, that whoever attempted to desert to the Russians should be cut in pieces. The greater part of the Ouzdens took up their quarters in the saklas of their kounaks or relations; but Djemboulat and Ammalat, with the best of the cavaliers, slept in the open air round a fire, when they had refreshed their jaded horses. Djemboulat, wrapped in his bourka, was considering, with folded arms, the plan of the expedition; but the thoughts of Ammalat were far from the battle-field: they were flying, eagle-winged, to the mountains of Avar, and bitterly, bitterly did he feel his separation. The sound of an instrument, the mountain balalaika, (kanous,) accompanying a slow air, recalled him from his reverie, and a Kabardinetz sung an ancient song.

“On Kazbek the clouds are meeting,  
like the mountain eagle-flock;  
up to them, along the rock,  
Dash the wild Ouzdens retreating;  
Onward faster, faster fleeting,  
Routed by the Russian brood.  
Foameth all their track with blood.”

“Fast behind the regiments yelling,  
Lance and bayonet raging hot,  
And the seed of death their shot.  
On the mail the sabre dwelling  
Gallop, steed! for far thy dwelling—

See! they fall—but distant still  
Is the forest of the hill!"



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“Russian shot our hearts is rending,  
Falls the Mullah on his knee,  
To the Lord of Light bows he,  
To the Prophet he is bending:  
Like a shaft his prayer ascending,  
Upward flies to Allah’s throne—  
Il-Allah! O save thine own!”

“Ah, despair!—What crash like thunder!  
Lo! a sign from heaven above!  
Lo! the forest seems to move  
Crashes, murmurs, bursts asunder!  
Lower, nearer, wonder! wonder!  
Safe once more the Moslem bold  
In their forest mountain-hold!”

“So it was in old times,” said Djemboulat, with a smile, “when our old men trusted more to prayer, and God oftener listened to them; but now, my friends, there is a better hope—your valour! *Our* omens are in the scabbards of our shooshkas, (sabres,) and we must show that we are not ashamed of them. Harkye, Ammalat,” he continued, twisting his mustache, “I will not conceal from you that the affair may be warm. I have just heard that Colonel K—— has collected his division; but where he is, or how many troops he has, nobody knows.”

“The more Russians there are the better,” replied Ammalat, quietly; “the fewer mistakes will be made.”

“And the heavier will be the plunder.”

“I care not for that. I seek revenge and glory.”

“Glory is a good bird, when she lays a golden egg; but he that returns with his toroks (straps behind the saddle) empty, is ashamed to appear before his wife. Winter is near, and we must provide our households at the expense of the Russians, that we may feast our friends and allies. Choose your station, Ammalat Bek. Do you prefer to advance in front to carry off the flocks, or will you remain with me in the rear? I and the Abreks will march at a foot’s pace to restrain the pursuers.”

“That is what I also intend. I will be where the greatest peril is. But what are the Abreks, Djemboulat?”

“It is not easy to explain. You sometimes see several of our boldest cavaliers take an oath, binding them for two or three years, or as long as they like, never to mingle in games or gayeties, never to spare their lives in battle, to give no quarter, never to



pardon the least offence in a brother or a friend, to seize the goods of others without fear or scruple—in a word, to be the foes of all mankind, strangers in their family, men whom any person may slay if he can; in the village they are dangerous neighbours, and in meeting them you must keep your hand on the trigger; but in war one can trust them.”  
[22]

“For what motive, or reason, can the Ouzdens make such an engagement?”

“Some simply to show their courage, others from poverty, a third class from some misfortune. See, for instance, yonder tall Kabardinetz; he has sworn to be an Abrek for five years, since his mistress died of the small-pox. Since that year it would be as well to make acquaintance with a tiger as with him. He has already been wounded three times for blood-vengeance; but he cares not for that.”



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“Strange custom! How will he return from the life of an Abrek to a peaceable existence?”

“What is there strange in this? The past glides from him as water from the wild-duck. His neighbours will be delighted when he has finished his term of brigandage. And he, after putting off Abretchestva (Abrekism) as a serpent sheds his skin, will become gentle as a lamb. Among us, none but the avenger of blood remembers yesterday. But the night is darkening. The mists are spreading over Terek. It is time for the work.”

Djemboulat whistled, and his whistle was repeated to all the outposts of the camp. In a moment the whole band was assembled. Several Ouzdens joined from the neighbouring friendly villages. After a short discussion as to the passage of the river, the band moved in silence to the bank. Ammalat Bek could not but admire the stillness, not only of the riders, but of their horses; not one of them neighed or snorted, and they seemed to place their feet on the ground with caution. They marched like a voiceless cloud, and soon they reached the bank of Terek, which, making a winding at this spot, formed a promontory, and from it to the opposite shore, extended a pebbly shoal. The water over this bank was shallow and fordable; nevertheless, a part of the detachment left the shore higher up, in order to swim past the Kazaks, and, diverting their attention from the principal passage, to cover the fording party. Those who had confidence in their horses, leaped unhesitatingly from the bank, while others tied to each fore-foot of their steeds a pair of small skins, inflated with air like bladders; the current bore them on, and each landed wherever he found a convenient spot. The impenetrable veil of mist concealed all these movements. It must be remarked, that along the whole line of the river is a chain of mayaks (watch-towers) and a cordon of sentinels: on all the hills and elevated spots are placed look-outs. On passing before them in the daytime, may be seen on each hillock a pole, surmounted with a small barrel. This is filled with pitch and straw, and is ready to be lighted on the first alarm. To this pole is generally tied a Kazak's horse, and by his side a sentinel. In the night, these sentinels are doubled; but in spite of the precautions, the Tcherkess, concealed by the fog, and clothed in their bourka, sometimes pass through the line in small bodies, as water glides through a sieve. The same thing happened on this occasion: perfectly acquainted with the country, the Belads, (guides) peaceable Tcherkess, led each party, and in profound silence avoided the hillocks.

[Footnote 22: This is exactly the Berserkir of the ancient Northmen. Examples of this frantic courage are not rare among the Asiatics.]



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In two places only had the brigands, to break through the line of watch-fires which might have betrayed them, resolved to kill the sentinels. Against one picket, Djemboulat proceeded himself, and he ordered another Bek to creep up the bank, pass round to the rear of the picket, count a hundred, and then to strike fire with a flint and steel several times. It was said and done. Just lifting his head above the edge of the bank, Djemboulat saw a Kazak slumbering with the match in his hand, and holding his horse by the bridle. As soon as the clicking struck his ear, the sentinel started, and turned an anxious look on the river. Fearing that the sentinel did not remark him, Djemboulat threw up his cap, and again crouched down behind the bank. "Accursed duck!" said the Donetz; "for this night is a carnival. They squatter away like the witches of Kieff." At this moment, the sparks appeared on the opposite side, and drew his attention: "'Tis the wolves," thought he: "sometimes their eyes glitter brightly!" But the sparks reappearing, he was stupefied, remembering stories that the Tchetchenetzes sometimes use this kind of signal to regulate the movements of their march. This moment of suspense and irresolution was the moment of his destruction; a dagger [23], directed by a strong arm, whistled through the air, and the Kazak, transfixed, fell without a groan to the earth. His comrade was sabred in his sleep, and the pole with the tub was torn down, and was thrown into the river. All then rapidly assembled at the given signal, and dashed in a moment on the village which they had determined to attack. The blow was successfully, that is, quite unexpectedly, struck. Such of the peasants as had time to arm, were killed after a desperate resistance: the others hid themselves or fled. Besides the plunder, a number of men and women was the reward of their boldness. The Kabardinetzes broke into the houses, carrying off all that was most valuable, indeed every thing that came to hand: but they did not set fire to the houses, nor did they tread down the corn, nor break the vines: "Why touch the gift of God, and the labour of man?" said they; and this rule of a mountain robber, who shrinks at no crime, is a virtue which the most civilized nations might envy. In an hour, all was over for the inhabitants, but not for the brigands. The alarm spread along the line, and the mayaks soon began to glimmer through the fog like the stars of morning, while the call to arms resounded in every direction. In this interval, a party of the more experienced among the brigands had gone round the troop of horses which was grazing far in the steppe. The herdsman was seized, and with cries, and firing their guns, they charged at the horses from the land side. The animals started, threw mane and tail into the air, and dashed headlong on the track of a Tcherkess mounted on a superb steed, who had remained on the bank of the river to guide the frightened herd. Like a



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skilful pilot, well acquainted, even in a fog, with all the dangers of the desert sea, the Tcherkess flew on before the horses, wound his way among the posts, and at last, having chosen a spot where the bank was most precipitous, leaped headlong into the Terek. The whole herd followed him: nothing could be seen but the foam that flew into the air. Daybreak appeared; the fog began to separate, and discovered a picture at once magnificent and terrible. The principal band of forayers dragged the prisoners after it—some were at the stirrup, others behind the saddle, with their arms tied at their backs. Tears, and groans, and cries of despair were stifled by the threats and frantic cries of joy of the victors. Loaded with plunder, impeded by the flocks and horned cattle, they advanced slowly towards the Terek. The princes and best cavaliers, in mail-coats and casques glittering like water, galloped around the dense mass, as lightning flashes round a livid cloud. In the distance, were galloping up from every point the Kazaks of the Line; they ambushed behind the shrubs and straggling oak-trees, and soon began an irregular fire with the brigands who were sent against them.

[Footnote 23: The Tartars and Circassians possess extraordinary dexterity in the use of their national weapon—the kinjal, or poniard. These are sometimes of great size and weight, and when thrown by a skilful hand, will fly a considerable distance, and with the most singular accuracy of aim.]

In the meantime, the foremost had driven across the river a portion of the flocks, when a cloud of dust, and the tramp of cavalry, announced the approaching storm. About six hundred mountaineers, commanded by Djemboulat and Ammalat, turned their horses to repulse the attack, and give time to the rest to escape by the river. Without order, but with wild cries and shouts, they dashed forward to meet the Kazaks; but not a single gun was taken from its belt, not a single shashka glimmered in the air: a Tcherkess waits till the last moment before he seizes his weapons. And thus, having galloped to the distance of twenty paces, they levelled their guns, fired at full speed, threw their fire-arms over their backs, [24] and drew their shashkas; but the Kazaks of the Line having replied with a volley, began to fly, and the mountaineers, heated by the chase, fell into a stratagem which they often employ themselves. The Kazaks had led them up to the chasseurs of the brave forty-third regiment, who were concealed at the edge of the forest. Suddenly, as if the little squares had started out of the earth, the bayonets were leveled, and the fire poured on them, taking them in flank. It was in vain that the mountaineers, dismounting from their horses, essayed to occupy the underwood, and attack the Russians from the rear; the artillery came up, and decided the affair. The experienced Colonel Kortsareff, the dread of the Tchetchenetz, the man whose bravery they feared, and whose honesty and disinterestedness



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they respected, directed the movements of the troops, and success could not be doubtful. The cannon dispersed the crowds of brigands, and their grape flew after the flying. The defeat was terrible; two guns, dashing at a gallop to the promontory, not far from which the Tcherkess were throwing themselves into the river, enfiladed the stream; with a rushing sound, the shot flew over the foaming waves, and at each fire some of the horses might be seen to turn over with their feet in the air, drowning their riders. It was sad to see how the wounded clutched at the tails and bridles of the horses of their companions, sinking them without saving themselves—how the exhausted struggled against the scarpd bank, endeavouring to clamber up, fell back, and were borne away and engulfed by the furious current. The corpses of the slain were whirled away, mingled with the dying and streaks of blood curled and writhed like serpents on the foam. The smoke floated far along the Terek, far in the distance, and the snowy peaks of Caucasus, crowned with mist, bounded the field of battle. Djemboulat and Ammalat Bek fought desperately—twenty times did they rush to the attack, twenty times were they repulsed; wearied, but not conquered, with a hundred brigands they swam the river, dismounted, attached their horses to each other by the bridle, and began a warm fire from the other side of the river, to cover their surviving comrades. Intent upon this, they remarked, too late, that the Kazaks were passing the river above them; with a shout of joy, the Russians leaped upon the bank, and surrounded them in a moment. Their fate was inevitable. “Well, Djemboulat,” said the Bek to the Kabardinetz, “our lot is finished. Do you what you will; but for me, I will not render myself a prisoner alive. ’Tis better to die by a ball than by a shameful cord!” “Do you think,” answered Djemboulat, “that my arms were made for a chain! Allah keep me from such a blot: the Russians may take my body, but not my soul. Never, never! Brethren, comrades!” he cried to the others; “fortune has betrayed us, but the steel will not. Let us sell our lives dearly to the Giaour. The victor is not he who keeps the field, but he who has the glory; and the glory is his who prefers death to slavery!” “Let us die, let us die; but let us die gloriously,” cried all, piercing with their daggers the sides of their horses, that the enemy might not take them, and then piling up the dead bodies of their steeds, they lay down behind the heap, preparing to meet the attack with lead and steel. Well aware of the obstinate resistance they were about to encounter, the Kazaks stopped, and made ready for the charge. The shot from the opposite bank sometimes fell in the midst of the brave mountaineers, sometimes a grenade exploded, covering them with earth and fragments; but they showed no confusion, they started not, nor blenched; and, after the custom of their country, began to sing, with a melancholy, yet threatening voice, the death-song, replying alternately stanza for stanza.



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[Footnote 24: The oriental nations carry their guns at their backs, supported by a strap passing across the breast.]

### DEATH-SONG.

CHORUS.

“Fame to us, death to you,  
Alla-ha, Alla-hu!!”

SEMICHORUS.

“Weep, O ye maidens, on mountain and valley, Lift the dirge for the sons of the brave;  
We have fired our last bullet, have made our last rally, And Caucasus gives us a grave.  
Here the soft pipe no more shall invite us to slumber —The thunder *our* lullaby sings;  
Our eyes not the maiden’s dark tresses shall cumber, *Them* the raven shall shade with  
his wings! Forget, O my children, your father’s stern duty— No more shall he bring ye  
the Muscovite booty!”

SECOND SEMICHORUS.

“Weep not, O ye maidens; your sisters in splendour,  
The Houris, they bend from the sky,  
They fix on the brave their sun-glance deep and tender,  
And to Paradise bear him on high!  
In your feast-cup, my brethren, forget not our story;  
The death of the Free is the noblest of glory!”

FIRST SEMICHORUS.

“Roar, winter torrent, and sullenly dash!  
But where is the brave one—the swift lightning-flash?  
Soft star of my soul, my mother,  
Sleep, the fire let ashes smother;  
Gaze no more, shine eyes are weary,  
Sit not by the threshold stone;  
Gaze not through the night-fog dreary,  
Eat thine evening meal alone,  
Seek him not, O mother, weeping,  
By the cliff and by the ford:  
On a bed of dust he’s sleeping—  
Broken is both heart and sword!”

SECOND SEMICHORUS.



“Mother, weep not! with thy love burning:  
This heart of mine beats full and free,  
And to lion-blood is turning  
That soft milks I drew from thee;  
And our liberty from danger  
Thy brave son has guarded well;  
Battling with the Christian stranger,  
Call’d by Azrael, he fell;  
From my blood fresh odours breathing  
Fadeless flowers shall drink the dew;  
To my children fame bequeathing,  
Brethren, and revenge to you!”

CHORUS.

“Pray, my brethren, ere we part;  
Clutch the steel with hate and wrath!  
Break it in the Russian’s heart—  
O’er corpses lies the brave man’s path!  
Fame to us, death to you,  
Alla-ha, Alla-hu!”

Struck by a certain involuntary awe, the Chasseurs and Kazaks listened in silence to the stern sounds of this song; but at last a loud *hurrah* [25] resounded from both sides. The Teherkess, with a shout, fired their guns for the last time, and breaking them against the stones, they threw themselves, dagger in hand, upon the Russians. The Abreks, in order that their line might not be broken, bound themselves to each other with their girdles, and hurled themselves



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into the melee. Quarter was neither asked nor given: all fell before the bayonets of the Russians. "Forward! follow me, Ammalat Bek," cried Djemboulat, with fury, rushing into the combat which was to be his last—"Forward! for us death is liberty." But Anmalat heard not his call; a blow from a musket on the back of the head stretched him on the earth, already sown with corpses, and covered with blood.

[Footnote 25: "Hurrah" means *strike* in the Tartar language.]

### CHAPTER. V.

#### LETTER FROM COLONEL VERHOFFSKY TO HIS BETROTHED.

*From Derbend to Smolensk. October, 1819.*

Two months—how easy to say it!—two centuries have past, dearest Maria, while your letter was *creeping* to me. Twice has the moon made her journey round the earth. You cannot imagine, dearest, how dreary is this idle objectless life to me; with nothing to employ me—not even correspondence. I go out, I meet the *Kazak* [26] with a secret trembling of heart: with what joy, with what extacy do I kiss the lines traced by a pure hand, inspired by a pure heart—yours, my Maria! With a greedy rapture my eyes devour the letter: then I am happy—I am wild with joy. But hardly have I reclosed it when unquiet thoughts again begin to haunt me. "All this is well," I think; "but all this is past, and I desire to know the present. Is she well? Does she love me yet? Oh! will the happy time come soon—soon—when neither time nor distance can divide us? When the expression of our love will be no longer chilled by the cold medium of the post!" Pardon, pardon, dearest, these black thoughts of absence. When heart is—with heart, the lover trusts in all; in separation he doubts all. You command—for such to me is your wish—that I should describe my life to you, day by day, hour by hour. Oh, what sad and tiresome annals mine would be, were I to obey you! You know well, traitress, that I live not without you. My existence—'tis but the trace of a shadow on the desert sand. My duty alone, which wearies at least, if it cannot amuse me, helps me to get rid of the time. Thrown in a climate ruinous to health, in society which stifles the soul, I cannot find among my companions a single person who can sympathise with me. Nor do I find among the Asiatics any who can understand my thoughts. All that surrounds me is either so savage or so limited, that it excites sadness and discontent. Sooner will you obtain fire by striking ice on stone, than interest from such an existence. But your wish to me is sacred; and I will present you, in brief, with my last week. It was more varied than usual.

[Footnote 26: The Kazaks are employed in the Russian army frequently as couriers.]



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I have told you in one of my letters, if I remember, that we are returning from the campaign of Akoush, with the commander-in-chief. We have done our work; Shah Ali Khan has fled into Persia; we have burned a number of villages, hay, and corn; and we have eaten the sheep of the rebels, when we were hungry. When the snow had driven the insurgents from their mountain-fastnesses, they yielded and presented hostages. We then marched to the Fort of Bournaya, [27] and from this station our detachment was ordered into winter quarters. Of this division my regiment forms a part, and our head-quarters are at Derbend.

[Footnote 27: Stormy.]

The other day, the general, who was about to depart on another campaign on the Line, came to take leave of us, and thus there was a larger company than usual to meet our adored commander. Alexei Petrovitch came from his tent, to join us at tea. Who is not acquainted with his face, from the portraits? But they cannot be said to know Yermoloff at all, who judge of him only by a lifeless image. Never was there a face gifted with such nobility of expression as his! Gazing on those features, chiselled in the noble outline of the antique, you are involuntarily carried back to the times of Roman grandeur. The poet was in the right, when he said of him:—

“On the Kouban—fly, Tartar fleet!  
The avenger’s falchion gleameth;  
His breath—the grapeshot’s iron sleet,  
His voice—the thunder seemeth!  
Around his forehead stern and pale  
The fates of war are playing....  
He looks—and victory doth quail,  
That gesture proud obeying!”

You should witness his coolness in the hour of battle—you should admire him at a conference: at one time overwhelming the Teberkess with the flowing orientalisms of the Asiatic, at another embarrassing their artifices with a single remark. In vain do they conceal their thoughts in the most secret folds of their hearts; his eye follows them, disentangles and unrolls them like worms, and guesses twenty years beforehand their deeds and their intentions. Then, again, to see him talking frankly and like a friend with his brave soldiers, or passing with dignity round the circle of the tchinobniks [28] sent from the capital into Georgia. It is curious to observe how all those whose conscience is not pure, tremble, blush, turn pale, when he fixes on them his slow and penetrating glance; you seem to see the roubles of past bribes gliding before the eyes of the guilty man, and his villanies come rushing on his memory. You see the pictures of arrest, trial, judgment, sentence, and punishment, his imagination paints, anticipating the future. No man knows so well how to distinguish merit by a single glance, a single smile—to reward gallantry with a word, coming *from*, and going *to*, the heart. God grant us many years to serve with such a commander!

[Footnote 28: Literally, a person possessing rank, used here to signify an *employe* of Government in a civil capacity—all of whom possess some definite precedence or class (tchin) in the state. ]



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But if it be thus interesting to observe him on duty, how delightful to associate with him in society—a society to which every one distinguished for rank, bravery, or intellect, has free access: *here* rank is forgotten, formality is banished; every one talks and acts as he pleases, simply because those only who think and act as they *ought*, form the society. Alexei Petrovitch jokes with all like a comrade, and at the same time teaches like a father. As usual, during tea, one of his adjutants read aloud; it was the account of Napoleon's Campaign in Italy—that poem of the Art of War, as the commander-in-chief called it. The company, of course, expressed their wonder, their admiration, their different opinions and criticisms. The remarks of Alexei Petrovitch were lucid, and of admirable truth.

Then began our gymnastic sports, leaping, running, leaping over the fire, and trials of strength of various kinds. The evening and the view were both magnificent: the camp was pitched on the side of Tarki; over it hangs the fortress of Bournaya, behind which the sun was sinking. Sheltered by a cliff was the house of the Shamkhal, then the town on a steep declivity, surrounded by the camp, and to the east the immeasurable steppe of the Caspian sea. Tartar Beks, Circassian Princes, Kazaks from the various rivers of gigantic Russia, hostages from different mountains, mingled with the officers. Uniforms, tchoukhas, coats of chain-mail, were picturesquely mingled; singing and music rang through the camp, and the soldiers, with their caps jauntily cocked on one side, were walking in crowds at a distance. The scene was delightful; it charmed by its picturesque variety and the force and freshness of military life. Captain Bekovitch was boasting that he could strike off the head of a buffalo with one blow of a kinjal; [29] and two of those clumsy animals were immediately brought.

[Footnote 29: It is absurd to observe the incredulity of Europeans as to the possibility of cutting off a head with the kinjal: it is necessary to live only one week in the East to be quite convinced of the possibility of the feat. In a practiced hand the kinjal is a substitute for the hatchet, the bayonet, and the sabre.]

Bets were laid; all were disputing and doubting. The Captain, with a smile, seized with his left hand a huge dagger, and in an instant an immense head fell at the feet of the astonished spectators, whose surprise was instantly succeeded by a desire to do the same: they hacked and hewed, but all in vain. Many of the strongest men among the Russians and Asiatics made unsuccessful attempts to perform the feat, but to do this strength alone was not sufficient. "You are children—children!" cried the commander-in-chief: and he rose from table, calling for his sword—a blade which never struck twice, as he told us. An immense heavy sabre was brought him, and Alexei Petrovitch, though confident in his strength, yet, like Ulysses



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in the Odyssey, anointing the bow which no one else could bend, first felt the edge, waved the weapon thrice in the air, and at length addressed himself to the feat. The betters had hardly time to strike hands when the buffalo's head bounded at their feet on the earth. So swift and sure was the blow, that the trunk stood for some instants on its legs, and then gently, softly, sank down. A cry of astonishment arose from all: Alexei Petrovitch quietly looked whether his sabre was notched—for the weapon had cost him many thousands [of roubles], and presented it as a keepsake to Captain Bekovitch.

We were still whispering among ourselves when there appeared before the commander-in-chief an officer of the Kazaks of the Line, with a message from Colonel Kortsareff, who was stationed on the frontier. When he had received the report, the countenance of Alexei Petrovitch brightened—"Kortsareff has gloriously trounced the mountaineers!" said he. "These rascals have made a plundering expedition beyond the Terek; they have passed far within the Line, and have plundered a village—but they have lost not only the cattle they had taken, but fallen a sacrifice to their own foolhardiness." Having minutely questioned Yesoual respecting the details of the affair, he ordered the prisoners whom they had taken, wounded or recovering, to be brought before him. Five were led into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

A cloud passed over his countenance as he beheld them; his brow contracted, his eyes sparkled. "Villains!" said he to the Ouzdens; "you have thrice sworn not to plunder; and thrice have you broken your oath. What is it that you seek? Lands? Flocks? Means to defend the one or the other? But no! you are willing to accept presents from the Russians as allies, and at the same time to guide the Tcherkess to plunder our villages, and to plunder along with them. Hang them!" said he sternly; "hang them up by their own thievish arkaus (girdles)! Let them draw lots: the fourth shall be spared—let him go and tell his countrymen that I am coming to teach them to keep faith, and keep the peace, as I will have it."

The Ouzdens were conducted away.

There remained one Tartar bek, whom we had not remarked. This was a young man of twenty-five, of unusual beauty, graceful as the Belvidere Apollo. He bowed slightly to the commander-in-chief as he approached him, raised his cap, and again resumed his proud indifferent expression; unshaken resignation to his fate was written on his features.

The commander-in-chief fixed his stern eye upon his face, but the young man neither changed countenance nor quivered an eyelash.

"Ammalat Bek," said Alexei Petrovitch, after a pause, "do you remember that you are a Russian subject? that the Russian laws are above you?"

“It would have been impossible to forget that,” replied the Bek: “if I had found in those laws a protection for my rights, I should not now stand before you a prisoner.”



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“Ungrateful boy!” cried the commander-in-chief; “your father—you yourself, have been the enemy of the Russians. Had it been during the Persian domination of your race, not even the ashes would have remained; but our Emperor was generous, and instead of punishing you he gave you lands. And how did you repay his kindness? By secret plot and open revolt! This is not all: you received and sheltered in your house a sworn foe to Russia; you permitted him, before your eyes, traitorously to slaughter a Russian officer. In spite of all this, had you brought me a submissive head, I would have pardoned you, on account of your youth and the customs of your nation. But you fled to the mountains, and with Suleiman Akhmet Khan you committed violence within the Russian bounds; you were beaten, and again you make an incursion with Djemboulat. You cannot but know what fate awaits you.”

“I do,” coldly answered Ammalat Bek: “I shall be shot.”

“No! a bullet is too honourable a death for a brigand,” cried the angry general: “a cart with the shafts turned up—a cord round your neck—that is the fitting reward.”

“It is all one how a man dies,” replied Ammalat, “provided he dies speedily. I ask one favour: do not let me be tormented with a trial: that is thrice death.”

“Thou deservest a hundred deaths, audacious! but I promise you. Be it so: to-morrow thou shalt die. Assemble a court-martial,” continued the commander-in-chief, turning to his staff: “the fact is clear, the proof is before your eyes, and let all be finished at one sitting, before my departure.”

He waved his hand, and the condemned prisoner was removed.

The fate of this fine young man touched us all. Every body was whispering about him; every body pitying him; the more, that there appeared no means of saving him. Every one knew well the necessity of punishing this double treason, and the inflexibility of Alexei Petrovitch in matters of this publicity: and, therefore, no one dared to intercede for the unfortunate culprit. The commander-in-chief was unusually thoughtful for the remainder of the evening, and the party separated early. I determined to speak a word for him—“Perhaps,” I thought, “I may obtain some commutation of the sentence.” I opened one of the curtains of the tent, and advanced softly into the presence of Alexei Petrovitch. He was sitting alone, resting both arms on a table; before him lay a despatch for the Emperor, half finished, and which he was writing without any previous copy. Alexei Petrovitch knew me as an officer of the suite, and we had been acquainted since the battle of Kulm. At that time he had been very kind to me, and therefore my visit was not surprising to him. “I see—I see, Evstafii Ivanovitch, you have a design upon my heart! In general you come in as if you were marching up to a battery, but now you hardly walk on tip-toe. This is not for nothing. I am sure you are come with a request about Ammalat.”



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“You have guessed it,” said I to Alexei Petrovitch, not knowing how to begin.

“Sit down, then, and let us talk it over,” he replied. Then, after a silence of a couple of minutes, he continued, kindly, “I know that a report goes about respecting me, that I treat the lives of men as a plaything—their blood as water. The most cruel tyrants have hidden their bloodthirstiness under a mask of benevolence. They feared a reputation for cruelty, though they feared not to commit deeds of cruelty; but I—I have intentionally clothed myself with this sort of character, and purposely dressed my name in terror. I desire, and it is my duty to desire, that my name should protect our frontier more effectually than lines and fortresses—that a single word of mine should be, to the Asiatics, more certain, more inevitable, than death. The European may be reasoned with: he is influenced by conscience, touched by kindness, attached by pardon, won by benefits; but to the Asiatic all this is an infallible proof of weakness; and to him I—even from motives of philanthropy—have shown myself unmitigably severe. A single execution preserves a hundred Russians from destruction, and deters a thousand Mussulmans from treason. Evstafii Ivanovitch, many will not believe my words, because each conceals the cruelty of his nature, and his secret revengefulness, under excuses of necessity—each says, with a pretence of feeling, ‘Really I wish from my heart to pardon, but he judges yourselves—can I? What, after this, are laws—what is the general welfare?’ All this I never say; in my eyes no tear is seen when I sign a sentence of death: but my heart bleeds.”

Alexei Petrovitch was touched; he walked agitatedly several times up and down the tent; then seated himself, and continued—“Never, in spite of all this, never has it been so difficult to me to punish as this day. He who, like me, has lived much among the Asiatics, ceases to trust in Lavater, and places no more confidence in a handsome face than in a letter of recommendation; but the look, the expression, the demeanour of this Ammalat, have produced on me an unusual impression. I am sorry for him.”

“A generous heart,” said I, “is a better oracle than reason.”

“The heart of a conscientious man, my dear friend, ought to be under the command of reason. I certainly *can* pardon Ammalat, but I *ought* to punish him. Daghestan is still filled with the enemies of Russia, notwithstanding their assurances of submission; even Tarki is ready to revolt at the first movement in the mountains: we must rivet their chains by punishment, and show the Tartars that no birth can screen the guilty—that all are equal in the sight of the Russian law. If I pardon Ammalat, all his relations will begin to boast that Yermoloff is afraid of the Shamkhal.” I remarked, that indulgence shown to so extensive a clan would have a good effect on the country—in particular the Shamkhal.



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“The Shamkhal is an Asiatic,” interrupted Alexei Petrovitch; “he would be delighted that this heir to the Shamkhalat should be sent to the Elysian fields. Besides, I care very little to guess or gratify the wishes of his kinsmen.”

I saw that the commander-in-chief began to waver, and I urged him more pressingly. “Let me serve for three years,” said I; “do not give me leave of absence this year—only have mercy on this young man. He is young, and Russia may find in him a faithful servant. Generosity is never thrown away.”

Alexei Petrovitch shook his head.

“I have made many ungrateful,” said he, “already; but be it so. I pardon him, and not by halves—that is not my way. I thank you for having helped me to be merciful, not to say weak. Only remember my words: You wish to take him to yourself—do not trust him; do not warm a serpent in your bosom.”

I was so delighted with my success, that, hastily quitting the commander-in-chief, I ran to the tent in which Ammalat Bek was confined. Three sentinels were guarding him; a lantern was burning in the midst. I entered; the prisoner was lying wrapped up in his bourka, and tears were sparkling on his face. He did not hear my entrance, so profoundly was he buried in thought. To whom is it pleasant to part with life? I was rejoiced that I brought comfort to him at so melancholy a moment.

“Ammalat,” said I, “Allah is great, and the Sardar is merciful; he has granted you your life!”

The delighted prisoner started up, and endeavoured to reply, but the breath was stifled in his breast. Immediately, however, a shade of gloom covered his features. “Life!” he exclaimed; “I understand this generosity! To consign a man to a breathless dungeon, without light or air—to send him to eternal winter, to a night never illumined by a star—to bury him alive in the bowels of the earth—to take from him not only the power to act, not only the means of life, but even the privilege of telling his kinsmen of his sad lot—to deny him not only the right to complain, but even the power of murmuring his sorrow to the wind. And this you call life! this unceasing torment you boast of as rare generosity! Tell the General that I want not—that I scorn—such a life.”

“You are mistaken, Ammalat,” I cried; “you are fully pardoned: remain what you were, the master of your actions and possessions. There is your sword. The commander-in-chief is sure that in future you will unsheathe it only for the Russians. I offer you one condition; come and live with me till the report of your actions has died away. You shall be to be as a friend, as a brother.”

This struck the Asiatic. Tears shone in his eyes. “The Russians have conquered me,” he said: “pardon me, colonel, that I thought ill of all of you. From henceforth I am a



faithful servant of the Russian Tsar—a faithful friend to the Russians, soul and sword. My sword, my sword!” he cried, gazing fixedly on his costly blade; “let these tears wash from thee the Russian blood and the Tartar *naphtha*! [30] When and how can I reward you, with my service, for liberty and life?”



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[Footnote 30: The Tartars, to preserve their weapons, and to produce a black colour on them, smoke the metal, and then rub it with naphtha.]

I am sure, my dear Maria, that you will keep me, for this, one of your sweetest kisses. Ever, ever, when feeling or acting generously, I console myself with the thought, "My Maria will praise me for this!" But when is this to happen, my darling? Fate is but a stepmother to us. Your mourning is prolonged, and the commander-in-chief has decidedly refused me leave of absence; nor am I much displeased, annoying as it is: my regiment is in a bad state of discipline—indeed, as bad as can be imagined; besides, I am charged with the construction of new barracks and the colonization of a married company. If I were absent for a month, every thing would go wrong. If I remain, what a sacrifice of my heart!

Here we have been at Derbend three days. Ammalat lives with me: he is silent, sad, and savage; but his fear is interesting, nevertheless. He speaks Russian very well, and I have commenced teaching him to read and write. His intelligence is unusually great. In time, I hope to make him a most charming Tartar. (*The conclusion of the letter has no reference to our story.*)

Fragment of another letter from Colonel Verhoffskey to his *fiancee*, written six months after the preceding.

From Derbend to Smolensk.

Your favourite Ammalat, my dearest Maria, will soon be quite Russianized. The Tartar Beks, in general, think the first step of civilization consists in the use of the unlawful wine and pork. I, on the contrary, have begun by re-educating the mind of Ammalat. I show him, I prove to him, what is bad in the customs of his nation, and what is good in those of ours; I explain to him universal and eternal truths. I read with him, I accustom him to write, and I remark with pleasure that he takes the deepest interest in composition. I may say, indeed, that he is passionately fond of it; for with him every wish, every desire, every caprice, is a passion—an ardent and impatient passion. It is difficult for a European to imagine, and still more difficult to understand, the inflammability of the unruly, or rather unbridled, passions of an Asiatic, with whom the will alone has been, since childhood, the only limit to his desires. Our passions are like domestic animals; or, if they are wild beasts, they are tamed, and taught to dance upon the rope of the "conveniences," with a ring through their nostrils and their claws cut: in the East they are free as the lion and the tiger.

It is curious to observe, on the countenance of Ammalat, the blush with which his features are covered at the least contradiction; the fire with which he is filled at any dispute; but as soon as he finds that he is in the wrong, he turns pale, and seems ready to weep. "I am in the wrong," says he; "pardon me: takhsirumdam ghitch, (blot out my fault;) forget that I am wrong, and that you have pardoned



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me.” He has a good heart, but a heart always ready to be set on fire, either by a ray of the sun or by a spark of hell. Nature has gifted him with all that is necessary to render him a man, as well in his moral as physical constitution; but national prejudices, and the want of education, have done all that is possible to disfigure and to corrupt these natural qualities. His mind is a mixture of all sorts of inconsistencies, of the most absurd ideas, and of the soundest thoughts: sometimes he seizes instantly abstract propositions when they are presented to him in a simple form, and again he will obstinately oppose the plainest and most evident truths: because the former are quite new to him, and the latter are obscured by previous prejudices and impressions. I begin to fancy that it is easier to build a new edifice than to reconstruct an old one.

But how happens it that Ammalat is melancholy and absent? He makes great progress in every thing that does not require an attentive and continuous reflection, and a gradual development; but when the matter involves remote consequences, his mind resembles a short fire-arm, which sends its charge quickly, direct, and strongly, but not to any distance. Is this a defect of his mind? or is it that his attention is entirely occupied with something else? ... For a man of twenty-three, however, it is easy to imagine the cause. Sometimes he appears to be listening attentively to what I am telling him; but when I ask for his answer, he seems all abroad. Sometimes I find the tears flowing from his eyes: I address him—he neither hears nor sees me. Last night he was restless in his sleep, and I heard the word “seltanet—seltanet,” (power, power,) frequently escape him. Is it possible that the love of power can so torment a young heart? No, no! another passion agitates, troubles the soul of Ammalat. Is it for me to doubt of the symptoms of love’s divine disease? He is in love—he is passionately in love; but with whom? Oh, I will know! Friendship is as curious as a woman.

### **OCCUPATION OF ADEN.**

“It is only by a naval power,” says Gibbon, “that the reduction of Yemen can be successfully attempted”—a remark, by the way, which more than one of the ancients had made before him. All the comparatively fertile districts in the south of Arabia, in fact, are even more completely insulated by the deserts and barren mountains of the interior on one side, than by the sea on the other—inasmuch as easier access would be gained by an invader, even by the dangerous and difficult navigation of the Red Sea, than by a march through a region where the means of subsistence do not exist, and where the Bedoweens, by choking or concealing the wells, might in a moment cut off even the scanty supply of water which the country affords. This mode of passive resistance was well understood and practised by them as early as the time of AELIUS Gallus, the first Roman general who conceived the hope of rifling the virgin treasures popularly believed to be buried in the inaccessible hoards of the princes of Arabia,

whose realms were long looked upon—perhaps on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*—as a sort of indefinite and mysterious El Dorado. [31]



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[Footnote 31: “Intactis opulentior thesauris Arabum.” —*Horat. Od. iii. 24.* Pliny (*Hist. Nat. vi. 32*) more soberly endeavours to prove the enormous accumulation of wealth which must have taken place in Arabia, from the constant influx of the precious metals for the purchase of their spices and other commodities, while they bought none of the productions of other countries in return.]

These golden dreams speedily vanished as the country became more extensively known: and though the Arab tribes of the desert between Syria and the Euphrates acknowledged a nominal subjection to Rome, the intercourse of the Imperial City with Yemen, or Arabia Felix, was confined to the trade which was carried on over the Red Sea from Egypt, and which became the channel through which not only the spices of Arabia, but the rich products of India, and even the slaves [32] and ivory of Eastern Africa, were supplied to the markets of Italy. At the present day, almost the whole of the south coast of Arabia fronting the Indian Ocean, nearly from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, as well as the eastern coast of Africa, from Cape Guardafui to the entrance of the Mozambique Channel a seaboard approaching 4000 miles in length—is more or less subject to the Sultan of Muscat, [33] a prince whose power is almost wholly maritime, and whose dominions nowhere extend more than thirty or forty miles inland: while our own recent acquisition of Aden, a detached point with which our communication can be maintained only by restraining the command of the sea, has for the first time given an European power (excepting the Turks, whose possessions in Arabia always depended on Egypt) a *locus standi* on the shores of Yemen.

[Footnote 32: This part of Africa is noticed by Arrian as famous for the excellent quality of the slaves brought from [Greek: ta doulichia chreissota], and it still retains its pre-eminence. The tribes in this quarter are far superior both in personal appearance and intellect to the negroes of Guinea.]

[Footnote 33: We have seen it somewhere stated that the Sultan has also attempted, by means of his navy, to exercise authority on the shores of Beloochistan; which would bring him into contact with our own outposts at Soumeeani, &c., near the mouth of the Indus.]

The process by which we obtained this footing in Arabia was strictly in accordance with the maxims of policy adopted by the then rulers of British India, and which they were at the same time engaged in carrying out, on a far more extended scale, in Affghanistan. In both cases—perhaps from a benevolent anxiety to accommodate our diplomacy to the primitive ideas of those with whom we had to deal—



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“the good old rule Sufficeth them, the simple plan That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can”—

was assumed as the basis of our proceedings: and though the brilliant success which for a time attended our philanthropic exertions in the cause of good order and civilization beyond the Indus, so completely threw into the shade the minor glories of Aden, that this latter achievement attracted scarcely any public attention at the time of its occurrence, its merits are quite sufficient to entitle it to a more detailed notice than it has hitherto received in the pages of *Maga*. Nor can a more opportune juncture be found than the present, when the late events in Cabul have apparently had a marvellous effect in opening the eyes of our statesmen, both in India and England, to the moral and political delinquency of the system we have so long pursued—of taking the previous owner’s consent for granted, whenever it suited our views to possess ourselves of a fortress, island, or tract of territory, belonging to any nation not sufficiently civilized to have had representatives at the Congress of Vienna. Whether our repentance is to be carried the length of universal restitution, remains to be seen; if so, it is to be hoped that the circumstances of the capture of Aden will be duly borne in mind. But before we proceed to detail the steps by which the British colours came to be hoisted at this remote angle of Arabia, it will be well to give some account of the place itself and its previous history; since we suspect that the majority of newspaper politicians, unless the intelligence of its capture chanced to catch their eye in the columns of the *Times*, are to this day ignorant that such a fortress is numbered among the possessions of the British crown.

The harbour of Aden, then, lies on the south coast of Yemen, as nearly as possible in 12 45’ N. latitude, and 45 10’ E. longitude; somewhat more than 100 miles east of Cape Bab-el-Mandeb, at the entrance of the Red Sea; and about 150 miles by sea, or 120 by land, from Mokha, [34] the nearest port within the Straits. The town was built on the eastern side of a high rocky peninsula, about four miles in length from E. to W., by two miles and a half N. and S.—which was probably, at no very remote period, an island, but is now joined to the mainland by a long low sandy isthmus, [35] on each side of which, to the east and west, a harbour is formed between the peninsula and the mainland. The East Bay, immediately opposite the town, though of comparatively small extent, is protected by the rocky islet of Seerah, rising seaward to the height of from 400 to 600 feet, and affords excellent anchorage at all times, except during the north-east monsoon: but the Western or Black Bay, completely landlocked and sheltered in great part of its extent by the high ground of its peninsula, (which rises to an elevation of nearly 1800 feet,) runs up inland a distance of

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seven miles from the headland of Jibel-Hassan, (which protects its mouth on the west,) to the junction of the isthmus with the main, and presents at all times a secure and magnificent harbour, four miles wide at the entrance, and perfectly free from rocks, shoals, and all impediments to ingress or egress. Such are the natural advantages of Aden: and “whoever”—says Wellsted—“might have been the founder, the site was happily selected, and well calculated by its imposing appearance not only to display the splendour of its edifices, but also, uniting strength with ornament, to sustain the character which it subsequently bore, as the port and bulwark of Arabia Felix.”

[Footnote 35: This isthmus is said by Lieutenant Wellsted to be “about 200 yards in breadth:” perhaps a misprint for 1200, as a writer in the *United Service Journal*, May 1840, calls it 1350 yards; and, according to the plan in the papers laid before Parliament, it would appear to be rather more than half a mile at the narrowest part, where it is crossed by the Turkish wall.]

From the almost impregnable strength of its situation, and the excellence of its harbour, which affords almost the only secure shelter for shipping near the junction of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, Aden has been, both in ancient and modern times, a place of note and importance as a central point for the commerce carried on with the East by way of Egypt. It was known to the ancients as the Arabian emporium, and Abulfeda, in the fourteenth century, describes it, in his *Geography*, as “a city on the sea-shore, within the district of Abiyan; with a safe and capacious port, much frequented by ships from India and China, and by merchants and men of wealth, not only from those countries, but from Abyssinia, the Hedjaz, &c.,” adding, however, “that it is dry and burnt up by the sun, and so totally destitute of pasture and water, that one of the gates is named Bab-el-Sakiyyin, or *Gate of the Water-carriers*, for fresh water must be brought from a distance.” In somewhat later times, when the Portuguese began to effect settlements on the coasts of Guzerat and Malabar, and to attack the Mohammedan commerce in the Indian Seas, the port of Aden (when, with the rest of Yemen, then paid a nominal allegiance to the Egyptian monarchy) became the principal rendezvous for the armaments equipped by the Circassian Sultans of Cairo in the Red Sea, in aid of their Moslem brethren, then oppressed by those whom the Sheikh Zein-ed-deen emphatically denounces as “a race of unclean Frank interlopers—may the curse of Allah rest upon them and all infidels!” It was, in consequence, more than once attacked by the famous Alboquerque, (who, in 1513, lost 2000 men before it,) and his successor Lope Soarez, but the Portuguese never succeeded in occupying it; and the Mamluke empire was overthrown, in 1517, by the arms of the Ottoman Sultan, Selim I. The new masters of Egypt, however, speedily adopted the policy of the



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rulers whom they had supplanted; and not contented with the limited *suzerainte* over the Arab chiefs of Yemen, exercised by the Circassian monarchs, determined on bringing that country under the direct control of the Porte, as a *point d'appui* for the operations to be undertaken in the Indian Ocean. With this view, the eunuch, Soliman-Pasha, who was sent in command of a formidable squadron from Suez, in 1538, to attempt the recapture of Dui, [36] in Guzerat, from the Portuguese, received instructions to make himself in the first place master of Aden, to the possession of which the Turks might reasonable lay claim as a dependency of their newly-acquired realm of Egypt; the seizure, however, was effected by means of base treachery. The prince, Sheikh-Amer, of the race of the Beni-Teher, was summoned on board the admiral's galley, and accepted the invitation without suspicion; but he was instantly placed in confinement, and shortly afterwards publicly hanged at the yard-arm; while the Pasha, landing his troops, took possession of Aden in the name of Soliman the Magnificent. It was not, however, till 1568, that the final reduction of Yemen was accomplished, when Aden and other towns, which had fallen into the hands of an Arab chief named Moutaher, were recaptured by a powerful army sent from Egypt; the whole province was formally divided into sandjaks or districts, and the seat of the beglerbeg, or supreme pasha, fixed at Sana.

[Footnote 36: The warfare of the Ottomans in India is a curious episode in their history, which has attracted but little notice from European writers. The Soliman-Pasha above mentioned (called by the Indian historians Soliman-Khan *Roomi*, or the Turk, and by the Portuguese Solimanus Peloponnesiacus) bore a distinguished part in those affairs; but this expedition against Diu was the last in which he was engaged. The kingdom of Guzerat was, at that time, in great confusion after the death of its king, Bahadur Shah, who had been treacherously killed in an affray with the Portuguese in 1536; and it would appear probable that the Turks, if they had succeeded against Diu, meditated taking possession of the country.]

The domination of the Turks in Yemen did not continue much more than sixty years after this latter epoch; the constant revolts of the Arab tribes, and the feuds of the Turkish military chiefs, whose distance from the seat of government placed them beyond the control of the Porte, combined in rendering it an unprofitable possession. The Indian trade, moreover, was permanently diverted to the route by the Cape; and any political schemes which the Porte might at one time have entertained in regard to India, had been extinguished by the reunion, under the Mogul sway, of the various shattered sovereignties of Hindostan. In 1633, [37] the Turkish troops were finally withdrawn from the province, which then fell under the rule of the still existing dynasty of the Imams of Sana, who claim descent from Mohammed.



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But the ruins even now remaining of the fortifications and publick works constructed in Aden by the Ottomans during their tenure of the place, are on a scale which not only proves how fully they were aware of the importance of the position, but gives a high idea of the energy with which their resources were administered during the palmy days of their power, when such vast labour and outlay were expended on the security of an isolated stronghold at the furthest extremity of their empire. The defences of the town, even in their present state, are the most striking evidence now existing of the science and skill of the Turkish engineers in former times; and, when they were entire, Aden must have been another Gibraltar. “The lines taken for the works,” says a late observer, “evinced great judgment, a good flanking fire being every where obtained; no one place which could possibly admit of being fortified has been omitted, and we could not do better than tread in the steps of our predecessors. The profile is tremendous.” A supply of water (of which the peninsula had been wholly destitute) was secured, not only by constructing numerous tanks within the walls, and by boring numerous wells through the solid rock to a depth of upwards of 200 feet, [38] but by carrying an aqueduct into the town from a spring eight miles in the country, the reservoir at the end of which was defended by a redoubt mounted with artillery. The outposts were not less carefully strengthened than the body of the place—a rampart with bastions (called, in the reports of the garrison, *the Turkish Wall*) was carried along some high ground on the isthmus from sea to sea, to guard against an attack on the land side—the lofty rocky islet of Seerah, immediately off the town, was covered with watchtowers and batteries—and several of those enormous guns, with the effect of which the English became practically acquainted at the passage of the Dardanelles in 1807, were mounted on the summit of the precipices, to command the seaward approach; and, when Lieutenant Wellsted was at Aden, those huge pieces of ordnance were lying neglected on the beach; and he asked Sultan Mahassan why he did not cut them up for the sake of the metal, which is said to contain a considerable intermixture of silver; “but he replied, with more feeling than could have been anticipated, that he was unwilling to deprive Aden of the only remaining sign of its former greatness and strength.” Several of them have been sent to England since the capture of the place, measuring from fifteen to eighteen and a half feet in length; they are covered with ornaments and inscriptions, stating them to have been cast in the reign of “Soliman the son of Selim-Khan,” (Soliman the Magnificent.)

[Footnote 37: Captain Haines, in the “Report upon Aden,” appended to the Parliamentary papers published on the subject, erroneously places this even in 1730, the year in or about which, according to Niebuhr, the Sheikh of Aden made himself independent of Sana.]



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[Footnote 38: “No part of the coast of Arabia is celebrated for the goodness of its water, with the single exception of Aden. The wells there are 300 in number, cut mostly through the rock, ... and the tanks were found in good order, coated inside and out with excellent chunam, (stucco,) and merely requiring cleaning out to be again serviceable.”]

At the time of its evacuation by the Turks, Aden is said, notwithstanding the decay of its Indian trade, to have contained from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants; and the lofty minarets which, a few years since, still towered above the ruins of the mosques to which they had formerly been attached, as well as the extensive burying-grounds, in which the turbaned headstones peculiar to the Turks are even yet conspicuous, bear testimony, not less than the extent and magnitude of the ruinous fortifications, to the population and splendour of the town under the Ottomans.—(See WELLSTED'S *Arabia*, vol. ii, chap. 19.) From the time, however, of its return into the hands of its former owners, its decline was rapid. Niebuhr, who visited it in the latter part of the last century, says, that it had but little trade, as its Sheikh [39] (who had long since shaken off his dependence on the Iman of Sana) was not on good terms with his neighbors; and, though Sir Home Popham concluded a commercial treaty with the uncle and predecessor of the present Sultan Mahassan, no steps appear to have been taken in consequence of this arrangement.

[Footnote 39: The town would appear to have passed into the hands of another tribe since Niebuhr's time, as he gives the Sheikh the surname of *El-Foddeli* (Futhali,) the present chief being of the Abdalli tribe.]

In 1835, according to Wellsted, the inhabitants of this once flourishing emporium did not exceed 800, the only industrious class among whom were the Jews, who numbered from 250 to 300. The remainder were “the descendants of Arabs, Sumaulis,” (a tribe of the African coast,) “and the offspring of slaves,” who dwelt in wretched huts, or rather tents, on the ruins of the former city. “Not more than twenty families are now engaged in mercantile pursuits, the rest gaining a miserable existence either by supplying the Hadj boats with wood and water, or by fishing.” The chief, Sultan Mahassan, did not even reside in Aden, but in a town called Lahedj, about eighteen miles distant, where he kept the treasures which his uncle, who was a brave and politic ruler, had succeeded in amassing. His reputation for wealth, however, and the inadequacy of his means for defending it, drew on him the hostility of the more warlike tribes in the vicinity; and in 1836 Aden was sacked by the Futhalis, who not only carried off booty to the value of 30,000 dollars, (principally the property of the Banians and the Sumauli merchants in the port,) but compelled the Sultan to agree to an annual payment of 360 dollars; while two other tribes, the Yaffaees and the Houshibees, took the opportunity to exhort



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from him a tribute of half that amount. There can be no doubt but that, if the Arabs had been left to themselves, this state of things would have ended in all the contending parties being speedily swallowed up in the dominions of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt; who, under pretence of re-asserting the ancient rights of the Porte to the sovereignty of Yemen, had already occupied Mokha and Taaz, and was waging war with the tribes in the neighbouring coffee country, whom he had exasperated by the treacherous murder of Sheikh Hussein, one of their chiefs, who, having been inveigled by the Egyptian commander into a personal conference, was shot dead, like the Mamlukes at Cairo, in the tent of audience. Aden, in the natural course of things, would have been the next step; but an unforeseen intervention deprived him of his prey.

Since the establishment of the overland communication with India through Egypt, and the steam navigation of the Red Sea, the want had been sensibly felt of an intermediate station between Suez and Bombay, which might serve both as a coal depot, and, in case of necessity, as a harbour of shelter. The position of Aden, almost exactly halfway, would naturally have pointed it out as the sought-for haven, even had its harbour been less admirably adapted than it is, from its facility of entrance and depth of water close to the shore, for steamers to run straight in, receive their fuel and water from the quay, and proceed on their voyage without loss of time; while the roadstead of Mokha, [40] the only other station which could possibly be made available for the purpose, is at all times open and insecure, and in certain points of the wind, particularly when it blows from the south through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, communication with the shore is absolutely impracticable. It was clear, therefore, that the proposed depot, if carried into effect at all, must be fixed at Aden; and there can be little doubt that its occupation was contemplated by the Indian government from the time of the visit of the surveying ships to the Red Sea. A pretext was now all that was sought for, and this was not long wanted. It was reported to the Bombay Administration in October 1836, by Captain Haines, (then in command of the *Palinurus* at Makullah) that great insecurity to navigation prevailed on both the African and Indian shores, at the entrance of the Red Sea; and one particular instance was adduced, in which the crew of a Muscat vessel, wrecked on the coast near Aden, were subjected to such inordinate extortion by Sultan Mahassan, that "the master, in anger or despair, burned his vessel. The Bombay government could only give general instructions, that in case of any outrage being offered to a vessel under British colours, redress should be peremptorily demanded. But long before these instructions were issued, and, indeed, before the intelligence which elicited them had reached Bombay, a case, such as they had supposed, had really occurred."—(*Corresponderce relating to Aden*, printed in May 1839, by order of the House of Commons, No. 49, p. 38.)



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[Footnote 40: "A vessel will lie" (at Mokha) "with a whole chain on end, topgallant masts struck, and yards braced by, without being able to communicate with the shore; while at the same time in Aden harbour she will lie within a few yards of the shore, in perfectly smooth water, with the bight of her chain cable scarcely taught."—CAPTAIN HAINES'S *Report*.]

An Indian ship called the *Derya-Dowlut*, (Fortune of the Sea,) the property of a lady of the family of the Nawab of Madras, but sailing under British colours, was wrecked on the coast near Aden, February 20, 1837, when on her voyage from Calcutta to Jiddah, with a cargo valued at two lacs of rupees, (L.20,000.) It would appear, from the depositions of the survivors, that the loss of the ship was intentional on the part of the supercargo and *nakhoda*, (or sailing-master,) the latter of whom, however, was drowned, with several of the crew, in attempting to get on shore in the boat. The passengers—who had been denied help both by the officers who had deserted them, and by the Arabs who crowded down to the beach—with difficulty reached the land, when they were stripped, plundered, and ill-treated by the Bedoweens, but at last escaped without any personal injury, and made their way in miserable plight to Aden, where they were relieved and clothed by a Sheikh, the hereditary guardian of the tomb of Sheikh Idris, the guardian saint of the town. The stranded ship, meanwhile, after being cleared of as much of her cargo and stores as could be saved, was burned by direction of the supercargo, who shortly afterwards took his departure to Jiddah, carrying with him one-third of the rescued property, and leaving the remainder as a waif to the Sultan of Aden. After he was gone, the Sultan made an offer to the agent [41] of the ship to restore the goods which had fallen to his share on a payment of ten per cent for salvage; but this was declined, on the ground that after such a length of time "the things on board must have been almost all lost; that he did not require them, nor had he money to pay for them." The Sultan, however, still refused to allow him to leave Aden till he had given him written acquittance of all claims on account of the ship; a document was accordingly signed, as he says, under compulsion, to the effect that he made no claim against the Sultan, but with a full reservation of his claim for redress from the supercargo, who had wrecked the ship and embezzled the goods saved from her. The agent and several of the crew, after undergoing great hardships, at last reached Mokha, and laid their complaint before the commanders of the Company's cruisers Coote and Palinurus. The latter vessel, under the command of Captain Haines, immediately repaired to Aden to demand redress for the injuries thus inflicted on English subjects, while a formal report of the case was made to the Government at Bombay. The Sultan at first attempted to deny that he possessed any of the goods in question, and afterwards alleged that they had been given to him voluntarily by the supercargo; but finding all his subterfuges unavailing, he at length gave up merchandize and stores to the amount of nearly 8000 dollars, besides a bond at a year's date for 4191 dollars more, in satisfaction for the goods which had been previously sold or made away with, as well as for the insults offered to the passengers.



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[Footnote 41: This person, Syud Nooradeen, had been captain of the vessel at the outset of the voyage; but had been deposed from the responsible command by an order purporting to come from the merchant who had freighted the ship, but which is now said to have been forged by the supercargo.]

Here, in ordinary cases, the matter might have rested; for though the conduct of this Arab chief would certainly have been indefensible in a civilized country, the worst charge that can be considered as fairly proved against him is that of being a receiver of stolen goods, as the price of his connivance at the appropriation of the rest by the supercargo—since with the wreck of the ship, whether premeditated or not, he had certainly nothing to do—and the outrages committed by the wild Bedoweens on the beach can scarcely be laid to his charge. A far more atrocious insult to the British flag in 1826, when a brig from the Mauritius had been piratically seized at Berbera, (a port on the African coast, just outside the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb,) and part of her crew murdered, had been expiated by the submission of the offenders, and the repayment of the value of the plunder by yearly instalments, (see WELLSTED'S *Arabia*, vol. ii. chap. 18;)—whereas, in the present case, restitution, however reluctant, had been prompt and complete. But so eager were the authorities in India to possess themselves of the place on any terms, that even while the above-mentioned negotiation was pending, a minute was drawn up (Sept. 28) by the Governor of Bombay, and transmitted to the Governor-general at Calcutta, in which, after stating that “the establishment of a monthly communication by steam with the Red Sea, and the formation of a flotilla of armed steamers, renders it *absolutely necessary* that we should have a station of our own on the coast of Arabia, as we already have on the Persian Gulf” —alluding to the seizure of the island of Karrack—and noticing “the insult which has been offered to the British flag by the Sultan of Aden,” requests permission “to take possession of Cape Aden.” [42] The Governor-general, however, in his reply, (Oct. 16,) appears scarcely of opinion that so strong a measure is warranted by the provocation, and suggests “that satisfaction should, in the first instance, be demanded of the Sultan. If it be granted, some *amicable arrangement* may be made with him for the occupation of this port as a depot for coals, and harbour for shelter. If it be refused, then further measures may be considered.” [43]

[Footnote 42: Correspondence, No. 16.]

[Footnote 43: Ibid. No. 19.]



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But notwithstanding the qualified terms of the Governor-general's reply, it appears to have been regarded by the Bombay government as equivalent to a full permission [44] for the prosecution of the object on which they had fixed their views: for by the despatch of Captain Haines from Aden, (dated Jan. 20, 1838,) we find that no sooner had he "completed the first duty on which he was sent," (the recovery of the cargo of the *Derya-Dowlet*,) than he addressed a letter (Jan. 11) to the Sultan, to the effect that "he was empowered by Government to form a treaty with the Sultan for the purchase of Aden, with the land and points surrounding it," &c. &c.—that he felt assured that the Sultan "would, in his wisdom, readily foresee the advantages which would accrue to his country from having such an intimate connecting link with the British"—and enclosing a rough draft of the terms on which it was proposed that the transfer should be effected. The Sultan appears to have been considerably *taken aback* at this unexpected proposition, which, it should be observed, was not put forward as part of the atonement required for the affair of the *Derya-Dowlut*—as for this, (in the words of Captain Haines,) "satisfaction has been given by you, and our friendship is as before." A lengthened correspondence ensued, at the rate of a letter or two daily, till the end of January—in which the Sultan, with all the tortuous tact of an Asiatic, endeavoured, without expressly pledging himself on the main point, to stipulate in the first instance for assistance, in the shape of artillery and ammunition, against the hostile tribes in the neighbourhood, and other advantages for himself and his family, particularly for the retention of their jurisdiction over the *Arab* residents in Aden: and he at last quitted Aden for Lahedj, without absolutely concluding any thing, but having authorized a merchant of the former place, named Reshid-Ebn-Abdallah, to act as his agent.

[Footnote 44: "The Government of India did not, indeed, in express words authorize us to negotiate with the Sultan for a cession to us of the post and harbour: but they desired us to obtain the occupation of the port as a coal depot, and that of the harbour as a place of shelter. These words far exceed the mere establishment of a coal depot under the auspices of the Sultan, and in fact, could not in any practical sense, or to any beneficial purpose, be fulfilled, except by our obtaining the occupation of that port and harbour as a matter not of sufferance but of right."—*Minute by the Governor of Bombay*, No. 49.]



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Still every thing appeared in a fair way for adjustment; the principal difficulty remaining to be settled being the annual sum to be paid as an equivalent for the port-dues of Aden. The Sultan's commissioner at first rated this source of revenue at the exorbitant sum of 50,000 dollars!—but it was at last agreed that it should be commuted for a yearly stipend of 8708, a mode of payment preferred by the Sultan to the receipt of a gross sum, lest the rapacity of his neighbours should be excited against him by so sudden an accession of wealth: while the amount thus fixed was believed even to exceed the actual amount of the customs. The Sultan meanwhile, though evading the formal execution of the deed of transfer, constantly wrote from Lahedj that the English were at liberty to begin building in Aden as soon as they pleased—adding on more than one occasion—“if the Turks or any other people should come and take away the whole country by strength from me, the blame will not rest on my shoulders.”

On the 27th, however, Sultan Hamed, the eldest son and heir-apparent of Sultan Mahassan, arrived at Aden from Lahedj, accompanied by a *synd* or descendant of the prophet, named Hussein, who was represented as having come as a witness to the transaction; and Captain Haines was invited on shore to meet them. While he was preparing, however, to repair to the place of meeting, he received a private intimation through the merchant already mentioned, Reshid-Ebn-Abdallih, to the effect that the Arab chiefs had determined on seizing his person at the interview, in order to possess themselves of the papers connected with the proposed transfer of Aden, (to which Sultan Hamed had from the first been strongly opposed,) and in particular of the bond for 4191 dollars which had been given in satisfaction for the balance of the goods in the Derya-Dowlut. How far this imputed treachery was really meditated, there can be, of course, no means of precisely ascertaining; and the minute of the governor of Bombay (*Correspondence*, No. 49,) seems to consider it doubtful; [45] but Captain Haines acted as if fully convinced of the correctness of the intelligence which he had received; and after reproaching Sultan Hamed with his intended perfidy, returned first to Mokha, and afterwards (in February) to Bombay, carrying with him the letter in which the old Sultan was alleged to have given his consent to the cession, but leaving the recovered goods at Aden in charge of a Banyan—a tolerably strong proof, by the way, that the Sultan, notwithstanding the bad faith laid to his charge, was not considered likely to appropriate them afresh.

[Footnote 45: “I am not, however, disposed to treat the matter as one of much importance. We have no knowledge of it but from report, and all concerned in it will solemnly deny the truth of the information.”]



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The unsuccessful issue of this mission pretty clearly proved, that notwithstanding the dread of the British power entertained by the Abdalli chiefs, their reluctance to part with their town would not be easily overcome by peaceable means: while the Governor-general (then busily engaged at Simla in forwarding the preparations for the ill-fated invasion of Afghanistan) still declined, in despite of a renewed application from Bombay to give any special sanction to ulterior measures—"a question on which"—in the words of the despatch—"her Majesty's Government is rather called upon to pronounce judgment, than the supreme government of India." The authorities at Bombay, however, were not to be thus diverted from the attainment of their favourite object; and in a despatch of September 7, 1838, to the Secret Committee, (*Corresp.* No. 59,) they announce that, "on reconsideration, they have resolved to adopt immediate measures for attempting to obtain peaceable possession of Aden, without waiting for the previous instructions of the Governor-general of India:" but "as the steamer *Berenice* will leave Bombay on the 8th inst.," (*the next day*,) "we have not time to enter into a detail of the reasons which have induced us to come to the above resolution." A notification similar to the above had been forwarded two days previously to Lord Auckland at Simla; and a laconic reply was received (Oct. 4) from Sir William Macnaghten, simply to the effect that "his lordship was glad to find that, at the present crisis of our affairs, the governor (of Bombay) in council has resolved to resort to no other than peaceful means for the attainment of the object in view."

In the latter part of October, accordingly, Captain Haines once more reached Aden in the *Coote*, with a small party of Bombay sepoy on board as his escort; but the aspect of affairs was by no means favourable. The old Sultan Mahassan, worn out with age and infirmities, had resigned the management of affairs almost entirely to his fiery son Hamed, who, encouraged not only by his success in baffling the former attempt, but by the smallness of the force which had accompanied the British commissioner, [46] openly set him at defiance, declaring that he himself, and not his father, was now the Sultan of the Bedoweens: that his father was but an imbecile old man; and that any promise which might have been extorted from him could not be regarded as of any avail: and, in short, that the place should not be given up upon any terms. In pursuance of this denunciation, all supplies, even of wood and water, were refused to the ship; the Banyan in charge of the *Derya-Dowlut's* cargo was prohibited from giving up the goods to the English; and though the interchange of letters was kept up as briskly as before, the resolution of Sultan Hamed was not to be shaken by this torrent of diplomacy: and he constantly adhered to his first expressed position—"I wish much to be friends, and that amity was between



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us, but you must not speak or write about the land of Aden again.” The English agent, however, persisted in speaking of the transfer as already legally concluded, and out of the power of Hamed to repudiate or annul: while, in order to give greater stringency to his remonstrances, he gave orders for the detention of the date-boats and other vessels which arrived off Aden, hoping to starve the Sultan into submission, by thus at once stopping his provisions, and cutting off his receipt of port dues. The blockade does not seem to have been very effectual: and an overture from the Futhali chief to aid with his tribe in an attack on the Abdallis, was of course declined by Captain Haines.

[Footnote 46: “Their first exclamation was, ‘Are the English so poor that they can only afford to send one vessel? and is she only come to talk? Why did they not send her before? Had they sent their men and vessels, we would have given up; but until they do, they shall never have the place.’”—CAPTAIN HAINES’S *Despatch*, Nov. 6, (No. 61.)]

The apparently interminable cross fire of protocols [47] (in which both Captain Haines and his employers appear to have luxuriated to a degree which would have gladdened the heart of Lord Palmerston himself) was now, however, on the point of being brought to a close. On the 20th of November, one of the Coote’s boats, while engaged in overhauling an Arab vessel near the shore, was fired at by the Bedoweens on the beach, and hostilities were carried on during several days, but with little damage on either side. In most cases, it would have been considered that blockading a port, and intercepting its supplies of provisions constituted a sufficiently legitimate ground of warfare to justify these reprisals: but Captain Haines, it appears, thought otherwise, as he stigmatizes it as “a shameful and cowardly attack,” and becomes urgent with the Bombay government for a reinforcement which might enable him to assume offensive operations with effect. Her Majesty’s ships *Volage*, 28, and *Cruiser*, 16 gun-brig, which had been employed in some operations about the mouth of the Indus, were accordingly ordered on this service, and sailed from Bombay December 29, accompanied by two transports conveying about 800 troops—Europeans, sepoys, and artillerymen—under the command-in-chief of Major Baillie, 24th Bombay native infantry. The Abdalli chiefs, on the other hand, made an effort to induce the Sultan of the Futhalis, (with whom they held a conference during the first days of 1839, at the tomb of Sheikh Othman near Aden, on the occasion of the payment of the annual tribute above referred to,) to make common cause with them against the intruders who were endeavouring to establish themselves in the country; but the negotiation wholly failed, and the two parties separated on not very amicable terms.

[Footnote 47: It is worthy of remark, that in a note of December 1st, (*Corresp.* No. 81.) from the Governor of Bombay to the Sultan, the ill treatment of the passengers of the *Derya-Dowlut* is again advanced as the ground of offence, as an atonement for which

the cession of Aden is indispensable; though for this, ample satisfaction had been admitted long since to have been given.]



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It appears that the determination of the Abdallis to hold out had been materially strengthened by the intelligence which they received from India, (where many Arabs from this part of Yemen and the neighbouring country of Hadramout are serving as mercenaries to the native princes,) of the manifold distractions which beset the Anglo-Indian government, and the armaments in course of equipment for Affghanistan, Scinde, the Persian Gulf, &c., and which confirmed them in the belief that no more troops could be spared from Bombay for an attack on Aden. The stoppage of provisions by sea, however, and the threatened hostilities of the Futhalis, caused severe distress among the inhabitants of the town; and dissensions arose among the chiefs themselves, as to the proportions in which (in the event of an amicable settlement) the annual payment of 8700 dollars should be divided among them—it being determined that Sultan Mahassan should not have it all. An attempt was now made by the *synds* to effect a reconciliation; but though abundance of notes were once more interchanged, [48] and the old Sultan came down from Lahedj to offer his mediation, all demands for the main object, the cession of the place, were rejected or evaded. The negotiation consequently came to nothing, and hostilities were resumed with more energy than before, the artillery of Aden being directed (as was reported) by an European Turk; till, on the 16th of January, the flotilla from Bombay, under the command of Captain Smith, R.N., anchored in Western Bay.

[Footnote 48: In this correspondence, the phrase of—"If you will land and enter the town, I will be upon your head," is more than once addressed by Sultan Hamed to Captain Haines and seems to have been understood as a menace; but we have been informed that it rather implies, "I will be answerable for your safety—your head shall be in my charge."]

A peremptory requisition was now sent on shore for the immediate surrender of the town; but the answer of the Sultan was still evasive, and, as the troops had only a few days' water on board, an immediate landing was decided upon. On the morning of the 19th, accordingly, the Coote, Cruiser, Volage, and the Company's armed schooner Mahi, weighed and stood in shore, opening a heavy fire on the island of Seerah and the batteries on the mainland, to cover the disembarkation. The Arabs at first stood to their guns with great determination, but their artillery was, of course, speedily silenced or dismounted by the superior weight and rapidity of the English fire; and though the troops were galled while in the boats by matchlocks from the shore, both the town and the island of Seerah were carried by storm without much difficulty. The loss of the assailants was no more than fifteen killed and wounded—that of the Arabs more than ten times that number, including a nephew of the Sultan and a chief of the Houshibee tribe, who fought gallantly, and received a mortal



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wound; considerable bloodshed was also occasioned by the desperate resistance made by the prisoners taken on Seerah in the attempt to disarm them, during which the greater part of them cut their way through their captors and got clear off. Most of the inhabitants fled into the interior during the assault, but speedily returned on hearing of the discipline and good order preserved by the conquerors; and the old Sultan, on being informed of the capture of the place, sent an apologetic letter (Jan. 21) to Captain Haines, in which he threw all the blame on his son Hamed, and expressed an earnest wish for a reconciliation. Little difficulty was now experienced in conducting the negotiations, and during the first days of February articles of pacification were signed both with the Abdallis and the other tribes in the neighbourhood. To secure the goodwill of the Futhali chief, the annual payment which he had received from Aden of 360 dollars, was still guaranteed to him, as were the 8700 dollars per annum to the Sultan of Lahedj, whose bond for 4191 dollars was further remitted as a token of good-will.

Such were the circumstances under which Aden became part of the colonial empire of Great Britain—and the details of which we have taken, almost entirely, from the official accounts published by order of Government. In whatever point of view we consider the transaction, we think it can scarcely be denied that it reflects little credit on the national character for even-handed justice and fair dealing. Even if the tact and *savoir faire*, which Captain Haines must be admitted to have displayed in an eminent degree in the execution of his instructions, had succeeded in intimidating the Arabs into surrendering the place without resistance, such a proceeding would have amounted to nothing more or less than the appropriation of the territory of a tribe not strong enough to defend themselves, simply because it was situated conveniently for the purposes of our own navigation: and the open force by which the scheme was ultimately carried into effect, imparts to this act of usurpation a character of violence still more to be regretted. The originally-alleged provocation, the affair of the Derya-Dowlut, is not for a moment tenable as warranting such extreme measures:—since not only was the participation of the parties on whom the whole responsibility was thrown, at all events extremely venial; but satisfaction had been given, and had been admitted to have been given, before the subject of the cession of the place was broached:—and the Sultan constantly denied that his alleged consent to the transfer, on which the subsequent hostilities were grounded, had ever been intended to be so construed. It is evident, moreover, that the Arabs would gladly have yielded to any amicable arrangement short of the absolute cession of the town, which they regarded as disgraceful: —the erection of a factory, which might have been fortified so as to give us the



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virtual command of the place and the harbour, would probably have met with no opposition:—and even if Aden had fallen, as it seemed on the point of doing, into the hands of the Pasha of Egypt, there can be little doubt that the Viceroy would have shown himself equally ready to facilitate our intercourse with India, in his Arabian as in his Egyptian harbours. At all events, it is evident that the desired object of obtaining a station and coal depot for the Indian steamers, might easily have been secured in various ways, without running even the risk of bringing on the British name the imputation of unnecessary violence and oppression.

Aden, however, was now, whether for right or wrong, under the British flag; but the hostile dispositions of the Arabs, notwithstanding the treaties entered into, were still far from subdued; and the cupidity of these semi-barbarous tribes was still further excited by the lavish expenditure of the new garrison, and by the exaggerated reports of vast treasures said to be brought from India for the repairs of the works. Among the advantages anticipated by Captain Haines in his official report from the possession of the town, especial stress is laid on its vicinity to the coffee and gum districts, and the certainty, that when it was under the settled rule of British law, the traffic in these rich products, as well as in the gold-dust, ivory, and frankincense of the African coast, would once more centre in its long-neglected harbour. But it was speedily found that the insecurity of communication with the interior opposed a serious obstacle to the realization of these prospects—the European residents and the troops were confined within the Turkish wall—and though the extreme heat of the climate (which during summer averaged 90 deg. of Fahrenheit in the shade within a stone house) did not prove so injurious as had been expected to European constitutions, it was found, singularly enough, to exercise a most pernicious influence on the sepoys, who sickened and died in alarming numbers. Aden at this period is compared, in a letter quoted in the *Asiatic Journal*, to “the crater of Etna enlarged, and covered with gravestones and the remains of stone huts;” provisions were scarce, and vegetables scarcely procurable. By degrees, however, some symptoms of reviving trade appeared and by the end of 1839 the population had increased to 1500 souls.

The smouldering rancour with which the Arabs had all along regarded the Frank intruders upon their soil, had by this time broken out into open hostility; and, after some minor acts of violence, an attack was made on the night of November 9th on the Turkish wall across the isthmus, (which had been additionally strengthened by redoubts and some guns,) by a body of 4000 men, collected from the Abdallis, the Futhalis, and the other tribes in the neighbourhood. The assailants were of course repulsed, but not without a severe conflict, in which the Arabs engaged the defenders



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hand to hand with the most determined valour—so highly had their hopes of plunder been stimulated by the rumours of English wealth. This daring attempt (which the Pasha of Egypt was by some suspected to have had some share in instigating) at once placed the occupants of Aden in a state of open warfare with all their Arab neighbours; and the subsidies hitherto paid to the Futhali chief and the old Sultan of Lahedj were consequently stopped—while L.100,000 were voted by the Bombay government for repairing the fortifications, and engineers were sent from India to put the place in an efficient state of defence. These regular ramparts, however, even when completed, can never be relied on as a security against the guerilla attacks of these daring marauders, who can wade through the sea at low water round the flanks of the Turkish wall, and scramble over precipices to get in the rear of the outposts—and accordingly, during 1840, the garrison had to withstand two more desperate attempts (May 20, and July 4,) to surprise the place, both of which were beaten off after some hard fighting, though in one instance the attacking party succeeded in carrying off a considerable amount of plunder from the encampment near the Turkish wall. Since that period, it has been found necessary gradually to raise the strength of the garrison from 800 to 4000 men, one-fourth of whom are always European soldiers—and though no attack in force has lately been made by the Arabs, the necessity of being constantly on the alert against their covert approaches, renders the duties of the garrison harassing to the last degree. Though a considerable trade now exists with the African coast, scarcely any commercial intercourse has yet been established with the interior of Arabia, (notwithstanding the friendly dispositions evinced by the Iman of Sana,) the road being barred by the hostile tribes—and a further impediment to improvement is found in the dissensions of the civil and military authorities of the place itself, who, pent up in a narrow space under a broiling sun, seem to employ their energies in endless squabbles with each other. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of this colony, it must be allowed, to quote the candid admission of a writer in the *United Service Journal*, that “at present we are not occupying a very proud position in Arabia”—though considering the means by which we obtained our footing in that peninsula, our position is perhaps as good as we deserve.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONNET

BY THE AUTHOR OP THE LIFE OF BURKE, OF GOLDSMITH, &C.,

ON VIEWING MY MOTHER’S PICTURE.

How warms the heart when dwelling on that face,  
Those lips that mine a thousand times have prest,  
The swelling source that nurture gav’st her race,

Where found my infant head its downiest rest!  
How in those features aim to trace my own,

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Cast in a softer mould my being see;  
Recall the voice that sooth'd my helpless moan,  
The thoughts that sprang for scarcely aught save me;  
That shaped and formed me; gave me to the day,  
Bade in her breast absorbing love arise;  
O'er me a ceaseless tender care display,  
For weak all else to thee maternal ties!  
This debt of love but One may claim; no other  
Such self-devotion boasts, save thee, my Mother!

\* \* \* \* \*

**CALEB STUKELY.**

### **PART XIII.**

THE FUGITIVE.

The tongue has nothing to say when the soul hath spoken all! What need of words in the passionate and early intercourse of love! There is no oral language that can satisfy or meet the requisitions of the stricken heart. Speech, the worldling and the false—oftener the dark veil than the bright mirror of man's thoughts—is banished from the spot consecrated to purity, unselfishness, and truth. The lovely and beloved Ellen learnt, before a syllable escaped my lips, the secret which those lips would never have disclosed. Her innocent and conscious cheek acknowledged instantly her quick perception, and with maiden modesty she turned aside—not angrily, but timorous as a bird, upon whose leafy covert the heavy fowler's foot has trod too harshly and too suddenly. I thought of nothing then but the pain I had inflicted, and was sensible of no feeling but that of shame and sorrow for my fault. We walked on in silence. Our road brought us to the point in the village at which I had met Miss Fairman and her father, when, for the first time, we became companions in our evening walk. We retraced the path which then we took, and the hallowed spot grew lovelier as we followed it. I could not choose but tell how deeply and indelibly the scene of beauty had become imprinted on my heart.

“To you, Miss Fairman,” I began, “and to others who were born and nurtured in this valley, this is a common sight. To me it is a land of enchantment, and the impression that it brings must affect my future being. I am sure, whatever may be my lot, that I shall be a happier man for what I now behold.”



“It is well,” said my companion, “that you did not make the acquaintance of our hills during the bleak winter, when their charms were hidden in the snow, and they had nothing better to offer their worshipper than rain and sleet and nipping winds. They would have lost your praise then.”

“Do you think so? Imprisoned as I have been, and kept a stranger to the noblest works of Providence, my enjoyment is excessive, and I dare scarcely trust myself to feel it as I would. I could gaze on yonder sweet hillock, with its wild-flowers and its own blue patch of sky, until I wept.”

“Yes, this is a lovely scene in truth!” exclaimed Miss Fairman pensively.



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“Do you remember, Miss Fairman, our first spring walk? For an hour we went on, and that little green clump, as it appears from here, was not for a moment out of my sight. My eyes were riveted upon it, and I watched the clouds shifting across it, changing its hue, now darkening, now lighting it up, until it became fixed in my remembrance, never to depart from it. We have many fair visions around us, but that is to me the fairest. It is connected with our evening walk. Neither can be forgotten whilst I live.”

It was well that we reached the parsonage gate before another word was spoken. In spite of the firmest of resolutions, the smallest self-indulgence brought me to the very verge of transgression.

In the evening I sat alone, and began a letter to the minister. I wrote a few lines expressive of my gratitude and deep sense of obligation. They did not read well, and I destroyed them. I recommenced. I reproached myself for presumption and temerity, and confessed that I had taken advantage of his confidence by attempting to gain the affections of his only child. I regretted the fault, and desired to be dismissed. The terms which I employed, on reপরusal, looked too harsh, and did not certainly do justice to the motives by which throughout I had been actuated; for, however violent had been my passion, *principle* had still protected and restrained me. I had not coldly and *deliberately* betrayed myself. The second writing, not more satisfactory than the first, was, in its turn, expunged. I attempted a third epistle, and failed. Then I put down the pen and considered. I pondered until I concluded that I had ever been too hasty and too violent. Miss Fairman would certainly take no notice of what had happened, and if I were guarded—silent—and determined for the future, all would still be well. It was madness to indulge a passion which could only lead to my expulsion from the parsonage, and end in misery. Had I found it so easy to obtain a home and quiet, that both were to be so recklessly and shamefully abandoned? Surely it was time to dwell soberly and seriously upon the affairs of life. I had numbered years and undergone trial sufficient to be acquainted with true policy and the line of duty. Both bade me instantly reject the new solicitation, and pursue, with singleness of purpose, the occupation which fortune had mercifully vouchsafed to me. All this was specious and most just, and sounded well to the understanding that was not less able to look temperately and calmly upon the argument in consequence of the previous overflow of feeling. Reason is never so plausible and prevailing as when it takes the place of gratified passion. Never are we so firmly resolved upon good, as in the moment that follows instantly the doing of evil. Never is conscience louder in her complaints than when she rises from a temporary overthrow. I had discovered every thing to Miss Fairman. I had fatally committed



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myself. There was no doubt of this; and nothing was left for present consolation but sapient resolutions for the future. Virtuous and fixed they looked in my silent chamber and in the silent hour of night. Morning had yet to dawn, and they had yet to contend with the thousand incitements which our desires are ever setting up to battle with our better judgment. I did not write to Mr. Fairman, but I rose from my seat much comforted, and softened my midnight pillow with the best intentions.

Fancy might have suggested to me, on the following morning, that the eyes of Miss Fairman had been visited but little by sleep, and that her face was far more pallid than usual, if her parent had not remarked, with much anxiety, when she took her place amongst us, that she was looking most weary and unwell. Like the sudden emanation that crimson all the east, the beautiful and earliest blush of morning, came the driven blood into the maiden's cheek, telling of discovery and shame. Nothing she said in answer, but diligently pursued her occupation. I could perceive that the fair hand trembled, and that the gentle bosom was disquieted. I could tell why downwards bent the head, and with what new emotions the artless spirit had become acquainted. Instantly I saw the mischief which my rashness had occasioned, and felt how deeply had fallen the first accents of love into the poor heart of the secluded one. What had I done by the short, indistinct, most inconsiderate avowal, and how was it possible now to avert its consequences? Every tender and uneasy glance that Mr. Fairman cast upon his cherished daughter, passed like a sting to me, and roused the bitterest self-reproach. I could have calmed his groundless fears, had I been bold enough to risk his righteous indignation. The frankness and cordiality which had ever marked my intercourse with Miss Fairman, were from this hour suspended. Could it be otherwise with one so innocent, so truthful, and so meek! Anger she had none, but apprehension and conceptions strange, such as disturb the awakened soul of woman, ere the storm of passion comes to overcharge it.

I slunk from the apartment and the first meal of the day, like a man guilty of a heinous fault. I pleaded illness, and did not rejoin my friends. I knew not what to do, and I passed a day in long and feverish doubt. Evening arrived. My pupils were dismissed, and once more I sat in my own silent room lost in anxious meditation. Suddenly an unusual knock at the door roused me, and brought me to my feet. I requested the visitor to enter, and Mr. Fairman himself walked slowly in. He was pale and care-worn and he looked, as I imagined, sternly upon me. "All is known!" was my first thought, and my throat swelled with agitation. I presented a chair to the incumbent; and when he sat down and turned his wan face upon me, I felt that my own cheek was no less blanched than his. I awaited his rebuke in breathless suspense.



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"You are indeed ill, Stukely," commenced Mr. Fairman, gazing earnestly. "I was not aware of this, or I would have seen you before. You have overworked yourself with the boys. You shall be relieved to-morrow. I will take charge of them myself. You should not have persevered when you found your strength unequal to the task. A little repose will, I trust, restore you."

With every animating syllable, the affrighted blood returned again, and I gained confidence. His tones assured me that he was still in ignorance. A load was taken from me.

"I shall be better in the morning, sir," I answered. "Do not think seriously of the slightest indisposition. I am better now."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," answered the incumbent. "I am full of alarm and wretchedness to-day. Did you observe my daughter this morning, Stukely?"

"Yes, sir," I faltered.

"You did at breakfast, but you have not seen her since. I wish you had. I am sick at heart."

"Is she unwell, sir?"

"Do you know what consumption is? Have you ever watched its fearful progress?"

"Never."

"I thought you might have done so. It is a fearful disease, and leaves hardly a family untouched. Did she not look ill?—you can tell me that, at least."

"Not quite so well, perhaps, as I have seen her, sir; but I should hope"—

"Eh—what, not very ill, then? Well, that is strange, for I was frightened by her. What can it be? I wish that Mayhew had called in. Every ailment fills me with terror. I always think of her dear mother. Three months before her death, she sat with me, as we do here together, well and strong, and thanking Providence for health and strength. She withered, as it might be from that hour, and, as I tell you, three short months of havoc brought her to the grave."

"Was she young, sir?"

"A few years older than my child—but that is nothing. Did you say you did not think her looks this morning indicated any symptoms? Oh—no! I recollect. You never saw the malady at work. Well, certainly she does not cough as her poor mother did. Did it look like languor, think you?"



“The loss of rest might”—

“Yes, it might, and perhaps it is nothing worse. I know Mayhew thinks lightly of these temporary shadows; but I do not believe he has ever seen her so thoroughly feeble and depressed as she appears to-day. She is very pale, but I was glad to find her face free from all flush whatever. That is comforting. Let us hope the best. How do the boys advance? What opinion have you formed of the lad Charlton?”

“He is a dull, good-hearted boy, sir. Willing to learn, with little ability to help him on. Most difficult of treatment. His tears lie near the surface. At times it seems that the simplest terms are beyond his understanding, and then the gentlest reproof opens the flood-gate, and submerges his faculties for the day.”



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“Be tender and cautious, Stukely, with that child. He is a sapling that will not bear the rough wind. Let him learn what he will—rest assured, it is all he can. His eagerness to learn will never fall short of your’s to teach. He must be kindly encouraged, not frowned upon in his reverses; for who fights so hard against them, or deplors them more deeply than himself? Poor, weak child, he is his own chastiser.”

“I will take care, sir.”

“Have you seen this coming on, Stukely?”

“With Charlton, sir?”

“No. Miss Fairman’s indisposition. For many weeks she has certainly improved in health. I have remarked it, and I was taken by surprise this morning. I should be easier had Mayhew seen her.”

“Let me fetch him in the morning, sir. His presence will relieve you. I will start early—and bring him with me.”

“Well, if you are better, but certainly not otherwise. I confess I should be pleased to talk with him. But do not rise too early. Get your breakfast first. I will take the boys until you come back.”

This had been the object of the anxious father’s visit. As soon as I had undertaken to meet his wish, he became more tranquil. My mission was to be kept a secret. The reason why a servant had not been employed, was the fear of causing alarm in the beloved patient. Before Mr. Fairman left me, I was more than half persuaded that I myself had mistaken the cause of his daughter’s suffering; so agreeable is it, even against conviction, to discharge ourselves of blame.

The residence of Dr. Mayhew was about four miles distant from our village. It was a fine brick house, as old as the oaks which stood before it, conferring upon a few acres of grass land the right to be regarded as a park. The interior of the house was as substantial as the outside; both were as solid as the good doctor himself. He was a man of independent property, a member of the University of Oxford, and a great stickler for old observances. He received a fee from every man who was able to pay him for his services; and the poor might always receive at his door, at the cost of application only, medical advice and physic, and a few commodities much more acceptable than either. He kept a good establishment, in the most interesting portion of which dwelt three decaying creatures, the youngest fourscore years of age and more. They were an entail from his grandfather, and had faithfully served that ancestor for many years as coachman, housekeeper, and butler. The father of Dr. Mayhew had availed himself of their integrity and experience until Time robbed them of the latter, and rendered the former a useless ornament; and dying, he bequeathed them, with the house and lands,



to their present friend and patron. There they sat in their own hall, royal servants every one, hanging to life by one small thread, which when it breaks for one must break for all. They had little interest in the present world, to which the daily visit of the doctor, and that alone, connected them. He never failed to pay it. Unconscious of all else, they never failed to look for it.



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The village clock struck eleven as I walked up the avenue that conducted to the house. The day was intensely hot, and at that early hour the fierce fire of the sun had rendered the atmosphere sweltry and oppressive. I knocked many times before I could obtain admittance, and, at last, the door was opened by a ragged urchin about twelve years of age, looking more like the son of a thief or a gypsy than a juvenile member of the decent household.

“Is Dr. Mayhew at home?” I asked.

“Oh, I don’t know!” he answered surlily; “you had better come and see;” and therewith he turned upon his heel, and tramped heavily down the kitchen stairs. For a few seconds I remained where I was. At length, hearing no voices in the house, and finding that no one was likely to come to me, I followed him. At the bottom of the stairs was a long passage leading to the offices. It was very dark, or it was rendered so to me who had just left the glare of noonday. At the end of it, however, a small lamp glimmered, and under its feeble help I advanced. Arriving at its extremity, I was stopped by the hum of many voices that proceeded from a chamber on the right. Here I knocked immediately. The voice of Dr. Mayhew desired me to enter. The door was opened the moment afterwards, and then I beheld the doctor himself and every servant of the house assembled in a crowd. The little boy who had given me admission was in the group; and in the very centre of all, sitting upright in a chair, was the strangest apparition of a man that I have ever gazed upon, before or since. The object that attracted, and at the same time repelled, my notice, was a creature whose age no living man could possibly determine. He was at least six feet high, with raven hair, and a complexion sallow as the sear leaf. Look at his figure, then mark the absence of a single wrinkle, and you judge him for a youth. Observe again: look at the emaciated face; note the jet-black eye, deeply-sunken, and void of all fire and life; the crushed, the vacant, and forlorn expression; the aquiline nose, prominent as an eagle’s, from which the parchment skin is drawn as rigidly as though it were a dead man’s skin, bloodless and inert. The wear and tear, the buffeting and misery of seventy years are there. Seventy!—yea, twice seventy years of mortal agony and suffering could hardly leave a deeper impress. He is strangely clad. He is in rags. The remnants of fine clothes are dropping from his shrunken body. His hand is white and small. Upon the largest finger he wears a ring—once, no doubt, before his hand had shrivelled up—the property and ornament of the smallest. It is a sparkling diamond, and it glistens as his own black eye should, if it be true that he is old only in mental misery and pain. There is no sign of thought or feeling in his look. His eye falls on no one, but seems to pass beyond the lookers-on, and to rest on space. The company are far more agitated. A few minutes



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before my arrival the strange object had been found, with the boy whom I had first seen, wandering in the garden. He was apprehended for a thief, brought into the house, and not until Dr. Mayhew had been summoned, had it been suspected that the poor creature was an idiot. Commiseration then took the place of anger quickly, and all was anxiety and desire to know whence he had come, who he might be, and what his business was. He could not speak for himself, and the answers of the boy had been unsatisfactory and vague. When I entered the room, the doctor gave me a slight recognition, and proceeded at once to a further examination of the stripling.

“Where did you pick him up, Sir?” enquired the Doctor.

“Mother sent me out a-begging with him,” answered the gypsy boy.

“Who is your mother?”

“Mabel.”

“Mabel what?”

“Mabel nothing.”

“Where does she live, then?”

“She doesn’t live nowhere. She’s a tramper.”

“Where is she now?”

“How can I tell? We shall pick up somewhere. Let me go, and take Silly Billy with me. I shall get such a licking if I don’t.”

“Is his name Billy?”

“No, Silly Billy, all then chaps as is fools are called Silly Billy. You know that, don’t you? Oh, I say, do let’s go now, there’s good fellows!”

“Wait a moment, boy—not so fast. How long have you been acquainted with this unfortunate?”

“What, Silly Billy? Oh, we ain’t very old friends! I only see’d him yesterday. He came up quite unawares to our camp whilst we were grubbing. He seemed very hungry, so mother gave him summut, and made him up a bed—and she means to have him. So she sent me out this morning a-begging with him, and told me she’d break every gallows bone I’d got, if I did not bring him back safe. I say, now I have told all, let us go



—there's a good gentleman! I'm quite glad he is going to live with us. It's so lucky to have a Silly Billy."

"How is it, you young rascal, you didn't tell me all this before? What do you mean by it?"

"Why, it isn't no business of your'n. Let us go, will you?"

"Strange," said Doctor Mayhew, turning to his butler—"Strange, that they should leave that ring upon his finger—valuable as it looks."

"Oh, you try it on, that's all! Catch mother leaving that there, if she could get it off. She tried hard enough, I can tell you and I thought he'd just have bitten her hand off. Wasn't he savage neither, oh cry! She won't try at it again in a hurry. She says it serves her right, for no luck comes of robbing a Silly Billy."

The servants, who betrayed a few minutes before great anxiety and apprehension, were perfectly overcome by this humorous sally, and burst, with one accord, into the loudest laughter. The generally jocose doctor, however, looked particularly serious, and kept his eye upon the poor idiot with an expression of deep pity. "Will he not speak?" he asked, still marking his unhappy countenance bereft of every sign of sensibility.



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"He won't say not nuffin," said the boy, in a tone which he hoped would settle the business; "You have no right to keep us. Let us go."

"Leave me with these persons," said the Doctor, turning to the servants. "We will see if the tongue of this wretched be really tied. Go, all of you."

In an instant the room was left to Doctor Mayhew and myself—the idiot and his keeper.

"What is your name, my man?" enquired the physician in a soothing tone. "Do not be frightened. Nobody will hurt you here. We are all your very good friends. Tell me now, what is your name?"

The questioner took the poor fellow at the same time by the hand, and pressed it kindly. The latter then looked round the room with a vacant stare, and sighed profoundly.

"Tell me your name," continued the Doctor, encouraged by the movement. The lips of the afflicted man unclosed. His brick-red tongue attempted to moisten them. Fixing his expressionless eyes upon the doctor, he answered, in a hollow voice, "*Belton*."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the boy. "Them Silly Billies is the deceitfulest chaps as is. He made out to mother that he couldn't speak a word."

"Take care what you are about, boy," said Doctor Mayhew sternly. "I tell you that I suspect you." Turning to the idiot, he proceeded. "And where do you come from?"

The lips opened again, and the same hollow voice again answered, "*Belton*."

"Yes, I understand—that is your name—but whither do you wish to go?"

"*Belton*," said the man.

"Strange!" ejaculated the Doctor. "How old are you?"

"*Belton*," repeated the simple creature, more earnestly than ever.

"I am puzzled," exclaimed Mr. Mayhew, releasing the hand of the idiot, and standing for a few seconds in suspense. "However," he continued, "upon one thing I am resolved. The man shall be left here, and in my care. I will be responsible for his safety until something is done for him. We shall certainly get intelligence. He has escaped from an asylum—I have not the slightest doubt of it—and we shall be able, after a few days, to restore him. As for you, sir," he added, addressing the young gypsy, "make the best of your way to your mother, and be thankful that you have come so well off—fly."

The boy began to remonstrate, upon which the doctor began to talk of the cage and the horsepond. The former then evinced his good sense by listening to reason, and by



selecting, as many a wiser man has done before him—the smaller of two necessary evils. He departed, not expressing himself in the most elegant terms that might have been applied to a leave-taking.



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The benevolent physician soon made arrangements for the comfort of his charge. He was immediately placed in a bath, supplied with food, and dressed in decent clothing. He submitted at once to his treatment, and permitted his attendant to do what he would with him, taking, all the while, especial care to feel the diamond ring safe and secure under the palm of his own hand. A room was given to him and Robin, the gardener's son, who was forthwith installed his guardian, with strict directions not to leave the patient for an instant by himself. When Dr. Mayhew had seen every thing that could be done properly executed, he turned cheerfully to me, and bade me follow him to his library.

"His clothes have been good," muttered the doctor to himself, as he sat down. "Diamond ring! He is a gentleman, or has been one. Curious business! Well, we shall have him advertised all round the country in a day or two. Meanwhile here he is, and will be safe. That trouble is over. Now, Stukely, what brings you so early? Any thing wrong at home? Fairman in the dumps again; fidgety and restless, eh?"

I told my errand.

"Ah, I thought so! There's nothing the matter there, sir. She is well enough now, and will continue so, if her father doesn't frighten her into sickness, which he may do. I tell you what, I must get little puss a husband, and take her from him. That will save her. I have my eye upon a handsome fellow—Hollo, sir, what's the matter with you! Just look at your face in that glass. It is as red as fire."

"The weather, sir, is"—

"Oh, is it? You mean to say, then, that you are acquainted with the influences of the weather. That is just the thing, for you can help me to a few facts for the little treatise on climate which I have got now in hand. Well, go on, my friend. You were saying that the weather is—is what?"

"It is very hot, sir," I answered, dreadfully annoyed.

"Well, so it is; that's very true but not original. I have heard the same remark at least six times this morning. I say, Master Stukely, you haven't been casting sheep's-eyes in that sweet quarter, have you? Haven't, perhaps, been giving the young lady instruction as well as the boys—eh?"

"I do not understand, sir," I struggled to say with coolness.

"Oh, very well!" answered Dr. Mayhew dryly. "That's very unfortunate too, for," continued he, taking out his watch, "I haven't time to explain myself just now. I have an appointment four miles away in half an hour's time. I am late as it is. Williams will get



you some lunch. Tell Fairman I shall see him before night. Make yourself perfectly at home, and don't hurry. But excuse me; this affair has made me quite behindhand."



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The Doctor took a few papers and a book from the table, and before I had time to reply, vanished, much to my relief and satisfaction. My journey homeward was not a happy one. I felt alarm and agitation, and the beautiful scenery failed to remove or temper them. My heart's dear secret had been once more discovered. Rumour could not omit to convey it speedily to the minister himself. In two directions the flame had now power to advance and spread; and if the old villager remained faithful, what reason had I to hope that Dr. Mayhew would not immediately expose me—yes, must not regard it as his business and duty so to do? Yet one thing was certain. The secret, such as it had become, might, for all practical purposes, be known to the whole world, for unquestionably the shallowest observer was at present able to detect it. The old woman in the village, aged and ignorant as she was, had been skilful enough to discover it when I spoke. The doctor had gathered it from my looks even before I uttered a syllable. What was to hinder the incumbent from reading the tale on my forehead the moment that I again stood in his presence?

Reaching the parsonage, I proceeded at once to the drawing-room, where I expected to see the minister. No one was in the room, but a chair was drawn to the table, and the implements of drawing were before it. Could I not guess who had been the recent tenant of that happy chair—who had been busy there? Forgetful of every thing but her, I stood for a time in silent adoration of the absent one; then I ventured to approach and gaze upon her handiwork. I shook with joy, with ravishment, and ecstasy, when I beheld it. What was not made known to me in that one hasty look! What golden dreams did not engage, what blissful triumph did not elevate, what passionate delight did not overflow my aching heart! Oh, it was true—and the blessed intelligence came to me with a power and a reality that no language could contain—SHE LOVED ME! she, the beloved, the good, the innocent, and pure! Before me was the scene—the dearest to me in life—through which we had so recently walked together, and upon which she knew I doated, for the sake of her whose presence had given it light and hallowed it. Why had she brought it on the paper? Why this particular scene, and that fair hillock, but for the sake of him who worshipped them—but that the mysterious and communicable fire had touched her soul, and melted it? I trembled with my happiness. There was a spot upon the paper—a tear—one sacred drop from the immaculate fount. Why had it been shed? In joy or pain—for whom—and wherefore? The paper was still moist—the tear still warm. Happiest and most unfortunate of my race, I pressed it to my lips, and kissed it passionately.

Miss Fairman entered at that moment.

She looked pale and ill. This was not a season for consideration. Before I could speak, I saw her tottering, and about to fall. I rushed to her and held her in my arms. She strove for recovery, and set herself at liberty; but she wept aloud as she did so, and covered her face with her hands. I fell upon my knees, and implored her to forgive me.



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"I have been rash and cruel, Miss Fairman, but extend to me your pardon, and I will go for ever, and disturb your peace no more. Do not despise me, or believe that I have deliberately interfered with your happiness, and destroyed my own for ever. Do not hate me when I shall see you no more."

"Leave me, Mr. Stukely, I entreat," sobbed Miss Fairman, weeping again. Her hand fell. I was inflamed with passion, and I became indifferent to the claims of duty, which were drowned in the louder clamours of love. I seized that hand and held it firm. It needed not, for the lady sought not to withdraw it.

"I am not indifferent to you, dearest Miss Fairman," I exclaimed; "you do not hate me—you do not despise me—I am sure you do not. That drawing has revealed to me all that I wish or care to know. I would rather die this moment possessed of that knowledge, than live a monarch without it."

"Leave me, leave me, I implore you," faltered Miss Fairman.

"Yes, dearest lady, I must—I shall leave you. I can stay no longer here. Life is valueless now. I have permitted a raging fire to consume me. I have indulged, madly and fearfully indulged, in error. I have struggled against the temptation. Heaven has willed that I should not escape it. I have learnt that you love me—come what may, I am content."

"If you regard me, Mr. Stukely, pity me, and go, now. I beg, I entreat you to leave me."

I raised the quivering hand, and kissed it ardently. I resigned it, and departed.

My whole youth was a succession of inconsiderate yieldings to passion, and of hasty visitings of remorse. It is not a matter of surprise that I hated myself for every word that I had spoken as soon as I was again master of my conduct. It was my nature to fall into error against conviction and my cool reason, and to experience speedily the reaction that succeeds the commission of exorbitant crimes. In proportion to the facility with which I erred, was the extravagance and exaggeration with which I viewed my faults. During the predominance of a passion, death, surrounded by its terrors, would not have frightened me or driven me back—would not have received my passing notice; whilst it lasted it prevailed. So, afterwards, when all was calm and over, a crushing sense of wrong and guilt magnified the smallest offence, until it grew into a bugbear to scare me night and day. Leaving Miss Fairman, I rushed into the garden, preparatory to running away from the parsonage altogether. This, in the height of remorseful excitement, presented itself to my mind forcibly as the necessary and only available step to adopt; but this soon came to be regarded as open to numerous and powerful objections.



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It seemed impossible that the incumbent could be kept any longer in ignorance of the affair; and it was better—oh! how much better—for comfort and peace of mind that he should not be. In a few hours Dr. Mayhew would arrive, and his shrewd eye would immediately penetrate to the very seat of his patient's disquietude. The discovery would be communicated to her father—and what would he think of me?—what would become of me? I grew as agitated as though the doctor were at that moment seated with the minister—and revealing to his astounded listener the history of my deceit and black ingratitude. The feeling was not to be borne; and in order to cast it off, I determined myself to be the messenger of the tale, and to stand the brunt of his first surprise and indignation. With the earliest conception of the idea, I ran to put it into execution. Nor did I stop until I reached the door of his study, when the difficulty of introducing at once so delicate a business, and the importance of a little quiet preparation, suggested themselves, and made me hesitate. It was however, but for a moment for self-possession. I would argue with myself no longer. The few hours that intervened before the arrival of the doctor were my own and if I permitted them to pass away, my opportunity was gone for ever, and every claim upon the kindness and forgiveness of my patron lost. I would confess my affection, and offer him the only reparation in my power—to quit his roof, and carry the passion with me for my punishment and torment.

Mr. Fairman was alone. The pupils were playing on the lawn upon which the window of the study opened. There they ran, and leaped, and shouted, all feeling and enjoyment, without an atom of the leaden care of life to press upon the light elastic soul; and there stood I, young enough to be a playmate brother, separated from them and their hearts' joyousness by the deep broad line which, once traversed, may never be recovered, ground to the earth by suffering, trial, and disappointment; darkness and discouragement without; misery and self-upbraiding robbing me of peace within. My eyes caught but a glimpse of the laughing boys before they settled on the minister, and summoned me to my ungracious task—and it was a glimpse of a bright and beautiful world, with which I had nothing in common, of which I had known something, it might be ages since—but whose glory had departed even from the memory.

"Is he here?" enquired the incumbent.

"Doctor Mahew could not accompany me, sir," I answered, "but he will shortly come."

"Thank you, Stukely, thank you. I have good news for you. I can afford you time to recruit and be yourself again. The lads return home on Monday next; you shall have a month's holiday, and you shall spend it as you will—with us, or elsewhere. If your health will be improved by travelling, I shall be happy to provide you with the means. I cannot afford to lose your services. You must not get ill."



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“You are very kind, sir,” I replied—“kinder than I deserve.”

“That is a matter of opinion, Stukely. I do not think so. You have served me faithfully and well. I consult my own interest in rewarding you and taking care of yours.”

“Yes, sir—but”—

“Well, never mind now. We will not argue on whose side the obligation lies. It is perhaps well that we should both of us think as we do. It is likely that we shall both perform our duty more strictly if we strike the balance against ourselves. Go and refresh yourself. You look tired and worn. Get a glass of wine, and cheer up. Have you seen Miss Fairman?”

“It is concerning her, sir,” I answered, trembling in every joint, “that I desire particularly to speak to you.”

“Good heaven!” exclaimed the incumbent, starting from his chair, “what do you mean? What is the matter? What has happened? Why do you tremble, Stukely, and look so ghastly pale? What has happened since the morning? What ails her? Go on. Speak. Tell me at once. My poor child—what of her?”

“Calm yourself, I implore you, sir. Miss Fairman is quite well. Nothing has happened. Do not distress yourself. I have done very wrong to speak so indiscreetly. Pardon me, sir. I should have known better. She is well.”

Mr. Fairman paced the room in perturbation, and held his hand upon his heart to allay its heavy throbs.

“This is very wrong,” he said—“very impious. I have thought of nothing else this day—and this is the consequence. I have dwelt upon the probability of calamity, until I have persuaded myself of its actual presence—looked for woe, until I have created it. This is not the patience and resignation which I teach; for shame, for shame!—go to thy closet, worm—repent and pray.”

Mr. Fairman resumed his seat, and hid his face for a time in his hands. At length he spoke again.

“Proceed, Stukely. I am calm now. The thoughts and fears in which it was most sinful to indulge, and which accumulated in this most anxious breast, are dissipated. What would you say? I can listen as I ought.”

“I am glad, sir, that the boys revisit their homes on Monday, and that a month, at least, will elapse before their return to you. In that interval, you will have an opportunity of providing them with a teacher worthier your regard and confidence; and, if I leave you at once, you will not be put to inconvenience.”



“I do not understand you.”

“I must resign my office, sir,” I said with trepidation.

“Resign? Wherefore? What have I said or done?”

“Let me beg your attention, sir, whilst I attempt to explain my motives, and to do justice to myself and you. I mentioned the name of Miss Fairman.”

“You did. Ha! Go on, sir.”

“You cannot blame me, Mr. Fairman, if I tell you that, in common with every one whose happiness it is to be acquainted with that lady, I have not been insensible to the qualities which render her so worthy of your love, so deserving the esteem”—I stopped.



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"I am listening, sir—proceed."

"I know not how to tell you, sir, in what language to express the growth of an attachment which has taken root in this poor heart, increased and strengthened against every effort which I have made to crush it."

"Sir!" uttered the incumbent in great amazement.

"Do not be angry, Mr. Fairman, until you have heard all. I confess that I have been imprudent and rash, that I have foolishly permitted a passion to take possession of my heart, instead of manfully resisting its inroads; but if I have been weak, do not believe that I have been wicked."

"Speak plainly, Stukely. What am I to understand by this?"

"That I have dared, sir, to indulge a fond, a hopeless love, inspired by the gentlest and most innocent of her sex—that I have striven, and striven, to forget and flee from it—that I have failed—that I come to confess the fault, to ask your pardon, and depart."

"Tell me one thing," asked the incumbent quickly. "Have you communicated your sentiments to Miss Fairman?"

"I have, sir."

"Is her illness connected with that declaration?—You do not answer. Stukely, I am deceived in you. I mistrust and doubt you. You have *murdered* my poor child."

"Mr. Fairman, do not, I entreat"—

"Heaven have mercy upon me for my wild uncrucified temper. I will use no harsh terms. I retract that expression, young man. I am sorry that I used it. Let me know what more you have to say."

The tears came to my eyes, and blinded them. I did not answer.

"Be seated, Stukely," continued the minister, in a kinder tone; "compose yourself. I am to blame for using such a term. Forgive me for it—I did not mean all that it conveyed. But you know how fragile and how delicate a plant is that. You should have thought of her and me before you gratified a passion as wild as it is idle. Now, tell me every thing. Conceal and disguise nothing. I will listen to you calmly, and I will be indulgent. The past is not to be recalled. Aid me in the future, if you are generous and just."

I related all that had passed between Miss Fairman and myself—all that had taken place in my own turbulent soul—the battlings of the will and judgment, the determination to overcome temptation, and the sudden and violent yielding to it. Faithful to his



command, I concealed nothing, and, at the close of all, I signified my readiness, my wish, and my intention to depart.

“Forgive me, sir, at parting,” said I, “and you shall hear no more of the disturber of your peace.”



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"I do not wish that, Stukely. I am indebted to you for the candour with which you have spoken, and the proper view which you take of your position. I wish to hear of you, and to serve you—and I will do it. I agree with you, that you must leave us now—yes, and at once; and, as you say, without another interview. But I will not turn you into the world, lad, without some provision for the present, and good hopes for the future. I owe you much. Yes—very much. When I consider how differently you might behave, how very seriously you might interfere with my happiness"—as Mr. Fairman spoke, he opened the drawer of a table, and drew a cheque-book from it—"I feel that you ought not to be a loser by your honesty. I do not offer you this as a reward for that honesty—far from it—I would only indemnify you—and this is my duty."

Mr. Fairman placed a draft for a hundred pounds in my hand.

"Pardon me, sir," said I, replacing it on his table. "I can take no money. Millions could not *indemnify* me for all that I resign. Judge charitably, and think kindly of me, sir—and I am paid. Honour is priceless."

"Well, but when you get to London?"—

"I am not altogether friendless. My salary is yet untouched, and will supply my wants until I find employment."

"Which you shall not be long without, believe me, Stukely, if I have power to get it you—and I think I have. You will tell me where I may address my letters. I will not desert you. You shall not repent this."

"I do not, sir; and I believe I never shall. I propose to leave the parsonage to-night, sir."

"No, to-morrow, we must have some talk. You need not see her. I could not let you go to-night. You shall depart to-morrow, and I rely upon your good sense and honourable feelings to avoid another meeting. It could only increase the mischief that has already taken place, and answer no good purpose. You must be aware of this."

"I am, sir. You shall have no reason to complain."

"I am sure of it, Stukely. You had better see about your preparations. John will help you in any way you wish. Make use of him. There must be many little things to do. There can be no impropriety, Stukely, in your accepting the whole of your year's salary. You are entitled to that. I am sorry to lose you—very—but there's no help for it. I will come to your room this evening, and have some further conversation. Leave me now." The incumbent was evidently much excited. Love for his child, and apprehension for her safety, were feelings that were, perhaps, too prominent and apparent in the good and faithful minister of heaven; they betrayed him at times into a self-forgetfulness, and a warmth of expression, of which he repented heartily as soon as they occurred.



Originally of a violent and wayward disposition, it had cost the continual exercise and the prayers of a life, to acquire evenness of temper and gentleness of deportment, neither of which, in truth, was easily, if ever disturbed, if not by the amiable infirmity above alluded to. He was the best of men; but to the best, immunity from the natural weakness of mortality is not to be vouchsafed.



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Mr. Fairman was the last person whom I saw that night. He remained with me until I retired to rest. He was the first person whom I saw on the following morning. I do not believe that he did not rely upon the word which I had pledged to him. I did not suppose that he suspected my resolution, but I am convinced that he was most restless and unhappy, from the moment that I revealed my passion to him, until that which saw me safely deposited at the foot of the hill, on my way to the village. So long as I remained in his house, he could only see danger for his daughter; and with my disappearance he counted upon her recovery and peace.

The incumbent was himself my companion from the parsonage. The servant had already carried my trunk to the inn. At the bottom of the hill, Mr. Fairman stopped and extended his hand.

“Fare-you-well, Stukely,” said he, with emotion. “Once more, I am obliged to you. I will never forget your conduct; you shall hear from me.”

Since the conversation of the preceding day, the incumbent had not mentioned the name of his daughter. I had not spoken of her. I felt it impossible to *part* without a word.

“What did Doctor Mayhew say?” I asked.

“She is a little better, and will be soon quite well, we trust.”

“That is good news. Is she composed?”

“Yes—she is better.”

“One question more, sir. Does she know of my departure?”

“She does not—but she will, of course.”

“Do not speak unkindly of me to her, sir. I should be sorry if she thought ill”—

“She will respect you, Stukely, for the part which you have acted. She must do so. You will respect yourself.”

I had nothing more to say, I returned his warm pressure, and bade him farewell.

“God bless you, lad, and prosper you! We may meet again in a happier season; but if we do not, receive a father’s thanks and gratitude. You have behaved nobly. I feel it—believe me.”

Manly and generous tears rushed to the eyes of my venerable friend, and he could not speak. Once more he grasped my hand fervently, and in the saddest silence that I have ever known we separated.



There was gloom around my heart, which the bright sun in heaven, that gladdened all the land, could not penetrate or disperse; but it gave way before a touch of true affection, which came to me as a last memorial of the beloved scene on which I lingered.

I had hardly parted from the minister, before I perceived walking before me, at the distance of a few yards, the youngest of the lads who had been my pupils. At the request of the minister, I had neither taken leave of them nor informed any one of my departure. The lad whom I now saw was a fine spirited boy, who had strongly attached himself to me, and shown great aptitude, as well as deep desire, for knowledge. He knew very little when I came to him, but great pains had enabled him to advance rapidly. The



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interest which he manifested, called forth in me a corresponding disposition to assist him; and the grateful boy, altogether overlooking his own exertions, had over and over again expressed himself in the warmest terms of thankfulness for my instruction, to which he insisted he owed all that he had acquired. He was in his eleventh year, and his heart was as kind and generous as his intellect was vigorous and clear. I came up to him, and found him plucking the wild-flowers from the grass as he wandered slowly along. I looked at him as I passed, and found him weeping.

“Alfred!” I exclaimed, “What do you here so early?”

The boy burst into a fresh flow of tears, and threw himself passionately into my arms. He sobbed piteously, and at length said—

“Do not go, sir—do not leave me! You have been so kind to me. Pray, stop.”

“What is the matter Alfred?”

“John has told me you are going, sir. He has just taken your box down. Oh, Mr. Stukely, stay for my sake! I won’t give you so much trouble as I used to do. I’ll learn my lessons better—but don’t go, pray, sir.”

“You will have another teacher, Alfred, who will become as good a friend as I am. I cannot stay. Return to the parsonage—there’s a dear boy.”

“Oh, if you must go, let me walk with you a little, sir! Let me take your hand. I shall be back in time for breakfast—pray, don’t refuse me that, sir?”

I complied with his request. He grasped my palm in both his hands, and held it there, as though he would not part with it again. He gave me the flowers which he had gathered, and begged me to keep them for his sake. He repeated every kind thing which I had done for him, not one of which he would forget, and all the names and dates which he had got by heart, to please his tutor. He told me that it would make him wretched, “to get up to-morrow, and remember that I was gone;” and that he loved me better than any body, for no one had been so indulgent, and had taken such pains to make him a good boy. Before we reached the village, his volubility had changed the tears to smiles. As we reached it, John appeared on his return homeward. I gave the boy into his charge, and the cloud lowered again, and the shower fell heavier than ever. I turned at the point at which the hills became shut out, and there stood the boy fastened to the spot at which I had left him.

At the door of the inn, I was surprised to find my luggage in the custody of Dr. Mayhew’s gardener. As soon as he perceived me, he advanced a few steps with the box, and placed note in my hand. It was addressed to me at the parsonage, and politely



requested me to wait upon the physician at my earliest convenience. No mention was made of the object of my visit, or of the doctor's knowledge of my altered state. The document was as short as it might be, and as courteous. Having read it, I turned to the gardener, or to where he had stood a moment before, with the view of questioning that gentleman; but to my great astonishment, I perceived him about a hundred yards before me, walking as fast as his load permitted him towards his master's residence. I called loudly after him, but my voice only acted as a spur, and increased his pace. My natural impulse was to follow him, and I obeyed it.



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Dr. Mayhew received me with a very cunning smile and a facetious observation.

“Well, Master Stukely, this hot weather has been playing the deuce with us all. Only think of little puss being attacked with your complaint, the very day you were here suffering so much from it, and my getting a touch myself.”

I smiled.

“Yes, sir, it is very easy to laugh at the troubles of other men, but I can tell you this is a very disagreeable epidemic. Severe times these for maids and bachelors. I shall settle in life now, sooner than I intended. I have fallen in love with puss my self.”

I did not smile.

“To be sure, I am old enough to be her father, but so much the better for her. No man should marry till fifty. Your young fellows of twenty don't know their own mind—don't understand what love means—all blaze and flash, blue fire and sky-rocket—out in a minute. Eh, what do you say, Stukely?”

“Are you aware, sir, that I have left the parsonage?”

“To be sure I am; and a pretty kettle of fish you have made of it. Instead of treating love as a quiet and respectable undertaking, as I mean to treat it—instead of simmering your love down to a gentlemanly respect and esteem, as I mean to simmer it—and waiting patiently for the natural consequences of things, as I mean to wait—you must, like a boy as you are, have it all out in a minute, set the whole house by the ears, and throw yourself out of it without rhyme or reason, or profit to any body. Now, sit down, and tell me what you mean to do with yourself?”

“I intend to go to London, sir.”

“Does your father live there?”

“I have no father, sir.”

“Well—your mother?”

“She is dead, too. I have one friend there—I shall go to him until I find occupation.”

“You naughty boy! How I should like to whip you! What right had you to give away so good a chance as you have had? You have committed a sin, sir—yes, you may look—you have, and a very grievous one. I speak as I think. You have been flying in the face of Providence, and doing worse than hiding the talent which was bestowed upon you for improvement. Do you think I should have behaved so at your age? Do you think any



man in the last generation out of a madhouse would have done it? Here's your march of education!"

I bowed to Doctor Mayhew, and wished him good-morning.

"No, thank you, sir," answered the physician, "if I didn't mean to say a little more to you, I shouldn't have spoken so much already. We must talk these matters over quietly. You may as well stay a few days with your friend in the country as run off directly to the gentleman in London. Besides, now I have made my mind up so suddenly to get married, I don't know soon I may be called upon to undergo the operation—I beg the lady's pardon—the awful ceremony. I shall want a bride's-man, and you wouldn't make a bad one by any means."



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The physician rang the bell, and Williams the butler—a personage in black, short and stout, and exceedingly well fed, as his sleek face showed—entered the apartment.

“Will you see, Williams, that Mr. Stukely’s portmanteau is taken to his room—bed quite aired—sheets all right, eh?”

“Both baked, sir,” replied Williams with a deferential but expressive smile, which became his face remarkably well.

“Then let us have lunch, Williams, and a bottle of *the* sherry?”

A look accompanied the request, which was not lost upon the butler. He made a profound obeisance, and retired. At lunch the doctor continued his theme, and represented my conduct as most blameable and improper. He insisted that I ought to be severely punished, and made to feel that a boy is not to indulge every foolish feeling that rises, just as he thinks proper, but, like an inconsistent judge, he concluded the whole of a very powerful and angry summing up, by pronouncing upon me the verdict of an acquittal—inasmuch as he told me to make myself as comfortable as I could in his house, and to enjoy myself thoroughly in it for the next fortnight to come, at the very least. It may have been that, in considering my faults as those of the degenerate age in which I lived—which age, however, be it known, lived afterwards to recover its character, and to be held up as a model of propriety and virtue to the succeeding generation—the merciful doctor was willing to merge my chastisement in that which he bestowed daily upon the unfortunate object of his contempt and pity, or possibly he desired to inflict no punishment at all, but simply to perform a duty incumbent upon his years and station. Be this as it may, certain it is that with the luncheon ended all upbraiding and rebuke, and commenced an unreservedness of intercourse—the basis of a generous friendship, which increased and strengthened day by day, and ended only with the noble-hearted doctor’s life—nor then in its effects upon my character and fortune.

It was on the night of the day on which I had arrived, that Doctor Mayhew and I were sitting in his *sanctum*; composedly and happily as men sit whom care has given over for a moment to the profound and stilly influences of the home and hearth. One topic of conversation had given place easily to another, and there seemed at length little to be said on any subject whatever, when the case of the idiot, which my own troubles had temporarily dismissed from my mind, suddenly occurred to me, and afforded us motive for the prolongation of a discourse, which neither seemed desirous to bring to a close.

“What have you done with the poor fellow?” I enquired.

“Nothing,” replied the physician. “We have fed him well, and his food has done him good. He is a hundred per cent better than when he came; but he is still surly and tongue-tied. He says nothing. He is not known in the neighbourhood. I have directed



hand-bills to be circulated, and placards to be posted in the villages. If he is not owned within a week, he must be given to the parish-officers. I can't help thinking that he is a runaway lunatic, and a gentleman by birth. Did you notice his delicate white hand, that diamond ring, and the picture they found tied round his neck?"



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“What picture, sir?”

“Did I not tell you of it? The portrait of a lovely female—an old attachment, I suppose, that turned his brain, although I fancy sometimes that it is his mother or sister, for there is certainly a resemblance to himself in it. The picture is set in gold. When Robin first discovered it, the agony of the stricken wretch was most deplorable. He was afraid that the man would remove it, and he screamed and implored like a true maniac. When he found that he might keep it, he evinced the maddest pleasure, and beckoned his keeper to notice and admire it. He pointed to the eyes, and then groaned and wept himself; until Robin was frightened out of his wits, and was on the point of throwing up his office altogether.”

“Do you think the man may recover his reason?”

“I have no hope of it. It is a case of confirmed fatuity I believe. If you like to see him again, you shall accompany me to-morrow when I visit him. What a strange life is this, Stukely! What a strange history may be that of this poor fellow whom Providence has cast at our door! Well, poor wretch, we'll do the best we can for him. If we cannot reach his mind, we may improve his body, and he will be then perhaps quite as happy as the wisest of us.”

The clock struck twelve as Doctor Mayhew spoke. It startled and surprised us both. In a few minutes we separated and retired to our several beds.

When I saw the idiot on the following day, I could perceive a marked improvement in his appearance. The deadly pallor of his countenance had departed; and although no healthy colour had taken its place, the living blood seemed again in motion, restoring expression to those wan and withered features. His coal-black eye had recovered the faintest power of speculation, and the presence of a stranger was now sufficient to call it into action. He was clean and properly attired, and he sat—apart from his keeper—conscious of existence. There was good ground, in the absence of all positive proof, for the supposition of the doctor. A common observer would have pronounced him well-born at a glance. Smitten as he was, and unhinged by his sad affliction, there remained still sufficient of the external forms to conduct to such an inference. Gracefulness still hovered about the human ruin, discernible in the most aimless of imbecility's weak movements, and the limbs were not those of one accustomed to the drudgery of life. A melancholy creature truly did he look, as I gazed upon him for a second time. He had carried his chair to a corner of the room, and there he sat, his face half-hidden, resting upon his breast, his knee drawn up and pressed tightly by his clasped hands—those very hands, small and marble-white, forming a ghastful contrast to the raven hair that fell thickly on his back. He had not spoken since he rose. Indeed, since his first appearance, he had said nothing but the unintelligible word which he had uttered four times



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in my presence, and which Dr. Mayhew now believed to be the name of the lady whose portrait he wore. That he could speak was certain, and his silence was therefore the effect of obstinacy or of absolute weakness of intellect, which forbade the smallest mental effort. I approached him, and addressed him in accents of kindness. He raised his head slowly, and looked piteously upon me, but in a moment again he resumed his original position.

For the space of a week I visited the afflicted man dally, remaining with him perhaps a couple of hours at each interview. No clue had been discovered to his history, and the worthy physician had fixed upon one day after another as that upon which he would relieve himself of his trust; but the day arrived only to find him unwilling to keep his word. The poor object himself had improved rapidly in personal appearance, and, as far as could be ascertained from his gestures and indistinct expressions, was sensible of his protector's charity, and thankful for it. He now attempted to give to his keeper the feeble aid he could afford him; he partook of his food with less avidity, he seemed aware of what was taking place around him. On one occasion I brought his dinner to him, and sat by whilst it was served to him. He stared at me as though he had immediate perception of something unusual. It was on the same day that, whilst trifling with a piece of broken glass, he cut his hand. I closed the wound with an adhesive plaster, and bound it up. It was the remembrance of this act that gained for me the affection of the creature, in whom all actions seemed dried up and dead. When, on the day that succeeded to this incident, Robin, as was his custom, placed before the idiot his substantial meal, the latter turned away from it offended, and would not taste it. I was sent for. The eyes of the imbecile glistened when I entered the apartment, and he beckoned me to him. I sat at his side, as I had done on the day before, and he then, with a smile of triumph, took his food on his knees, and soon devoured it. When he had finished, and Robin had retired with the tray and implements, the poor fellow made me draw my chair still nearer to his own. He placed his hand upon my knee in great delight, patted it, and then the wound which I had dressed. There was perfect folly in the mode in which he fondled this, and yet a reasonableness which the heart could not fail to detect and contemplate with emotion. First, he gently stroked it, then placed his head upon it in utmost tenderness, then hugged it in his arm and rocked it as a child, then kissed it often with short quick kisses that could scarce be heard; courting my observation with every change of action, making it apparent how much he loved, what care he could bestow, upon the hand which had won the notice and regard of his new friend and benefactor. This over, he pointed to his breast, dallied for a time, and then drew from it the picture which he so jealously



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carried there. He pressed it between his hands, sighed heavily from his care-crazed heart, and strove to tell his meaning in words which would not flow, in which he knew not how to breathe the bubble-thought that danced about his brain. Closer than ever he approached me, and, with an air which he intended for one of confidence and great regard, he invited me to look upon his treasure. I did so, and, to my astonishment and terror—gazed upon the portrait of the unhappy EMMA HARRINGTON. Gracious God! what thoughts came rushing into my mind! It was impossible to err. I, who had passionately dwelt upon those lineaments in all the fondness of a devoted love, until the form became my heart's companion by day and night—I, who had watched the teardrops falling from those eyes, in which the limner had not failed to fix the natural sorrow that was a part of them—watched and hung upon them in distress and agony—I, surely I, could not mistake the faithful likeness. Who, then, was *he* that wore it? Who was this, now standing at my side, to turn to whom again became immediately—sickness—horror! Who could it be but him, the miserable parricide—the outcast—the unhappy brother—the desperately wicked son! There was no other in the world to whom the departed penitent could be dear; and he—oh, was it difficult to suppose that merciful Heaven, merciful to the guiltiest, had placed between his conscience and his horrible offence a cloud that made all dim—had rendered his understanding powerless to comprehend a crime which reason must have punished and aggravated endlessly My judgment was prostrated by what I learned so suddenly and fearfully. The discovery had been miraculous. What should I do? How proceed? How had the youth got here? What had been his history since his flight? Whither was he wandering? Did he know the fate of his poor sister? How had he lived? These questions, and others, crowded into my mind one after another, and I trembled with the violent rapidity of thought. The figure of the unhappy girl presented itself—her words vibrated on my ears—her last dying accents; and I felt that to me was consigned the wretched object of her solicitude and love—that to me Providence had directed the miserable man; yes, if only that he who had shared in the family guilt, might behold and profit by the living witness of the household wreck. Half forgetful of the presence of the brother, and remembering nothing well but *her* and her most pitiable tale, oppressed by a hundred recollections, I pronounced her name.

“Poor, poor, much-tried Emma!” I ejaculated, gazing still upon her image. The idiot leaped from my side at the word, and clapped his hands, and laughed and shrieked. He ran to me again, and seized my palm, and pressed it to his lips. His excitement was unbounded. He could only point to the picture, endeavour to repeat the word which I had spoken, and direct his finger to my lips beseechingly, as though he *prayed* to hear the sound again. Alarmed already at what I had done, and dreading the consequences of a disclosure, because ignorant of the effect it would produce upon the idiot, I checked myself immediately, and spake no more. Robin returned. I contrived to subdue by degrees the sudden ebullition, and having succeeded, I restored the criminal to his keeper, and departed.



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It was however, necessary that I should act in some way, possessed of the information which had so strangely come to me. I desired to be alone to collect myself, and to determine quietly. I retired to my bedroom, endeavoured to think composedly, and to mark out the line of duty. It was a fruitless undertaking. My mind would rest on nothing but the tragedy in which this miserable creature held so sad a part, and his unlooked-for resuscitation here—here, under the roof which sheltered his sister's paramour. Whether to keep the secret hidden in my bosom, or to communicate it to the physician, was my duty, I could not settle now. It had been a parting injunction of my friend Thompson to sleep upon all matters of difficulty, and to avoid rashness above all things. Alas! I had not profited by his counsel, nor, in my own case, recurred to it, even for a moment; but it was different now. The fate, perhaps the life, of another was involved in my decision; and not to act upon the good advice, not to be temperate and cautious, would be sinful in the extreme. What, had she been alive, would the sister have required—entreated at my hands? And now, if the freed spirit of the injured one looked down upon the world, what would it expect from him to whom had been committed the forlorn and stricken wanderer? What if not justice, charity, and mercy? "And he shall have it!" I exclaimed. "I will act on his behalf. I will be cool and calm. I will do nothing until tomorrow, when the excitement of this hour shall have passed away, and reason resumed its proper influence and rule."

I rose, contented with my conclusion, and walked to the window, which overlooked the pleasure-garden of the house. Robin and his patient were there; the former sitting on a garden chair, and reposing comfortably after his meal, heedless of the doings of his charge. The latter stood immediately below the window, gazing upwards, with the portrait as before pressed between his marble hands. He perceived me, and screamed in triumph and delight. The keeper started up; I vanished instantly. He surely could not have known the situation of my room—could not have waited there and watched for my appearance. It was impossible. Yes, I said so, and I attempted to console myself with the assurance; but my blood curdled with a new conviction that arose and clung to me, and would not be cast off—the certainty that, by the utterance of one word, I had, for good or ill, linked to my future destiny the reasonless and wretched being, who stood and shrieked beneath the casement long after I was gone.

I joined my friend, the doctor, as usual in the evening, and learnt from him the news of the day. He had visited his patient at the parsonage, and he spoke favourably of her case. Although she had been told of my absence, she was still not aware that I had quitted the house for ever. Her father thought she was less unquiet, and believed that in a few days all would be forgotten, and she would be herself again.



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Doctor Mayhew assured me that nothing could be kinder than the manner in which the incumbent spoke of me, and that it was impossible for any man to feel a favour more deeply than he appeared to appreciate the consideration which I had shown for him. The doctor had been silent as to my actual presence in the vicinity, which, he believed, to have mentioned, would have been to fill the anxious father's heart with alarms and fears, which, groundless as they were, might be productive of no little mischief. I acquiesced in the propriety of his silence, and thanked him for his prudence. Whilst my friend was speaking, I heard a quick and heavy footstep on the stairs, which, causing me to start upon the instant, and hurling sickness to my heart, clearly told, had doubt existed, how strongly apprehension had fixed itself upon me, and how certainly and inextricably I had become connected with the object of my dark and irresistible conceptions. I had no longer an ear for Doctor Mayhew, but the sense followed the footstep until it reached the topmost stair—passed along the passage—and stopped—suddenly at our door. Almost before it stopped, the door was knocked at violently—quickly—loudly. Before an answer could be given, the door itself was opened, and Robin rushed in—scared.

“What is the matter?” I exclaimed, jumping up, and dreading to hear him tell what I felt must come—another tale of horror—another crime—what less than *self-destruction*?

“He's gone, sir—he's gone!” roared the fellow, white as death, and shaking like an aspen.

“Gone—how—who?” enquired the doctor.

“The madman, sir,” answered Robin, opening his mouth, and raising his eyebrows, to exhibit his own praiseworthy astonishment at the fact.

“Go on, man,” said the doctor. “What have you to say further? How did it happen? Quick!”

“I don't know, sir. I eat something for dinner as disagreed. I have been as sleepy as an owl ever since. We was together in his room, and I just sot down for a minute to think what it could be as I *had* eaten, when I dozed off directly—and when I opened my eyes again, not quite a minute arterwards, I couldn't find him nowheres—and nobody can't neither, and we've been searching the house for the last half hour.”

“Foolish fellow—how long was this ago?”

“About an hour, sir.”

The doctor said not another word, but taking a candle from the table, quitted the room, and hurried down stairs. I followed him, and Robin, almost frightened out of his wits,



trod upon my heel and rubbed against my coat, in his eagerness not to be left behind me. The establishment was, as it is said, at sixes and sevens. All was disorder and confusion, and hustling into the most remote corner of the common room. Mr. Williams especially was very much unsettled. He stood in the rear of every body else, and looked deathly white. It was he who ejaculated something



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upon the sudden entrance of his master, and was the cause of all the other ejaculations which followed quickly from every member of the household. Doctor Mayhew commanded order, and was not long in bringing it about. The house was searched immediately. Wherever it was supposed that the idiot might hide himself, diligent enquiry was made; cupboards, holes, corners, and cellars. It was in vain. He certainly had escaped. The gardens and paddocks, and fields adjacent were scoured, and with like success. There was no doubt of it—the idiot was gone—who could tell whither? After two hours' unprofitable labour, Doctor Mayhew was again in his library, very much disturbed in mind, and reproaching himself bitterly for his procrastination. "Had I acted," said he, "upon my first determination, this would never have happened, and my part in the business would have been faithfully performed. As it is, if any mischief should come to that man, I shall never cease to blame myself, and to be considered the immediate cause of it." I made no reply. I *could* say nothing. His escape occurring so soon after my identification of the unfortunate creature, had bewildered and confounded me. I could not guess at the motive of his flight, nor conceive a purpose to which it was likely the roused maniac would aspire; but I was satisfied—yes, too satisfied, for to think of it was to chill and freeze the heart's warm blood—that the revelation of the day and his removal were in close connexion. Alas, I dared not speak, although my fears distracted me whilst I continued dumb! Arrangements were at last made for watching both within and without the house during the night—messengers were dispatched to the contiguous villages, and all that could be done for the recovery of the runaway was attempted. It was already past twelve o'clock when Dr. Mayhew insisted upon my retiring to rest. I did not oppose his wish. He was ill at ease, and angry with himself. Maintaining the silence which I had kept during the evening, I gave him my hand, and took my leave.

I thought I should have dropped dead in the room when, lost in a deep reverie, I opened my chamber-door, and discovered, sitting at the table, the very man himself. *There the idiot sat*, portrait in hand, encountering me with a look of unutterable sorrowfulness. He must have hid himself amongst the folds of the curtains, for this room, as well as the rest, was looked into, and its cupboards investigated. I recoiled with sudden terror, and retreated, but the wretch clasped his hands in agony, and implored me in gestures which could not be mistaken, to remain. I recovered, gained confidence, and forbore.

"What do you desire with me?" I asked quickly. "Can you speak? Do you understand me?" The unhappy man dropped on his knees, and took my hand—cried like a beaten child—sobbed and groaned. He raised the likeness of his sister to my eyes, and then I saw the fire sparkling in his own lustrous orb, and the supplication bursting from it, that was not to be resisted. He pointed to his mouth, compelled an inarticulate sound, and looked at me again, to assure me that he had spoken all his faculties permitted him. He waited for any answer.



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Melted with pity for the bruised soul before me, I could no longer deny him the gratification he besought.

“Emma!” I ejaculated; “Emma Harrington!”

He wept aloud, and kissed my hand, and put my arm upon his breast, and caressed it with his own weak head. I permitted the affectionate creature to display his childish gratitude, and then, taking him by the wrist, I withdrew him from the room. An infant could not have been more docile with its nurse. In another moment he was again in custody.

It was in vain that I strove to fall asleep, and to forget the circumstances of the day—in vain that I endeavored to carry out the resolution which I had taken to my pillow. Gladly would I have expelled all thought of the idiot from my mind, and risen on the morrow, prepared by rest and sweet suspension of mental labour for profitable deliberation. Sound as was the advice of my friend, and anxious as I was to follow it, obedience rested not with me, and was impossible. Should I make known the history of the man? Should I discover his crime? This was the question that haunted my repose, and knocked at my ears until my labouring brain ached in its confusion. What might be the effect of a disclosure upon the future existence of the desolate creature, should he ever recover his reason? Must he not suffer the extreme penalty of the law? It was dreadful to think that his life should be forfeited through, and only through, my agency. There were reasons again equally weighty, why I should not conceal the facts which were in my possession. How I should have determined at length, I know not, if an argument—founded on selfishness had not stepped in and turned the balance in favour of the idiot. Alas, how easy is it to decide when self-interest interposes with its intelligence and aid! Neither Mr. Fairman nor Doctor Mayhew knew of my connexion with the unfortunate Emma Harrington. To expose the brother would be to commit myself. I was not yet prepared to acknowledge to the father of Miss Fairman, or to his friend, the relation that I had borne to that poor girl. And why not? If to divulge the secret were an act of justice, why should I hesitate to do it on account of the incumbent, with whom I had broken off all intercourse for ever? Ah, did I in truth believe that our separation had been final? Or did I harbour, perhaps against reason and conviction, a hope, a thought of future reconciliation, a shadowy yet not weak belief that all might yet end happily, and that fortune still might favour love! With such faint hope, and such belief, I must have bribed myself to silence, for I left my couch resolved to keep my secret close. Doctor Mayhew was deep in the contemplation of a map when I joined him at the breakfast-table. He did not take his eyes from it when I entered the apartment, and he continued his investigations some time after I had taken my seat. He raised his head at last, and looked hard at me, apparently without perceiving me, and then he resumed his occupation without having spoken a syllable: after a further study of five or ten minutes, he shook his head, and pressed his lips, and frowned, and stroked his chin, as though he was just arriving at the borders of a notable and great discovery. “It will be strange indeed!” he muttered to himself. “How can we find it out?”



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I did not break the thread of cogitation.

“Well,” continued Doctor Maybew, “he must leave this house, at all events. I will run the risk of losing him no longer. I will write this morning to the overseer. Yet I *should* like to know—really—it may be, after all, the case. Stukely, lad, look here. What county is this?” he continued, placing his finger on the map.

Somerset was written in the corner of it, and accordingly I answered.

“Very well,” replied the doctor. “Now, look here. Read this. What do these letters spell?”

He pointed to some small characters, which formed evidently the name of a village that stood upon the banks of a river of some magnitude. I spelt them as he desired, and pronounced, certainly to my own surprise, the word—“*Belton*.”

“Just so. Well, what do you say to that? I think I have hit it. That’s the fellow’s home. I never thought of that before, and I shouldn’t now, if I hadn’t had occasion for the road-book. It was the first thing that caught my eye. Now—how can we find it out?”

“It is difficult!” said I.

“It is likely enough, you see. What should bring him so far westward, if he hadn’t some object? He was either wandering from or to his home, depend upon it, when the gypsies found him. If Belton be his home, his frequent repetition of the word was natural enough. Eh, don’t you see it?”

“Certainly,” said I.

“Very well; then, what’s to be done?”

“I cannot tell,” I answered.

The doctor rung the bell.

“Is Robin up yet?” he asked, when Williams came in to answer it.

“He is, sir.”

“And the man?”

“Both, sir. They have just done breakfast.”

“Very well, Williams, you may go. Now, follow me, Stukely,” continued the physician, the moment that the butler had departed. “I’ll do it now. I am a physiognomist, and I’ll tell



you in the twinkling of an eye if we are right, You mark him well, and so will I.” The doctor seized his map and road book, and before I could speak was out of the room. When I overtook him, he had already reached the idiot, and dismissed Robin.

My friend commenced his operations by placing the map and book upon the table, and closely scanning the countenance of his patient, in order to detect and fix the smallest alteration of expression in the coming examination. He might have spared himself the trouble. The idiot had no eye for him. When I appeared he ran to me, and manifested the most extravagant delight. He grasped my hand, and drew me to his chair, and there detained me. He did not introduce his treasure, but I could not fail to perceive that he intended to repeat the scene of the previous day, as soon as we were again alone. I did not wish to afford him opportunity, and I gladly complied with the physician’s request when he called upon me to interrogate the idiot, in the terms he should employ. He had already himself applied to the youth, but neither for himself nor his questions could he obtain the slightest notice. The eye, the heart, and, such as it was, the mind of the idiot, were upon his sister’s friend.



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"Ask him, Stukely," began the doctor, "if he has ever been in Somerset?"

I did so, and, in truth, the word roused from their long slumber, or we believed they did, recollections that argued well for the physician's theory. The idiot raised his brow, and smiled.

The doctor referred to his map, and said, whispering as before, "Mention the river Parret."

I could not doubt that the name had been familiar to the unhappy man. He strove to speak, and could not, but he nodded his head affirmatively and quickly, and the expression of his features corroborated the strong testimony.

"Now—*Belton*?" added the doctor.

I repeated the word, and then the agony of supplication which I had witnessed once before, was re-enacted, and the shrill and incoherent cries burst from his afflicted breast.

"I am satisfied!" exclaimed the doctor, shutting his book. "He shall leave my house for Belton this very afternoon."

And so he did, In an hour, arrangements were in progress for his departure, and I was his guardian and companion. Robin, as soon as Dr. Mayhew's intention was known, refused to have any thing more to say, either inside the house or out of it, to the *devil incarnate*, as he was pleased to call the miserable man. If his place depended upon his taking charge of him, he was ready to resign it. There was not another man whom the physician seemed disposed to trust, and in his difficulty he glanced at me. I understood his meaning. He proceeded to express his surprise and pleasure at finding an attachment so strong towards me on the part of the idiot. "It was remarkable," he said—"very! And what a pity it was that he hadn't cultivated the same regard for somebody else. A short journey *then*, to Somerset, would have been the easiest thing in the world. Nothing but to pop into the coach, to go to an inn on arriving in Belton, and to make enquiries, which, no doubt, would be satisfactorily answered in less than no time. Yes, really, it was a hundred pities!"

The doctor looked at me again, and then I had already determined to meet the request he was not bold to ask. I believed, equally with the physician, from the conduct and expressions of young Harrington, that the riddle of his present condition waited for explanation in the village, whose name seemed like a load upon his heart, and constituted the whole of his discourse since he had arrived amongst us. It was there he yearned to be. It was necessary only to mention the word to throw him into an agitation, which it took hours entirely to dissipate. Yes, for a reason well known to him and hidden from us all, his object, his only object as it appeared, was to be removed, and to be



conducted thither. I had but one reason for rejecting the otherwise well sustained hypothesis of my friend. During my whole intercourse with Emma, I had never heard her speak of Somerset or Belton, and in her narrative no allusion



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was made either to the shire or village. In what way, then, could it be so intimately connected with her brother—whence was the origin of the hold which this one word had taken of his shattered brain? I could not guess. But, on the other hand, it was true that I was ignorant of his history subsequently to the fearful death of his most sinful father. How could I tell what new events had arisen, what fresh relations might have sprung up, to attach and bind him to one particular spot of ground? Urged by curiosity to discover all that yet remained to know of his career, and more by a natural and strong desire to serve the youth—not to desert him in the hour of his extremity—I resolved, with the first hint of the doctor, to become myself the fellow traveller of his *protege*. I told him so, and the doctor shook me by the hand, and thanked me heartily.

That very evening we were on our road, for our preparations were not extensive. My instructions were to carry him direct to Belton, to ascertain, if possible, from his movements the extent of his acquaintance with the village, and to present him at all places of resort, in the hope of having him identified. Two days were granted for our stay. If he should be unknown, we were then to return, and Doctor Mayhew would at once resign him to the parish. These were his words at parting. We had no opposition in the idiot. His happiness was perfect whilst I remained with him. He followed me eagerly whithersoever I went, and was willing to be led, so long as I continued guide. I took my seat in the coach, and he placed himself at my side, trembling with joyousness, and laughing convulsively. Once seated, he grasped my hand as usual, and did not, through the livelong night, relinquish it altogether. A hundred affectionate indications escaped him, and in the hour of darkness and of quiet, it would have been easy to suppose that an innocent child was nestling near me, *homeward bound*, and, in the fulness of its expectant bliss, lavish of its young heartfelt endearments. Yes, it would have been, but for other thoughts, blacker than the night itself—how much more fearful!—which rendered every sign of fondness a hollow, cold, and dismal mockery. Innocence! Alas, poor parricide!

In the morning the sun streamed into the coach, of which we were the only inside passengers. Dancing and playing came the light, now here, now there, skipping along the seat, and settling nowhere—cheerful visitant, and to the idiot something more, for he gazed upon it, and followed its fairy motion, lost in wonder and delight. He looked from the coach-window, and beheld the far-spreading fields of beauty with an eye awakened from long lethargy and inaction. He could not gaze enough. And the voice of nature made giddy the sense of hearing that drunk intoxication from the notes of birds, the gurgling of a brook, the rustling of a thousand leaves. His feeble powers, taken by surprise, were vanquished by the



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summer's loveliness. Once, when our coach stopped, a peasant girl approached us with a nosegay, which she entreated me to buy. My fellow-traveller was impatient to obtain it. I gave it to him, and, for an hour, all was neglected for the toy. He touched the flowers one by one, viewed them attentively and lovingly, as we do children whom we have known, and watched, and loved from infancy—now caressing this, now smiling upon that. What recollections did they summon in the mind of the destitute and almost mindless creature? What pictures rose there?—pictures that may never be excluded from the soul of man, however dim may burn the intellectual light. His had been no happy boyhood, yet, in the wilderness of his existence, there must have been vouchsafed to him in mercy the few green spots that serve to attach to earth the most afflicted and forlorn of her sad children. How natural for the glimpses to revisit the broken heart, thus employed, thus roused and animated by the light of heaven, rendering all things beautiful and glad!

As we approached the village, my companion ceased to regard his many-coloured friends with the same exclusive attention and unmixed delight. His spirits sank—his joy fled. Clouds gathered across his brow; he withdrew his hand from mine, and he sat for an hour, brooding. He held the neglected nosegay before him, and plucked the pretty leaves one by one—not conscious, I am sure, of what he did. In a short time, every flower was destroyed, and lay in its fragments before him. Then, as if stung by remorse for the cruel act, or shaken by the heavy thoughts that pressed upon his brain, he covered his pallid face, and groaned bitterly. What were those thoughts? How connected with the resting-place towards which we were hastening rapidly? My own anxiety became intense.

The village of Belton, situated near the mouth, and at the broadest part of the river Parret, consisted of one long narrow street, and a few houses scattered here and there on the small eminences which sheltered it. The adjacent country was of the same character as that which we had quitted—less luxuriant, perhaps, but still rich and striking. We arrived at mid-day. I determined to alight at the inn at which the coach put up, and to make my first enquiries there. From the moment that we rattled along the stones that formed the entrance to the village, an unfavourable alteration took place in my companion. He grew excited and impatient; and his lips quivered, and his eyes sparkled, as I had never seen them before. I was satisfied that we had reached the object of his long desire, and that in a few minutes the mysterious relation in which he stood to the place would be ascertained. "He **MUST** be known," I continued to repeat to myself; "the first eye that falls on him, will recognize him instantly." We reached the inn; we alighted. The landlord and the ostler came to the coach door, and received us with extreme civility, and the former assisted the idiot in his eager endeavour to reach the ground—I watched the action, expecting him to start, to speak, to claim acquaintance—and having completed the polite intention, he stood smiling and scraping. I looked at

him, then at the idiot, and saw at once that they were strangers. A dozen idlers stood about the door. I waited for a recognition: none came.



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Seated in the parlour of the inn, I asked to see the landlady. The sight of the idiot caused as little emotion in her, as it had produced in her husband. I ordered dinner for him. Whilst it was preparing, I engaged the landlord in conversation at the door. I did not wish to speak before young Harrington. I dared not leave him. I enquired, first, if the face of the idiot were familiar to him. I received for answer, that the man had never seen him in his life before, nor had his wife.

“Do you know the name of Harrington?” said I.

“No—never heard on it,” was the reply.

“Fitzjones, perhaps?”

“Many Joneses hereabouts, sir,” said the landlord, “but none of that there Christian name.”

The excitement of the idiot did not abate. He would not touch his food nor sit quietly, but he walked swiftly up and down the room, breathing heavily, and trembling with increasing agitation. He urged me in his own peculiar way to leave the house and walk abroad. He pointed to the road and strove to speak. The attempt was fruitless, and he paced the room again, wringing his hands and sighing sorrowfully. At length I yielded to his request, and we were again in the village, I following whithersoever he led me. He ran through the street, like a madman as he was, bringing upon him the eyes of every one, and outstripping me speedily. He stopped for a moment to collect himself—looked round as though he had lost his way, and knew not whither to proceed; then bounded off again, the hunted deer not quicker in his flight, and instantly was out of sight. Without the smallest hope of seeing him again, I pursued the fugitive, and, as well as I could guess it, continued in his track. For half a mile I traced his steps, and then I lost them. His last footmark was at the closed gate of a good-sized dwelling house. The roof and highest windows only of the habitation were to be discerned from the path, and these denoted the residence of a wealthy man. He could have no business here—no object. “He must have passed,” thought I, “upon the other side.” I was about to cross the road, when I perceived, at the distance of a few yards, a man labouring in a field. I accosted him, and asked if he had seen the idiot.

No—he had not. He was sure that nobody had passed by him for hours. He must have seen the man if he had come that way.

“Whose house is that?” I asked, not knowing *why* I asked the question.

“What? that?” said he, pointing to the gate. “Oh, that’s Squire *Temple’s*.”

The name dropped like a knife upon my heart. I could not speak. I must have fallen to the earth, if the man, seeing me grow pale as death, had not started to his feet, and

intercepted me. I trembled with a hundred apprehensions. My throat was dry with fright, and I thought I should have choked. What follows was like a hideous dream. The gate was opened suddenly. JAMES TEMPLE issued from



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it, and passed me like an arrow. He was appalled and terrorstricken. Behind him—within six feet—almost upon him, yelling fearfully, was the brother of the girl he had betrayed and ruined—his friend and schoolfellow, the miserable Frederick Harrington. I could perceive that he held aloft, high over his head, the portrait of his sister. It was all I saw and could distinguish. Both shot by me. I called to the labourer to follow; and fast as my feet could carry me, I went on. Temple fell. Harrington was down with him. I reached the spot. The hand of the idiot was on the chest of the seducer, and the picture was thrust in agony before his shuddering eyes. There was a struggle—the idiot was cast away—and Temple was once more dashing onward. “On, on!—after him!” shrieked the idiot. They reached the river’s edge. “What now—what now?” I exclaimed, beholding them from afar, bewildered and amazed. The water does not restrain the scared spirit of the pursued. He rushes on, leaps in, and trusts to the swift current. So also the pursuer, who, with one long, loud exclamation of triumph, still with his treasure in his grasp, springs vehemently forward, and sinks, once and for ever. And the betrayer beats his way onward, aimless and exhausted, but still he nears the shore. Shall he reach it? Never!

\* \* \* \* \*

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION, BETWEEN MR. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR AND THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE.

To Christopher North, Esq.

SIR,—Mr. Walter Savage Landor has become a contributor to *Blackwood’s Magazine*! I stared at the announcement, and it will presently be seen why. There is nothing extraordinary in the apparition of another and another of this garrulous sexagenarian’s “Imaginary Conversations.” They come like shadows, so depart.

“The thing, we know, is neither new nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil it got there.”

Many of your readers, ignorant or forgetful, may have asked, “Who is Mr. Landor? We have never heard of any remarkable person of that name, or bearing a similar one, except the two brothers Lander, the explorers of the Niger.” Mr. Walter Savage would answer, “Not to know me argues yourself unknown.” He was very angry with Lord Byron for designating him as a Mr. Landor. He thought it should have been *the*. You ought to have forewarned such readers that *the* Mr. Landor, now *your* Walter Savage, is the learned author of an epic poem called *Gebir*, composed originally in Egyptian hieroglyphics, then translated by him into Latin, and thence done into English blank verse by the same hand. It is a work of rare occurrence even in the English character, and is said to be deeply abstruse. Some extracts from it have been buried in, or have

helped to bury, critical reviews. A copy of the Anglo-Gebir is, however, extant in the British Museum, and is said to have so



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puzzled the few philologists who have examined it, that they have declared none but a sphinx, and that an Egyptian one, could unriddle it. I would suggest that some Maga of the gypsies should be called in to interpret. Our vagrant fortune-tellers are reputed to be of Egyptian origin, and to hold converse among themselves in a very strange and curious oriental tongue called *Gibberish*, which word, no doubt, is a derivative from *Gebir*. Of the existence of the mysterious epic, the public were made aware many years ago by the first publication of Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets*, where it was mentioned in a note as a thing containing one good passage about a shell, while in the text the author of *Gebir* was called a gander, and Mr. Southey rallied by Apollo for his simplicity in proposing that the company should drink the gabbler's health. That pleasantry has disappeared from Mr. Hunt's poem, though Mr. Landor has by no means left off gabbling. Mr. Hunt is a kindly-natured man as well as a wit, and no doubt perceived that he had been more prophetic than he intended—Mr. Landor having, in addition to verses uncounted unless on his own fingers, favoured the world with five thick octavo volumes of dialogues. From the four first I have culled a few specimens; the fifth I have not read. It is rumoured that a sixth is in the press, with a dedication in the *issimo* style, to Lord John Russell, Mr. Landor's lantern having at last enabled him to detect one honest man in the Imperial Parliament. Lord John, it seems, in the House of Commons lately quoted something from him about a Chinese mandarin's opinion of the English; and Mr. Landor is so delighted that he intends to take the Russells under his protection for ever, and not only them, but every thing within the range of their interests. Not a cast horse, attached to a Woburn sand-cart, shall henceforth crawl towards Bedford and Tavistock Squares, but the grateful Walter shall swear he is a Bucephalus. You, Mr. North, have placed the cart before the horse, in allowing Mr. Landor's dialogue between Porson and Southey precedence of the following between Mr. Landor and yourself.

You may object that it is a feigned colloquy, in which an unauthorized use is made of your name. True; but all Mr. Landor's colloquies are likewise feigned; and none is more fictitious than one that has appeared in your pages, wherein Southey's name is used in a manner not only unauthorized, but at which he would have sickened.

You and I must differ more widely in our notions of fair play than I hope and believe we do, if you refuse to one whose purpose is neither unjust nor ungenerous, as much license in your columns as you have accorded to Mr. Landor, when it was his whim, without the smallest provocation, to throw obloquy on the venerated author of the *Excursion*.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,  
EDWARD QUILLINAN.

\* \* \* \* \*



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*Landor.*—Good-morning, Mr. North, I hope you are well.

*North.*—I thank you, sir.—Be seated.

*Landor.*—I have called to enquire whether you have considered my proposal, and are willing to accept my aid.

*North.*—I am almost afraid to trust you, sir. You treat the Muses like nine-pins. Neither gods nor men find favour in your sight. If Homer and Virgil crossed your path, you would throw stones at them.

*Landor.*—The poems attributed to Homer, were probably, in part at least, translations. He is a better poet than Hesiod, who has, indeed, but little merit![49] Virgil has no originality. His epic poem is a mere echo of the Iliad, softened down in tone for the polite ears of Augustus and his courtiers. Virgil is inferior to Tasso. Tasso's characters are more vivid and distinct than Virgil's, and greatly more interesting. Virgil wants genius. Mezentius is the most heroic and pious of all the characters in the Aeneid. The Aeneid, I affirm, is the most misshapen of epics, an epic of episodes.[50] There are a few good passages in it. I must repeat one for the sake of proposing an improvement.

“Quinetiam *hyberno* moliris sidere classem,  
Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum ...  
Crudelis! quod si non arva aliena domosque  
Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret,  
Troja per *undosum* peteretur classibus aequor?”

If *hybernum* were substituted for *undosum*, how incomparably more beautiful would the sentence be for this energetic repetition? [51]

*North.*—I admire your modesty, Mr. Landor, in quoting Virgil only to improve him; but your alteration is not an improvement. Dido, having just complained of her lover for putting out to sea under a wintry star, would have uttered but a graceless iteration had she in the same breath added—if Troy yet stood, must even Troy be sought through a wintry sea? *Undosum* is the right epithet; it paints to the eye the danger of the voyage, and adds force to her complaint.

*Landor.* Pshaw! You Scotchmen are no scholars. Let me proceed. Virgil has no nature. And, by the way, his translator Dryden, too, is greatly overrated.

*North.*—Glorious John?

*Landor.*—Glorious fiddlestick! It is insufferable that a rhymers should be called glorious, whose only claim to notice is a clever drinking song.

*North.*—A drinking song?



*Landor.* Yes, the thing termed an Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

*North.*—Heh, sir, indeed! Well, let us go on with the Ancients, and dispatch them first. To revert to the Greeks, from whom Virgil's imitation of the Iliad drew us aside, favour me with your opinion of Plato.

[Footnote 48: See Mr. Landor's "Imaginary Conversations."—Vol. i. p. 44, and ii. p. 322, note.]

[Footnote 50: Vol. i p. 269, 270.]



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[Footnote 51: Vol. i. p. 300.]

*Landor.*—Plato is disingenuous and malicious. I fancy I have detected him in more than one dark passage, a dagger in his hand and a bitter sneer on his countenance.[52] He stole (from the Egyptian priests and other sources) every idea his voluminous books convey. [53] Plato was a thief.

*North.*—“Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief.”

*Landor.*—Do you mean to insinuate that my dialogues are stolen from Plato’s?

*North.*—Certainly not, Mr. Landor; there is not the remotest resemblance between them. Lucian and Christopher North are your models. What do you think of Aristotle?

*Landor.*—In Plato we find only arbours and grottoes, with moss and shell work all misplaced. Aristotle has built a solider edifice, but has built it across the road. We must throw it down again. [54]

*North.*—So much for philosophy. What have you to say to Xenophon as an historian?

*Landor.*—He is not inelegant, but he is unimpassioned and affected; [55] and he has not even preserved the coarse features of nations and of ages in his *Cyropaedia*. [56]

*North.*—The dunce! But what of the *Anabasis*?

*Landor.*—You may set Xenophon down as a writer of graceful mediocrity. [57]

*North.*—Herodotus?

*Landor.*—If I blame Herodotus, whom can I commend? His view of history was nevertheless like that of the Asiatics, and there can be little to instruct and please us in the actions and speeches of barbarians. [58]

*North.*—Which of the Greek tragedians do you patronise?

*Landor.*—Aeschylus is not altogether unworthy of his reputation; he is sometimes grand, but oftener flighty and obscure. [59]

*North.*—What say you of Sophocles?

*Landor.*—He is not so good as his master, though the Athenians thought otherwise. He is, however, occasionally sublime.

*North.*—What of Euripides? [60]



*Landor.*—He came further down into common life than Sophocles, and he further down than Aeschylus: one would have expected the reverse. Euripides has but little dramatic power. His dialogue is sometimes dull and heavy; the construction of his fable infirm and inartificial, and if in the chorus he assumes another form, and becomes a more elevated poet, he is still at a loss to make it serve the interests of the piece. He appears to have written principally for the purpose of inculcating political and moral axioms. The dogmas, like *valets de place*, serve any master, and run to any quarter. Even when new, they are nevertheless miserably flat and idle.

*North.*—Aristophanes ridiculed him.

*Landor.*—Yes, Aristophanes had, however, but little true wit. [61]

*North.*—That was lucky for Euripides.

*Landor.*—A more skilful archer would have pierced him through bone and marrow, and saved him from the dogs of Archelaus.



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*North.*—That story is probably an allegory, signifying that Euripides was after all worried out of life by the curs of criticism in his old age.

*Landor.*—As our Keats was in his youth, eh, Mr. North? A worse fate than that of Aeschylus, who had his skull cracked by a tortoise dropt by an eagle that mistook his bald head for a stone.

*North.*—Another fable of his inventive countrymen. He died of brain-fever, followed by paralysis, the effect of drunkenness. He was a jolly old toper: I am sorry for him. You just now said that Aristophanes wanted wit. What foolish fellows then the Athenians must have been, in the very meridian of their literature, to be so delighted with what they mistook for wit as to decree him a crown of olive! He has been styled the Prince of Old Comedy too. How do you like Menander?

[Footnote 52: Vol. ii. p. 298.]

[Footnote 53: Vol. iii p. 514.]

[Footnote 54: Vol. iv. p 80.]

[Footnote 55: Vol. i. p. 233.]

[Footnote 56: Vol. ii. p. 331.]

[Footnote 57: Vol. iii. p. 35.]

[Footnote 58: Vol. ii. p. 332.]

[Footnote 59: Vol. i. pp. 299, 298, 297.]

[Footnote 60: Vol. i. p. 298.]

[Footnote 61: Vol. ii. p. 12.]

*Landor.*—We have not much of him, unless in Terence. [62] The characters on which Menander raised his glory were trivial and contemptible.

[Footnote 62: Vol. ii. p. 5. At p. 6th, Mr. Landor produces some verses of his own “in the manner of Menander,” fathers them on Andrew Marvel, and makes Milton praise them!]

*North.*—Now that you have demolished the Greeks, let us go back to Rome, and have another touch at the Latins. From Menander to Terence is an easy jump. How do you esteem Terence?



*Landor.*—Every one knows that he is rather an expert translator from the Greek than an original writer. There is more pith in Plautus.

*North.*—You like Plautus, then, and endure Terence?

*Landor.*—I tolerate both as men of some talents; but comedy is, at the best, only a low style of literature; and the production of such trifling stuff is work for the minor geniuses. I have never composed a comedy.

*North.*—I see: farewell to the sock, then. Is Horace worth his salt?

*Landor.*—There must be some salt in Horace, or he would not have kept so well. [63] He was a shrewd observer and an easy versifier; but, like all the pusillanimous, he was malignant.

[Footnote 63: Vol. ii. p. 249.]

*North.*—Seneca?

*Landor.*—He was, like our own Bacon, hard-hearted and hypocritical, [64] as to his literary merits, Caligula, the excellent emperor and critic, (who made sundry efforts to extirpate the writings of Homer and Virgil,) [65] spoke justly and admirably when he compared the sentences of Seneca to lime without sand.



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[Footnote 64: Vol. iv. p. 31.]

[Footnote 65: Vol. i. p. 274.]

*North*.—Perhaps, after all, you prefer the moderns?

*Landor*.—I have not said that.

*North*.—You think well of Spenser?

*Landor*.—As I do of opium: he sends me to bed [66].

[Footnote 66:

    Thee, gentle Spenser fondly led,  
    But me he mostly sent to bed.—LANDOR. ]

*North*.—You concede the greatness of Milton?

*Landor*.—Yes, when he is great; but his Satan is often a thing to be thrown out of the way among the rods and fools' caps of the nursery [67].

[Footnote 67: Vol. i. p. 301.]

He has sometimes written very contemptibly; his lines on Hobbes, the carrier, for example, and his versions of Psalms. [68] Milton was never so great a regicide as when he smote King David.

[Footnote 68: Blackwood.]

*North*.—You like, at least, his hatred of kings?

*Landor*.—That is somewhat after my own heart, I own; but he does not go far enough in his hatred of them.

*North*.—You do?

*Landor*.—I despise and abominate them. How many of them, do you think, could name their real fathers? [69]

[Footnote 69: Vol. i. p. 61.]

*North*.—But, surely, Charles was a martyr?

*Landor*.—If so, what were those who sold [70] him?

[Footnote 70: Vol. iv. p. 283.]



Ha, ha, ha! You a Scotchman, too! However, Charles was not a martyr. He was justly punished. To a consistent republican, the diadem should designate the victim: all who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish. Rewards should be offered for the heads of those monsters, as for the wolves, the kites, and the vipers. A true republican can hold no milder doctrine of polity, than that all nations, all cities, all communities, should enter into one great hunt, like that of the ancient Scythians at the approach of winter, and should follow up the kingly power unrelentingly to its perdition. [71] True republicans can see no reason why they should not send an executioner to release a king from the prison-house of his crimes, [72] with his family to attend him.

[Footnote 71: Vol. iv. 507.]

[Footnote 72: Vol. i. p. 73.]

In my Dialogues, I have put such sentiments into the mouth of Diogenes, that cynic of sterling stamp, and of Aeschines, that incorruptible orator, as suitable to the maxims of their government. [73] To my readers, I leave the application of them to nearer interests.

[Footnote 73: Mr. Landor, with whom the Cynic is a singular favourite, says, p. 461, vol. iii., that Diogenes was not expelled from Sinope for having counterfeited money; that he only marked false men. Aeschines was accused of having been bribed by Philip of Macedon.]

*North*.—But you would not yourself, in your individual character, and in deliberate earnestness, apply them to modern times and monarchies?



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*Landor.*—Why not? Look at my Dialogue with De Lille. [74] What have I said of Louis the Fourteenth, the great exemplar of kingship, and of the treatment that he ought to have received from the English? Deprived of all he had acquired by his treachery and violence, unless the nation that brought him upon his knees had permitted two traitors, Harley and St. John, to second the views of a weak woman, and to obstruct those of policy and of England, he had been carted to condign punishment in the *Place de Greve* or at Tyburn. *Such examples are much wanted, and, as they can rarely be given, should never be omitted.*[75]

[Footnote 74: Vol. i.]

[Footnote 75: Vol. i. p. 281.—Landor.]

*North.*—The Sans-culottes and Poissardes of the last French revolution but three, would have raised you by acclamation to the dignity of Decollator of the royal family of France for that brave sentiment. But you were not at Paris, I suppose, during the reign of the guillotine, Mr. Landor?

*Landor.*—I was not, Mr. North. But as to the king whose plethory was cured by that sharp remedy, he, Louis the Sixteenth, was only dragged to a fate which, if he had not experienced it, he would be acknowledged to have deserved. [76]

[Footnote 76: Vol. ii. p. 267. This truculent sentiment the Dialogist imputes to a Spanish liberal. He cannot fairly complain that it is here restored to its owner. It is exactly in accordance with the sentence quoted above in italics—a judgment pronounced by Mr. Landor in person. —Vol. i. p. 281. It also conforms to his philosophy of regicide, as expounded in various parts of his writings. In his preface to the first volume of his Imaginary Conversations, he claims exemption, though somewhat sarcastically, from responsibility for the notions expressed by his interlocutors. An author, in a style which has all the freedom of the dramatic form, without its restraints, should especially abstain from making his work the vehicle of crotchets, prejudices, and passions peculiar to himself, or unworthy of the characters speaking. “This form of composition,” Mr. Landor says, “among other advantages, is recommended by the protection it gives from the hostility all novelty (unless it be vicious) excites.” Prudent consideration, but indiscreet parenthesis.]

*North.*—I believe one Englishman, a martyr to liberty, has said something like that before.

*Landor.*—Who, pray?

*North.*—The butcher Ings.

*Landor.*—Ah, I was not aware of it! Ings was a fine fellow.



*North.*—Your republic will never do here, Mr. Landor.

*Landor.*—I shall believe that a king is better than a republic when I find that a single tooth in a head is better than a set. [77]

[Footnote 77: Vol. ii. p. 31.]

*North.*—It would be as good logic in a monarchy-man to say, “I shall believe that a republic is better than a king when I am convinced that six noses on a face would be better than one.”



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*Landor.*—In this age of the march of intellect, when a pillar of fire is guiding us out of the wilderness of error, you Tories lag behind, and are lost in darkness, Mr. North. Only the first person in the kingdom should be unenlightened and void, as only the first page in a book should be a blank one. It is when it is torn out that we come at once to the letters. [78]

[Footnote 78: Vol. iv. p. 405.]

*North.*—Well, now that you have torn out the first page of the Court Guide, we come to the Peers, I suppose.

*Landor.*—The peerage is the park-paling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures tame and wild for luxury and diversion, and to keep out the people. Kings are to peerages what poles are to rope-dancers, enabling them to play their tricks with greater confidence and security above the heads of the people. The wisest and the most independent of the English Parliaments declared the thing useless. [79] Peers are usually persons of pride without dignity, of lofty pretensions with low propensities. They invariably bear towards one another a constrained familiarity or frigid courtesy, while to their huntsmen and their prickers, their chaplains and their cooks, (or indeed any other man's,) they display unequivocal signs of ingenuous cordiality.

[Footnote 79: Vol. iv. p. 400.]

How many do you imagine of our nobility are not bastards or sons of bastards? [80]

[Footnote 80: Vol. iv. p. 273.]

*North.*—You have now settled the Peers. The Baronets come next in order.

*Landor.*—Baronets are prouder than any thing we see on this side of the Dardanelles, excepting the proctors of universities, and the vergers of cathedrals; and their pride is kept in eternal agitation, both from what is above them and what is below. Gentlemen of any standing (like Walter Savage Landor, of Warwick Castle, and Lantony Abbey in Wales,) are apt to investigate their claims a little too minutely, and nobility has neither bench nor joint-stool for them in the vestibule. During the whole course of your life, have you ever seen one among this, our King James's breed of curs, that either did not curl himself up and lie snug and warm in the lowest company, [81] or slaver and whimper in fretful quest of the highest.

[Footnote 81: Vol. iv. p. 400.]

*North.*—But you allow the English people to be a great people.

*Landor.*—I allow them to be a nation of great fools. [82] In England, if you write dwarf on the back of a giant, he will go for a dwarf.



[Footnote 82: Vol. iii. p. 135.]

*North*.—I perceive; some wag has been chalking your back in that fashion. Why don't you label your breast with the word giant? Perhaps you would then pass for one.

*Landor*.—I have so labelled it, but in vain.

*North*.—Yet we have seen some great men, besides yourself, Mr. Landor, in our own day. Some great military commanders, for example; and, as a particular instance, Wellington.



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*Landor.*—It cannot be dissembled that all the victories of the English, in the last fifty years, have been gained by the high courage and steady discipline of the soldier, [83] and the most remarkable where the prudence and skill of the commander were altogether wanting.

[Footnote 83: Vol. ii. p 214.]

*North.*—Ay, that was a terrible mistake at Waterloo. Yet you will allow Wellington to have been something of a general, if not in India, at least in Spain.

*Landor.*—Suppose him, or any distinguished general of the English, to have been placed where Murillo was placed in America, Mina in Spain; then inform me what would have been your hopes? [84] The illustrious Mina, [85] of all the generals who have appeared in our age, has displayed the greatest genius, and the greatest constancy. That exalted personage, the admiration of Europe, accomplished the most arduous and memorable work that any one mortal ever brought to its termination.

[Footnote 84: Vol. ii. p. 214.]

[Footnote 85: Vol. ii. p. 3. Ded. “to Mina.”—Wilson.]

*North.*—We have had some distinguished statesmen at the helm in our time, Mr. Landor.

*Landor.*—Not one.

*North.*—Mr. Pitt.

*Landor.*—Your pilot that weathered the storm. Ha, ha! He was the most insidious republican that England ever produced.

*North.*—You should like him if he was a Republican.

*Landor.*—But he was a debaser of the people as well as of the peerage. By the most wasteful prodigality both in finance and war, he was enabled to distribute more wealth among his friends and partisans than has been squandered by the uncontrolled profusion of French monarchs from the first Louis to the last. [86] Yet he was more short-sighted than the meanest insect that can see an inch before it. You should have added those equally enlightened and prudent leaders of our Parliament, Lord Castlereagh and his successors. Pitt, indeed! whose requisites for a successful minister were three—to speak like an honest man, to act like a scoundrel, and to be indifferent which he is called. But you have forgotten my dialogue between him and that wretched fellow Canning. [87] I have there given Pitt his quietus. As to Castlereagh and Canning, I have crushed them to powder, spit upon them, kneaded them into dough again; and pulverized them once more. Canning is the man who deserted his party,



supplanted his patrons, and abandoned every principle he protested he would uphold. [88] Castlereagh is the statesman who was found richer one day, by a million of zecchins, than he was the day before, and this from having signed a treaty! The only life he ever personally aimed at was the vilest in existence, and none complains that he succeeded in his attempt. [89] I forgot: he aimed at another so like it, (you remember his duel with Canning,) that it is a pity it did not form a part of it.



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[Footnote 86: Vol. ii. p. 240, 241, 242.]

[Footnote 87: Vol. iii. p. 66.]

[Footnote 88: Vol. iii. p. 134.]

[Footnote 89: Vol. iii. p. 172, and that there should be no mistake as to the person indicated, Lord Castlereagh is again accused by name at p. 187. The same charge occurs also in the dialogue between Aristotle and Calisthenes! p 334, 335, 336; where Prince Metternich, (Metanyctius,) the briber, is himself represented as a traitor to his country. Aristotle is the teller of this cock-and-bull story!]

*North.*—Horrible! most horrible!

*Landor.*—Hear Epicurus and Leontion and Ternissa discuss the merits of Castlereagh and Canning.

*North.*—Epicurus! What, the philosopher who flourished some centuries before the Christian era?

*Landor.*—The same. He flourishes still for my purposes.

*North.*—And who are Leontion and Ternissa?

*Landor.*—Two of his female pupils.

*North.*—Oh, two of his misses! And how come they and their master, who lived above 2000 years before the birth of Canning and Castlereagh, to know any thing about them?

*Landor.*—I do not stand at trifles of congruity. Canning is the very man who has taken especial care that no strong box among us shall be without a chink at the bottom; the very man who asked and received a gratuity (you remember the Lisbon job) [90] from the colleague he had betrayed, belied, and thrown a stone at, for having proved him in the great market-place a betrayer and a liar. Epicurus describes Canning as a fugitive slave, a writer of epigrams on walls, and of songs on the grease of platters, who attempted to cut the throat of a fellow in the same household, [91] who was soon afterward more successful in doing it himself.

[Footnote 90: Vol. iv. p. 194.]

[Footnote 91: Vol. iv. p. 194.]

*North.*—Horrible, most horrible mockery! But even that is not new. It is but Byron's brutal scoff repeated—"Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh."



*Landor.*—You Tories affect to be so squeamish. Epicurus goes on to show Canning's ignorance of English.

*North.*—Epicurus! Why not William Cobbett?

*Landor.*—The Athenian philosopher introduces the trial of George the Fourth's wife, and describes her as a drunken old woman, the companion of soldiers and sailors, and lower and viler men. One whose eyes, as much as can be seen of them, are streaky fat floating in semi-liquid rheum.

*North.*—And this is the language of Epicurus to his female pupils! He was ever such a beast.

*Landor.*—You are delicate. He goes on to allude to Canning's having called her the *pride, the life, the ornament of society*, (you know he did so call her in the House of Commons, according to the newspaper reports; it is true he was speaking of what she had been many years previously; before her departure from England.) [92] Epicurus says triumphantly that the words, if used at all, should have been placed thus—*the ornament, pride, and life*; for hardly a Boeotian bullock-driver would have wedged in *life* between *pride* and *ornament*.



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[Footnote 92: Vol. iv. p. 194, 195.—Pericles and Sophocles also prattle about Queen Caroline! vol. 2, p. 106, 107.—In another place the judgment and style of Johnson being under sentence, the Doctor's judgment is "alike in all things," that is, "unsound and incorrect;" and as to style, "a sentence of Johnson is like a pair of breeches, an article of dress, divided into two parts, equal in length, breadth, and substance, with a protuberance before and behind." The *contour* of Mr. Landor's figure can hardly be so graceful as that of the Pythian Apollo, if his dress-breeches are made in this fashion, and "his Florentine tailor never fails to fit him."—See vol. i. p. 296, and p. 185, note.]

*North*.—What dignified and important criticism! and how appropriate from the lips of Epicurus! But why were you, Mr. Landor, so rancorous against that miserable Queen Caroline? You have half choked Sir Robert Wilson, one of her champions, and the marshal of her coffin's royal progress through London, with a reeking panegyric in your dedication to him [93] of a volume of your Talks.

[Footnote 93: Vol. iii.]

*Landor*.—I mistook Wilson for an uncompromising Radical. As to his and Canning's nobled Queen, I confess I owed her a grudge for disrespect to me at Como long before.

*North*.—How? Were you personally acquainted with her?

*Landor*.—Not at all: She was not aware that there was such a man as Walter Savage Landor upon earth, or she would have taken care that I should not be stopt by her porter at the lodge-gate, when I took a fancy to pry into the beauties of her pleasure-ground.

*North*.—Then her disrespect to you was not only by deputy, but even without her cognisance?

*Landor*.—Just so.

*North*.—And that was the offence for which you assailed her with such a violent invective after her death?

*Landor*.—Oh no! it might possibly have sharpened it a little; but I felt it my duty, as a censor of morals, to mark my reprobation of her having grown fat and wrinkled in her old age. It was necessary for me to correct the flattering picture drawn of her by that caitiff Canning. You know the contempt of Demosthenes for Canning.

*North*.—Demosthenes, too!

*Landor*.—Yes, in my dialogue between him and Eubulides, he delineates Canning as a clumsy and vulgar man.



*North.*—Every one knows that he was a man of remarkably fine person and pleasing manners.

*Landor.*—Never mind that—A vulgar and clumsy man, a market-place demagogue, lifted on a honey-barrel by grocers and slave-merchants, with a dense crowd around him, who listen in rapture because his jargon is unintelligible. [94] Demosthenes, you know, was a Liverpool electioneering agent, so he knew all about Canning and his tricks, and his abstraction of L.14,000 sterling from the public treasury to defray the expenses of his shameful flight to Lesbos, that is Lisbon.[95]



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[Footnote 94: Vol. i. p. 245.]

[Footnote 95: Vol. i. p. 247. This charge against Canning is repeated at Vol. iii. p. 186, 187, and again at Vol. iv. p. 193.]

*North.*—Has England produced no honest men of eminence, Mr. Landor?

*Landor.*—Very few; I can, however, name two—Archbishop Boulter and Philip Savage. [96] I am not certain that I should ever have thought of recording their merits, if their connexion with my own family had not often reminded me of them; we do not always bear in mind very retentively what is due to others, unless there is something at home to stimulate the recollection. Boulter, Primate of Ireland, saved that kingdom from pestilence and famine in 1729 by supplying the poor with bread, medicines, attendance, and every possible comfort and accommodation. Again, in 1740 and 1741, no fewer than 250,000 persons were fed, twice a-day, principally at his expense. Boulter was certainly the most disinterested, the most humane, the most beneficent, and after this it is little to say, the most enlightened and learned man that ever guided the counsels of a kingdom.[97] Mr. Philip Savage, Chancellor of the Exchequer, married his wife's sister, of his own name, but very distantly related. This minister was so irreproachable, that even Swift could find no fault with him. [97] He kept a groom in livery, and two saddle-horses.

[Footnote 96: Also Vol. iii. p. 92.]

[Footnote 97: Vol. iii. p. 91, 92, note.]

*North.*—Is it possible? And these great men were of your family, Mr. Landor!

*Landor.*—I have told you so, sir—Philip was one of my Savage ancestors, [98] and he and Boulter married sisters, who were also Savages.

[Footnote 98: Vol. iii. p. 92, note.]

*North.*—You have lived a good while in Italy? You like the Italians, I believe?

*Landor.*—I despise and abominate the Italians; and I have taken some pains to show it in various ways. During my long residence at Florence I was the only Englishman there, I believe, who never went to court, leaving it to my hatter, who was a very honest man, and my breeches-maker, who never failed to fit me. [99] The Italians were always—far exceeding all other nations—parsimonious and avaricious, the Tuscans beyond all other Italians, the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans. [100]

[Footnote 99: Vol. i. p. 185.]

[Footnote 100: Vol. i. p. 219.]



*North.*—But even Saul was softened by music: surely that of Italy must have sometimes soothed you?

*Landor.*—*Opera* was, among the Romans, *labour*, as *operae pretium*, &c. It now signifies the most contemptible of performances, the vilest office of the feet and tongue.  
[101]

[Footnote 101: Vol. i. p. 212.]

*North.*—But the sculptors, the painters, the architects of Italy? You smile disdainfully, Mr. Landor!



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*Landor.*—I do; their sculpture and painting have been employed on most ignoble objects —on scourgers and hangmen, on beggarly enthusiasts and base impostors. Look at the two masterpieces of the pencil; the Transfiguration of Raphael, and the St. Jerome of Correggio; [102] can any thing be more incongruous, any thing more contrary to truth and history?

[Footnote 102: Vol. i. p. 109, note.]

*North.*—There have been able Italian writers both in verse and prose?

*Landor.*—In verse not many, in prose hardly any.

*North.*—Boccaccio?

*Landor.*—He is entertaining.

*North.*—Machiavelli?

*Landor.*—A coarse comedian. [103]

[Footnote 103: Vol. ii. p. 252.]

*North.*—You honour Ariosto?

*Landor.*—I do not. Ariosto is a plagiarist, the most so of all poets. [104] Ariosto is negligent; his plan inartificial, defective, bad.

[Footnote 104: Vol. i. p. 290.]

*North.*—You protect Tasso?

*Landor.*—I do, especially against his French detractors.

*North.*—But you esteem the French?

*Landor.*—I despise and abominate the French.

*North.*—And their literature!

*Landor.*—And their literature. As to their poets, bad as Ariosto is, divide the Orlando into three parts, and take the worst of them, and although it may contain a large portion of extremely vile poetry, it will contain more of good than the whole French language. [105]

[Footnote 105: Vol. i. p. 290.]



*North.*—Is Boileau so very contemptible?

*Landor.*—Beneath contempt. He is a grub. [106]

[Footnote 106: See Mr. Landor's Polite Conversation with De Lille, Vol. i. and Note at the end, p. 309, 310.]

*North.*—Racine?

*Landor.*—Diffuse, feeble, and, like Boileau, meanly thievish. The most admired verse of Racine is stolen, [107] so is almost every other that is of any value.

[Footnote 107: Vol. i. p. 293, 294.]

*North.*—But Voltaire, Mr. Landor?

*Landor.*—Voltaire, sir, was a man of abilities, and author of many passable epigrams, besides those which are contained in his tragedies and heroics, [108] though, like Parisian lackeys, they are usually the smartest when out of place. I tell you I detest and abominate every thing French. [109]

[Footnote 108: Vol. i. p. 254.]

[Footnote 109: We, however, find Mr. Landor giving the French credit for their proceedings in one remarkable instance, and it is so seldom that we catch him in good-humour with any thing, that we will not miss an opportunity of exhibiting him in an amiable light. This champion of the liberties of the world, who has cracked his lungs in endeavouring, on the shores of Italy, to echo the lament of Byron over Greece, and



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who denounced the powers of Europe for suffering the Duke d'Angouleme to assist his cousin Ferdinand in retaking the Trocadero, yet approves of French proceedings in Spain on a previous occasion. Admiring reader! you shall hear Sir Oracle himself again: — "The laws and institutions introduced by the French into Spain were excellent, and the *king*" (Joseph Bonaparte!) "was liberal, affable, sensible, and humane." Poor Trelawney, the friend of Byron, is made to talk thus! Both Trelawney and Odysseus the noble Greek, to whom he addresses himself, were more likely to participate in the "indignation of a high-minded Spaniard," so vividly expressed by a high-minded Englishman in the following sonnet:—

"We can endure that he should waste our lands,  
Despoil our temples, and, by sword and flame,  
Return us to the dust from which we came;  
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:  
And we can brook the thought, that by his hands  
Spain may be overpower'd, and he possess,  
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,  
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands  
That he will break for us he dares to speak,  
Of benefits, and of a future day  
When our enlighten'd minds shall bless his sway—  
Then the strain'd heart of fortitude proves weak;  
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare  
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear."]

*North*.—Well, Mr. Landor, we have rambled over much ground; we have journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. Let us return home.

*Landor*.—Before we do so, let me observe, that among several noted Italians whom you have not glanced at, there is one whom I revere—Alfieri. He was the greatest man of his time in Europe, though not acknowledged or known to be so; [110] and he well knew his station as a writer and as a man. Had he found in the world five equal to himself, he would have walked out of it not to be jostled. [111]

[Footnote 110: Vol. ii. p. 241.]

[Footnote 111: Vol. ii. p. 258.]

*North*.—He would have been sillier, then, than the flatulent frog in the fable. Yet Alfieri's was, indeed, no ordinary mind, and he would have been a greater poet than he was, had he been a better man. I admire his *Bruto Primo* as much as you do, and I am glad to hear you give your suffrage so heartily in favour of any one.



*Landor.*—Sir, I admire the man as much as I do the poet. It is not every one who can measure his height; I can.

*North.*—Pop! there you go! you have got out of the bottle again, and are swelling and vapouring up to the clouds. Do lower yourself to my humble stature, (I am six feet four in my slippers.) Alfieri reminds me of Byron. What of him?



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*Landor.*—A sweeper of the Haram. [112] A sweeper of the Haram is equally in false costume whether assuming the wreath of Musaeus or wearing the bonnet of a captain of Suliotes. I ought to have been chosen a leader of the Greeks. I would have led them against the turbaned Turk to victory, armed not with muskets or swords but with bows and arrows, and mailed not in steel cuirasses or chain armour but in cork caps and cork shirts. Nothing is so cool to the head as cork, and by the use of cork armour the soldier who cannot swim has all the advantage of him who can. At the head of my swimming archers I would have astonished the admirers of Leander and Byron in the Dardanelles, and I would have proved myself a Duck worth two of the gallant English admiral who tried in vain to force that passage. The Sultan should have beheld us in Stamboul, and we would have fluttered his dovecote within the Capi—

[Footnote 112: Vol. i. p. 301.—Vol. ii. p. 222, 223.]

*North.*—I will not tempt you further. Let us proceed to business. To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit, Mr. Landor?

*Landor.*—I sent you the manuscript of a new Imaginary Conversation between Porsou and Southey.

*North.*—A sort of abnegation of your former one. For what purpose did you send it to me?

*Landor.*—For your perusal. Have you read it?

*North.*—I have, and I do not find it altogether new.

*Landor.*—How?

*North.*—I have seen some part of it in print before.

*Landor.*—Where?

*North.*—In a production of your own.

*Landor.*—Impossible!

*North.*—In a rhymed lampoon printed in London in 1836. It is called “A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors.” Do you know such a thing?

*Landor.*—(Aside. Unlucky! some good-natured friend has sent him that suppressed pamphlet.) Yes, Mr. North; a poetical manifesto of mine with that title was printed but not published.



*North.*—No, only privately distributed among friends. It contained some reflections on Wordsworth.

*Landor.*—It did.

*North.*—Why did you suppress it?

*Landor.*—Because I was ashamed of it. Byron and others had anticipated me. I had produced nothing either new or true to damage Wordsworth.

*North.*—Yet you have now, in this article that you offer me, reproduced the same stale gibes.

*Landor.*—But I have kept them in salt for six years: they will now have more flavour. I have added some spice, too.

*North.*—Which you found wrapt up in old leaves of the *Edinburgh Review*.

*Landor.*—Not the whole of it; a part was given to me by acquaintances of the poet.

*North.*—Eavesdroppers about Rydal Mount and Trinity Lodge. It was hardly worth your acceptance.



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*Landor*.—Then you refuse my article.

*North*.—It is a rare article, Mr. Landor—a brave caricature of many persons and things; but, before I consent to frame it in ebony, we must come to some understanding about other parts of the suppressed pamphlet. Here it is. I find that in this atrabilious effusion you have treated ourselves very scurvily. At page 9 I see,

“Sooner shall Tuscan Vallambrosa lack wood,  
Than Britain, Grub street, Billingsgate, and *Blackwood*.”

Then there is a note at page 10: “Who can account for the eulogies of *Blackwood* on Sotheby’s Homer as compared with Pope’s and Cowper’s? Eulogy is not reported to be the side he *lies* upon, in general.” On the same page, and the next, you say of Us, high Churchmen and high Tories,

“Beneath the battlements of Holyrood  
There never squatted a more sordid brood  
Than that which now, across the clotted perch,  
Crookens the claw and screams for Court and Church.”

Then again at page 12,

“Look behind you, look!  
There issues from the Treasury, dull and dry as  
The leaves in winter, Gifford and Matthias.  
Brighter and braver Peter Pindar started,  
And ranged around him all the lighter-hearted,  
When Peter Pindar sank into decline,  
Up from his hole sprang Peter Porcupine”

All which is nothing to Us, but what does it lead to?

“Him W ... son follow’d”—

Why those dots, Mr. Landor?

“Him W ... son follow’d, of congenial quill,  
As near the dirt and no less prone to ill.  
Walcot, of English heart, had English pen,  
Buffoon he might be, but for hire was none;  
Nor plumed and mounted in Professor’s chair  
Offer’d to grin for wages at a fair.”

The rest is too foul-mouthed for repetition. You are a man of nasty ideas, Mr. Landor. You append a note, in which, without any authority but common rumour, you exhibit the



learned Professor as an important contributor to Blackwood, especially in those graces of delicate wit so attractive to his subscribers. You declare, too, that we fight under cover, and only for spite and pay; that honester and wiser satirists were brave, that—

“Their courteous soldiership, outshining ours,  
Mounted the engine and took aim from towers;”

But that

“From putrid ditches we more safely fight,  
And push our zig-zag parallels by night.”

Again, at page 19—

“The Gentleman’s, the Lady’s we have seen,  
Now blusters forth the Blackguard’s Magazine;  
And (Heaven from joint-stock companies protect us!)  
Dustman and nightman issue their prospectus.”

*Landor (who has sate listening, with a broad grin, while Mr. North was getting rather red in the face.)—Really, Mr. North, considering that you have followed the trade of a carrier for the last thirty years, you are remarkably sensitive to any little experiment on your own skin. Put what has my unpublished satire to do with our present affair?*



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*North.*—The answer to that question I will borrow from the satire itself, as you choose to term your scurrilous lampoon. Our present affair, then, is to consider whether Walter Savage Landor, Imaginary Conversation writer, in rushlight emulation of the wax-candles that illumine our Noctes, shall be raised, as he aspires, to the dignity of Fellow of the *Blackwood* Society. In the note at page 13 of the said lampoon, you state that “Lord Byron declared that no gentleman could write in *Blackwood*,” and you ask, “Has this assertion been ever disproved by experiment?” Now, Mr. Landor, as you have thus adopted and often re-echoed Lord Byron’s opinion, that *no gentleman could write in Blackwood*, and yet wish to enrol yourself among our writers, what is the inference?

*Landor.* That I confess myself no gentleman, *you* would infer. I make no such confession. I would disprove Byron’s assertion, by making the experiment.

*North.* You do us too much honour. Yet reflect, Mr. Landor. After the character you have given us, would you verily seek to be of our fraternity? You who have denounced us so grandiloquently—you who claim credit for lofty and disinterested principles of action? Recollect that you have represented us as the worthy men who have turned into ridicule Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, Coleridge—(diverse metals curiously graduated!)—all in short, who, recently dead, are now dividing among them the admiration of their country. Whatever could lessen their estimation; whatever could injure their fortune; whatever could make their poverty more bitter; whatever could tend to cast down their aspirations after fame; whatever had a tendency to drive them to the grave which now has opened to them, was incessantly brought into action against them by *us* zealots for religion and laws. A more deliberate, a more torturing murder, never was committed, than the murder of Keats. The chief perpetrator of his murder knew beforehand that he could not be hanged for it. These are your words, Mr. Landor.

*Landor.*—I do not deny them.

*North.*—And in regard to the taste of the common public for *Blackwood’s* Cordials, you have said that, to those who are habituated to the gin-shop, the dram is sustenance, and they feel themselves both uncomfortable and empty without the hot excitement. *Blackwood’s* is really a gin-palace. *Landor.*—All this I have both said and printed, and the last sentence you have just read from my satire is preceded by one that you have not read. An exposure of the impudence and falsehood of *Blackwood’s Magazine* is not likely to injure its character, *or diminish the number of its subscribers*; and in this sentence you have the secret of my desire to become a contributor to *Blackwood*. I want a popular vehicle to convey my censures to the world, especially on Wordsworth. I do not pretend to have any love for you and your brotherhood, Mr. North. But I dislike you less than I do Wordsworth; and I frankly own to you, that the fame of that man is a perpetual blister to my self-love.



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*North.*—Your habitual contemplation of his merits has confused you into a notion that they are your own, and you think him an usurper of the laurel crown that is yours by the divine right of genius. What an unhappy monomania! Still, your application for redress to us is unaccountable. You should know that we Black Foresters, lawless as you may suppose us, are Wordsworth's liegemen. He is our intellectual Chief. We call him the General! We are ever busy in promoting his fame.

*Landor.*—You are always blowing hot and cold on it, and have done so for years past. One month you place him among the stars, the next as low as the daisies.

*North.*—And rightly too; for both are the better for his presence.

*Landor.*—But you alternately worship and insult him, as some people do their wooden idols.

*North.*—If you must learn the truth, then, he has been to us, in one sense, nothing better than an unfeeling wooden idol. Some of us have been provoked by his indifference to our powers of annoyance, and his ingratitude in not repaying eulogy in kind. We have among ourselves a gander or two, (no offence, Mr. Landor,) that, forgetting they are webfooted, pretend to a perch on the tall bay-tree of Apollo, and, though heavy of wing, are angry with Wordsworth for not encouraging their awkward flights. They, like you, accuse him of jealousy, forsooth! That is the reason that they are now gabbling at his knees, now hissing at his heels. Moreover, our caprices are not unuseful to our interests. We alternately pique and soothe readers by them, and so keep our customers. As day is partitioned between light and darkness, so has the public taste as to Wordsworth been divided between his reverers and the followers of the Jeffrey heresy. After a lengthened winter, Wordsworth's glory is now in the long summer days; all good judgments that lay torpid have been awakened, and the light prevails against the darkness. But as bats and owls, the haters of light, are ever most restless in the season when nights are shortest, so are purblind egotists most uneasy when their dusky range is contracted by the near approach and sustained ascendancy of genius. We now put up a screen for the weak-sighted, now withdraw it from stronger eyes; thus we plague and please all parties.

*Landor.*—Except Wordsworth, whose eyelids are too tender to endure his own lustre reflected and doubled on the focus of your burnished brass. He dreads the fate of Milton, "blasted with excess of light."

*North.* Thank you, sir; that is an ingenious way of accounting for Wordsworth's neglect of our luminous pages. Yet it rather sounds like irony, coming from Mr. Walter Savage Landor to the editor of "The (Not Gentleman's) Magazine."

*Landor.*—Pshaw! still harping on my Satire.



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*North*.—In that Satire you have charged Wordsworth with having talked of Southey's poetry as not worth five shillings a ream. So long as you refrained from *publishing* this invidious imputation, even those few among Wordsworth's friends who knew that you had *printed* it, (Southey himself among the number,) might think it discreet to leave the calumny unregarded. But I observe that you have renewed it, in a somewhat aggravated form, in the Article that you now wish me to publish. You here allege that Wordsworth represented Southey as an author, *all* whose poetry was not worth five shillings. You and I both know that Wordsworth would not deign to notice such an accusation. Through good and evil report, the brave man persevered in his ascent to the mountain-top, without ever even turning round to look upon the rabble that was hooting him from its base; and he is not likely now to heed such a charge as this. But his friends may now ask, on what authority it is published? Was it to you, Mr. Walter Landor, whom Southey (in his strange affection for the name of Wat) had honoured with so much kindness—to you whose “*matin chirpings*” he had so generously encouraged, (as he did John Jones's “*mellower song*,”)—was it to you that Wordsworth delivered so injurious a judgment on the works of your patron? If so, what was your reply? [113]

[Footnote 113:

“I lagg'd; he (Southey) call'd me; urgent to prolong  
My *matin chirpings* into *mellower song*.”—LANDON. ]

*Landor*.—Whether it was expressed to myself or not, is of little consequence; it has been studiously repeated, and even printed by others as well as by me.

*North*.—By whom?

*Landor*.—That, too, is of no importance to the fact.

*North*.—I am thoroughly convinced that it is no fact, and that Wordsworth never uttered any thing like such an opinion in the sense that you report it. He and Southey have been constant neighbours and intimate friends for forty years; there has never been the slightest interruption to their friendship. Every one that knows Wordsworth is aware of his frank and fearless openness in conversation. He has been beset for the last half century, not only by genuine admirers, but by the curious and idle of all ranks and of many nations, and sometimes by envious and designing listeners, who have misrepresented and distorted his casual expressions. Instances of negligent and infelicitous composition are numerous in Southey, as in most voluminous authors. Suppose some particular passage of this kind to have been under discussion, and Mr. Wordsworth to have exclaimed, “I would not give five shillings a ream for such poetry as that.” Southey himself would only smile, (he had probably heard Wordsworth express himself to the same effect a hundred times); but some insidious hearer catches at the phrase, and reports it as Wordsworth's sweeping denunciation of all the poetry that his friend



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has ever written, in defiance of all the evidence to the contrary to be met with, not only in Wordsworth's every-day conversation, but in his published works. There is no man for whose genius Mr. Wordsworth has more steadily or consistently testified his admiration than for Southey's; there is none for whom, and for whose character, he has evinced more affection and respect. You and I, who have both read his works, and walked and talked with the Old Man of the Mountain, know that perfectly well. You have perhaps been under his roof, at Rydal Mount? I have; and over his dining-room fireplace I observed, as hundreds of his visitors must have done, five portraits—Chaucer's, Bacon's, Spenser's, Shakspeare's, and Milton's, in one line. On the same line is a bust on the right of these, and a portrait on the left; and there are no other ornaments on that wall of the apartment. That bust and that portrait are both of Southey, the man whom you pretend he has so undervalued! By the bye, no one has been more ardent in praise of Wordsworth than yourself.

*Landor.*—You allude to the first dialogue between Southey and Porson, in Vol. i. of my *Imaginary Conversations*.

*North.*—Not to that only, though in that dialogue there are sentiments much at variance with those which you would now give out as Porson's. For example, remember what Porson there says of the *Laodamia*.

*Landor.*—The most fervid expression in commendation of it is printed as Porson's improperly, as the whole context shows. It should have been Southey's.

*North.*—So, I perceive, you say in this new dialogue; and such a mode of attempting to turn your back on yourself, to borrow a phrase from your friend Lord Castlereagh's rhetoric, will be pronounced, even by those who do not care a bawbee about the debate, as not only ludicrous, but pitiably shabby. Keep your seat, Mr. Landor, and keep your temper for once in your life. Let us examine into this pretended mistake in your former dialogue about *Laodamia*. Well, as you are up, do me the favour, sir, to mount the ladder, and take down from yon top shelf the first volume of your *Conversations*. Up in the corner, on the left hand, next the ceiling. You see I have given you a high place.

*Landor.*—Here is the book, Mr. North; it is covered with dust and cobwebs.

*North.*—The fate of classics, Mr. Landor. They are above the reach of the housemaid, except when she brings the Turk's Head to bear upon them. Now, let us turn to the list of *errata* in this first volume. We are directed to turn to page 52, line 4, and for *sugar-bakers*, read *sugar-bakers' wives*. I turn to the page, and find the error corrected by yourself; as are all the press errors in these volumes, which were presented by you to a

friend. I bought the whole set for an old song at a sale. You see that the omitted word *wives* is carefully supplied by



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yourself, in your own handwriting, Mr. Landor. On the same page, only five lines below this correction, is the identical passage that you would now transfer from Porson to Southey. Why did you not affix Porson's name to the passage then, when you were so vigilantly perfecting the very page? Why does no such correction appear even in the printed list of *errata*? Let us read the passage. "A current of rich and bright thoughts runs throughout the poem. [114] Pindar himself would not, on that subject, have braced one into more nerve and freshness, nor Euripides have inspired into it more tenderness and passion."

[Footnote 114: Vol. i. p. 52.]

*Landor.*—Mr. North, I repeat that that sentence should have been printed as Southey's, not Porson's.

*North.*—Yet it is quite consistent with a preceding sentence which you can by no ingenuity of after-thought withdraw from Porson; for the whole context forbids the possibility of its transition. What does Porson there testify of the *Laodamia*? That it is "a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own!"—and a part of one of its stanzas "might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the Elysium the poet describes." [115]

[Footnote 115: Vol. i. p. 51. Few persons will think that Mr. Landor's drift, which is obvious enough, could be favoured if these passages could be *all* shuffled over to Mr. Southey. It would be unwise and inconsistent in Mr. Landor of all men to intimate that Southey's judgment in poetry was inferior to Porson's; for Southey has been so singular as to laud some of Mr. Landor's, and Mr. Landor has been so grateful as to proclaim Southey the sole critic of modern times who has shown "a delicate perception in poetry." It is rash, too, in him to insinuate that Southey's opinion could be influenced by his friendship; for he, the most amiable of men, was nevertheless a friend of Mr. Landor also. But the only object of this argument is to show how mal-adroitly Mr. Landor plays at thimble-ig. He lets us see him shift the pea. As for the praise and censure contained in his dialogues, we have no doubt that any one concerned willingly makes him a present of both. It is but returning bad money to Diogenes. It is all Mr. Landor's; and, lest there should be any doubt about the matter, he has taken care to tell us that he has not inserted in his dialogues a single sentence written by, or recorded of, the persons who are supposed to hold them.—See Vol. i. p. 96, end of note.]

These expressions are at least as fervid as those which you would reclaim from Porson, now that, like a pettifogging practitioner, you want to retain him as counsel against the most illustrious of Southey's friends—the individual of whom in this same dialogue you cause Southey to ask, "What man ever existed who spent a more retired, a more inoffensive, a more virtuous life, than Wordsworth, or who has adorned it with nobler



studies?”—and what does Porson answer? “I believe so; I have always heard it; and *those who attack him with virulence or with levity are men of no morality and no reflection.*” [116] Thus you print Wordsworth’s praise in rubric, and fix it on the walls, and then knock your head against them. You must have a hard skull, Mr. Landor.



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[Footnote 116: Vol. i. p. 40.]

*Landor.*—Be civil, Mr. North, or I will brain you.

*North.*—Pooh, pooh, man! all your Welsh puddles, which you call pools, wouldn't hold my brains. To return to your proffered article, there is one very ingenious illustration in it. "Diamonds sparkle the most brilliantly on heads stricken by the palsy."

*Landor.*—Yes; I flatter myself that I have there struck out a new and beautiful, though somewhat melancholy thought.

*North.*—New! My good man, it isn't yours; you have purloined those diamonds.

*Landor.*—From whom?

*North.*—From the very poet you would disparage—Wordsworth.

"Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From the palsy-shaken head."

Those lines have been in print above twenty years.

*Landor.*—An untoward coincidence of idea between us.

*North.*—Both original, no doubt; only, as Puff says in the *Critic*, one of you thought of it the first, that's all. But how busy would Wordsworth be, and how we should laugh at him for his pains, if he were to set about reclaiming the thousands of ideas that have been pilfered from him, and have been made the staple of volumes of poems, sermons, and philosophical treatises without end! He makes no stir about such larcenies. And what a coil have you made about that eternal sea-shell, which you say he stole from you, and which, we know, is the true and trivial cause of your hostility towards him!

*Landor.*—Surely I am an ill-used man, Mr. North. My poetry, if not worth five shillings, nor thanks, nor acknowledgment, was yet worth borrowing and putting on. I, the author of *Gebir*, Mr. North, —do you mark me?

*North.*—Yes; the author of *Gebir* and *Gebirus*; think of that, St. Crispin and Crispanus!

"Sing me the fates of Gebir, and the Nymph  
Who challenged Tamar to a wrestling match,  
And on the issue pledged her precious shell.  
Above her knees she drew the robe succinct;  
Above her breast, and just below her arms.  
'She, rushing at him, closed, and floor'd him flat.  
And carried off the prize, a bleating sheep;



The sheep she carried easy as a cloak,  
And left the loser blubbering from his fall,  
And for his vanish'd mutton. Nymph divine!  
I cannot wait describing how she came;  
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet;  
Her feet resembled those long shells explored  
By him who, to befriend his steed's dim sight,  
Would blow the pungent powder in his eye." [117]

Is that receipt for horse eye-powder to be found in White's Farriery, Mr. Landor?

[Footnote 117: The lines within inverted commas, are Mr. Landor's, without alteration.]



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*Landor*.—Perhaps not, Mr. North. Will you cease your fooling, and allow me to proceed? “I,” the author of *Gebir*, “never lamented when I believed it lost.” The MS. was mislaid at my grandmother’s, and lay undiscovered for four years. “I saw it neglected; and never complained. Southey and Forster have since given it a place whence men of lower stature are in vain on tiptoe to take it down. It would have been honest and more decorous if the writer of certain verses had mentioned from what bar he took his wine.” [118] Now keep your ears open, Mr. North; I will read my verses first, and then Wordsworth’s. Here they are. I always carry a copy of them both in my pocket. Listen!

[Footnote 118: Mr. Landor’s printed complaint, *verbatim*, from his “Satire on Satirists.”]

*North*.—List, oh list! I am all attention, Mr. Landor.

*Landor* (reads.)—

“But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
In the sun’s palace-porch, where, when unyoked,  
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.”

“Shake one, and it awakens—then apply  
Its polish’d lip to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.”

These are lines for you, sir! They are mine. What do you think of them?

*North*.—I think very well of them; they remind one of Coleridge’s “Eolian Harp.” They are very pretty lines, Mr. Landor. I have written some worse myself.

*Landor*.—So has Wordsworth. Attend to the echo in the *Excursion*.

“I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp’d shell,  
To which, in silence hush’d, his very soul  
Listen’d intensely, and his countenance soon  
Brighten’d with joy; for, murmuring from within,  
Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby,  
To his belief, the monitor express’d  
Mysterious union with its native sea.”



*North.*—There is certainly much resemblance between the two passages; and, so far as you have recited Wordsworth's, his is not superior to yours; which very likely, too, suggested it; though that is by no means a sure deduction, for the thought itself is as common as the sea-shell you describe, and, in all probability, at least as old as the Deluge.

*Landor.*—“*It is but justice to add, that this passage has been the most admired of any in Mr. Wordsworth's great poem.*” [119]

[Footnote 119: From Mr. Landor, *verbatim.*]



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*North.*—Hout, tout, man! The author of the *Excursion* could afford to spare you a thousand finer passages, and he would seem none the poorer. As to the imputed plagiarism, Wordsworth would no doubt have avowed it had he been conscious that it was one, and that you could attach so much importance to the honour of having reminded him of a secret in conchology, known to every old nurse in the country, as well as to every boy or girl that ever found a shell on the shore, or was tall enough to reach one off a cottage parlour mantelpiece; but which he could apply to a sublime and reverent purpose, never dreamed of by them or you. It is in the application of the familiar image, that we recognise the master-hand of the poet. He does not stop when he has described the toy, and the effect of air within it. The lute in Hamlet's hands is not more philosophically dealt with. There is a pearl within Wordsworth's shell, which is not to be found in your's, Mr. Landor. He goes on:—

“Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it cloth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things—  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation.”

These are the lines of a poet, who not only stoops to pick up a shell now and then, as he saunters along the sea-shore, but who is accustomed to climb to the promontory above, and to look upon the ocean of things:—

“From those imaginative heights that yield  
Far-stretching views into eternity.”

Do not look so fierce again, Mr. Landor. You who are so censorious of self-complacency in others, and indeed of all other people's faults, real or imagined, should endure to have your vanity rebuked.

*Landor.*—I have no vanity. I am too proud to be vain.

*North.*—Proud of what?

*Landor.*—Of something beyond the comprehension of a Scotchman, Mr. North—proud of my genius.

*North.*—Are you so very great a genius, Mr. Landor?

*Landor.*—I am. *Almighty Homer is twice far above Troy and her towers, Olympus and Jupiter. First, when Priam bends before Achilles, and a second time, when the shade of Agamemnon speaks among the dead. That awful spectre, called up by genius in after-*



*time, shook the Athenian stage. That scene was ever before me; father and daughter were ever in my sight; I felt their looks, their words, and again I gave them form and utterance; and, with proud humility, I say it—*

*“I am tragedian in this scene alone.  
Station the Greek and Briton side by side  
And if derision be deserved—deride.”*

*Surely there can be no fairer method of overturning an offensive reputation, from which the scaffolding is not yet taken down, than by placing against it the best passages, and most nearly parallel, in the subject, from AEschylus and Sophocles. To this labour the whole body of the Scotch critics and poets are invited, and, moreover, to add the ornaments of translation. [120]*



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[Footnote 120: This strange rhapsody is verily Mr. Landor's. It is extracted from his "Satire on the Satirists."]

*North*.—So you are not only a match for AEschylus and Sophocles, but on a par with "almighty Homer when he is far above Olympus and Jove." Oh! ho! ho! As you have long since recorded that modest opinion of yourself in print, and not been lodged in Bedlam for it, I will not now take upon myself to send for a straight-waistcoat.

*Landor*.—Is this the treatment I receive from the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in return for my condescension in offering him my assistance? Give me back my manuscript, sir. I was indeed a fool to come hither. I see how it is. You Scotchmen are all alike. We consider no part of God's creation so cringing, so insatiable, so ungrateful as the Scotch: nevertheless, we see them hang together by the claws, like bats; and they bite and scratch you to the bone if you attempt to put an Englishman in the midst of them. [121] But you shall answer for this usage, Mr. North: you shall suffer for it. These two fingers have more power than all your malice, sir, even if you had the two Houses of Parliament to back you. A pen! You shall live for it. [122]

[Footnote 121: Imaginary Conversations, vol. iv, p. 283.]

[Footnote 122: Ibid. vol. i. p. 126.]

*North*.—Fair and softly, Mr. Landor; I have not rejected your article yet. I am going to be generous. Notwithstanding all your abuse of Blackwood and his countrymen, I consent to exhibit you to the world as a Contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, in the teeth of all your recorded admiration of Wordsworth, I will allow you to prove yourself towards him a more formidable critic than Wakley, and a candidate for immortality with Lauder. Do you rue?

*Landor*.—Not at all. I have past the Rubicon.

*North*.—Is that a pun? It is worthy of Plato. Mr. Landor, you have been a friend of Wordsworth. But, as *he* says—

"What is friendship? Do not trust her,  
Nor the vows which she has made;  
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From the palsy-shaken head."

*Landor*.—I have never professed friendship for him.

*North*.—You have professed something more, then. Let me read a short poem to you, or at least a portion of it. It is an "Ode to Wordsworth."



“O WORDSWORTH!

That other men should work for me  
In the rich mines of poesy,  
Pleases me better than the toil  
Of smoothing, under harden'd hand,  
With attic emery and oil,  
The shining point for wisdom's wand,  
Like those THOU temperest 'mid the rills  
Descending from thy native hills.  
He who would build his fame up high,  
The rule and plummet must apply,  
Nor say—I'll do what I have plann'd,  
Before he try if loam or sand  
Be still remaining in the place  
Delved for each polish'd pillar's base.  
*With skilful eye and fit device*  
THOU *raisest every edifice:*  
Whether in shelter'd vale it stand,  
Or overlook the Dardan strand,  
Amid those cypresses that mourn  
Laodamia's love forlorn.”



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Four of the brightest intellects that ever adorned any age or country. are then named, and a fifth who, though not equal to the least of them, is not unworthy of their company; and what follows?

“I wish them every joy above  
That highly blessed spirits prove,  
Save one, and that too shall be theirs,  
But after many rolling years,  
WHEN 'MID THEIR LIGHT THY LIGHT APPEARS.”

Here are Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden too, all in bliss above, yet not to be perfectly blest till the arrival of Wordsworth among them! Who wrote that, Mr. Landor? [123]

[Footnote 123: Whom Mr. L., who is the most capricious as well as the most arrogant of censors, sometimes takes into favour.]

*Landor.*—I did, Mr. North.

*North.*—Sir, I accept your article. It shall be published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Good-morning, sir.

*Landor.*—Good-day, sir. Let me request your particular attention to the correction of the press. (*Landor retires.*)

*North.*—He is gone! Incomparable Savage! I cannot more effectually retaliate upon him for all his invectives against us than by admitting his gossiping trash into the Magazine. No part of the dialogue will be mistaken for Southey's; nor even for Porson's inspirations from the brandy-bottle.

All the honour due to the author will be exclusively Mr. Walter Savage Landor's; and, as it is certainly “not worth five shillings,” no one will think it “worth borrowing or putting on.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.

Sound the fife, and raise the slogan—let the pibroch shake the air  
With its wild triumphal music, worthy of the freight we bear;  
Let the ancient hills of Scotland hear once more the battle song  
Swell within their glens and valleys as the clansmen march along.  
Never, from the field of combat, never from the deadly fray,  
Was a nobler trophy carried than we bring with us to-day:  
Never, since the valiant Douglas in his dauntless bosom bore



Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—to our dear Redeemer's shore!  
Lo! we bring with us the hero—Lo! we bring the conquering Graeme,  
Crown'd as best beseems a victor from the altar of his fame;  
Fresh and bleeding from the battle whence his spirit took its flight  
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons, and the thunder of the fight!  
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph, as we march o'er moor and lea,  
Is there any here will venture to bewail our dead Dundee?  
Let the widows of the traitors weep until their eyes are dim;  
Wail ye may indeed for Scotland—let none dare to mourn for him!  
See, above his glorious body lies the royal banner's fold—  
See, his valiant blood is mingled with its crimson and its gold—

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See how calm he looks and stately, like a warrior on his shield,  
Waiting till the flush of morning breaks upon the battle field.  
See—O never more, my comrades! shall we see that falcon eye  
Kindle with its inward lightning, as the hour of fight drew nigh;  
Never shall we hear the voice that, clearer than the trumpet's call,  
Bade us strike for King and Country, bade us win the field or fall!  
On the heights of Killiecrankie yester-morn our army lay:  
Slowly rose the mist in columns from the river's broken way,  
Hoarsely roar'd the swollen torrent, and the pass was wrapp'd in gloom  
When the clansmen rose together from their lair among the broom.  
Then we belted on our tartans, and our bonnets down we drew,  
And we felt our broadswords' edges, and we proved them to be true,  
And we pray'd the prayer of soldiers, and we cried the gathering cry,  
And we clasp'd the hands of kinsmen, and we swore to do or die!  
Then our leader rode before us on his war-horse black as night—  
Well the Cameronian rebels knew that charger in the fight!—  
And a cry of exultation from the bearded warriors rose,  
For we loved the house of Claver'se, and we thought of good Montrose.  
But he raised his hand for silence—"Soldiers, I have sworn a vow;  
Ere the evening star shall glisten on Schehallion's lofty brow,  
Either we shall rest in triumph, or another of the Graemes  
Shall have died in battle harness for his country and King James!  
Think upon the Royal Martyr—think of what his race endure—  
Think on him whom butchers murder'd on the field of Magus Muir;—  
By his sacred blood I charge ye—by the ruin'd hearth and shrine—  
By the blighted hopes of Scotland—by your injuries and mine—  
Strike this day as if the anvil lay beneath your blows the while,  
Be they Covenanting traitors, or the brood of false Argyle!  
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels backwards o'er the stormy Forth;  
Let them tell their pale Convention how they fared within the North.  
Let them tell that Highland honour is not to be bought nor sold,  
That we scorn their Prince's anger, as we loathe his foreign gold.  
Strike! and when the fight is over, if ye look in vain for me,  
Where the dead are lying thickest, search for him who was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echo'd with our answer to his call,  
But a deeper echo sounded in the bosoms of us all.  
For the lands of wide Breadalbane, not a man who heard him speak  
Would that day have left the battle. Burning eye and flushing cheek  
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion, and they harder drew their breath,

For their souls were strong within them, stronger than the grasp of death.

Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet sounding in the pass below,  
And the distant tramp of horses, and the voices of the foe;



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Down we crouch'd amid the bracken, till the Lowland ranks drew near,  
Panting like the hounds in summer when they scent the stately deer.  
From the dark defile emerging, next we saw the squadrons come,  
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers marching to the tuck of drum;  
Through the scatter'd wood of birches, o'er the broken ground and heath,  
Wound the long battalion slowly till they gain'd the field beneath,  
Then we bounded from our covert.—Judge how look'd the Saxons then,  
When they saw the rugged mountain start to life with armed men!  
Like a tempest down the ridges swept the hurricane of steel,  
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—flash'd the broadsword of Lochiel!  
Vainly sped the withering volley 'mongst the foremost of our band,  
On we pour'd until we met them, foot to foot, and hand to hand.  
Horse and man went down like drift-wood, when the floods are black at  
    Yule,  
And their carcasses are whirling in the Garry's deepest pool.  
Horse and man went down before us—living foe there tarried none  
On the field of Killiecrankie, when that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining on Schehallion's distant head,  
When we wiped our bloody broadswords and return'd to count the dead.  
There we found him, gash'd and gory, stretch'd upon the cumber'd plain,  
As he told us where to seek him, in the thickest of the slain.  
And a smile was on his visage, for within his dying ear  
Peal'd the joyful note of triumph and the clansmen's clamorous cheer;  
So, amidst the battle's thunder, shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
In the glory of his manhood pass'd the spirit of the Graeme!

Open wide the vaults of Athol, where the bones of heroes rest—  
Open wide the hallow'd portals to receive another guest!  
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—last of all that dauntless race,  
Who would rather die unsullied than outlive the land's disgrace!  
O thou lion-hearted warrior! reck not of the after-time,  
Honour may be deem'd dishonour, loyalty be called a crime.  
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes of the noble and the true,  
Hands that never fail'd their country, hearts that never baseness knew.  
Sleep, and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain than our own Dundee!

W.E.A.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **LORD ELLENBOROUGH AND THE WHIGS.**

The period of a single year but just elapsed has exhibited in the neighbourhood of the Indus events of the most memorable and momentous kind. Disasters the most disgraceful have been endured—victories the most brilliant have been achieved. The policy and the fortunes of a mighty empire under one governor, have been wholly reversed under another. Safety and security have been substituted for danger and



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dismay—a strong and dignified peace for a weak and aggressive war. These changes have been coincident with a great revolution in domestic politics. Under Whig auspices those evils had arisen which their successors have now redressed. Under the administration of Whigs, that flood of calamity was opened up which has been arrested without their aid; but which could not have continued its threatened course without the most perilous consequences to the country, and the heaviest burden of responsibility on the authors of the mischief.

In such circumstances it might have been expected—if manly courage or common decency were to be looked for in such a quarter—that on these Eastern questions the Whig party should this session have followed one or other of two courses: either that they should have taken a bold line of opposition, and vindicated their own Indian policy, while they attacked that of their successors: or that they should have preserved a prudent silence on subjects where they could say nothing in their own praise, and have only lifted up their voice to join the general acclamations of the country for successes in which, though not achieved by themselves, they had the best reason to rejoice, as shielding them from the ignominy and punishment which, in an opposite event, would have been poured out by public indignation on the heads of the original wrongdoers.

A strong or an honest party would have chosen one or other of these lines. But the Whigs are neither strong nor honest; and they have accordingly, in the late Indian discussions in Parliament, pursued a course of policy in which it is difficult to say whether feebleness or fraud be the more conspicuous. They have not ventured to vindicate their own conduct in invading the Affghan country: they have not dared to dispute the wisdom of their successors in retiring from it, when the object of a just retribution was accomplished. But while driven from these points—while forced to acknowledge the ability and judgment with which the present Governor-General has applied the forces of the empire to retrieve our honour and reputation in the East—while unable to point to a single practical measure as either improperly taken, or improperly omitted by him, the Whigs could not refrain, on some pretext or other, from marring the general joy by the discordant hissings of an impotent envy. Experiencing in an unparalleled degree both the indulgence of a generous nation, who are willing to forget the past in the enjoyment of the present, and the forbearance of high-minded opponents, who could easily have triumphed in the exposure of their disastrous blunders, the Whigs have made a characteristic return, by rancorously assailing the man whom the public views as its benefactor, with captious criticisms on the terms of a proclamation, or hypocritical objections to the transmission of a trophy. With that cunning which the faction have often shown in the use of apparent opportunities,



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they gained the reluctant concurrence of a few upright men, of whose peculiar scruples they contrived to avail themselves, but with an ignorance of the true English character, for which they are equally distinguished, they overshot the mark, and stand convicted of a design to make a verbal misconstruction the pretence for persecuting an absent man, and to convert honest prejudices into an unconscious instrument of oppression. They have thus earned a large allowance of general contempt, and they have nowhere, perhaps, excited a stronger feeling of disgust than in the minds of those who thought themselves compelled, by a rigid conscience, to give a seeming concurrence to their proceedings.

In judging of the conduct and position of Lord Ellenborough, it were gross ingratitude and injustice to forget the nature of the calamities with which India was assailed and threatened at the commencement of his government. In the second week of March 1842, the overland mail from the East conveyed intelligence to our shores which struck the nation to the very heart, and spread one universal feeling of grief and dismay, approaching for a time as near to a feeling of despondency as English breasts can be taught to know. Let us describe the effect in the words of an impartial observer writing at the time:—

“No such disastrous news has for many years reached this country as that which has arrived from India. ‘The progress of our arms’ was carried merrily on, till our flag was set beside that of our puppet, Shah Soojah, in Cabul; but there the progress has abruptly terminated in the total engulfing of ‘our arms.’ Yes, Sir William Macnaghten had just written home to declare our supremacy established, when all Cabul rose beneath his feet. Sir Alex. Burnes was the first swallowed in the earthquake of arms; next Sir William himself, governor of Bombay, and representative of the power of England in North-Western India, was destroyed, and his mutilated remains were made the object of ignominious ribaldry; and at length, if very general rumour is to be believed, the English army of occupation has been literally expunged. Corunna, Walcheren, all the reverses that have chequered our military career, baffle the memory to find a parallel to the utter defeat which, in the eyes of the barbarians of the Indian frontier, has crushed our power.”—*Spectator*, p. 242.

These were the feelings that possessed this country, and which wrung, even from the Whigs, with every wish to palliate them, an acknowledgment of the heavy disasters which had befallen us. Pressed with the weight of these convictions, Mr. Macaulay, in a debate on the Income-tax, in April 1842, after *cannily* disclaiming any responsibility for the Affghan invasion, as having been effected before he joined the Government, was driven to deplore these military reverses as the greatest disaster that had ever befallen us: and added, somewhat incongruously:—



“He did not anticipate, if we acted with vigour, the least danger to our empire; though it must always be remembered that a great Mahometan success could not but fall like a spark upon tinder, and act on the freemasonry of Islamism from Morocco to Coromandel.”



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What, then, must have been the feeling in India, in the very focus of this calamitous visitation? Lord Auckland's despatches, now made public, will tell us what *he* felt. That he contemplated from the first the total and instant evacuation of Affghanistan, without attempting a blow for the vindication of our honour, or the release of the prisoners, is past all dispute, from documents under his own hand. Whether he is to be blamed for this resolution, or for the state of matters which rendered it necessary, is not here the question. But the fact is remarkable, as throwing further light on the effrontery of the Whigs. Lord Palmerston, in last August, twitted the Ministry with Lord Ellenborough's supposed intention to retire from beyond the Indus, and congratulated the country on the frustration of that intention, as having saved us "from the eternal disgrace." He was answered by the Prime Minister at the time in terms that might have been a warning, and that are now no longer a mystery.

"The noble lord presumed much on my forbearance, in what he said with respect to the Affghan war: and I will not be betrayed by any language of his to forget what I owe to the public service in replying to him. It is easy to say, why don't you move troops to Candahar; and why don't you move troops somewhere else? The noble lord finds no difficulty in this; but does he recollect that 26,000 camels, carrying the baggage of the troops in Affghanistan, were sacrificed before they reached it? The noble lord says, 'Who contemplated the abandonment of Affghanistan?' *I could tell the noble lord.* Beware, I say; let the noble lord beware of indiscriminate reflections upon those in office."

It is now known "*who* contemplated the abandonment of Affghanistan," without a struggle to punish the perfidy of the Affghans, to avenge the insults to our honour, or to redress the wrongs of our countrymen. Lord Auckland resolved on this course, without even an aspiration after any thing better than a safe retreat. Nor is such a resolution to be wondered at when the state of our military preparations is considered. A letter from Sir Jasper Nicolls, of 24th January 1842, to the statements in which we see no contradiction in the *Blue Book*, exhibits at once the condition of our resources, and the feelings of the head of the Indian army.

"After I had dispatched my letter to your Lordship in Council, I received the note, of which I transmit a copy herewith, from the Adjutant-General, and I had a second discussion with Mr. Clerk on the subject of holding our ground at Jellalabad against any Affghan power or force, in view to retrieving our position at Cabul, by advancing upon it, at the fit season, simultaneously from Candahar to Jellalabad. Having thus regained our position, and the influence which such proof of power must give, not only in Affghanistan but amongst all the neighbouring states, we should withdraw with dignity and undiminished honour.



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Admitting the undeniable force of this argument, I am greatly inclined to doubt that we have at present either army or funds sufficient to renew this contest. Money may, perhaps, be attainable, but soldiers are not, without leaving India bare. Shortly before I left Calcutta, there were at least 33,000 men in our pay in Affghanistan and Scinde, including Shah Soojah's troops, but not the rabble attached to his person. How insufficient that number has been to awe the barbarous and at first disunited tribes of Affghanistan and Scinde, our numerous conflicts, our late reverses, and our heavy losses fully prove. I admit that a blind confidence in persons around the late envoy—a total want of forethought and foresight on his part—unaccountable indecision at first, followed by cessions which, day by day, rendered our force more helpless—inactivity, perhaps, on some occasions—have led to these reverses; but we must not overlook the effects of climate, the difficulty of communication, the distance from our frontier, and the fanatical zeal of our opponents. No doubt your lordship can cause an army to force its way to Cabul, if you think our name and predominance in India cannot otherwise be supported; but our means are utterly insufficient to insure our dominion over that country. If this be granted, the questions for your lordship's decision are—whether we shall retake Cabul, to assert our paramount power; and whether, if we subsequently retire, our subjects and neighbours will not attribute our withdrawal even then, to conscious inability to hold the country.”

In the same spirit the Commander-in-chief, in the beginning of February transmitted to General Pollock, with the acquiescence of lord Auckland, to whom he communicated his letter, the following explanation of the views of Government:—

“You may deem it perfectly certain that Government will not do more than detach this brigade, and this in view to support Major-General Sale, either at Jellalabad for a few weeks, or to aid his retreat; very probably also to strengthen the Sikhs at Peshawar for some time. It is not intended to collect a force for the reconquest of Cabul. You will convey the preceding paragraph, if you safely can, to the Major-General.”

Such being the desponding views of the authorities stationed on the spot, what must have been the anxiety of the new Governor-General on his arrival in India, when this scene of disaster suddenly opened upon him with a succession of still further calamities in its train? We cannot better describe his position than in the words of Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on the Whig motion for censure—



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“The moment he set foot in Madras, what intelligence met him!—the day he arrived at Benares, what a succession of events took place, calculated to disturb the firmest mind, and to infuse apprehensions into the breast of the boldest man! It has been said the cry in England was, ‘What next?’ That was a question which Lord Ellenborough had to put to himself for four or five days after his arrival. He lands at Madras on the 15th of February, presuming at the time that his predecessor had secured the admirable position so frequently spoken of in Affghanistan. He lands at Madras, after a four months’ voyage, in necessary ignorance of all that had occurred in that interval of time, and to his astonishment he hears of the insurrection at Cabul. He receives tidings that Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes, the envoy and representative of the British Government, had been murdered; that the city was in a state of insurrection, and that doubts were entertained as to the security of the British army. What next? He arrives at Calcutta, and there hears of the orders of his predecessor to hasten the evacuation of Affghanistan, for the noble reason of inflicting as little discredit as possible upon the British powers. He repairs to Benares, and there he hears the tremendous news that not only you had lost power in Affghanistan, but that you had so depressed the spirits and shaken the confidence of the native army, that General Pollock gives this melancholy account in a letter to Captain M’Gregor: —‘It must no doubt appear to you and Sale most extraordinary, that, with the force I have here, I do not at once move on; God knows it has been my anxious wish to do so, but I have been helpless. I came on ahead to Peshawar to arrange for an advance, but was saluted with a report of 1900 sick, and a bad feeling among the Sepoys. I visited the hospitals, and endeavoured to encourage by talking to them, but they had no heart. On the 1st instant the feeling on the part of the Sepoys broke out, and I had the mortification of knowing that the Hindoos of four out of five native corps refused to advance. I immediately took measures to sift the evil, and gradually reaction has taken place, in the belief that I will wait for the reinforcements. This has caused me the utmost anxiety on your account; your situation is never out of my thoughts; but having told you what I have, you and Sale will at once see that necessity has kept me here. I verily believe, if I were to attempt to move on now without the reinforcement, that the four regiments implicated would, as far as the Hindoos are concerned, stand fast. The case, therefore, now stands thus—whether I am to attempt, with my present materials, to advance, and risk the appearance of disaffection or cowardice, which in such a case could not again be got over, or wait the arrival of a reinforcement, which will make all sure—this is the real state of the case. If I attempted now, I might risk you altogether; but if you can hold out, the reinforcements

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would make your relief as certain as any earthly thing can be.' What next? On the 17th of April, Lord Ellenborough hears of the failure of General England to force the Kojuck Pass. On the 19th of April he hears that Ghuznee has fallen. And what next? This was a question which, I repeat, Lord Ellenborough had from day to day to put to himself. But what next? Lord Ellenborough had to contemplate the retirement of the British force from Afghanistan. This was due to the safety of the British army, after the proof that the king you had set upon the throne had no root in the affections of the people, and that the army in possession of Affghanistan was separated from supplies by a distance of 600 miles. Finding this state of things, Lord Ellenborough thought he had no alternative but to bring the troops within the borders of British protection. For that difficult operation your policy, and not that of Lord Ellenborough, is responsible. Those who involved the country in an expedition of this kind, ought justly to be responsible for its retirement."

It is needless to detail the difficulties in which the armies of General Pollock and General Nott were then placed. Despondency and desertion prevailed among the native troops, so as to render any advance in the utmost degree hazardous, even if they had been capable of moving. But of the means even of retrograde motion they were utterly destitute. The explanations given in Parliament on the vote of thanks to the army and the Governor-General, establish beyond a doubt the absence of all means of carriage till the indefatigable exertions of Lord Ellenborough supplied them with every thing that was needed. The Whigs affect to disparage these arrangements as belonging to the vulgar department of a Commissary-General; and we may therefore infer that Lord Ellenborough's predecessor would have deemed such a task beneath his dignity, and left it to some delegate, who might have performed or neglected his duty, as accident might direct. Had that been the case, the chances are at least equal, that Lord Auckland would have been as well and as successfully served in this branch of military administration as he had already been in the occupation of Cabul, and that further failures and reverses would have hung the tenure of our Indian empire on the cast of a die.

The evacuation of Affghanistan at the earliest possible period, was dictated both by the proceedings of Lord Auckland, by the condition of India, and by the peaceful policy of a Conservative Government. But the mode in which it should be accomplished, and the demonstrations of British power which should attend it, were necessarily questions depending entirely "upon military considerations;" and for several months it seemed impossible that our armies could be put in a state of moral and physical strength, such as could justify the risk of any forward or devious movement of importance. The indefatigable zeal and admirable arrangements,



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however, of the Governor-General, his personal presence near the scene of exertion, the concentration of a large and imposing force on the Sutlej, giving courage and security to the troops in the field, and the undaunted spirit of British officers, succeeded at last in giving, an altered and more encouraging complexion to the aspect of our affairs. In one of the first statements of his views, Lord Ellenborough had significantly said, (15th March 1842:)—

“We are fully sensible of the advantages which would be derived from the re-occupation of Cabul, the scene of our great disaster and of so much crime, even for week—of the means which it might afford of recovering the prisoners, of the gratification which it would give to the army, and of the effect which it would have upon our enemies. Our withdrawal might then be made to rest upon an official declaration of the grounds upon which we retired, as solemn as that which accompanied our advance; and we should retire as a conquering, and not as a defeated, power.”

But it was only in July that the Governor-General was in a condition to suggest the practical accomplishment of this desirable object, incidentally to our retirement from a country which we should never have entered. On the 4th July is dated the admirable despatch to General Nott, which, in the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, was all that could have been wished for, and which we cannot help transferring to our columns:—

“You will have learnt from Mr. Maddock’s letters of the 13th May and 1st of June, that it was not expected that your movement towards the Indus could be made till October, regard being had to the health and efficiency of your army. You appear to have been able to give a sufficient equipment to the force you recently despatched to Kelat-i-Ghilzie, under Colonel Wymer; and since his return, you will have received, as I infer from a private letter addressed by Major Outram to Captain Durand, my private secretary, a further supply of 3000 camels.

“I have now, therefore, reason to suppose, *for the first time*, that you have the means of moving a very large proportion of your army, with ample equipment for any service.

“There has been no deficiency of provisions at Candahar at any time; and, immediately after the harvest, you will have an abundant supply.

“Nothing has occurred to induce me to change my first opinion, that the measure, commanded by considerations of political and military prudence, is to bring back the armies now in Affghanistan at the earliest period at which their retirement can be effected, consistently with the health and efficiency of the troops, into positions wherein they may have easy and certain communication with India; and to this extent, the instructions you have received remain unaltered. *But the improved position of your army, with sufficient means of carriage for as large a force as it is necessary to move in*

*Affghanistan, induced me now to leave to your option the line by which you shall withdraw your troops from that country.*



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“I must desire, however, that, in forming your decision upon this most important question, you will attend to the following considerations:—

“In the direction of Quetta and Sukkur, there is no enemy to oppose you; at each place occupied by detachments, you will find provisions: and probably, as you descend the passes, you will have increased means of carriage. The operation is one admitting of no doubt as to its success.

“If you determine upon moving upon Ghuznee, Cabul, and Jellalabad, you will require, for the transport of provisions, a much larger amount of carriage, and you will be practically without communications from the time of your leaving Candahar. Dependent entirely upon the courage of your army, and upon your own ability in direction it, I should not have any doubt as to the success of the operations; but whether you will be able to obtain provisions for your troops during the whole march, and forage for your animals, may be a matter of reasonable doubt. Yet upon this your success will turn.

“You must remember that it was not the superior courage of the Affghans, but want, and the inclemency of the season, which led to the destruction of the army at Cabul; and you must feel, as I do, that the loss of another army, from whatever cause it might arise, might be fatal to our government in India.

“I do not undervalue the account which our government in India would receive from the successful execution by your army of a march through Ghuznee and Cabul, over the scenes of our late disasters. I know all the effect with it would have upon the minds of our soldiers, of our allies, of our enemies in Asia, and of our countrymen, and of all foreign nations in Europe. It is an object of just ambition, which no one more than myself would rejoice to see effected; but I see that failure in the attempt is certain and irretrievable ruin; and I would endeavour to inspire you with the necessary caution, and make you feel that, great as are the objects to be obtained by success, the risk is great also.

“If you determine upon moving by Ghuznee, and entirely give up your communication by Quetta, I should suggest that you should take with you only the most efficient troops and men you have, securing the retreat of the remainder upon Killa, Abdoola, and Quetta.

“You will in such case, consider it to be entirely a question to be decided by yourself, according to circumstances, whether you shall destroy or not the fortifications of Candahar; but, before you set out upon your adventurous march, do not fail to make the retirement of the force you leave behind you perfectly secure, and give such instructions as you deem necessary for the ultimate retirement of the troops in Scinde, upon Sukkur.



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“You will recollect that what you will have to make is a successful march; that that march must not be delayed by any hazardous operations against Ghuznee or Cabul; that you should carefully calculate the time required to enable you to reach Jellalabad in the first week in October, so as to form the rearguard of Major-General Pollock’s army. If you should be enabled by *coup-de-main* to get possession of Ghuznee and Cabul, you will act as you see fit, *and leave decisive proofs of the power of the British army, without impeaching its humanity*. You will bring away from the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee, his club, which hangs over it; and you will bring away the gates of his tomb, which are the gates of the Temple of Somnauth. *These will be the just trophies of your successful march*.

“You will not fail to disguise your intention of moving, and to acquaint Major-General Pollock with your plans as soon as you have formed them. *A copy of this letter will be forwarded to Major-General Pollock to-day; and he will be instructed, by a forward movement, to facilitate your advance*; but he will probably not deem it necessary to move any troops actually to Cabul, where your force will be amply sufficient to beat any thing the Affghans can oppose to it. The operations, however, of the two armies must be combined upon their approach, so as to effect, with the least possible loss, the occupation of Cabul, and keep open the communications between Cabul and Peshawar.

“One apprehension upon my mind is, that, in the event of your deciding upon moving on Jellalabad, by Ghuznee and Cabul, the accumulation of so great a force as that of your army, combined with Major-General Pollock’s, in the narrow valley of the Cabul river, may produce material difficulties in the matter of provisions and forage; but every effort will be made from India to diminish that difficulty, should you adopt that line of retirement.

“This letter remains absolutely secret. I have, &c.

“ELLENBOROUGH.”

A paltry attempt was made in Parliament by Lord John Russell to represent this despatch as intended to defraud General Nott of his military trophies in the event of success, and to relieve the Governor-General of responsibility in the event of failure. No such base construction can be put upon it. Lord Ellenborough was doing his own duty as a civil minister, and leaving General Nott to do *his* as a military commander. A military responsibility lay on General Nott, from which no ruler could relieve him; but the military glory was his also, if he felt himself justified in choosing the path of honour that was opened to him. Who grudges the triumphs that General Nott and his companions-in-arms have achieved? Not certainly Lord Ellenborough or his friends. Let the distinctions which have been heaped on the Indian army and its leaders answer that question. But is their military merit a reason for denying to the



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man, under whose administration these victories were won, the high honour of having done all which a civil governor could do, to direct and assist the armies of his country? Let each receive the praise of his own merits, and we doubt not that military men, wherever, at least, they have experienced the reverse, will be the first to appreciate and commend, in Lord Ellenborough's administration, that active sympathy and assistance which are so essential to military efficiency and success.

It is said that the despatch of the 4th of July is qualified by heavy cautions. And should it not have been so? In addressing a British officer with a field of exertion before him, so glorious in a military, so hazardous in a political view, it is surely not the spur, but the curb, that a civilian was called on to apply. The courage of such a commander required nothing to fan the flame: The danger, if any, was rather that he would rashly seize the opportunity afforded him, than that he would timidly resign it; and if he was not prepared to adopt the bolder course, in the face of all the hazards which attended it, it was best that the enterprize should not be undertaken at all.

But Lord Ellenborough knew his man. In appointing General Nott, in March, to the command of all the troops, and entrusting him with the control of all the agents in Lower Affghanistan, the Governor and Council had desired him "to rely upon our constant support, and upon our placing the most favourable interpretation upon all the measures he may deem it necessary to adopt in the execution of our orders." And in now giving him the option of retiring by Cabul, Lord Ellenborough was assured that the General needed no other encouragement to avail himself of it, than the feeling that all counter-considerations had been stated and duly weighed. Every preparation was immediately made to support General Nott in his adventurous enterprize; and Lord Ellenborough writes to General Pollock:—

"I am in hopes that Major-General Nott will to-day be in possession of my letter of the 4th instant, and that you will, very soon after you receive this letter, be made acquainted with the Major-General's intentions. *My expectation is*, that Major-General Nott will feel himself sufficiently strong, and be sufficiently provided with carriage, to march upon Ghuznee and Cabul."

The result was such as had been looked for. The combined operation of the two armies placed the Affghans at our mercy, and terminated, by the ample vindication of our honour, and the restoration of our imprisoned friends, our inauspicious connexion with these barbarians, who had retaliated so cruelly the aggression we had made upon them.

It may be safely conjectured, that if these final triumphs had been achieved under the direction of Lord Auckland, even though merely retrieving the errors of his former policy, we should never have heard an end of the eulogiums pronounced upon him. Lord John



Russell would have crowed and clapped his wings in the “moment of victory.” Lord Palmerston would have blustered more brazenly than ever. Mr. Macaulay would have aired the whole stores of his panegyrical vocabulary; and Sir John Hobhouse would not have gone abroad.

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But, under whatever Government achieved, these results would have filled the minds of patriotic men with unmingled gratitude to all who had contributed to their accomplishment. India had been in danger, and was safe. The British arms had been stained by defeat, and were again glancing brightly in the light of victory. Our countrymen and countrywomen had been almost hopeless captives, and were now restored to freedom and their friends. In such a scene and season of rejoicing, we might have thought that none but a Whig of the very oldest school of all, could have entertained any feelings but those of generous sympathy and unrepining satisfaction. But limits cannot easily be put to human perverseness. The party whose policy had caused the evils from which we and they have been delivered, felt nothing but intense hatred to him who had been most prominent in that deliverance; and, heedless of the good that he had done, they fastened on what seemed to their malignant and microscopic vision some specks that chequered his otherwise unblemished administration of affairs.

The idea of discussing in Parliament, as we have lately witnessed, the literary style of a Government state paper at a crisis so momentous, implies a levity that would be hateful if it were not ludicrous. But there is something peculiarly laughable in the pedantry of such criticism. When other men are thinking of what has been done, the reviewers and poetasters of the Whig Opposition can think only of what has been said. The facts that are before them have no value in their eyes; they see nothing but the phraseology. From men who had themselves done nothing but what was mischievous, this is perhaps natural. They are content, possibly, if they have never said a foolish thing, to have never done a wise one; though we are doubtful if a taunt about simplicity of composition, either comes well from the noble leader of the Whigs, or his friends, when we remember some of their old achievements in addressing their supporters. But in the peculiar position of the Whigs, with ignominy and impeachment suspended over their heads for their Affghan errors, we think that such a course is as becoming as if a condemned criminal were to carp at the literary composition of his own reprieve.

The tactics of the Whigs in their move against Lord Ellenborough, had all the craft of conscious weakness. First, they postponed their motion from time to time, till they were rescued by their opponents from Mr. Roebuck's assault upon them. Then they arranged their attack for the same night in both Houses of Parliament, lest explanations in any high quarter in the one might damage a future discussion in the other; and lastly, though thus acting by simultaneous and concerted movements in both, they framed their motions differently in each place; and in the Commons, where they had some dream of better success, confined themselves to the religious question under the letter on the Somnauth gates, omitting the Simla proclamation of the 1st October, which they knew neither Conservative nor Radical would join them to condemn.



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With regard to the Somnauth gates, a pettier piece of hypercriticism, and a more palpable exhibition of hypocrisy, were never witnessed on a public question. Two things on this point are as plain as day.

1. That in retiring from the Affghan country, we were called upon to do so as much as possible in the light of triumphant victors, bearing every mark of military prowess and superiority that could readily be assumed, and inflicting as heavy a blow, and as severe a discouragement on our perfidious enemies, as humanity would permit.
2. That, the Affghan trophies of Mahmoud's success were treasured up by his nation as an assurance of continued ascendancy over their Hindoo neighbours; and that, in particular, the redelivery to India of these very gates of Somnauth, were, in negotiations of recent date, demanded by Runjeet Singh as an inestimable boon, and deprecated by Shah Soojah as a degrading humiliation.

Keeping in view these undeniable circumstances, it is clear that the seizure of these Somnauth gates was appropriately ordered as a palpable and permanent demonstration of conquest, and one eminently calculated to encourage the Indian army, and to depress their enemies.

That these gates were connected with the religion of the country, is of no relevancy in this matter. Every thing relating to Hindoo grandeur is more or less interwoven with religion; but we must take things as they are. We are the rulers of Hindostan; where the vast preponderance of our subjects and soldiers are Hindoos. We wish them to be Christians, but they are not so yet; and, until they become Christianized, we cannot hope or wish that they should forget the only faith which they have to raise them above the earth they tread. Their religion is corrupted to the core; but in its primitive type, after which its worshippers will sometimes even yet aspire, it is not destitute of a high spirituality that would seek to assimilate and unite men's souls to the Great Being, whom they reverence as the maker, maintainer, and changer of the universe. Hindooism is more fantastic, and less pleasingly endeared to us, than the paganism of Greece, but it is scarcely more lax or licentious; yet if Fortune, in its caprices, had ordained our Indian subjects to be heathen Greeks, with a Whig Governor-General bringing them back in triumph to their homes, Lord Palmerston, who now, in a mingled rant of mythology, and methodism, talks of "Dii and Jupiter hostis," would himself have penned a paragraph about the restored temple of Mars or Venus, and would have held up the scruples of Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. Plumptre to classical ridicule.

But it is plain that here no religious triumph was, or could have been, contemplated by Lord Ellenborough. On this point we need no other evidence than that of Joseph Hume, who, combining the properties of Balaam and his ass, often brays out a blessing when he intends a curse. He tells us that—



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A Hindoo of high caste, now in this country, the Vakeel of the Rajah of Sattara, had written to him a letter, in which he stated— “It appears to me that the restoration of the gates of Somnauth could have no reference either to the support or degradation of any religious faith. To restore the gates to their original purpose is impracticable by the tenets of the Hindoo religion. Their doctrine is, that any thing, when in contact with a dead body, or any thing belonging to it, whether tomb or garment, is utterly contaminated and unfit for religious purposes. In my opinion, therefore, the proclamation must have been intended to gratify the feelings of the Hindoo portion of our army, by removing a stain which the western portion of India had long felt oppressive. In fact, he believed that the Governor-General, by this means, conciliated the feelings of the Hindoo soldiery in their return from those scenes of death and disaster in which they had behaved so well, and where thousands of their fellow-countrymen had fallen. I hope that this intention of Lord Ellenborough to conciliate the princes of India will extend to my unfortunate master.’ This letter was from (we believe) Rungoo Baffagee, Vakeel of the Rajah of Sattara, and he thought it was so important, that he had sent for the Vakeel, whom he found a most intelligent man; and from his conversation he (Mr. Hume) was satisfied that, so far from being applied to the Hindoo population exclusively, it was utterly impossible that the gates could be used for the religious purposes to which the Governor-General seemed to have destined them. He had satisfied him (Mr. Hume) that the object of the proclamation was merely to bring back to Western India those gates, the absence of which in Afghanistan had long been felt as an opprobrium. He hoped therefore, that those religious sects who had most unnecessarily take the alarm on this score, would be appeased. So far from the proclamation being an exclusive one, no single sentence was there in it which could be read after the address to ‘*all* the princes and chiefs, and people of India,’ as applicable to any one.”

But it is said that such a trophy may give offence to Mahommedans; and Mr. Mangles tells us, that the Mohommedan population sympathize strongly with the Affghans, and revere the memory of Mahmoud. If that be the case, it would have been difficult to bring any trophy home, or to imprint any mark of the superiority of our arms, without displeasing this sect. But, in that view, who are the parties responsible for thus placing our essential interests, and the safety of India generally, in contrast with the feelings of Mohommedan subjects? Those certainly who, regardless of all justice, made a wanton aggression on a Mahommedan power. Those certainly who, regardless of all prudence, gave occasion to the Affghan massacre and captivity of British and Indian soldiers; and, by a great Mahommedan success, kindled a spark which was



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ready to set the freemasonry of Islamism on fire “from Morocco to Coromandel.” If we have been placed in a false position, as regards our Mahomedan subjects, we have to blame the Whigs, whose wanton and unwise measures created this collision of interests, and not Lord Ellenborough, who has adopted measures the most natural and the most humane, to reestablish the ascendancy and the reputation of English and Indian power.

The proclamation of Simla needs no vindication. It has satisfied every one but the Whigs, who can never forget and never forgive it. It is poor pretence to say, that it denounces in an indecorous manner the errors of the previous governor. It does no such thing. It speaks, indeed, of errors, but only conscious culpability would have taken the allusion to itself. There were errors, and grievous ones. The Whigs themselves must say that; and they have not been slow to shift to the shoulders of military officers the results that most people think they should bear themselves. The proclamation of Lord Ellenborough seems to us to have been framed with a punctilious desire to reconcile in the eyes of India his own policy with that which had been avowed by his predecessor, and to ascribe the change of plans to a change of circumstances, and not of principles. We speak here of the avowed policy of his predecessor; for Lord Auckland, at least, pretended that he had no aggressive or hostile views against the Affghans, and no desire for a permanent occupation of their country. The real designs of the Whig Government are a different thing; and with these, as avowed by Lord Palmerston in Parliament, the intentions of Lord Ellenborough were wholly irreconcilable.

Let us listen here to one who knows the subject. The Duke of Wellington tells us the errors that Lord Ellenborough alludes to as occasioning our military disasters, and he shows us where those errors lay:—

“There is not a word in this proclamation that is not strictly true. But I do not blame the noble lord opposite, the late Governor-General of India; yet I cannot help looking *at the enormous errors* which have been committed from the commencement of these transactions in which these disasters originated, down to the last retreat from Cabul—I say, looking at all this, I still must blame, not the late Governor-General, but the gentlemen who acted under him. In the first place, I attribute the error to the gentleman who fell a victim to his own want of judgment. The army unfortunately was partly English and partly Hindoo—not Affghans, but Hindoos. What was the consequence? To maintain the whole system of the government, including the collection of the revenue, devolved upon that army. All the details of the government were carried on through the agency of that English and Hindoo army, and eventually it became necessary to support that army with some troops in the service of the Company. Now, the gentleman who was responsible for this ought to have



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known that there was one rule, the violation of which any one acquainted with the government of India knew nothing could justify, and that was, the employment of the Company's European troops in the collection of the revenue. That rule is invariably laid down, and is invariably observed. That, as your lordships must plainly see, is one of the errors that has been committed. There is another point to which I wish to call your attention; it is this, that the country never had been occupied by an army as it ought to have been occupied. With the north no practicable communication was maintained—no practicable communications were kept up between Shikarpore, Candahar, and Ghuznee. The passes were held only through the agency of banditti. I do not blame the noble lord, but I blame the gentleman to whom the army was entrusted. He seemed never to have looked at what had been done by former commanders in similar circumstances. Any officer who has the command of an army ought to feel it to be his first duty to keep up a communication with his own country. If such communication had been maintained, those disasters never would have befallen us—they could not have happened. This was one of the errors committed; but I do not say that the noble lord opposite is answerable for that error. Not only was no communication kept up with the north, but none was kept up with the south. Neither the Kojuck nor the Bolan pass was kept open. Can that, my lords, be called a military communication? Could such a state of things exist? Why, was not this another error—a gross error? The noble lord opposite (Lord Auckland) had no more to do with this than I have. Sir W. Macnaghten, the gentleman who perished, could not have been ignorant of what was done in other places. He must have read the history of the Spanish war, and he must have recollected how the French conducted themselves in a similar situation; how they fortified the passes, and secured their communications. But he was not an officer; the gentleman at the head of the army in Affghanistan was not an officer—that was another error.”

That such errors existed is undeniable. Lord Auckland says there were errors:—

“With regard to the errors of the campaign, he conceived they rested with the military commanders, not with Sir W. Macnaghten; and if errors had been committed by Sir William, they must be shared between him and the more direct military commanders.”

Lord John Russell said,—

“I have heard causes given, and upon very high authority, for these disasters; I have heard it stated that very great errors were committed—that those errors consisted partly in not keeping up a communication by the straightest road between Cabul and Peshawar. This may be just; these may be errors, but they are errors not necessary or in any way connected with the policy of entering into Affghanistan. I may mention another circumstance—that the expedition into Affghanistan was undertaken under



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Lord Keane, who was shortly after succeeded by Sir W. Cotton; he came home, and was succeeded by General Elphinstone, who, from the time of assuming the command, never appears to have been in the state of vigorous health necessary for such a position. Are not these circumstances to be taken into account? If my Lord Auckland had had at his disposal any of those illustrious men who had honoured the British army in later days—if such a man as Lord Keane had remained in Cabul—my persuasion is, you would never have heard of such a disaster as that which took place at Cabul.”

We shall leave the Whigs to settle the question with their subordinates, as to the precise degree of blame which each of the parties shall bear. But there is seldom blame with the servants without blame in the master; and it is one of Lord Ellenborough’s just titles to our praise, that he has been ably served by the officers whom he so ably supported.

If our Affghan disasters were imputable to gross errors in detail, was it not right to denounce the cause? It would have been a melancholy thing if we had been thus betrayed and circumvented without errors in our own servants. If British troops had been thus cut off, notwithstanding the use of every prudent precaution, the disasters would then have gone far to put in question the invincibility of our military power. It was necessary to declare, that by individual and special mal-arrangement, this unparalleled disaster had arisen; so that none of our enemies should thence derive a hope to crush us again, until at least the incompetent officials of a confiding Whig Government should give them another such opportunity.

The proclamation of Simla had another purpose—that of announcing the future policy of the Government, and repudiating those designs of aggression and aggrandizement which there was too good ground for imputing to us, and which could not fail to inspire distrust and suspicion in the minds even of friendly neighbours. On this point nothing can be added to the admirable exposition of Lord Fitzgerald in the late debate:—

“But there were other circumstances which compelled the Governor-General of India; he meant, which made it his duty to proclaim the motives of the policy of the Government; and why? —because a different policy had been proclaimed by his predecessor; and when it became necessary to withdraw from Affghanistan, it was necessary to show that this was not a retreat. We were compelled to show that we were not shrinking from setting up a king, because we could not sustain him there. He said it was the duty of the Governor-General to make that known to the Indian public. He would not attempt to shelter Lord Ellenborough in this respect, by saying—‘it was prudent,’ or, ‘it did no harm:’—he maintained it was his duty. What had been the language of the late Ministers of the Crown, in the last session of Parliament? And these debates, as the noble Earl had well said, ‘went forth to India;’



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the discussions in that House went forth to the Indian public. He found one Minister of the Crown saying—'He should like to see the Minister, or the Governor of India, who would dare to withdraw from the position we occupied in Affghanistan.' (Hear, hear.) He found another noble lord, in another place, stating, 'they took credit for the whole of that measure, and he trusted that at no time would that position in Affghanistan be abandoned.' These were views of public policy which went forth to India, and it was not inconvenient nor unjust that those who administered the government of India on different principles should proclaim their views. The noble earl opposite, knew that at that period it was not intended altogether to confine the operations of the army to the westward of the Indus. It was very well to say, that it was unwise and impolitic, and calculated to destroy the unanimity which was so essential to the Government of India, to issue public information as to the reasons for the withdrawal of an army, although its advance was heralded by a declaration on all these points, because the withdrawal of an army was supposed to terminate the operations; but in the eyes of India and Asia, if the declaration of the noble earl, dated from Simla on the same day of the same month of a preceding year, had remained as a record of British policy after that declaration had been followed by a campaign, brilliant at its commencement, but as delusive as brilliant, and terminated by a most awful tragedy, and by the greatest disaster that ever befell the British forces—was it unbecoming in a Governor-General to state, that the views and policy of the Government of India had changed, and that the Government no longer wished to interfere in the policy of Affghanistan, its motives for so doing having passed away on finding that the king, represented to be so popular, was unpopular? But there was another circumstance which called for Lord Ellenborough's declaration, namely, the necessity of allaying the apprehensions and fears of other states; and it was Lord Ellenborough's duty to do this. Had the Sikhs no apprehensions with respect to our intentions on Lahore? The most serious apprehensions had been stated by the Durbar of Lahore to our political agent there, Mr. Clark, and had been represented by him to the Government of India.—Other states also had entertained apprehensions of the intentions and motives of the Indian Government, and he had yet to learn that it was a fault in a Governor-General to allay these apprehensions of native states, even if no precedent could be found for such a proceeding. After the policy of the Indian Government which had been proclaimed, it became Lord Ellenborough's duty to take the step he had done."

This, however, is the true *gravamen* of the quarrel of the Whigs with Lord Ellenborough. He has thrown overboard their aggressive policy—that policy which Lord Auckland, indeed, had not in words avowed in India, but which his friends at home had openly declared and gloried in. It was necessary for Lord Ellenborough, by a frank declaration of his intentions, to exclude the prevalent suspicion—nay, the universal belief—of those projects of encroachment which the Whig Government had countenanced. This was the unkindest cut of all.



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“Ill-weaved ambition! how much art  
thou shrunk!”

It was hard that their Affghan laurels—the only wreaths of victory that the Whigs had ever won—should have already withered on their brow. It was hard that their disasters should have been retrieved under the sway of a political opponent. But it was intolerable that the plans of conquest which they had fondly cherished, and tried to press upon the country, should be virtually denounced amid the universal approbation of all good men at home and abroad; that the solitary achievement of their administration in military affairs, should be recorded in the page of history, only to be condemned as an act of injustice, inexcusably undertaken, and incompetently executed: and relinquished by their successors in the very hour of triumph, with a wise self-denial which no one will suspect that a Whig could have ever practised.

The cloven foot has here too plainly been revealed. It is not this phrase or that procession in particular that has displeased the Whigs. It is the abandonment of a policy which they dared not proclaim in India, and which they could not justify in England. They are always hankering after it still. Mr. Vernon Smith: “Considered it most absurd for any Governor General to declare publicly that our Indian empire had reached the limits which nature had assigned to it. Why, what were the limits which nature had assigned to our Indian empire? In early days, the Mahratta ditch was said to be its natural limit; and why was the Sutlej or the Indus to be more the boundary of our empire than the Himalayas?”

Even Lord John Russell, who *now* acknowledges the wisdom of surrendering Affghanistan, declares, in almost so many words, that his party have shrunk from a general vote of censure because they could not properly put it, and have chosen this Act as “not the worst,” but the most convenient to attack. What the other errors of Lord Ellenborough are, or whether there are any, except the exploded story of the incivility to Mr. Amos, is nowhere definitely, discoverable in their discussions, and is not likely for some time to assume a greater degree of consistency than vague Whig calumnies and general Whig dissatisfaction. Let them come to something definite, and see how they will fare. If, as their old friend Lord Brougham said, “revelling in defeat, and intoxicated with failure,” they know not when they have had enough—if they desire a contest on some other issue—let them name their day and abide the result.

In conclusion, we would only observe, what a contrast the conduct of the Whig party towards Lord Ellenborough exhibits to that of their opponents towards Lord Auckland! The ex Governor-General is not absent, but here to defend himself; and every one sees how much room there is for assailing his measures. Their calamitous result would of itself go far to support the charge of imprudence, or something worse. But not a



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word has been said against him that could be avoided; and even those statements that necessarily reflect upon his discretion, have been extorted from the Conservative party, in reply to the attacks which Lord Auckland's friends have made upon his successor. The English people admire fair play as much as they appreciate the value of practical benefits. They see the false pretences on which an absent man has now been assailed by disappointed opponents; they feel the generosity that has saved his rival from retaliation. They know the state of Indian affairs when Lord Ellenborough assumed his office, and they can estimate the position into which they have now been brought under his vigorous management. They agree with him in the pacific principles which he has avowed, and look forward to a continued career of useful services, in which the resources of that great empire will be more than ever developed under his control, and the power of the British name perpetuated by a wise, an upright, and a fearless Administration.