

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine — Volume 53, No. 331, May, 1843 eBook

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Page 1

DUMAS IN ITALY.

[*Souvenirs de Voyage en Italie, par Alexandre Dumas. 5 vols. duod.*]

France has lately sent forth her poets in great force, to travel, and to write travels. Delamartine, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and others, have been forth in the high-ways and the high-seas, observing, portraying, poetizing, romancing. The last-mentioned of these, M. Dumas, a dramatist very ingenious in the construction of plots, and one who tells a story admirably, has travelled quite in character. There is a dramatic air thrown over all his proceedings, things happen as pat as if they had been rehearsed, and he blends the novelist and tourist together after a very bold and original fashion. It is a new method of writing travels that he has hit upon, and we recommend it to the notice of our countrymen or countrywomen, who start from home with the fixed idea, happen what may, of inditing a book. He does not depend altogether upon the incidents of the road, or the raptures of sight-seeing, or any odd fantasy that buildings or scenery may be kind enough to suggest: he provides himself with full half of his materials before he starts, in the shape of historical anecdote and romantic story, which he distributes as he goes along. A better plan for an amusing book could not be devised. Your mere tourist, it must be confessed, however frivolous he submits for our entertainment to become, grows heavy on our hands; that rapid and incessant change of scene which is kindly meant to enliven our spirits, becomes itself wearisome, and we long for some resting-place, even though it should be obtained by that most illegitimate method of closing the volume. On the other hand, a teller of tales has always felt the want of some enduring thread—though, as some one says in a like emergency, it be only *packthread*—on which his tales may be strung—something to fill up the pauses, and prevent the utter solution of continuity between tale and tale—something that gives the narrator a reasonable plea for *going on again*, and makes the telling another story an indispensable duty upon his part, and the listening to it a corresponding obligation upon ours; and ever since the time when that young lady of unpronounceable and unrememberable name told the One Thousand and One Tales, telling a fragment every morning to keep her head upon her shoulders, there has been devised many a strange expedient for this purpose. Now, M. Dumas has contrived, by uniting the two characters of tourist and novelist, to make them act as reliefs to each other. Whilst he shares with other travellers the daily adventures of the road—the journey, the sight, and the dinner—he is not compelled to be always moving; he can pause when he pleases, and, like the *fableur* of olden times, sitting down in the market-place, in the public square, at the corner of some column or statue, he narrates his



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history or his romance. Then, the story told, up starts the busy and provident tourist; lo! the *voiture* is waiting for him at the hotel; in he leaps, and we with him, and off we rattle through other scenes, and to other cities. He has a track *in space* to which he is bound; we recognize the necessity that he should proceed thereon; but he can diverge at pleasure through all *time*, bear us off into what age he pleases, make us utterly oblivious of the present, and lap us in the Elysium of a good story.

With a book written palpably for the sole and most amiable purpose of amusement, and succeeding in this purpose, how should we deal? How but receive it with a passive acquiescence equally amiable, content solely to be amused, and giving all severer criticism—to him who to his other merits may add, if he pleases, that of being the first critic. Most especially let us not be carping and questioning as to the how far, or what precisely, we are to set down for *true*. It is all true—it is all fiction; the artist cannot choose but see things in an artistical form; what ought not to be there drops from his field of vision. We are not poring through a microscope, or through a telescope, to discover new truths; we are looking at the old landscape through coloured glasses, blue, or black, or roseate, as the occasion may require. And here let us note a favourable contrast between our dramatic tourist, bold in conception, free in execution, and those compatriots of our own, authors and authoresses, who write travels merely because they are artists in ink, yet without any adequate notion of the duties and privileges of such an artist.

When a writer has got a name, the first rational use to make of the charming possession is to get astride of it, as a witch upon her broomstick, and whisk and scamper over half the kingdoms of the earth. Talk of bills of exchange!—letters of credit!—we can put our name to a whole book, and it will pass—it *will* pass. The idea is good—quite worthy of our commercial genius—and to us its origin, we believe, is due; but here, as in so many other cases, the Frenchman has given the idea its full development. Keeping steadily in view the object of his book, which is—first, amusement—secondly, amusement—thirdly, amusement; he adapts his means consistently to his end. Does he want a dialogue?—he writes one: a story?—he invents one: a description?—he takes his hint from nature, and is grateful—the more grateful, because he knows that a hint to the wise is sufficient. It is the description only which the reader will be concerned with; what has he to do with the object? That is the merely traveller's affair. Now, your English tourists have always a residue of scruple about them which balks their genius. Not satisfied with pleasing, they aspire to be believed; are almost angry if their anecdote is not credited; content themselves with adding graces, giving a turn, trimming and decorating—cannot



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build a structure boldly from the bare earth. This necessity of finding a certain straw for their bricks, which must be picked up by the roadside, not only impedes the work of authorship, but must add greatly to their personal discomfort throughout the whole of their travels. They are in perpetual chase of something for the book. They bag an incident with as much glee as a sportsman his first bird in September. They are out on pleasure, but manifestly they have their task too; it is not quite holiday, only half-holiday with them. The prospect or the picture gives no pleasure till it has suggested the appropriate expression of enthusiasm, which, once safely deposited in the note-book, the enthusiasm itself can be quietly indulged in, or permitted to evaporate. At the dinner-table, even when champagne is circulating, if a jest or a story falls flat, they see with an Aristotelian precision the cause of its failure, and how an additional touch, or a more auspicious moment, would have procured for it a better fate; they stop to pick it up, they clean it, they revolve the chapter and the page to which it shall lend its lustre. Nay, it is noticeable, that without much labour from the polisher, many a dull thing in conversation has made a good thing in print; the conditions of success are so different. Now, from all such toils and perplexities M. Dumas is evidently free; free as the wildest Oxonian who flies abroad in the mere wanton prodigality of spirits and of purse. His book is made, or can be made, when he chooses: fortune favours the bold, and incidents will always dispose themselves dramatically to the dramatist.

Our traveller opens his campaign at Nice. It may be observed that M. Dumas cannot be accused, like the present minister of his country, of any partiality to the English; if the mortifying truth must be told, he has no love of us at all; to which humour, so long as he delivers himself of it with any wit or pleasantry, he is heartily welcome. Our first extract will be thought, perhaps, to taste of this humour; but we quote it for the absurd proof it affords of the manner in which we English have overflowed some portions of the Continent:—

“As to the inhabitants of Nice, every traveller is to them an Englishman. Every foreigner they see, without distinction of complexion, hair, beard, dress, age, or sex, has, in their imagination, arrived from a certain mysterious city lost in the midst of fogs, where the inhabitants have heard of the sun only from tradition, where the orange and the pineapple are unknown except by name, where there is no ripe fruit but baked apples, and which is called *London*.

“Whilst I was at the York Hotel, a carriage drawn by post horses drove up; and, soon after, the master of the hotel entering into my room, I asked him who were his new arrivals.

“*Sono certi Inglesi,*’ he answered, *’ma non saprei dire se sono Francesi o Tedeschi.* Some English, but I cannot say whether French or German.”—Vol. i. p. 9.



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The little town of Monaco is his next resting-place. This town, which is now under the government of the King of Sardinia, was at one time an independent principality; and M. Dumas gives a lively sketch of the vicissitudes which the little state has undergone, mimicking, as it has, the movements of great monarchies, and being capable of boasting even of its revolution and its republic. During the reign of Louis XIV. the territory of Monaco gave the title of prince to a certain Honore III., who was under the protection of the *Grand Monarque*.

“The marriage of this Prince of Monaco,” says our annalist, “was not happy. One fine morning his spouse, who was the same beautiful and gay Duchess de Valentinois so well known in the scandalous chronicles of that age, found herself at one step out of the states of her lord and sovereign. She took refuge at Paris. Desertion was not all. The prince soon learned that he was as unfortunate as a husband can be.” At that epoch, calamities of this description were only laughed at; but the Prince of Monaco was, as the duchess used to say, a strange man, and he took offence. He got information from time to time of the successive gallants whom his wife thought fit to honour, and he hanged them in effigy, one after the other, in the front court of his palace. The court was soon full, and the executions bordered on the high road; nevertheless, the prince relented not, but continued always to hang. The report of these executions reached Versailles; Louis XIV. was, in his turn, displeased, and counselled the prince to be more lenient in his punishments. He of Monaco answered that, being a sovereign prince, he had undoubtedly the right of pit and gallows on his own domain, and that surely he might hang as many men of straw as he pleased. “The affair bred so much scandal, that it was thought prudent to send the duchess back to her husband. He, to make her punishment the more complete, had resolved that she should, on her return, pass before this row of executed effigies. But the dowager Princess of Monaco prevailed upon her son to forego this ingenious revenge, and a bonfire was made of all the scarecrows. ‘It was,’ said Madame de Sevigne, ‘the torch of their second nuptials.’ ... “A successor of this prince, Honore IV., was reigning tranquilly in his little dominions when the French Revolution broke out. The Monacites watched its successive phases with a peculiar attention, and when the republic was finally proclaimed at Paris, they took advantage of Honore’s absence, who was gone from home, and not known where, armed themselves with whatever came to hand, marched to the palace, took it by assault, and commenced plundering the cellars, which might contain from twelve to fifteen thousand bottles of wine. Two hours after, the eight thousand subjects of the Prince of Monaco were drunk. “Now, at this first trial, they



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found liberty was an excellent thing, and they resolved to constitute themselves forthwith into a republic. But it seemed that Monaco was far too extensive a territory to proclaim itself, after the example of France, a republic one and indivisible; so the wise men of the country, who had already formed themselves into a national assembly, came to the conclusion that Monaco should rather follow the example of America, and give birth to a federal republic. The fundamental laws of the new constitution were then discussed and determined by Monaco and Mantone, who united themselves for life and death. There was a third village called Rocco-Bruno: it was decided that it should belong half to the one and half to the other. Rocco-Bruno murmured: it had aspired to independence, and a place in the federation; but Monaco and Mantone smiled at so arrogant a pretension. Rocco-Bruno was not the strongest, and was reduced to silence: from that moment, however, Rocco-Bruno was marked out to the two national conventions as a focus of sedition. The republic was finally proclaimed under the title of the Republic of Monaco. "The Monacites next looked abroad upon the world for allies. There were two nations, equally enlightened with themselves, to whom they could extend the hand of fellowship—the American and the French. Geographical position decided in favour of the latter. The republic of Monaco sent three deputies to the National Convention of France to proffer and demand alliance. The National Convention was in a moment of perfect good-humour: it received the deputies most politely, and invited them to call the next morning for the treaty they desired.

"The treaty was prepared that very day. It was not, indeed, a very lengthy document: it consisted of the two following articles:—

"Art. 1. There shall be peace and alliance between the French Republic and the Republic of Monaco.

"Art. 2. The French Republic is delighted with having made the acquaintance of the Republic of Monaco.'

"This treaty was placed next morning in the hands of the ambassadors, who departed highly gratified. Three months afterwards the French Republic had thrown its lion's paw on its dear acquaintance, the Republic of Monaco."—P. 14.

From Monaco our traveller proceeds to Geneva; from Geneva, by water, to Livorno, (*Anglice*, Leghorn.) Now there is little or nothing to be seen at Livorno. There is, in the place *della Darnesa*, a solitary statue of Ferdinand I., some time cardinal, and afterwards Grand-Duke of Florence. M. Dumas bethinks him to tell us the principal incident in the life of this Ferdinand; but then this again is connected with the history of Bianca Capello, so that he must commence with her adventures. The name of Bianca Capello figures just now on the title-page of one of Messrs Colburn's and Bentley's *last and newest*. Those who have read the novel, and those who, like ourselves, have seen



only the title, may be equally willing to hear the story of this high-spirited dame told in the terse, rapid manner—brief, but full of detail—of Dumas. We cannot give the whole of it in the words of M. Dumas; the extract would be too long; we must get over a portion of the ground in the shortest manner possible.



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“It was towards the end of the reign of Cosmo the Great, about the commencement of the year 1563, that a young man named Pietro Bonaventuri, the issue of a family respectable, though poor, left Florence to seek his fortune in Venice. An uncle who bore the same name as himself, and who had lived in the latter city for twenty years, recommended him to the bank of the Salviati, of which he himself was one of the managers. The youth was received in the capacity of clerk. “Opposite the bank of the Salviati lived a rich Venetian nobleman, head of the house of the Capelli. He had one son and one daughter, but not by his wife then living, who, in consequence, was stepmother to his children. With the son, our narrative is not concerned; the daughter, Bianca Capello, was a charming girl of the age of fifteen or sixteen, of a pale complexion, on which the blood, at every emotion, would appear, and pass like a roseate cloud; her hair, of that rich flaxen which Raphael has made so beautiful; her eyes dark and full of lustre, her figure slight and flexile, but of that flexibility which denotes no weakness, but force of character; prompt, as another Juliet, to love, and waiting only till some Romeo should cross her path, to say, like the maid of Verona—‘I will be to thee or to the tomb!’ “She saw Pietro Bonaventuri: the window of his chamber looked out upon hers; they exchanged glances, signs, promises of love. Arrived at this point, the distance from each other was their sole obstacle: this obstacle Bianca was the first to overcome. “Each night, when all had retired to rest in the house of the Salviati, when the nurse who had reared Bianca, had betaken herself to the next chamber, and the young girl, standing listening against the partition, had assured herself that this last Argus was asleep, she threw over her shoulders a dark cloak to be the less visible in the night, descended on tiptoe, and light as a shadow, the marble stairs of the paternal palace, unbarred the gate, and crossed the street. On the threshold of the opposite door, her lover was standing to receive her; and the two together, with stifled breath and silent caresses, ascended the stairs that led to the little chamber of Pietro. Before the break of day, Bianca retired in the same manner to her own room, where her nurse found her in the morning, in a sleep as profound at least as the sleep of innocence. “One night whilst our Juliet was with her Romeo, a baker’s boy, who had just been to light his oven in the neighbourhood, saw a gate half open, and thought he did good service by closing it. Ten minutes afterwards, Bianca descended, and saw that it was impossible to re-enter her father’s house. “Bianca was one of those energetic spirits whose resolutions are taken at once, and for ever. She saw that her whole future destiny was changed by this one accident, and she accepted



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without hesitation the new life which this accident had imposed on her. She re-ascended to her lover, related what had happened, demanded of him if he was ready to sacrifice all for her as she was for him, and proposed to take advantage of the two hours of the night which still remained to them, to quit Venice and conceal themselves from the pursuit of her parents. Pietro was true—he adopted immediately the proposal; they stepped into a gondola, and fled towards Florence. “Arrived at Florence, they took refuge with the father of Pietro—Bonaventuri the elder, who with his wife had a small lodging in the second floor in the place of St Mark. Strange! it is with poor parents that the children are so especially welcome. They received their son and their new daughter with open arms. Their servant was dismissed, both for economy and the better preservation of their secret. The good mother charged herself with the care of the little household. Bianca, whose white hands had been taught no such useful duties, set about working the most charming embroidery. The father, who earned his living as a copyist for public offices, gave out that he had retained a clerk, and took home a double portion of papers. All were employed, and the little family contrived to live. “Meanwhile, it will be easily imagined how great a commotion the flight of Bianca occasioned in the palace of the noble Capello. During the whole of the first day they made no pursuit, for they still, though with much anxiety, expected her return. The day passed, however, without any news of the fugitive; the flight, on the same morning, of Pietro Bonaventuri was next reported; a thousand little incidents which attracted no notice at the time were now brought back to recollection, and the result of the whole was the clear conviction that they had fled together. The influence of the Capelli was such that the case was brought immediately before the Council of Ten; and Pietro Bonaventuri was placed under the ban of the Republic. The sentence of this tribunal was made known to the government of Florence; and this government authorized the Capelli, or the officers of the Venetian Republic, to make all necessary search, not only in Florence, but throughout all Tuscany. The search, however was unavailing. Each one of the parties felt too great an interest in keeping their secret, and Bianca herself never stirred from the apartment. “Three months passed in this melancholy concealment, yet she who had been habituated from infancy to all the indulgences of wealth, never once breathed a word of complaint. Her only recreation was to look down into the street through the sloping blind. Now, amongst those who frequently passed across the Place of St Mark was the young grand-duke, who went every other day to see his father at his castle of Petraja. Francesco was young, gallant, and handsome; but it was not his youth or



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beauty that preoccupied the thoughts of Bianca, it was the idea that this prince, as powerful as he seemed gracious, might, by one word, raise the ban from Pietro Bonaventuri, and restore both him and herself to freedom. It was this idea which kindled a double lustre in the eyes of the young Venetian, as she punctually at the hour of his passing, ran to the window, and sloped the jealousy. One day, the prince happening to look up as he passed, met the enkindled glance of his fair observer. Bianca hastily retired.”

What immediately follows need not be told at any length. Francesco was enamoured: he obtained an interview. Bianca released and enriched her lover, but became the mistress of the young duke. Pietro was quite content with this arrangement; he had himself given the first example of inconstancy. He entered upon a career of riotous pleasure, which ended in a violent death.

Francesco, in obedience to his father, married a princess of the house of Austria; but Bianca still retained her influence. His wife, who had been much afflicted by this preference of her rival, died, and the repentant widower swore never again to see Bianca. He kept the oath for four months; but she placed herself as if by accident in his path, and all her old power was revived. Francesco, by the death of his father, became the reigning Duke of Tuscany, and Bianca Capello, his wife and duchess. And now we arrive at that part of the story in which Ferdinand, the brother of Francesco, and whose statue at Livorno led to this history, enters on the scene.

“About three years after their nuptials, the young Archduke, the issue of Francesco’s previous marriage, died, leaving the ducal throne of Tuscany without direct heir; failing which the Cardinal Ferdinand would become Grand-duke at the death of his brother. Now Bianca had given to Francesco one son; but, besides that he was born before their marriage, and therefore incapable of succeeding, the rumour had been spread that he was supposititious. The dukedom, therefore, would descend to the Cardinal if the Grand-duchess should have no other child; and Francesco himself had begun to despair of this happiness, when Bianca announced to him a second pregnancy. “This time the Cardinal resolved to watch himself the proceedings of his dear sister-in-law, lest he should be the dupe of some new manoeuvre. He began, therefore, to cultivate in an especial manner the friendship of his brother, declaring, that the present condition of the Grand-duchess proved to him how false had been the rumours spread touching her former *accouchement*. Francesco, happy to find his brother in this disposition, returned his advances with the utmost cordiality. The Cardinal availed himself of this friendly feeling to come and install himself in the Palace Pitti. “The arrival of the Cardinal was by no means agreeable to Bianca, who was not at



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all deceived as to the true cause of this fraternal visit. She knew that, in the Cardinal, she had a spy upon her at every moment. The spy, however, could detect nothing that savoured of imposture. If her condition was feigned, the comedy was admirably played. The Cardinal began to think that his suspicions were unjust. Nevertheless, if there were craft, the game he determined should be played out with equal skill upon his side. "The eventful day arrived. The Cardinal could not remain in the chamber of Bianca, but he stationed himself in an antechamber, through which every one who visited her must necessarily pass. There he began to say his breviary, walking solemnly to and fro. After praying and promenading thus for about an hour, a message was brought to him from the invalid, requesting him to go into another room, as his tread disturbed her. 'Let her attend to her affairs, and I to mine,' was the only answer he gave, and the Cardinal recommenced his walk and his prayer. "Soon after this the confessor of the Grand-duchess entered—a Capuchin, in a long robe. The Cardinal went up to him, and embraced him in his arms, recommending his sister most affectionately to his pious care. While embracing the good monk, the Cardinal felt, or thought he felt, something strange in his long sleeve. He groped under the Capuchin's robe, and drew out—a fine boy.

"My dear brother,' said the Cardinal, 'I am now more tranquil. I am sure, at least, that my dear sister-in-law will not die this time in childbirth.'

"The monk saw that all that remained was to avoid, if possible, the scandal; and he asked the Cardinal himself what he should do. The Cardinal told him to enter into the chamber of the Duchess, whisper to her what had happened, and, as she acted, so would he act. Silence should purchase silence; clamour, clamour. "Bianca saw that she must renounce at present her design to give a successor to the ducal crown; she submitted to a miscarriage. The Cardinal, on his side, kept his word, and the unsuccessful attempt was never betrayed. "A few months passed on; there was an uninterrupted harmony between the brothers, and Francesco invited the Cardinal, who was fond of field-sports, to pass some time with him at a country palace, famous for its preserves Of game. "On the very day of his arrival, Bianca, who knew that the Cardinal was partial to a certain description of tart, bethought her to prepare one for him herself. This flattering attention on the part of his sister-in-law was hinted to him by Francesco, who mentioned it as a new proof of the Duchess's amiability, but, as he had no great confidence in his reconciliation with Bianca, it was an intimation which caused him not a little disquietude. Fortunately, the Cardinal possessed an opal, given to him by Pope Sixtus



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V., which had the property of growing dim the moment it approached any poisonous substance. He did not fail to make trial of it on the tart prepared by Bianca. The opal grew dim and tarnished. The Cardinal said, with an assumed air of carelessness, that, on consideration, he would not eat to-day of the tart. The Duke pressed him; but not being able to prevail—'Well,' said he, 'since Ferdinand will not eat of his favourite dish, it shall not be said that a Grand-duchess had turned confectioner for nothing—I will eat of it.' And he helped himself to a piece of the tart. "Bianca was in the act of bending forward to prevent him—but suddenly paused. Her position was horrible. She must either avow her crime, or suffer her husband to poison himself. She cast a quick retrospective glance along her past life; she saw that she had exhausted all the pleasures of the world, and attained to all its glories; her decision was rapid—as rapid as on that day when she had fled from Venice with Pietro. She also cut off a piece from the tart, and extending her hand to her husband, she smiled, and, with her other hand, eat of the poisoned dish. "On the morrow, Francesco and Bianca were dead. A physician opened their bodies by order of Ferdinand, and declared that they had fallen victims to a malignant fever. Three days after, the Cardinal threw down his red hat, and ascended the ducal throne."—P. 63.

But presto! Mr Dumas is traveller as well as annalist He must leave the Middle Ages to themselves; the present moment has its exigences; he must look to himself and his baggage. He had great difficulty in doing this on his landing at the Port of Livorno; and now, on his departure, he is beset with *vetturini*. Let us recur to some of these miseries of travel, which may at least claim a wide sympathy, for most of us are familiar with them. It is not necessary even to leave our own island to find how great an embarrassment too much help may prove, but we certainly have nothing in our own experience quite equal to the lively picture of M. Dumas:—

"I have visited many ports—I have traversed many towns—I have contended with the porters of Avignon—with the *facchini* of Malta, and with the innkeepers of Messina, but I never entered so villanous a place as Livorno. "In every other country of the world there is some possibility of defending your baggage, of bargaining for its transport to the hotel; and if no treaty can be made, there is at least liberty given to load your own shoulders with it, and be your own porter. Nothing of this kind at Livorno. The vessel which brings you has not yet touched the shore when it is boarded; *commissionnaires* absolutely rain upon you, you know not whence; they spring upon the jetty, throw themselves on the nearest vessel, and glide down upon you from the rigging. Seeing that your little craft is

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in danger of being capsized by their numbers, you think of self-preservation, and grasping hold of some green and slimy steps, you cling there, like Crusoe to his rock; then, after many efforts, having lost your hat, and scarified your knees, and torn your nails, you at length stand on the pier. So much for yourself. As to your baggage, it has been already divided into as many lots as there are articles; you have a porter for your portmanteau, a porter for your dressing-case, a porter for your hat-box, a porter for your umbrella, a porter for your cane. If there are two of you, that makes ten porters; if three, fifteen; as we were four, we had twenty. A twenty-first wished to take Milord (the dog,) but Milord, who permits no liberties, took him by the calf, and we had to pinch his tail till he consented to unlock his teeth. The porter followed us, crying that the dog had lamed him, and that he would compel us to make compensation. The people rose in tumult; and we arrived at the *Pension Suisse* with twenty porters before us, and a rabble of two hundred behind.

“It cost us forty francs for our portmanteaus, umbrellas, and canes, and ten francs for the bitten leg.[1] In all, fifty francs for about fifty steps.”—P. 59.

[1] This was not the only case of compensation made out against this travelling companion. “Milord,” says our tourist, “in his quality of bulldog, was so great a destroyer of cats, that we judged it wise to take some precautions against overcharges in this particular. Therefore, on our departure from Genoa, in which town Milord had commenced his practices upon the feline race of Italy, we enquired the price of a full-grown, well-conditioned cat, and it was agreed on all hands that a cat of the ordinary species—grey, white, and tortoiseshell—was worth two pauls—(learned cats, Angora cats, cats with two heads or three tails, are not, of course, included in this tariff.) Paying down this sum for two several Genoese cats which had been just strangled by our friend, we demanded a legal receipt, and we added successively other receipts of the same kind, so that this document became at length an indisputable authority for the price of cats throughout all Italy. As often as Milord committed a new assassination, and the attempt was made to extort from us more than two pauls as the price of blood, we drew this document from our pocket, and proved beyond a cavil that two pauls was what we were accustomed to pay on such occasions, and obstinate indeed must have been the man or woman who did not yield to such a weight of precedent.”

This was on his landing at Livorno: on his departure he gives us an account, equally graphic, of the *vetturini*:—



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“A diligence is a creature that leaves at a fixed hour, and its passengers run to it; a vetturino leaves at all hours, and runs after its passengers. Hardly have you set your foot out of the boat that brings you from the steam-vessel to the shore, than you are assailed, stifled, dragged, deafened by twenty drivers, who look on you as their merchandise, and treat you accordingly, and would end by carrying you off bodily, if they could agree among them who should have the booty. Families have been separated at the port of Livorno, to find each other how they could in the streets of Florence. In vain you jump into a *fiacre*, they leap up before, above, behind; and at the gate of the hotel, there you are in the midst of the same group of villains, who are only the more clamorous for having been kept waiting. Reduced to extremities, you declare that you have come to Livorno upon commercial business, and that you intend staying eight days at least, and you ask of the *garcon*, loud enough for all to hear, if there is an apartment at liberty for the next week. At this they will sometimes abandon the prey, which they reckon upon seizing at some future time; they run back with all haste to the port to catch some other traveller, and you are free. “Nevertheless, if about an hour after this you should wish to leave the hotel, you will find one or two sentinels at the gate. These are connected with the hotel, and they have been forewarned by the *garcon* that it will not be eight days before you leave—that, in fact, you will leave to-morrow. These it is absolutely necessary that you call in, and make your treaty with. If you should have the imprudence to issue forth into the street, fifty of the brotherhood will be attracted by their clamours, and the scene of the port will be renewed. They will ask ten piastres for a carriage—you will offer five. They will utter piercing cries of dissent—you will shut the door upon them. In three minutes one of them will climb in at the window, and engage with you for the five piastres. “This treaty concluded, you are sacred to all the world; in five minutes the report is spread through all Livorno that you are *engaged*. You may then go where you please; every one salutes you, wishes you *bon voyage*; you would think yourself amongst the most disinterested people in the world.”—P. 94.

The only question that remains to be decided is that of the drink-money—the *buona-mano*, as the Italian calls it. This is a matter of grave importance, and should be gravely considered. On this *buona-mano* depends the rapidity of your journey; for the time may vary at the will of the driver from six to twelve hours. Hereupon M. Dumas tells an amusing story of a Russian prince, which not only proves how efficient a cause this *buona mano* may be in the accomplishment of the journey, but also illustrates very forcibly a familiar principle of our own jurisprudence, and a point to which the Italian traveller must pay particular attention. We doubt if the necessity of a written agreement, in order to enforce the terms of a contract, was ever made more painfully evident than in the following instance:—



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“The Prince C—— had arrived, with his mother and a German servant, at Livorno. Like every other traveller who arrives at Livorno, he had sought immediately the most expeditious means of departure. These, as we have said, present themselves in sufficient abundance; the only difficulty is, to know how to use them.” The vetturini had learnt from the industrious porters that they had to deal with a prince. Consequently they demanded twelve piastres instead of ten, and the prince, instead of offering five, conceded the twelve piastres, but stipulated that this should include every thing, especially the *buona-mano*, which the master should settle with the driver. ‘Very good,’ said the vetturini; the prince paid his twelve piastres, and the carriage started off, with him and his baggage, at full gallop. It was nine o’clock in the morning: according to his calculation, the Prince would be at Florence about three or four in the afternoon. “They had advanced about a quarter of a league when the horses relaxed their speed, and began to walk step by step. As to the driver, he sang upon his seat, interrupting himself now and then to gossip with such acquaintances as he met upon the road; and as it is ill talking and progressing at the same time, he soon brought himself to a full stop when he had occasion for conference.

“The prince endured this for some time; at length putting his head out of the window, he said, in the purest Tuscan, ‘*Avanti! avanti! tirate via!*’

“‘How much do you give for *buona-mano*?’ answered the driver, turning round upon his box.

“‘Why do you speak to me of your *buona-mano*?’ said the prince. ‘I have given your master twelve piastres, on condition that it should include every thing.’

“‘The *buona-mano* does not concern the master,’ responded the driver; ‘how much do you give?’

“‘Not a sou—I have paid.’

“‘Then, your excellence, we will continue our walk.’

“‘Your master has engaged to take me to Florenco in six hours,’ said the Prince.

“‘Where is the paper that says that—the written paper, your excellence?’

“‘Paper! what need of a paper for so simple a matter? I have no paper.’

“‘Then, your excellence, we will continue our walk.’

“Ah, we will see that!” said the Prince.

“Yes, we *will* see that!” said the driver.

“Hereupon the prince spoke to his German servant, Frantz, who was sitting beside the coachman, and bade him administer due correction to this refractory fellow.



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“Frantz descended from the voiture without uttering a word, pulled down the driver from his seat, and pummelled him with true German gravity. Then pointing to the road, helped him on his box, and reseated himself by his side. The driver proceeded—a little slower than before. One wearies of all things in this world, even of beating a coachman. The prince, reasoning with himself that, fast or slow, he must at length arrive at his journey’s end, counselled the princess his mother to compose herself to sleep; and, burying himself in one corner of the carriage, gave her the example.”The driver occupied six hours in going from Livorno to Pontedera; just four hours more than was necessary. Arrived at Pontedera, he invited the Prince to descend, as he was about to change the carriage.

“‘But,’ said the Prince, ‘I have given twelve piastres to your master on condition that the carriage should not be changed.’

“‘Where is the paper?’

“‘Fellow, you know I have none.’

“‘In that case, your excellence, we will change the carriage.’

“The prince was half-disposed to break the rascal’s bones himself; but, besides that this would have compromised his dignity, he saw, from the countenances of those who stood loitering round the carriage, that it would be a very imprudent step. He descended; they threw his baggage down upon the pavement, and after about an hour’s delay, brought out a miserable dislocated carriage and two broken-winded horses.”Under any other circumstances the Prince would have been generous—would have been lavish; but he had insisted upon his right, he was resolved not to be conquered. Into this ill-conditioned vehicle he therefore doggedly entered, and as the new driver had been forewarned that there would be no *buona-mano*, the equipage started amidst the laughter and jeers of the mob.”This time the horses were such wretched animals that it would have been out of conscience to expect anything more than a walk from them. It took six more hours to go from Pontedera to Empoli.

“Arrived at Empoli the driver stopped, and presented himself at the door of the carriage.

“‘Your excellence sleeps here,’ said he to the prince.

“‘How! are we at Florence?’

“‘No, your excellence, you are at the charming little town of Empoli.’

“‘I paid twelve piastres to your master to go to Florence, not to Empoli. I will sleep at Florence.’



“Where is the paper?’

“To the devil with your paper!’

“Your excellence then has no paper?’

“No.’

“In that case, your excellence now will sleep at Empoli!’

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“In a few minutes afterwards the prince found himself driven under a kind of archway. It was a coach-house belonging to an inn. On his expressing surprise at being driven into this sort of place, and repeating his determination to proceed to Florence, the coachman said, that, at all events, he must change his horses; and that this was the most convenient place for so doing. In fact, he took out his horses, and led them away.

“After waiting some time for his return, the prince called to Frantz, and bade him open the door of this coach-house, and bring somebody.

“Frantz obeyed, but found the door shut—fastened.

“On hearing that they were shut in, the prince started from the carriage, shook the gates with all his might, called out lustily, and looked about, but in vain, for some paving stone with which to batter them open. “Now the prince was a man of admirable good sense; so, having satisfied himself that the people in the house either could not, or would not hear him, he determined to make the best of his position. Re-entering the carriage, he drew up the glasses, looked to his pistols, stretched out his legs, and wishing his mother good night, went off to sleep. Frantz did the same on his post. The princess was not so fortunate; she was in perpetual terror of some ambush, and kept her eyes wide open all the night.

“So the night passed. At seven o’clock in the morning the door of the coach-house opened, and a driver appeared with a couple of horses.

“‘Are there not some travellers for Florence here?’ he asked with the tone of perfect politeness, and as if he were putting the most natural question in the world.

“The prince leapt from the carriage with the intention of strangling the man—but it was another driver!

“‘Where is the rascal that brought us here?’ he demanded.

“‘What, Peppino? Does your excellence mean Peppino?’

“‘The driver from Pontedera?’

“‘Ah, well, that was Peppino.’

“‘Then where is Peppino?’

“‘He is on his road home. Yes, your excellence. You see it was the fete of the Madonna, and we danced and drank together—I and Peppino—all the night; and this



morning about an hour ago says he to me, 'Gaetano, do you take your horses, and go find two travellers and a servant who are under a coach-house at the *Croix d'Or*; all is paid except the *buona-mano*.' And I asked him, your excellence, how it happened that travellers were sleeping in a coach-house instead of in a chamber. 'Oh,' said he, 'they are English—they are afraid of not having clean sheets, and so they prefer to sleep in their carriage in the coach-house.' Now as I know the English are a nation of originals, I supposed it was all right, and so I emptied another



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flask, and got my horses, and here I am. If I am too early I will return, and come by and by.

“No, no, in the devil's name,’ said the prince, ‘harness your beasts, and do not lose a moment. There is a piastre for your *buona-mano*.’

“They were soon at Florence.

“The first care of the prince, after having breakfasted, for neither he nor the princess had eaten any thing since they had left Livorno, was to lay his complaint before a magistrate.

“Where is the paper?’ said the judicial authority.

“I have none,’ said the prince.

“Then I counsel you,’ replied the judge, ‘to let the matter drop. Only the next time give five piastres to the master, and a piastre and a half to the driver; you will save five piastres and a half, and arrive eighteen hours sooner.’”—P. 97.

M. Dumas, however, arrives at Florence without any such disagreeable adventure as sleeping in a coach-house. He gives a pleasing description of the Florentine people, amongst whom the spirit of commerce has died away, but left behind a considerable share of the wealth and luxury that sprang from it. There is little spirit of enterprise; no rivalry between a class enriching itself and the class with whom wealth is hereditary; the jewels that were purchased under the reign of the Medici still shine without competitors on the promenade and at the opera. It is a people that has made its fortune, and lives contentedly on its revenues, and on what it gets from the stranger. “The first want of a Florentine,” says our author, “is repose; even pleasure is secondary; it costs him some little effort to be amused. Wearied of its frequent political convulsions, the town of the Medici aspires only to that unbroken and enchanted slumber which fell, as the fairy tale informs us, on the beautiful lady in the sleepy wood. No one here seems to labour, except those who are tolling and ringing the church-bells, and they indeed appear to have rest neither day nor night.”

There are but three classes visible in Florence. The nobility—the foreigner—and the people. The nobility, a few princely houses excepted, spend but little, the people work but little, and it would be a marvel how these last lived if it were not for the foreigner. Every autumn brings them their harvest in the shape of a swarm of travellers from England, France, or Russia, and, we may now add, America. The winter pays for the long delicious indolence of the summer. Then the populace lounges, with interminable leisure, in their churches, on their promenades, round the doors of coffee-houses that



are never closed either day or night; they follow their religious processions; they cluster with an easy good-natured curiosity round every thing that wears the appearance of a fete; taking whatever amusement presents itself, without caring to detain it, and quitting it without



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the least distrust that some other quite as good will occupy its place. "One evening we were roused," says our traveller, "by a noise in the street: two or three musicians of the opera, on leaving the theatre, had taken a fancy to go home playing a waltz. The scattered population of the streets arranged themselves, and followed waltzing. The men who could find no better partners, waltzed together. Five or six hundred persons were enjoying this impromptu ball, which kept its course from the opera house to the Port del Prato, where the last musician resided. The last musician having entered his house, the waltzers returned arm-in-arm, still humming the air to which they had been dancing."

"It follows," continues M. Dumas, "from this commercial apathy, that at Florence you must seek after every thing you want. It never comes of itself—never presents itself before you;—everything there stays at home—rests in its own place. A foreigner who should remain only a month in the capital of Tuscany would carry away a very false idea of it. At first it seems impossible to procure the things the most indispensable, or those you do procure are bad; it is only after some time that you learn, and that not from the inhabitants, but from other foreigners who have resided there longer than yourself, where anything is to be got. At the end of six months you are still making discoveries of this sort; so that people generally quit Tuscany at the time they have learned to live there. It results from all this that every time you visit Florence you like it the better; if you should revisit it three or four times you would probably end by making of it a second country, and passing there the remainder of your lives." [2][2] It is amusing to contrast the *artistic* manner in which our author makes all his statements, with the style of a guide-book, speaking on the manufactures and industry of Florence. It is from Richard's *Italy* we quote. Mark the exquisite medley of humdrum, matter-of-fact details, jotted down as if by some unconscious piece of mechanism:—"Florence *manufactures* excellent silks, woollen cloths, elegant carriages, bronze articles, earthenware, straw hats, perfumes, essences, *and candied fruits*; also, all kinds of turnery and inlaid work, piano-fortes, philosophical and mathematical instruments, &c. The dyes used at this city are much admired, particularly the black, *and its sausages are famous throughout all Italy.*"

Shall we visit the churches of Florence with M. Dumas? No, we are not in the vein. Shall we go with him to the theatres—to the opera—to the Pergola? Yes, but not to discuss the music or the dancing. Every body knows that at the great theatres of Italy the fashionable part of the audience pay very little attention to the music, unless it be a new opera, but make compensation by listening devoutly to the ballet. The Pergola is the great



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resort of fashion. A box at the Pergola, and a carriage for the banks of the Arno, are the *indispensables*, we are told, at Florence. Who has these, may eat his macaroni where he pleases—may dine for sixpence if he will, or can: it is his own affair, the world is not concerned about it—he is still a gentleman, and ranks with nobles. Who has them not—though he be derived from the loins of emperors, and dine every day off plate of gold, and with a dozen courses—is still nobody. Therefore regulate your expenditure accordingly, all ye who would be somebody. We go with M. Dumas to the opera, not, as we have said, for the music or the dancing, but because, as is the way with dramatic authors, he will there introduce us, for the sake of contrast with an institution very different from that of an operatic company—

“Sometimes in the midst of a cavatina or a *pas-de-deux*, a bell with a sharp, shrill, excoriating sound, will be heard; it is the bell *della misericordia*. Listen: if it sound but once, it is for some ordinary accident; if twice, for one of a serious nature; if it sounds three times, it is a case of death. If you look around, you will see a slight stir in some of the boxes, and it will often happen that the person you have been speaking to, if a Florentine, will excuse himself for leaving you, will quietly take his hat and depart. You inquire what that bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told it is the bell *della misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order. “This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1244, on occasion of the frequent pestilences which at that period desolated the town, and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration, except in its details—with none in its purely charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these, who represent the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added 500 labourers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people. “The seat of the brotherhood is in the place *del Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the *penitents*, with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately that the news of any accident or disaster is brought to the brother who is upon guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice, or thrice, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering

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has claimed his pious offices; he puts on his black robe and a broad hat, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery has called him. If it is some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel: the nobleman and the day labourer, clothed with the same robe, support together the same litter, and the link which unites these two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who, knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried out, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around them, and always, on some worm-eaten piece of furniture, there will be found a pious alms, deposited by an unknown hand. "The Grand-duke himself is a member of this fraternity, and I have been assured that more than once, at the sound of that melancholy bell, he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side with a day-labourer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had afterwards been detected only by the alms he had left behind."—p. 126.

It is not to be supposed that our dramatist pursues the same direct and unadventurous route that lies open to every citizen of Paris and London. At the end of the first volume we leave him still at Florence; we open the second, and we find him and his companion Jadin, and his companion's dog Milord, standing at the port of Naples, looking out for some vessel to take them to Sicily. So that we have travels in Italy with Rome left out. Not that he did not visit Rome, but that we have no "souvenirs" of his visit here. As the book is a mere *capriccio*, there can be no possible objection taken to it on this score. Besides, the island of Sicily, which becomes the chief scene of his adventures, is less beaten ground. Nor do we hear much of Naples, for he quits Naples almost as soon as he had entered it. This last fact requires explanation.

M. Dumas has had the honour to be an object of terror or of animosity to crowned heads. When at Genoa, his Sardinian Majesty manifested this hostility to M. Dumas—we presume on account of his too liberal politics—by dispatching an emissary of the police to notify to him that he must immediately depart from Genoa. Which emissary of his Sardinian Majesty had no sooner delivered his royal sentence of deportation, than he extended his hand for a *pour boire*. Either M. Dumas must be a far more formidable person than we have any notion of, or majesty can be very nervous, or very spiteful. And now, when he is about to enter Naples—but why do we presume to relate M. Dumas's personal adventures in any other language than his own? or language as near his own as we—who are, we must confess, imperfect translators—can hope to give.



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“The very evening of our arrival at Naples, Jadin and I ran to the port to enquire if by chance any vessel, whether steam-boat or sailing packet, would leave on the morrow for Sicily. As it is not the ordinary custom for travellers to go to Naples to remain there a few hours only, let me say a word on the circumstance that compelled us to this hasty departure. “We had left Paris with the intention of traversing the whole of Italy, including Sicily and Calabria; and, putting this project into scrupulous execution, we had already visited Nice, Genoa, Milan, Florence, and Rome, when, after a sojourn of about three weeks at this last city, I had the honour to meet, at the Marquis de P——’s, our own *charge des affaires*, the Count de Ludorf, the Neapolitan ambassador. As I was to leave in a few days for Naples, the Marquis introduced me to his brother in diplomacy. M. de Ludorf received me with that cold and vacant smile which pledges to nothing; nevertheless, after this introduction, I thought myself bound to carry to him our passports myself. M. de Ludorf had the civility to tell me to deposit the passports at his office, and to call there for them the day after the morrow. “Two days having elapsed, I accordingly presented myself at the office: I found a clerk there, who, with the utmost politeness, informed me that some difficulties having arisen on the subject of my *visa*, I had better make an application to the ambassador himself. I was obliged, therefore, whatever resolution I had made to the contrary, to present myself again to M. de Ludorf. “I found the ambassador more cold, more measured than before, but reflecting that it would probably be the last time I should have the honour of seeing him, I resigned myself. He motioned to me to take a chair. This was some improvement upon the last visit; the last visit he left me standing.

“‘Monsieur,’ said he, with a certain air of embarrassment, and drawing out, one after the other, the folds of his shirt-front, ‘I regret to say that you cannot go to Naples.’

“‘Why so?’ I replied, determined to impose upon our dialogue whatever tone I thought fit—‘are the roads so bad?’

“‘No, monsieur; the roads are excellent, but you have the misfortune to be on the list of those who cannot enter the kingdom of Naples.’

“‘However honourable such a distinction may be, monsieur l’ambassadeur,’ said I, suiting my tone to the words, ‘it will at present be rather inconvenient, and I trust you will permit me to inquire into the cause of this prohibition. If it is nothing but one of those slight and vexatious interruptions which one meets with perpetually in Italy, I have some friends about the world who might have influence sufficient to remove it.’

“‘The cause is one of a grave nature, and I doubt if your friends, of whatever rank they may be, will have influence to remove it.’

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“What may it be?’

“In the first place, you are the son of General Matthieu Dumas, who was minister of war at Naples during the usurpation of Joseph.’

“I am sorry,’ I answered, ‘to be obliged to decline any relationship with that illustrious general. My father was not General Matthieu, but General Alexandre Dumas. The same,’ I continued, seeing that he was endeavouring to recall some reminiscences connected with the name of Dumas, ‘who, after having been made prisoner at Tarentum, in contempt of the rights of hospitality, was poisoned at Brindisi, with Mauscourt and Dolomieu, in contempt of the rights of nations. This happened, monsieur l’ambassadeur, at the same time that they hanged Carracciolo in the Gulf of Naples. You see I do all I can to assist your recollection.’

“M. de Ludorf bit his lips.

“Well, monsieur,’ he resumed after a moment’s silence, ‘there is a second reason—your political opinions. You are marked out as a republican, and have quitted Paris, it is said, on some political design.’”“To which I answer, monsieur, by showing you my letters of introduction. They bear nearly all the seals and signatures of our ministers. Here is one from the Admiral Jacob, another from Marshal Soult, another from M. de Villemain; they claim for me the aid of the French ambassador in any case of this description.’”“Well, well,’ said M. de Ludorf, ‘since you have foreseen the very difficulty that has occurred, meet it with those means which are in your power. For me, I repeat, I cannot sign your passport. Those of your companions are quite regular; they can proceed when they please; but they must proceed without you.’

“Has the Count de Ludorf’ said I, rising, ‘any commissions for Naples?’

“Why so, monsieur?’

“Because I shall have great pleasure in undertaking them.’

“But I repeat, you cannot go to Naples.’

“I shall be there in three days.’

“I wished M. de Ludorf good morning, and left him stupefied at my assurance.”—Vol. ii. p. 5.

Our dramatical traveller ran immediately to a young friend, an artist then studying at Rome, and prevailed on him to take out a passport, in his own name for Naples. Fortified with this passport, and assuming the name of his friend, he left Rome that



evening. The following day he reached Naples. But as he was exposed every moment to detection, it was necessary that he should pass over immediately to Sicily. The steam-boats at Naples, unlike the steam-boats every where else, start at no fixed period. The captain waits for his contingent of passengers, and till this has been obtained both he and his vessel are immovable. M. Dumas and his companion, therefore, hired a small sailing vessel, a *speronara* as it is called, in which they embarked the next morning. But before weighing anchor M. Dumas took from his portfolio the neatest, purest, whitest, sheet of paper that it contained, and indited the following letter to the Count de Ludorf:—



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“Monsieur le Comte,

“I am distressed that your excellency did not think fit to charge me with your commissions for Naples. I should have executed them with a fidelity which would have convinced you of the grateful recollection I retain of your kind offices.

“Accept, M. le Comte, the assurance of those lively sentiments which I entertain towards you, and of which, one day or other, I hope to give you proof.

“ALEX. DUMAS.”

“Naples, 23d Aug. 1835.”

With the crew of this *speronara* we became as familiar as with the personages of a novel; and, indeed, about this time the novelist begins to predominate over the tourist.

On leaving the bay of Naples our traveller first makes for the island of Capri. The greatest curiosity which he here visits and describes in the *azure grotto*. He and his companion are rowed, each in a small skiff, to a narrow dark aperture upon the rocky coast, and which appears the darker from its contrast with the white surf that is dashing about it. He is told to lie down on his back in the boat, to protect his head from a concussion against the low roof.

“In a moment after I was borne upon the surge—the bark glided on with rapidity—I saw nothing but a dark rock, which seemed for a second to be weighing on my chest. Then on a sudden I found myself in a grotto so marvellous that I uttered a cry of astonishment, and started up in my admiration with a bound which endangered the frail bark on which I stood. “I had before me, around me, above me, beneath me, a perfect enchantment, which words cannot describe, and which the pencil would utterly fail to give any impression of. Imagine an immense cavern, all pure azure—as if God had made a tent there with some residue of the firmament; a surface of water so limpid, so transparent, that you seem to float on air: above you, the pendant stalactites, huge and fantastical, reversed pyramids and pinnacles: below you a sand of gold mingled with marine vegetation; and around the margin of cave, where it is bathed by the water, the coral shooting out its capricious and glittering branches. That narrow entrance which, from the sea, showed like a dark spot, now shone at one end a luminous point, the solitary star which gave its subdued light to this fairy palace; whilst at the opposite extremity a sort of alcove led on the imagination to expect new wonders, or perhaps the apparition of the nymph or goddess of the place. “In all probability the azure grotto was unknown to the ancients. No poet speaks of it; and surely with their marvellous imagination the Greeks could not have failed to make it the palace of some marine goddess, and to have transmitted to us her history. The sea, perhaps, was higher than

it is now, and the secrets of this cave were known only to Amphitrite and her court of sirens, naiads, and tritons.



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“Even now at times the sea rises and closes the orifice, so that those who have entered cannot escape. In which case they must wait till the wind, which had suddenly shifted to the east or west, returns to the north or south; and it has happened that visitors who came to spend twenty minutes in the azure grotto, have remained there two, three, and even four days. To provide against such an emergency, the boatmen always bring with them a certain quantity of biscuit to feed the prisoners, and as the rock affords fresh water in several places, there is no fear of thirst. It was not till we had been in the grotto some time that our boatmen communicated this piece of information; we were disposed to reproach them for this delay, but they answered with the utmost simplicity, that if they told this at first to travellers, half of them would decline coming, and this would injure the boatmen.” I confess that this little piece of information raised a certain disquietude, and I found the azure grotto infinitely less agreeable to the imagination.... We again laid ourselves down at the bottom of our respective canoes, and issued forth with the same precautions, and the same good fortune, with which we had entered. But we were some minutes before we could open our eyes; the burning sun upon the glittering ocean absolutely blinded us. We had not gone many yards, however, before the eye recovered itself, and all that we had seen in the azure grotto had the consistency of a dream.”

From Capri our travellers proceed to Sicily. We have a long story and a violent storm upon the passage, and are landed at Messina. Here M. Dumas enlarges his experience by an acquaintance with the *Sirocco*. His companion, M. Jadin, had been taken ill, and a physician had been called in.

“The doctor had ordered that the patient (who was suffering under a fever) should be exposed to all the air possible, that doors and windows should be opened, and he should be placed in the current. This was done; but on the present evening, to my astonishment, instead of the fresh breeze of the night—which was wont to blow the fresher from our neighbourhood to the sea—there entered at the open window a dry hot wind like the air from a furnace. I waited for the morning, but the morning brought no change in the state of the atmosphere.” My patient had suffered greatly through the night. I rang the bell for some lemonade, the only drink the doctor had recommended; but no one answered the summons. I rang again, and a third time: still no one came; at length seeing that the mountain would not come to me, I went to the mountain. I wandered through the corridor, and entered apartment after apartment, and found no one to address. It was nine o’clock in the morning, yet the master and mistress of the house had not left their room, and not a domestic was at his post. It was quite incomprehensible.

“I descended to the portico; I found him lying on an old sofa all in tatters, the principal ornament of his room, and asked him why the house was thus deserted.



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“Ah, monsieur!’ said he, ‘do you not feel the sirocco?’

“Sirocco or not, is this a reason why no one should come when I call?’

“Oh, monsieur, when it is sirocco no one does any thing!’

“And your travellers, who is to wait upon them?’

“On those days they wait upon themselves.’

“I begged pardon of this respectable official for having disturbed him; he heaved such a sigh as indicated that it required a great amount of Christian charity to grant the pardon I had asked.“The hour arrived when the doctor should have paid his visit, and no doctor came. I presumed that the sirocco detained him also; but as the state of Jadin appeared to me alarming, I resolved to go and rouse my Esculapius, and bring him, willing or unwilling, to the hotel. I took my hat and sallied forth.“Messina had the appearance of a city of the dead: not an inhabitant was walking in the streets, not a head was seen at the windows. The mendicants themselves (and he who has not seen the Sicilian mendicant, knows not what wretchedness is,) lay in the corners of the streets, stretched out, doubled up, panting, without strength to stretch out their hand for charity, or voice to ask an alms. Pompeii, which I visited three months afterwards, was not more silent, more solitary, more inanimate.

“I reached the doctor’s. I rang, I knocked, no one answered. I pushed against the door, it opened;—I entered, and pursued my search for the doctor.

“I traversed three or four apartments. There were women lying upon sofas, and children sprawling on the floor. Not one even raised a head to look at me. At last, in one of the rooms, the door of which was, like the rest, half-open, I found the man I was in quest of, stretched upon his bed.

“I went up to him, I took him by the hand, and felt his pulse.

“Ah,’ said he, with a melancholy voice, and scarcely turning his head towards me, ‘Is that you? What can you want?’

“Want!—I want you to come and see my friend, who is no better, as it seems to me.’

“Go and see your friend!’ cried the doctor, in a fright—‘impossible!’

“Why impossible?’



“He made a desperate effort to move, and taking his cane in his left hand, passed his right hand slowly down it, from the golden head that adorned it to the other extremity. ‘Look you,’ said he, ‘my cane sweats.’

“And, in fact, there fell some globules of water from it, such an effect has this terrible wind even on inanimate things.

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘and what does that prove?’

“‘That proves, that at such a time as this, there are no physicians, all are patients.[3]’”—P. 175.



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[3] The extreme misery of the paupers in Sicily, who form, he tells us, a tenth part of the population, quite haunts the imagination of M. Dumas. He recurs to it several times. At one place he witnesses the distribution, at the door of a convent, of soup to these poor wretches, and gives a terrible description of the famine-stricken group. "All these creatures," he continues, "had eaten nothing since yesterday evening. They had come there to receive their porringer of soup, as they had come to-day, as they would come to-morrow. This was all their nourishment for twenty-four hours, unless some of them might obtain a few *grani* from their fellow-citizens, or the compassion of strangers; but this is very rare, as the Syracusans are familiarized with the spectacle, and few strangers visit Syracuse. When the distributor of this blessed soup appeared, there were unheard-of cries, and each one rushed forward with his wooden bowl in his hand. Only there were some too feeble to exclaim, or to run, and who dragged themselves forward, groaning, upon their hands and knees. There was in the midst of all, a child clothed, not in anything that could be called a shirt, but a kind of spider's web, with a thousand holes, who had no wooden bowl, and who wept with hunger. It stretched out its poor little meagre hands, and joined them together, to supply as well as it could, by this natural receptacle, the absent bowl. The cook poured in a spoonful of the soup. The soup was boiling, and burned the child's hand. It uttered a cry of pain, and was compelled to open its fingers, and the soup fell upon the pavement. The child threw itself on all fours, and began to eat in the manner of a dog."—Vol. iii. p. 58. And in another place he says, "Alas, this cry of hunger! it is the eternal cry of Sicily; I have heard nothing else for three months. There are miserable wretches, whose hunger has never been appeased, from the day when, lying in their cradle, they began to draw the milk from their exhausted mothers, to the last hour when, stretched on their bed of death, they have expired endeavouring to swallow the sacred host which the priest had laid upon their lips. Horrible to think of! there are human beings to whom, to have eaten once sufficiently, would be a remembrance for all their lives to come."—Vol. iv. p. 108.

Seeing there was no chance of bringing the doctor to the hotel, unless he carried him there by main force, Mr Dumas contented himself with relating the symptoms of his friend. To drink lemonade—much lemonade—all the lemonade he could swallow, was the only prescription that the physician gave. And the simple remedy seems to have sufficed; for the patient shortly after recovered.



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Not the least agreeable portion of these travels, is the pleasant impression they leave of the traveller himself, one who has his humours doubtless, but who is social, buoyant, brave, generous, and enterprising. A Frenchman—as a chemist, in his peculiar language, would say—is a creature “endowed with a considerable range of affinity.” Our traveller has this range of affinity; he wins the heart of all and several—the crew of his *speronara*. We will close with the following extract, both because it shows the frank and lively feelings of the Frenchman, and because it introduces a name dear to all lovers of melody. The father of Bellini was a Sicilian, and Dumas was in Sicily.

“It was while standing on this spot, that I asked my guide if he knew the father of Bellini. At this question he turned, and pointing out to me an old man who was passing in a little carriage drawn by one horse—‘Look you,’ said he, ‘there he is, taking his ride into the country!’” I ran to the carriage and stopped it, knowing that he is never intrusive who speaks to a father of his son, and of such a son as Bellini’s. At the first mention of his name, the old man took me by both hands, and asked me eagerly if I really knew his son. I drew from my portfolio a letter of introduction, which, on my departure from Paris, Bellini had given me for the Duchess de Noja, and asked him if he knew the handwriting. He took the letter in his hands, and answered only by kissing the superscription. “‘Ah,’ said he, turning round to me, ‘you know not how good he is! We are not rich. Well, at each success there comes some remembrance, something to add to the ease and comfort of an old man. If you will come home with me, I will show you how many things I owe to his goodness. Every success brings something new. This watch I carry with me, was from *Norma*; this little carriage and horse, from *the Puritans*. In every letter that he writes, he says that he will come; but Paris is far from Sicily. I do not trust to this promise—I am afraid that I shall die without seeing him again. You will see him, you——’

“‘Yes,’ I answered, ‘and if you have any commission——’

“‘No—what should I send him?—My blessing?—Dear boy, I give it him night and morning. But tell him you have given me a happy day by speaking to me of him—tell him that I embraced you as an old friend—(and he embraced me)—but you need not say that I was in tears. Besides,’ he added, ‘it is with joy that I weep.—And is it true that my son has a reputation?’

“‘Indeed a very great reputation.’

“‘How strange!’ said the old man, ‘who would have thought it, when I used to scold him, because, instead of working, he would be eternally beating time, and teaching his sister all the old Sicilian airs! Well, these things are written above. I wish I could see him before I die.—But your name?’ he added, ‘I have forgotten all this time to ask your name.’

“I told him: it woke no recollection.



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“Alexandre Dumas, Alexandre Dumas,’ he repeated two or three times, ‘I shall recollect that he who bears that name has given me good news of my son. Adieu! Alexandre Dumas—I shall recollect that name—Adieu!’

“Poor old man! I am sure he has not forgotten it; for the news I gave him of his son was the last he was ever to receive.”—P. 226.

Sicily is one of those *romantic* countries, where you may still meet with adventures in your travels, where you may be shot at by banditti with pointed hats and long guns. M. Dumas passes not without his share of such adventures. Perhaps, as Sicily is less trodden ground than Italy, his “Souvenirs” will be found more interesting as he proceeds. We have naturally taken our quotations in the order in which they presented themselves, and we have not advanced further than the second of the five delectably small volumes in which these travels are printed. Would our space permit us to proceed, it is probable that our extracts would increase, instead of diminishing, in interest.

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AMMALAT BEK.

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

CHAPTER VI.

Fragments from the Diary of Ammalat Bek.—Translated from the Tartar.

... Have I been asleep till now, or am I now in a dream?... This, then, is the new world called *thought!*... O beautiful world! thou hast long been to me cloudy and confused, like the milky way, which, they say, consists of thousands of glittering stars! It seems to me that I am ascending the mountain of knowledge from the valley of darkness and ignorance; each step opens to me views further and more extensive.... My breast breathes freer, I gaze in the face of the sun.... I look below—the clouds murmur under my feet!... annoying clouds! You prevent me from seeing the heavens from the earth; from the heaven to look upon the earth!

I wonder how the commonest questions, *whence* and *how*, never before came into my head? All God’s world, with every thing in it good or evil, was seen reflected in my soul as in the sea: I only knew as much of it as the sea does, or a mirror. In my memory, it is true, much was preserved: but to what end did this serve? Does the hawk understand why the hood is put on his head? Does the steed understand why they shoe him? Did I understand why in one place mountains are necessary, in another



steppes, here eternal snows, there oceans of sand? Why storms and earthquakes were necessary? And thou, most wondrous being, Man! it never has entered my head to follow thee from thy cradle, suspended on a wandering mule, to that magnificent city which I have never seen, and which I am enchanted merely to have heard of!... I confess that I am already delighted with the mere outside of a book, without understanding the meaning of the mysterious letters ... but V. not only makes knowledge attractive, but gives me the means of acquiring it. With him, as a young swallow with its mother, I try my new wings.... The distance and the height still astonish, but no longer alarm me. The time will come when I shall mount upwards to the heavens!...



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... But yet, am I happy because V. and his books teach me to think? The time was, when a spirited steed, a costly sabre, a good gun, delighted me like a child. Now, that I know the superiority of mind over body, my former pride in shooting or horsemanship appears to me ridiculous—nay, even contemptible. Is it worth while to devote oneself to a trade, in which the meanest broad-shouldered nouker can surpass me?... Is it worth while to seek honour and happiness, of which the first wound may deprive me—the first awkward leap? They have taken from me this plaything, but with what have they replaced it?... With new wants, with new wishes, which Allah himself can neither weary nor satisfy. I thought myself a man of consequence; but now I am convinced of my own nothingness. Formerly, to my memory, my grandfather and great-grandfather were at the beginning of the night of the past, with its stories and dreaming traditions.... The Caucasus contained my world, and I peacefully slept in that night. I thought to be famous in Daghestan—the height of glory. And what then? History has peopled my former desert with nations, shattering each other for glory; with heroes, terrifying the nations by valour to which we can never rise. And where are they? Half forgotten, they have vanished in the dust of ages. The description of the earth shows me that the Tartars occupy a little corner of the world; that they are miserable savages in comparison with the European nations; and that of the existence, not only of their brave warriors, but of the whole nation, nobody thinks, nobody knows, nobody wishes to know. It is worth while to be a glow-worm amongst insects. Was it worth while to expand my mind, in order to be convinced of such a bitter truth?

* * * * *

What is the use of a knowledge of the powers of nature to me, when I cannot change my soul, master my heart? The sea teaches me to build dykes—but I cannot restrain my tears!... I can conduct the lightning from the roof, but I cannot throw off my sorrows! Was I not unhappy enough from my feelings alone, without calling around me my thoughts, like greedy vultures? What does the sick man gain by knowing that his disease is incurable?... The tortures of my hopeless love have become sharper, more piercing, more various, since my intellect has been enlightened.

* * * * *

No! I am unjust. Reading shortens for me the long winter-like night—the hours of separation. In teaching me to fix on paper my flying thoughts, V. has given me a heartfelt enjoyment. Some day I shall meet Seltanetta, and I shall show her these pages; in which her name is written oftener than that of Allah in the Koran. “These are the annals of my heart,” I shall say: “Look! on such a day thus thought about you—on such a night, I saw you thus in my dreams! By these little leaves, as by a string of diamond beads,



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you may count my sighs, my tears for you.” O lovely, and beloved being! you will often smile at my strange phantasies—long will they supply matter for our conversations. But, by your side, enchantress, shall I be able to remember the past?... No, no!... Every thing before me, every thing around me, will then fade away, except the present bliss—to be with you! O, how burning, and how light will my soul be! Liquid sunshine will flow in my veins—I shall float in heaven, like the sun! To forget all by your side is a bliss prouder than the highest wisdom!

* * * * *

I have read stories of love, of the charms of woman—of the perfidy of man—but no heroine approaches my Seltanetta in loveliness of soul or body—not one of the heroes do I resemble—I envy them the fascination, I admire the wisdom of lovers in books—but then, how weak, how cold is their love! It is a moonbeam playing on ice! Whence come these European babblers of Tharsis—these nightingales of the market-place—these sugared confections of flowers? I cannot believe that people can love passionately, and prate of their love—even as a hired mourner laments over the dead. The spendthrift casts his treasure by handfuls to the wind; the lover hides it, nurses it, buries it in his heart like a hoard.

* * * * *

I am yet young, and I ask “what is friendship?” I have a friend in V.—a loving, real, thoughtful friend; yet I am not *his* friend. I feel it, I reproach myself that I do not reciprocate his regard as I ought, as he deserves—but is in my power? In my soul there is no room for any one but Seltanetta—in my heart there is no feeling but love.

* * * * *

No! I cannot read, I cannot understand what the Colonel explains to me. I cheated myself when I thought that the ladder of science could be climbed by me ... I am weary at the first steps, I lose my way on the first difficulty, I entangle the threads, instead of unravelling them—I pull and tear them—and I carry off nothing of the prey but a few fragments. The *hope* which the Colonel held out to me I mistook for my own progress. But who—what—impedes this progress? That which makes the happiness and misery of my life—love. In every place, in every thing, I hear and see Seltanetta—and often Seltanetta alone. To banish her from my thoughts I should consider sacrilege; and, even if I wished, I could not perform the resolution. Can I see without light? Can I breathe without air? Seltanetta is my light, my air, my life, my soul!

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My hand trembles—my heart flutters in my bosom. If I wrote with my blood, 'twould scorch the paper. Seltanetta! your image pursues me dreaming or awake. The image of your charms is more dangerous than the reality. The thought that I may never possess them, touch them, see them, perhaps, plunges me into an incessant melancholy—at once I melt and burn. I recall each lovely feature, each attitude of your exquisite person—that little foot, the seal of love, that bosom, the gem of bliss! The remembrance of your voice makes my soul thrill like the chord of an instrument—ready to burst from the clearness of its tone—and your kiss! that kiss in which I drank your soul! It showers roses and coals of fire upon my lonely bed—I burn—my hot lips are tortured by the thirst for caresses—my hand longs to clasp your waist—to touch your knees! Oh, come—Oh, fly to me—that I may die in delight, as now I do in weariness!

* * * * *

Colonel Verkhoffsky, endeavouring by every possible means to divert Ammalat's grief, thought of amusing him with a boar-hunt, the favourite occupation of the Beks of Daghestan. In answer to his summons, there assembled about twenty persons, each attended by his noukers, each eager to try his fortune, or to gallop about the field and vaunt his courage. Already had grey December covered the tops of the surrounding mountains with the first-fallen snow. Here and there in the streets of Derbend lay a crust of ice, but over it the mud rolled in sluggish waves along the uneven pavement. The sea lazily plashed against the sunken turrets of the walls which descended to the water, a flock of bustards and of geese whizzed through the fog, and flew with a complaining cry above the ramparts; all was dark and melancholy—even the dull and tiresome braying of the asses laden with faggots for the market, sounded like a dirge over the fine weather. The old Tartars sat in the bazars, wrapping their shoubes over their noses. But this is exactly the weather most favourable to hunters. Hardly had the moollahs of the town proclaimed the hour of prayer, when the Colonel, attended by several of his officers, the Beks of the city, and Ammalat, rode, or rather swam, through the mud, leaving the town in the direction of the north, through the principal gate Keerkhlar Kapi, which is covered with iron plates. The road leading to Tarki is rude in appearance, bordered for a few paces to the right and left with beds of madder—beyond them lie vast burying-grounds, and further still towards the sea, scattered gardens. But the appearance of the suburbs is a great deal more magnificent than those of the Southern ones. To the left, on the rocks were seen the Keifars, or barracks of the regiment of Kourin; while on both sides of the road, fragments of rock lay in picturesque disorder, rolled down in heaps by the violence of the mountain-torrents. A forest of ilex, covered with hoar-frost, thickened as it approached Vellikent, and at each verst the retinue of Verkhoffsky was swelled by fresh arrivals of *Beglar* and *Agalar*[4]. The hunting party now turned to the left, and they speedily heard the cry of the *ghayalstchiks*[5] assembled from the surrounding villages. The hunters formed into an extended chain, some on horseback, and some running on foot; and soon the wild-boars also began to show themselves.



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[4] *Lar* is the Tartar plural of all substantives.

[5] Beaters for the game.

The umbrageous oak-forests of Daghestan have served, from time immemorial, as a covert for innumerable herds of wild hogs; and although the Tartars—like the Mussulmans—hold it a sin not only to eat, but even to touch the unclean animal, they consider it a praiseworthy act to destroy them—at least they practise the art of shooting on these beasts, as well as exhibit their courage, because the chase of the wild-boar is accompanied by great danger, and requires cunning and bravery.

The lengthened chain of hunters occupied a wide extent of ground; the most fearless marksmen selecting the most solitary posts, in order to divide with no one else the glory of success, and also because the animals make for those points where there are fewer people. Colonel Verkhoffsky, confident in his gigantic strength and sure eye, posted himself in the thickest of the wood, and halted at a small savannah to which converged the tracks of numerous wild-boars. Perfectly alone, leaning against the branch of a fallen tree, he awaited his game. Interrupted shots were heard on the right and left of his station; for a moment a wild-boar appeared behind the trees; at length the bursting crash of falling underwood was heard, and immediately a boar of uncommon size darted across the field like a ball fired from a cannon. The Colonel took his aim, the bullet whistled, and the wounded monster suddenly halted, as if in surprise—but this was but for an instant—he dashed furiously in the direction whence came the shot. The froth smoked from his red-hot tusks, his eye burned in blood, and he flew at the enemy with a grunt. But Verkhoffsky showed no alarm, waiting for the nearer approach of the brute: a second time clicked the cock of his gun—but the powder was damp and missed fire. What now remained for the hunter? He had not even a dagger at his girdle—flight would have been useless. As if by the anger of fate, not a single thick tree was near him—only one dry branch arose from the oak against which he had leaned; and Verkhoffsky threw himself on it as the only means of avoiding destruction. Hardly had he time to clamber an *arschine* and a half[6] from the ground, when the boar, enraged to fury, struck the branch with his tusks—it cracked from the force of the blow and the weight which was supported by it.... It was in vain that Verkhoffsky tried to climb higher—the bark was covered with ice—his hands slipped—he was sliding downwards; but the beast did not quit the tree—he gnawed it—he attacked it with his sharp tusks a *tchetverin* below the feet of the hunter. Every instant Verkhoffsky expected to be sacrificed, and his voice died away in the lonely space in vain. No, not in vain! The sound of a horse's hoofs was heard close at hand, and Ammalat Bek galloped up at full speed with uplifted sabre. Perceiving a new enemy, the wild-boar turned at him, but a sideway leap of the horse decided the battle—a blow from Ammalat hurled him on the earth.



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[6] Rather less than an English yard.

The rescued Colonel hurried to embrace his friend, but the latter was slashing, mangling, in a fit of rage, the slain beast. "I accept not unmerited thanks," he answered at length, turning from the Colonel's embrace. "This same boar gored before my eyes a Bek of Tabasoran, my friend, when he, having missed him, had entangled his foot in the stirrup. I burned with anger when I saw my comrade's blood, and flew in pursuit of the boar. The closeness of the wood prevented me from following his track; I had quite lost him; and God has brought me hither to slay the accursed brute, when he was on the point of sacrificing a yet nobler victim—you, my benefactor."

"Now we are quits, dear Ammalat. Do not talk of past events. This day our teeth shall avenge us on this tusked foe. I hope you will not refuse to taste the forbidden meat, Ammalat?"

"Not I! nor to wash it down with champagne, Colonel. Without offence to Mahomet, I had rather strengthen my soul with the foam of the wine, than with the water of the true believer."

The hunt now turned to the other side. From afar were heard cries and hallooing, and the drums of the Tartars in the chase. From time to time shots rang through the air. A horse was led up to the Colonel: and he, feasting his sight with the boar, which was almost cut in two, patted Ammalat on the shoulder, crying "A brave blow!"

"In that blow exploded my revenge," answered the Bek; "and the revenge of an Asiatic is heavy."

"You have seen, you have witnessed," replied the Colonel, "how injury is avenged by Russians—that is, by Christians; let this be not a reproach, but—a lesson to you."

And they both galloped off towards the Line.

Ammalat was remarkably absent—sometimes he did not answer at all—at others, he answered incoherently to the questions of Verkhoffsky, by whom he rode, gazing abstractedly around him. The Colonel, thinking that, like an eager hunter, he was engrossed by the sport, left him, and rode forward. At last, Ammalat perceived him whom he was so impatiently expecting, his hemdjek, Saphir Ali, flew to meet him, covered with mud, and mounted on a smoking horse. With cries of "Aleikoum Selam," they both jumped off their horses, and were immediately locked in each other's embrace.

"And so you have been there—you have seen her—you have spoken to her?" cried Ammalat, tearing off his kaftan, and choking with agitation. "I see by your face that you



bring good news; here is my new *tchoukha*[7] for you for that. Does she live? Is she well? Does she love me as before?"

[7] The Tartars have an invariable custom, of taking off some part of their dress and giving it to the bearer of good news.



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“Let me recollect myself,” answered Saphir Ali. “Let me take breath. You have put so many questions, and I myself are charged with so many commissions, that they are crowding together like old women at the door of the mosque, who have lost their shoes. First, at your desire, I have been to Khounzakh. I crept along so softly, that I did not scare a single thrush by the road. Sultan Akhmet Khan is well, and at home. He asked about you with great anxiety, shook his head, and enquired if you did not want a spindle to dry the silk of Derbend. The khansha sends you tchokh selammoum, (many compliments,) and as many sweet cakes. I threw them away, the confounded things, at the first resting-place. Sourkhai-Khan, Noutzal-Khan”——

“The devil take them all! What about Seltanetta?”

“Aha! at last I have touched the chilblain of your heart. Seltanetta, my dear Ammalat, is as beautiful as the starry sky; but in that heaven I saw no light, until I conversed about you. Then she almost threw herself on my neck when we were left alone together, and I explained the cause of my arrival. I gave her a camel-load of compliments from you——told her that you were almost dead with love——poor fellow!——and she burst into tears!”

“Kind, lovely soul! What did she tell you to say to me?”

“Better ask what she did not. She says that, from the time that you left her, she has never rejoiced even in her dreams; that the winter snow has fallen on her heart, and that nothing but a meeting with her beloved, like a vernal sun, can melt it.... But if I were to continue to the end of her messages, and you were to wait to the end of my story, we should both reach Derbend with grey beards. Spite of all this, she almost drove me away, hurrying me off, lest you should doubt her love!”

“Darling of my soul! you know not—I cannot explain what bliss it is to be with thee, what torment to be separated from thee, not to see thee!”

“That is exactly the thing, Ammalat; she grieves that she cannot rejoice her eyes with a sight of him whom she never can be weary of gazing at. ‘Is it possible,’ she says, ‘that he cannot come but for one little day, for one short hour, one little moment?’”

“To look on her, and then die, I would be content!”

“Ah, when you behold her, you will wish to live. She is become quieter than she was of old; but even yet she is so lively, that when you see her your blood sparkles within you.”

“Did you tell her why it is not in my power to do her will, and to accomplish my own passionate desire?”

“I related such tales that you would have thought me the Shah of Persia’s chief poet. Seltanetta shed tears like a fountain after rain. She does nothing else but weep.”



“Why, then, reduce her to despair? ‘I cannot now’ does not mean ‘it is for ever impossible.’ You know what a woman’s heart is, Saphir Ali: for them the end of hope is the end of love.”



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“You sow words on the wind, djannion (my soul.) Hope, for lovers, is a skein of worsted—endless. In cool blood, you do not even trust your eyes; but fall in love, and you will believe in ghosts. I think that Seltanetta would hope that you could ride to her from your coffin—not only from Derbend.”

“And how is Derbend better than a coffin to me? Does not my heart feel its decay, without power to escape it? Here is only my corpse: my soul is far away.”

“It seems that your senses often take the whim of walking I know not where, dear Ammalat. Are you not well at Verkhoffsky’s—free and contented? beloved as a younger brother, caressed like a bride? Grant that Seltanetta is lovely: there are not many Verkhoffskys. Cannot you sacrifice to friendship a little part of love?”

“Am not I then doing so, Saphir Ali? But if you knew how much it costs me! It is as if I tore my heart to pieces. Friendship is a lovely thing, but it cannot fill the place of love.”

“At least, it can console us for love—it can relieve it. Have you spoken about this to the Colonel?”

“I cannot prevail on myself to do so. The words die on my lips, when I would speak of my love. He is so wise, that I am ashamed to annoy him with my madness. He is so kind, that I dare not abuse his patience. To say the truth, his frankness invites, encourages mine. Figure to yourself that he has been in love since his childhood with a maiden, to whom he was plighted, and whom he certainly would have married if his name had not been by mistake put into a list of killed during the war with the Feringhis. His bride shed tears, but nevertheless was given away in marriage. He flies back to his country, and finds his beloved the wife of another. What, think you, should I have done in such a case? Plunged a dagger in the breast of the robber of my treasure!—carried her away to the end of the world to possess her but one hour, but one moment! Nothing of this kind happened. He learned that his rival was an excellent and worthy man. He had the calmness to contract a friendship with him: had the patience to be often in the society of his former love, without betraying, either by word or deed, his new friend or his still loved mistress.”

“A rare man, if this be true!” exclaimed Saphir Ali, with feeling, throwing away his reins. “A stout friend indeed!”

“But what an icy lover! But this is not all. To relieve both of them from misrepresentation and scandal, he came hither on service. Not long ago—for his happiness or unhappiness—his friend died. And what then? Do you think he flew to Russia. No! his duty kept him away. The Commander-in-chief informed him that his presence was indispensable here for a year more, and he has remained—cherishing his love with hope. Can such a man, with all his goodness, understand such a passion as mine? And besides, there is such a difference between us in years, in opinions. He

kills me with his unapproachable dignity; and all this cools my friendship, and impedes my sincerity.”



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“You are a strange fellow, Ammalat; you do not love Verkhoffsky for the very reason that he most merits frankness and affection!”

“Who told you that I do not love him? How can I but love the man who has educated me—my benefactor? Can I not love any one but Seltanetta? I love the whole world—all men!”

“Not much love, then, will fall to the share of each!” said Saphir Ali.

“There would be enough not only to quench the thirst, but to drown the whole world!” replied Ammalat, with a smile.

“Aha! This comes of seeing beauties unveiled—and then to see nothing but the veil and the eyebrows. It seems that you are like the nightingales of Ourmis; you must be caged before you can sing!”

Conversing in this strain, the two friends disappeared in the depths of the forest.

CHAPTER VII.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL VERKHOFFSKY TO HIS BETROTHED.

Derbend, April.

Fly to, me, heart of my heart, dearest Maria! Rejoice in the sight of a lovely vernal night in Daghestan. Beneath me lies Derbend, slumbering calmly, like a black streak of lava flowing from the Caucasus and cooled in the sea. The gentle breeze bears to me the fragrant odour of the almond-trees, the nightingales are calling to each other from the rock-crevices, behind the fortress: all breathes of life and love; and beautiful nature, full of this feeling, covers herself with a veil of mists. And how wonderfully has that vaporous ocean poured itself over the Caspian! The sea below gleams wavelingly, like steel damasked with gold on an escutcheon—that above swells like a silver surge lighted by the full moon, which rolls along the sky like a cup of gold, while the stars glitter around like scattered drops. In a moment, the reflection of the moonbeams in the vapours of the night changes the picture, anticipating the imagination, now astounding by its marvels—now striking by its novelty. Sometimes I seem to behold the rocks of the wild shore, and the waves beating against them in foam. The billows roll onward to the charge: the rocky ramparts repel the shock, and the surf flies high above them; but silently and slowly sink the waves, and the silver palms arise from the midst of the inundation, the breeze stirs their branches, playing with the long leaves, and they spread like the sails of a ship gliding over the airy ocean. Do you see how she rolls along, how the spray-drops sparkle on her breast, how the waves slide along her sides. And where is she?... and where am I?... You cannot imagine, dearest Maria, the sweetly solemn feeling produced in me by the sound and sight of the sea. To me, the



idea of eternity is inseparable from it; of immensity—of our love. That love seems to me, like it, infinite—eternal. I feel as if my heart overflowed to embrace the world, even as the ocean, with its bright waves of love. It is in me and around me; it is the only great and



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immortal feeling which I possess. Its spark lights and warms me in the winter of my sorrows, in the midnight of my doubts. Then I love so blindly! I believe so ardently! You smile at my fantasy, friend and companion of my soul. You wonder at this dark language; blame me not. My spirit, like the denizen of another world, cannot bear the chill and frosty moonlight—it shakes off the dust of the grave; it soars away, and, like the moonlight, dimly discovers all things darkly and uncertainly. You know that it is to you alone that I write down the pictures which fall on the magic-glass of my heart, assured that you will guess, not with cold criticism, but with the heart, what I would describe. Besides, next August, your happy bridegroom will himself explain all the dark passages in his letters. I cannot think without ecstasy of the moment of our meeting. I count the sand-grains of the hours which separate us. I count the versts which lie between us. And so in the middle of June you will be at the waters of the Caucasus. And nought but the icy chain of the Caucasus will be between two ardent hearts.... How near—yet how immeasurably far shall we be from each other! Oh! how many years of life would I not give to hasten the hour of our meeting! Long, long, have our hearts been plighted.... Why have they been separated till now?

My friend Ammalat is not frank or confiding. I cannot blame him. I know how difficult it is to break through habits imbibed with a mother's milk, and with the air of one's native land. The barbarian despotism of Persia, which has so long oppressed Aderbidjan, has instilled the basest principles into the Tartars of the Caucasus, and has polluted their sense of honour by the most despicable subterfuge. And how could it be otherwise in a government based upon the tyranny of the great over the less—where justice herself can punish only in secret—where robbery is the privilege of power? "Do with me what you like, provided you let me do with my inferior what I like," is the principle of Asiatic government—its ambition, its morality. Hence, every man, finding himself between two enemies, is obliged to conceal his thoughts, as he hides his money. Hence every man plays the hypocrite before the powerful; every man endeavours to force from others a present by tyranny or accusation. Hence the Tartar of this country will not move a step, but with the hope of gain; will not give you so much as a cucumber, without expecting a present in return.

Insolent to rudeness with every one who is not in power, he is mean and slavish before rank or a full purse. He sows flattery by handfuls; he will give you his house, his children, his soul, to get rid of a difficulty, and if he does any body a service, it is sure to be from motives of interest.



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In money matters (this is the weakest side of a Tartar) a ducat is the touchstone of his fidelity; and it is difficult to imagine the extent of their greediness for profit! The Armenian character is yet a thousand times more vile than theirs; but the Tartars hardly yield to them in corruption and greediness—and this is saying a good deal. Is it surprising that, beholding from infancy such examples, Ammalat—though he has retained the detestation of meanness natural to pure blood—should have adopted concealment as an indispensable arm against open malevolence and secret villany? The sacred ties of relationship do not exist for Asiatics. With them, the son is the slave of the father—the brother is a rival. No one trusts his neighbour, because there is no faith in any man. Jealousy of their wives, and dread of espionage, destroy brotherly love and friendship. The child brought up by his slave-mother—never experiencing a father's caress, and afterwards estranged by the Arabian alphabet, (education,) hides his feelings in his own heart even from his companions; from his childhood, thinks only for himself; from the first beard are every door, every heart shut for him: husbands look askance at him, women fly from him as from a wild beast, and the first and most innocent emotions of his heart, the first voice of nature, the first movements of his feelings—all these have become crimes in the eyes of Mahometan superstition. He dares not discover them to a relation, or confide them to a friend.... He must even weep in secret.

All this I say, my sweet Maria, to excuse Ammalat: he has already lived a year and a half in my house, and hitherto has never confessed to me the object of his love; though he might well have known, that it was from no idle curiosity, but from a real heartfelt interest, that I wished to know the secret of his heart. At last, however, he has told me all; and thus it happened.

Yesterday I took a ride out of the town with Ammalat. We rode up through a defile in the mountain on the west, and we advanced further and further, higher and higher, till we found ourselves unexpectedly close to the village of Kelik, from which may be seen the wall that anciently defended Persia from the incursions of the wandering tribes inhabiting the Zakavkaz, (trans-Caucasian country,) which often devastated that territory. The annals of Derbend (Derbendname) ascribe, but falsely, the construction of it to a certain Iskender—*i.e.* Alexander the Great—who, however, never was in these regions. King Noushirvan repaired it, and placed a guard along it. More than once since that time it has been restored; and again it fell into ruin, and became overgrown, as it now is, with the trees of centuries. A tradition exists, that this wall formerly extended from the Caspian to the Black Sea, cutting through the whole Caucasus, and having for its extremity the "iron gate" of Derbend, and Darial in its centre; but this is more than doubtful as far as regards the general facts, though certain in the particulars. The traces of this wall, which are to be seen far into the mountains, are interrupted here and there, but only by fallen stones or rocks and ravines, till it reaches the military road; but from thence to the Black Sea, through Mingrelia, I think there are no traces of its continuation.



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I examined, with curiosity, this enormous wall, fortified by numerous towers at short distance; and I wondered at the grandeur of the ancients, exhibited even in their unreasonable caprices of despotism—that greatness to which the effeminate rulers of the East cannot aspire, in our day, even in imagination. The wonders of Babylon, the lake of Moeris, the pyramids of the Pharaohs, the endless wall of China, and this huge bulwark, built in sterile places, on the summits of mountains, through the abyss of ravines—bear witness to the gigantic iron will, and the unlimited power, of the ancient kings. Neither time, nor earthquake, nor man, transitory man, nor the footstep of thousands of years, have entirely destroyed, entirely trodden down, the remains of immemorial antiquity. These places awake in me solemn and sacred thoughts. I wandered over the traces of Peter the Great; I pictured him the founder, the reformer, of a young state—building it on these ruins of the decaying monarchies of Asia, from the centre of which he tore out Russia, and with a mighty hand rolled her into Europe. What a fire must have gleamed in his eagle eye, as he glanced from the heights of Caucasus! What sublime thoughts, what holy aspirations, must have swelled that heroic breast! The grand destiny of his country was disclosed before his eyes; in the horizon, in the mirror of the Caspian, appeared to him the picture of Russia's future weal, sown by him, and watered by his red sweat. It was not empty conquest that was his aim, but victory over barbarism—the happiness of mankind. Derbend, Baka, Astrabad, they are the links of the chain with which he endeavoured to bind the Caucasus, and rivet the commerce of India with Russia.

Demigod of the North! Thou whom nature created at once to flatter the pride of man, and to reduce it to despair by thine unapproachable greatness! Thy shade rose before me, bright and colossal, and the cataract of ages fell foaming at thy feet! Pensive and silent, I rode on.

The wall of the Caucasus is faced on the north side with squared stones, neatly and firmly fixed together with lime. Many of the battlements are still entire; but feeble seeds, falling into the crevices and joints, have burst them asunder with the roots of trees growing from them, and, assisted by the rains, have thrown the stones to the earth, and over the ruins triumphantly creep mallows and pomegranates; the eagle, unmolested, builds her nest in the turret once crowded with warriors, and on the cold hearthstone lie the fresh bones of the wild-goat, dragged thither by the jackals. Sometimes the line of the ruins entirely disappeared; then fragments of the stones again rose from among the grass and underwood. Riding in this way, a distance of about three versts, we reached the gate, and passed through to the south side, under a vaulted arch, lined with moss and overgrown with shrubs. We had not advanced twenty paces, when suddenly, behind an enormous tower, we came upon



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six armed mountaineers, who seemed, by all appearance, to belong to those gangs of robbers—the free Tabasaranetzes. They were lying in the shade, close to their horses, which were feeding. I was astounded. I immediately reflected how foolishly I had acted in riding so far from Derbend without an escort. To gallop back, among such bushes and rocks, would have been impossible; to fight six such desperate fellows, would have been foolhardiness. Nevertheless, I seized a holster-pistol; but Ammalat Bek, seeing how matters stood, advanced, and cried in a calm slow voice: “Do not handle your arms, or we are dead men!”

The robbers, perceiving us, jumped up and cocked their guns, one fine, broad-shouldered, but extremely savage-looking Lezghin, remaining stretched on the ground. He lifted his head coolly, looked at us, and waved his hand to his companions. In a moment we found ourselves surrounded by them, while a path in front was stopped by the Ataman.

“Pray, dismount from your horses, dear guests,” said he with a smile, though one could see that the next invitation would be a bullet. I hesitated; but Ammalat Bek jumped speedily from his horse, and walked up to the Ataman.

“Hail!” He said to him: “hail, sorvi golova! I thought not of seeing you. I thought the devils had long ago made a feast of you.”

“Softly, Ammalat Bek!” answered the other; “I hope yet to feed the eagles with the bodies of the Russians and of you Tartars, whose purse is bigger than your heart.”

“Well, and what luck, Shermadan?” carelessly enquired Ammalat Bek.

“But poor. The Russians are watchful: and we have seldom been able to drive the cattle of a regiment, or to sell two Russian soldiers at a time in the hills. It is difficult to transport madder and silk; and of Persian tissue, very little is now carried on the arbas. We should have had to quest like wolves again to-day, but Allah has had mercy; he has given into our hands a rich bek and a Russian colonel!”

My heart died within me, as I heard these words.

“Do not sell a hawk in the sky: sell him,” answered Ammalat, “when you have him on your glove.”

The robber sat down, laid his hand on the cock of his gun, and fixed on us a piercing look. “Hark’e, Ammalat!” said he; “is it possible that you think to escape me?—is it possible that you will dare to defend yourselves?”



“Be quiet,” said Ammalat; “are we fools, to fight two to six? Gold is dear to us, but dearer is our life. We have fallen into your hands, so there is nothing to be done, unless you extort an unreasonable price for our ransom. I have, as you know, neither father nor mother: and the Colonel has yet less—neither kinsmen nor tribe.”

“If you have no father, you have your father’s inheritance. There is no need then to count your relations with you: however, I am a man of conscience. If you have no ducats, I will take your ransom in sheep. But about the colonel, don’t talk any more nonsense. I know for him the soldiers would give the last button on their uniforms. Why, if for Sh—— a ransom of ten thousand rubles was paid, they will give more for this man. However, we shall see, we shall see. If you will be quiet.... Why, I am not a Jew, or a cannibal—Perviader (the Almighty) forgive me!”



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“Now that’s it, friend: feed us well, and I swear and promise by my honour, we will never think of harming you—nor of escaping.”

“I believe, I believe! I am glad we have arranged without making any noise about it. What a fine fellow you have become, Ammalat! Your horse is not a horse, your gun is not a gun: it is a pleasure to look at you; and this is true. Let me look at your dagger, my friend. Surely this is the Koubatchin mark upon the blade.”

“No, the Kizliar mark,” replied Ammalat, quietly unbuckling the dagger-belt from his waist; “and look at the blade. Wonderful! it cuts a nail in two like a candle. On this side is the maker’s name; there—read it yourself: Aliousta—Koza—Nishtshekoi.” And while he spoke, he twirled the naked blade before the eyes of the greedy Lezghin, who wished to show that he knew how to read, and was decyphering the complicated inscription with some difficulty. But suddenly the dagger gleamed like lightning.... Ammalat, seizing the opportunity, struck Shermadan with all his might on the head; and so fierce was the blow, that the dagger was stopped by the teeth of the lower jaw. The corpse fell heavily on the grass. Keeping my eyes upon Ammalat, I followed his example, and with my pistol shot the robber who was next me, and had hold of my horse’s bridle. This was to the others a signal for flight; the rascals vanished; for the death of their Ataman dissolved the knot of the leash which bound them together. Whilst Ammalat, after the oriental fashion, was stripping the dead of their arms, and tying together the reins of the abandoned horses, I lectured him on his dissembling and making a false oath to the robber. He lifted up his head with astonishment: “You are a strange man, Colonel!” he replied. “This rascal has done an infinity of harm to the Russians, by secretly setting fire to their stacks of hay, or seizing and carrying straggling soldiers and wood-cutters into slavery. Do you know that he would have tyrannized over us—or even tortured us, to make us write more movingly to our kinsmen, to induce them to pay a larger ransom?”

“It may be so, Ammalat, but to lie or to swear an oath, either in jest or to escape misfortune, is wrong. Why could we not have thrown ourselves directly at the robbers, and have begun as you finished?”

“No, Colonel, we could not. If I had not entered into conversation with the Ataman, we should have been riddled with balls at the first movement. Moreover, I know that pack right well: they are brave only in the presence of their Ataman, and it was with him it was necessary to begin!”



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I shook my head. The Asiatic cunning, though it had saved my life, could not please me. What confidence can I have in people accustomed to sport with their honour and their soul? We were about to mount our horses, when we heard a groan from the mountaineer who had been wounded by me. He came to himself, raised his head, and piteously besought us not to leave him to be devoured by the beasts of the forest. We both hastened to assist the poor wretch; and what was Ammalat's astonishment when he recognized in him one of the noukers of Sultan Akhmet Khan of Avar. To the question how he happened to be one of a gang of robbers, he replied: "Shairan tempted me: the Khan sent me into Kemek, a neighbouring village, with a letter to the famous Hakim (Doctor) Ibrahim, for a certain herb, which they say removes every ailment, as easily as if it were brushed away with the hand. To my sorrow, Shermadan met me in the way! He teased me, saying, 'Come with me, and let us rob on the road. An Armenian is coming from Kouba with money.' My young heart could not resist this ... oh, Allah-il-Allah! He hath taken my soul from me!"

"They sent you for physic, you say," replied Ammalat: "why, who is sick with you?"

"Our Khanoum Seltanetta is dying: here is the writing to the leech about her illness:" with these words he gave Ammalat a silver tube, in which was a small piece of paper rolled up. Ammalat turned as pale as death; his hands shook—his eyes sank under his eyebrows when he had read the note: with a broken voice he uttered detached words. "Three nights—and she sleeps not, eats not—delirious!—her life is in danger—save her! O God of righteousness—and I am idling here—leading a life of holidays—and my soul's soul is ready to quit the earth, and leave me a rotten corpse! Oh that all her sufferings could fall on my head! and that I could lie in her coffin, if that would restore her to health. Sweetest and loveliest! thou art fading, rose of Avar, and destiny has stretched out her talons over thee. Colonel," he cried at length, seizing my hand, "grant my only, my solemn prayer—let me but once more look on her!"——

"On whom, my friend?"

"On my Seltanetta—on the daughter of the Khan of Avar—whom I love more than my life, than my soul! She is ill, she is dying—perhaps dead by this time—while I am wasting words—and I could not receive into my heart her last word—her last look—could not wipe away the icy tear of death! Oh, why do not the ashes of the ruined sun fall on my head—why will not the earth bury me in its ruins!"

He fell on my breast, choking with grief, in a tearless agony, unable to pronounce a word.

This was not a time for accusations of insincerity, much less to set forth the reasons which rendered it unadvisable for him to go among the enemies of Russia. There are circumstances before which all reasons must give way, and I felt that Ammalat was in such circumstances. On my own responsibility I resolved to let him go. "He that obliges

from the heart, and speedily, twice obliges,” is my favourite proverb, and best maxim. I pressed in my embrace the unhappy Tartar, and we mingled our tears together.



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“My friend Ammalat,” said I, “hasten where your heart calls you. God grant that you may carry thither health and recovery, and bring back peace of mind! A happy journey!”

“Farewell, my benefactor,” he cried, deeply touched, “farewell, and perhaps for ever! I will not return to life, if Allah takes from me my Seltanetta. May God keep you!”

He took the wounded Avaretz to the Hakim Ibrahim, received the medicinal herb according to the Khan’s prescription, and in an hour Ammalat Bek, with four noukers, rode out of Derbend.

And so the riddle is guessed—he loves. This is unfortunate, but what is yet worse, he is beloved in return. I fancy, my love, that I see your astonishment. “Can that be a misfortune to another, which to you is happiness?” you ask. A grain of patience, my soul’s angel! The Khan, the father of Seltanetta, is the irreconcilable foe of Russia, and the more so because, having been distinguished by the favour of the Czar, he has turned a traitor; consequently a marriage is possible only on condition of Ammalat’s betraying the Russians, or in case of the Khan’s submission and pardon—both cases being far from probable. I myself have experienced misery and hopelessness in love; I have shed many tears on my lonely pillow; often have I thirsted for the shade of the grave, to cool my anguished heart! Can I, then, help, pitying this youth, the object of my disinterested regard, and lamenting his hopeless love? But this will not build a bridge to good-fortune; and I therefore think, that if he had not the ill-luck to be beloved in return, he would by degrees forget her.

“But,” you say, (and methinks I hear your silvery voice, and am revelling in your angel’s smile,) “but circumstances may change for them, as they have changed for us. Is it possible that misfortune alone has the privilege of being eternal in the world?”

I do not dispute this, my beloved, but I confess with a sigh that I am in doubt. I even fear for them and for ourselves. Destiny smiles before us, hope chaunts sweet music—but destiny is a sea—hope but a sea-syren; deceitful is the calm of the one, fatal are the promises of the other. All appears to aid our union—but are we yet together? I know not why, lovely Mary, but a chill penetrates my breast, amid the warm fountains of future bliss, and the idea of our meeting has lost its distinctness. But all this will pass away, all will change into happiness, when I press your hand to my lips, your heart to mine. The rainbow shines yet brighter on the dark field of the cloud, and the happiest moments of life are but the anticipations of sorrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ammalat knocked up two horses, and left two of his noukers on the road, so that at the end of the second day he was not far from Khounzakh. At each stride his impatience grew stronger, and with each stride increased his fear of not finding his beloved



amongst the living. A fit of trembling came over him when from the rocks the tops of the Khan's tower arose before him. His eyes grew dark. "Shall I meet there life or death?" he whispered to himself, and arousing a desperate courage, he urged his horse to a gallop.



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He came up with a horseman completely armed: another horseman rode out of Khounzakh to meeting, and hardly did they perceive one another when they put their horses to full speed, rode up to each other, leaped down upon the earth, and suddenly drawing their swords, threw themselves with fury upon each other without uttering a word, as if blows were the customary salutation of travellers. Ammalat Bek, whose passage they intercepted along the narrow path between the rocks, gazed with astonishment on the combat of the two adversaries. It was short. The horseman who was approaching the town fell on the stones, bedewing them with blood from a gash which laid open his skull; and the victor, coolly wiping his blade, addressed himself to Ammalat: "Your coming is opportune: I am glad that destiny has brought you in time to witness our combat. God, and not I, killed the offender; and now his kinsmen will not say that I killed my enemy stealthily from behind a rock, and will not raise upon my head the feud of blood."

"Whence arose your quarrel with him?" asked Ammalat: "why did you conclude it with such a terrible revenge?"

"This Kharam-Zada," answered the horseman, "could not agree with me about the division of some stolen sheep, and in spite he killed them all so that nobody should have them ... and he dared to slander my wife. He had better have insulted my father's grave, or my mother's good name, than have touched the reputation of my wife! I once flew at him with my dagger, but they parted us: we agreed to fight at our first encounter, and Allah has judged between us! The Bek is doubtless riding to Khounzakh—surely on a visit to the Khan?" added the horseman.

Ammalat, forcing his horse to leap over the dead body which lay across the road, replied in the affirmative.

"You go not at a fit time, Bek—not at all at a fit time."

All Ammalat's blood rushed to his head. "Why, has any misfortune happened in the Khan's house?" he enquired, reining in his horse, which he had just before lashed with the whip to force him faster to Khounzakh.

"Not exactly a misfortune, his daughter Seltanetta was severely ill, and now"——

"Is dead?" cried Ammalat, turning pale.

"Perhaps she is dead—at least dying. As I rode past the Khan's gate, there arose a bustling, crying, and yelling of women in the court, as if the Russians were storming Khounzakh. Go and see—do me the favour"——

But Ammalat heard no more, he dashed away from the astounded Ouzden; the dust rolled like smoke from the road, which seemed to be set on fire by the sparks from the



horse's hoofs. Headlong he galloped through the winding streets, flew up the hill, bounded from his horse in the midst of the Khan's court-yard, and raced breathlessly through the passages to Seltanetta's apartment, overthrowing and jostling noukers and maidens, and at last, without remarking the Khan or his wife, pushed himself to the bed of the sufferer, and fell, almost senseless, on his knees beside it.



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The sudden and noisy arrival of Ammalat aroused the sad society present. Seltanetta, whose existence death was already overpowering, seemed as if awakening from the deep forgetfulness of fever; her cheeks flushed with a transient colour, like that on the leaves of autumn before they fall: in her clouded eye beamed the last spark of the soul. She had been for several hours in a complete insensibility; she was speechless, motionless, hopeless. A murmur of anger from the bystanders, and a loud exclamation from the stupefied Ammalat, seemed to recall the departing spirit of the sick, she started up—her eyes sparkled.... “Is it thou—is it thou?” she cried, stretching, forth her arms to him: “praise be to Allah! now I am contented, now I am happy,” she added, sinking back on the pillow. Her lips wreathed into a smile, her eyelids closed, and again she sank into her former insensibility.

The agonized Asiatic paid no attention to the questions of the Khan, or the reproaches of the Khansha: no person, no object distracted his attention from Seltanetta—nothing could arouse him from his deep despair. They could hardly lead him by force from the sick chamber; he clung to the threshold, he wept bitterly, at one moment praying for the life of Seltanetta, at another accusing heaven of her illness! Terrible, yet moving, was the grief of the fiery Asiatic.

Meanwhile, the appearance of Ammalat had produced a salutary influence on the sick girl. What the rude physicians of the mountains were unable to accomplish, was effected by his arrival. The vital energy, which had been almost extinguished, needed some agitation to revivify its action; but for this she must have perished, not from the disease, which had been already subdued, but from languor—as a lamp, not blown out by the wind, but failing for lack of air. Youth at length gained the victory; the crisis was past, and life again arose in the heart of the sufferer. After a long and quiet slumber, she awoke unusually strengthened and refreshed. “I feel myself as light, mother,” she cried, looking gaily around her, “as if I were made wholly of air. Ah, how sweet it is to recover from illness; it seems as if the walls were smiling upon me. Yet, I have been very ill—long ill. I have suffered much; but, thanks to Allah! I am now only weak, and that will soon pass away. I feel health rolling, like drops of pearl, through my veins. All the past seems to me a sort of dark vision. I fancied that I was sinking into a cold sea, and that I was parched with thirst: far away, methought, there hovered two little stars; the darkness thickened and thickened; I sank deeper, deeper yet. All at once it seemed as if some one called me by my name, and with a mighty hand dragged me from that icy, shoreless sea. Ammalat’s face glanced before me, almost like a reality; the little stars broke into a lightning-flash, which writhed like a serpent to my heart: I remember no more!”



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On the following day Ammalat was allowed to see the convalescent. Sultan Akhmet Khan, seeing that it was impossible to obtain a coherent answer from him while suspense tortured his heart, that heart which boiled with passion, yielded to his incessant entreaties. "Let all rejoice when I rejoice," he said, as he led his guest into his daughter's room. This had been previously announced to Seltanetta, but her agitation, nevertheless, was very great, when her eyes met those of Ammalat—Ammalat, so deeply loved, so long and fruitlessly expected. Neither of the lovers could pronounce a word, but the ardent language of their looks expressed a long tale, imprinted in burning letters on the tablet of their hearts. On the pale cheek of each other they read the traces of sorrow, the tears of separation, the characters of sleeplessness and grief, of fear and of jealousy. Entrancing is the blooming loveliness of an adored mistress; but her paleness, her languor, that is bewitching, enchanting, victorious! What heart of iron would not be melted by that tearful glance, which, without a reproach, says so tenderly to you, "I am happy, but I have suffered by thee and for thy sake?"

Tears dropped from Ammalat's eyes; but remembering at length that he was not alone, he mastered himself, and lifted up his head to speak; but his voice refused to pour itself in words, and with difficulty he faltered out, "We have not seen each other for a long time, Seltanetta!"

"And we were wellnigh parted for ever," murmured Seltanetta.

"For ever!" cried Ammalat, with a half reproachful voice. "And can you think, can you believe this? Is there not, then, another life, in which sorrow is unknown, and separation from our kinsmen and the beloved? If I were to lose the talisman of my life, with what scorn would I not cast away the rusty ponderous armour of existence! Why should I wrestle with destiny?"

"Pity, then, that I did not die!" answered Seltanetta, sportively. "You describe so temptingly the other side of the grave, that one would be eager to leap into it."

"Ah, no! Live, live long, for happiness, for—love!" Ammalat would have added, but he reddened, and was silent.

Little by little the roses of health spread over the cheeks of the maiden, now happy in the presence of her lover. All returned into its customary order. The Khan was never weary of questioning Ammalat about the battles, the campaigns, the tactics of the Russians; the Khansha tired him with enquiries about the dress and customs of their women, and could not omit to call upon Allah as often as she heard that they go without veils. But with Seltanetta he enjoyed conversations and tales, to his, as well as her, heart's content. The merest trifle which had the slightest connexion with the other, could not be passed over without a minute description, without abundant repetitions and exclamations. Love, like Midas, transforms every thing it touches into gold, and, alas! often perishes, like Midas, for want of finding some material nourishment.



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But, as the strength of Seltanetta was gradually re-established, with the reappearing bloom of health on Ammalat's brow, there often appeared the shadow of grief. Sometimes, in the middle of a lively conversation, he would suddenly stop, droop his head, and his bright eyes would be dimmed with a filling of tears; heavy sighs would seem to rend his breast; he would start up, his eyes sparkling with fury; he would grasp his dagger with a bitter smile, and then, as if vanquished by an invisible hand, he would fall into a deep reverie, from whence not even the caresses of his adored Seltanetta could recall him.

Once, at such a moment, Seltanetta, leaning enraptured on his shoulder, whispered, "Asis, (beloved,) you are sad—you are weary of me!"

"Ah, slander not him who loves thee more than heaven!" replied Ammalat; "but I have felt the hell of separation; and can I think of it without agony? Easier, a hundred times easier, to part from life than from thee, my dark-eyed love!"

"You are thinking of it, therefore you desire it."

"Do not poison my wounds by doubting, Seltanetta. Till now you have known only how to bloom like a rose—to flutter like a butterfly; till now your will was your only duty. But I am a man, a friend; fate has forged for me an indestructible chain—the chain of gratitude for kindness—it drags me to Derbend."

"Debt! duty! gratitude!" cried Seltanetta, mournfully shaking her head. "How many gold-embroidered words have you invented to cover, as with a shawl, your unwillingness to remain here. What! Did you not give your heart to love before it was pledged to friendship? You had no right to give away what belonged to another. Oh, forget your Verkhoffsky, forget your Russian friends and the beauty of Derbend. Forget war and murder-purchased glory. I hate blood since I saw you covered with it. I cannot think without shuddering, that each drop of it costs tears that cannot be dried, of a sister, a mother, or a fair bride. What do you need, in order to live peacefully and quietly among our mountains! Here none can come to disturb with arms the happiness of the heart. The rain pierces not our roof; our bread is not of purchased corn; my father has many horses, he has arms, and much precious gold; in my soul there is much love for you. Say, then, my beloved, you will not go away, you will remain with us!"

"No, Seltanetta, I cannot, must not, remain here. To pass my life with you alone—for you to end it—this is my first prayer, my last desire, but its accomplishment depends on your father. A sacred tie binds me to the Russians; and while the Khan remains unreconciled with them, an open marriage with you would be impossible—the obstacle would not be the Russians, but the Khan"——

"You know my father," sorrowfully replied Seltanetta; "for some time past his hatred of the infidels has so strengthened itself, that he hesitates not to sacrifice to it his daughter

and his friend. He is particularly enraged with the Colonel for killing his favourite nouker, who was sent for medicine to the Hakim Ibrahim.”



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“I have more than once begun to speak to Akhmet Khan about my hopes; but his eternal reply has been—’Swear to be the enemy of the Russians, and then I will hear you out.’”

“We must then bid adieu to hope.”

“Why to hope, Seltanetta? Why not say only—farewell, Avar!”

Seltanetta bent upon him her expressive eyes. “I don’t understand you,” she said.

“Love me more than any thing in the world—more than your father and mother, and your fair land, and then you will understand me, Seltanetta! Live without you I cannot, and they will not let me live with you. If you love me, let us fly!”

“Fly! the Khan’s daughter fly like a slave—a criminal! This is dreadful—this is terrible!”

“Speak not so. If the sacrifice is unusual, my love also is unusual. Command me to give my life a thousand times, and I will throw it down like a copper poull.[8] I will cast my soul into hell for you—not only my life. You remind me that you are the daughter of the Khan; remember, too, that my grandfather wore, that my uncle wears, the crown of a Shamkhal! But it is not by this dignity, but by my heart, that I feel I am worthy of you; and if there be shame in being happy despite of the malice of mankind and the caprice of fate, that shame will fall on my head and not on yours.”

[8] Coin.

“But you forget my father’s vengeance.”

“There will come a time when he himself will forget it. When he sees that the thing is done, he will cast aside his inflexibility; his heart is not stone; and even were it stone, tears of repentance will wear it away—our caresses will soften him. Happiness will cover us with her dove’s wings, and we shall proudly say, ‘We ourselves have caught her!’”

“My beloved, I have lived not long upon earth, but something at my heart tells me that by falsehood we can never catch her. Let us wait: let us see what Allah will give! Perhaps, without this step, our union may be accomplished.”

“Seltanetta, Allah has given me this idea: it is his will. Have pity on me, I beseech you. Let us fly, unless you wish that our marriage-hour should strike above my grave! I have pledged my honour to return to Derbend; and I must keep that pledge, I must keep it soon: but to depart without the hope of seeing you, with the dread of hearing that you are the wife of another—this would be dreadful, this would be insupportable! If not from love, then from pity, share my destiny. Do not rob me of paradise! Do not drive me to madness! You know not whither disappointed passion can carry me. I may forget hospitality and kindred, tear asunder all human ties, trample under my feet all that is



holy, mingle my blood with that of those who are dearest to me, force villany to shake with terror when my name is heard, and angels to weep to see my deeds!—Seltanetta, save me from the curse of others, from my own contempt—save me from myself! My noukers are fearless—my horses like the wind; the night is dark, let us fly to benevolent Russia, till the storm be over. For the last time I implore you. Life and death, my renown and my soul, hang upon your word. Yes or no?”



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Torn now by her maiden fear, and her respect for the customs of her forefathers, now by the passion and eloquence of her lover, the innocent Seltanetta wavered, like a light cork, upon the tempestuous billows of contending emotions. At length she arose: with a proud and steady air she wiped away the tears which, glistened on her eyelashes, like the amber-gum on the thorns of the larch-tree, and said, "Ammalat! tempt me not! The flame of love will not dazzle, the smoke of love will not suffocate, my conscience. I shall ever know what is good and what is bad; and I well know how shameful it is, how base, to desert a father's house, to afflict loving and beloved parents! I know all this—and now, measure the price of my sacrifice. I fly with you—I am yours! It is not your tongue which has convinced—it is my own heart which has vanquished me! Allah has destined me to see and love you: let, then, our hearts be united for ever—and indissolubly, though their bond be a crown of thorns! Now all is over! Your destiny is mine!"

If heaven had clasped Ammalat in its infinite wings, and pressed him to the heart of the universe—to the sun—even then his ecstasy would have been less strong than at this divine moment. He poured forth the most incoherent cries and exclamations of gratitude. When the first transports were over, the lovers arranged all the details of their flight. Seltanetta consented to lower herself by her bed-coverings from her chamber, to the steep bank of the Ouzen. Ammalat was to ride out in the evening with his noukers from Khounzakh, as if on a hawking party; he was to return to the Khan's house by circuitous roads at nightfall, and there receive his fair fellow-traveller in his arms. Then they were to take horses in silence, and then—let enemies keep out of their road!

A kiss sealed the treaty; and the lovers separated with fear and hope in heart.

Ammalat Bek, having prepared his brave noukers for battle or flight, looked impatiently at the sun, which seemed loth to descend from the warm sky to the chilly glaciers of the Caucasus. Like a bridegroom he pined for night, like an importunate guest he followed with his eyes the luminary of day. How slowly it moved—it crept to its setting! An interminable space seemed to intervene between hope and enjoyment. Unreasonable youth! What is your pledge of success? Who will assure you that your footsteps are not watched—your words not caught in their flight? Perhaps with the sun, which you upbraid, your hope will set.

About the fourth hour after noon, the time of the Mozlem's dinner, the Sultan Akhmet Khan was unusually savage and gloomy. His eyes gleamed suspiciously from under his frowning brows; he fixed them for a long space, now on his daughter, now on his young guest. Sometimes his features assumed a mocking expression, but it again vanished in the blush of anger. His questions were biting, his conversation was interrupted; and all this awakened in the soul of Seltanetta repentance—in the heart of Ammalat apprehension. On the other hand, the Khansha, as if dreading a separation from her lovely daughter, was so affectionate and anxious, that this unmerited tenderness wrung tears from the gentle-hearted Seltanetta, and her glance, stealthily thrown at Ammalat, was to him a piercing reproach.



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Hardly, after dinner, had they concluded the customary ceremony of washing the hands, when the Khan called Ammalat into the spacious court-yard. There caparisoned horses awaited them, and a crowd of noukers were already in the saddle.

“Let us ride out to try the mettle of my new hawks,” said the Khan to Ammalat; “the evening is fine, the heat is diminishing, and we shall yet have time, ere twilight, to shoot a few birds.”

With his hawk on his fist, the Khan rode silently by the side of Ammalat. An Avaretz was climbing up to a steep cliff on the left, by means of a spiked pole, fixing it into the crevices, and then, supporting himself on a prong, he lifted himself higher. To his waist was attached a cap containing wheat; a long crossbow hung upon his shoulders. The Khan stopped, pointed him out to Ammalat, and said meaningly, “Look at yonder old man, Ammalat Bek! He seeks, at the risk of his life, a foot of ground on the naked rock, to sow a handful of wheat. With the sweat of his brow he cultivates it, and often pays with his life for the defence of his herd from men and beasts. Poor is his native land; but why does he love this land? Ask him to change it for your fruitful fields, your rich flocks. He will say, ‘Here I do what I please; here I bow to no one; these snows, these peaks of ice, defend my liberty.’ And this freedom the Russians would take from him: of these Russians you have become the slave, Ammalat.”

“Khan, you know that it is not Russian bravery, but Russian generosity, that has vanquished me. Their slave I am not, but their companion.”

“A thousand times the worse, the more disgraceful for you. The heir of the Shamkhal pines for a Russian epaulette, and glories in being the dependent of a colonel!”

“Moderate your words, Sultan Akhmet. To Verkhoffsky I owe more than life: the tie of friendship unites us.”

“Can there exist a holy tie between us and the Giaour? To injure them, to destroy them, when possible, to deceive them when this cannot be done, is the commandment of the Koran, and the duty of every true believer.”

“Khan! let us cease to play with the bones of Mahomet, and to menace others with what we do not believe. You are not a moolla, I am no fakir. I have my own notions of the duty of an honest man.”

“Really, Ammalat Bek? It were well, however, if you were to have this oftener in your heart than on your tongue. For the last time, allow me to ask you, will you hearken to the counsels of a friend whom you quitted for the Giaour? Will you remain with us for good?”



“My life I would lay down for the happiness you so generously offer; but I have given my promise to return, and I will keep it.”

“Is this decided?”

“Irrevocably so.”



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“Well then, the sooner the better. I have learned to know you. *Me* you know of old. Insincerity and flattery between us are in vain. I will not conceal from you, that I always wished to see you my son-in-law. I rejoiced that Seltanetta had pleased you; your captivity put off my plans for a time. Your long absence—the rumours of your conversion—grieved me. At length you appeared among us, and found every thing as before; but you did not bring to us your former heart. I hoped you would fall back into your former course; I was painfully mistaken. It is a pity; but there is nothing to be done. I do not wish to have for my son-in-law a servant of the Russians.”

“Akhmet Khan, I once”——

“Let me finish. Your agitated arrival, your ravings at the door of the sick Seltanetta, betrayed to every body your attachment, and our mutual intentions. Through all the mountains, you have been talked of as the affianced bridegroom of my daughter: but now the tie is broken, it is time to destroy the rumours; for the honour of my family—for the tranquillity of my daughter—you must leave us—and immediately. This is absolutely necessary and indispensable. Ammalat, we part friends, but here we will meet only as kinsmen, not otherwise. May Allah turn your heart, and restore you to us as an inseparable friend. Till then, farewell!”

With these words the Khan turned his horse, and rode away at full gallop to his retinue. If on the stupefied Ammalat the thunderbolt of heaven had fallen, he could not have been more astounded than by this unexpected explanation. Already had the dust raised by the horse’s hoofs of the retiring Khan been laid at rest; but he still stood immovable on the hill now darkening in the shadow of sunset.

CHAPTER IX.

Colonel Verkhoffsky, engaged in reducing to submission the rebellious Daghestanetzes, was encamped with his regiment at the village of Kiafir-Kaumik. The tent of Ammalat Bek was erected next to his own, and in it Saphir-Ali, lazily stretched on the carpet, was drinking the wine of the Don, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Prophet. Ammalat Bek, thin, pale, and pensive, was resting his head against the tent-pole, smoking a pipe. Three months had passed since the time when he was banished from his paradise; and he was now roving with a detachment, within sight of the mountains to which his heart flew, but whither his foot durst not step. Grief had worn out his strength; vexation had poured its vial on his once serene character. He had dragged a sacrifice to his attachment to the Russians, and it seemed as if he reproached every Russian with it. Discontent was visible in every word, in every glance.

“A fine thing wine!” said Saphir Ali, carefully wiping the glasses; “surely Mahomet must have met with sour dregs in Aravete, when he forbade the juice of the grape to true believers! Why, really these drops are as sweet as if the angels themselves, in their joy,

had wept their tears into bottles. Ho! quaff another glass, Ammalat; your heart will float on the wine more lightly than a bubble. Do you know what Hafiz has sung about it?"



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“And do you know? Pray, do not annoy me with your prate, Saphir Ali: not even under the name of Sadi and Hafiz.”

“Why, what harm is there? If even this prate is my own, it is not an earring: it will not remain hanging in your ear. When you begin your story about your goddess Seltanetta, I look at you as at the juggler, who eats fire, and winds endless ribbons from his cheeks. Love makes you talk nonsense, and the Donskoi (wine of the Don) makes me do the same. So we are quits. Now, then, to the health of the Russians!”

“What has made you like the Russians?”

“Say rather—why have you ceased to love them?”

“Because I have examined them nearer. Really they are no better than our Tartars. They are just as eager for profit, just as ready to blame others, and not with a view of improving their fellow-creatures, but to excuse themselves: and as to their laziness—don’t let us speak of it. They have ruled here for a long time, and what good have they done; what firm laws have they established; what useful customs have they introduced; what have they taught us; what have they created here, or what have they constructed worthy of notice? Verkhoffsky has opened my eyes to the faults of my countrymen, but at the same time to the defects of the Russians, to whom it is more unpardonable; because they know what is right, have grown up among good examples, and here, as if they have forgotten their mission, and their active nature, they sink, little by little, into the insignificance of the beasts.”

“I hope you do not include Verkhoffsky in this number.”

“Not he alone, but some others, deserve to be placed in a separate circle. But then, are there many such?”

“Even the angels in heaven are numbered, Ammalat Bek: and Verkhoffsky absolutely is a man for whose justice and kindness we ought to thank heaven. Is there a single Tartar who can speak ill of him? Is there a soldier who would not give his soul for him? Abdul-Hamet, more wine! Now then, to the health of Verkhoffsky!”

“Spare me! I will not drink to Mahomet himself.”

“If your heart is not as black as the eyes of Seltanetta, you will drink, even were it in the presence of the red-bearded Yakhounts of the Shakheeds[9] of Derbent: even if all the Imams and Shieks not only licked their lips but bit their nails out of spite to you for such a sacrilege.”

[9] Shakheeds, traders of the sect of Souni. Yakhount the senior moollah.



“I will not drink, I tell you.”

“Hark ye, Ammalat: I am ready to let the devil get drunk on my blood for your sake, and you won’t drink a glass of wine for mine.”

“That is to say, that I will not drink because I do not wish—and I don’t wish, because even without wine my blood boils in me like fermenting booza.”

“A bad excuse! It is not the first time that we have drunk, nor the first time that our blood boils. Speak plainly at once: you are angry with the Colonel.”



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“Very angry.”

“May I know for what?”

“For much. For some time past he has begun to drop poison into the honey of his friendship: and at last these drops have filled and overflowed the cup. I cannot bear such lukewarm friends! He is liberal with his advice, not sparing with his lectures; that is, in every thing that costs him neither risk nor trouble.”

“I understand, I understand! I suppose he would not let you go to Avar!”

“If you bore my heart in your bosom you would understand how I felt when I received such a refusal. He lured me on with that hope, and then all at once repulsed my most earnest prayer—dashed into dust, like a crystal kalia, my fondest hopes.... Akhmet Khan was surely softened, when he sent word that he wished to see me; and I cannot fly to him, or hurry to Seltanetta.”

“Put yourself, brother, in his place, and then say whether you yourself would not have acted in the same way.”

“No, not so! I should have said plainly from the very beginning, ‘Ammalat, do not expect any help from me.’ I even now ask him not for help. I only beg him not to hinder me. Yet no! He, hiding from me the sun of all my joy, assures me that he does this from interest in me—that this will hereafter bring me fortune. Is not this a fine anodyne?”

“No, my friend! If this is really the case, the sleeping-draught is given to you as to a person on whom they wish to perform an operation. You are thinking only of your love, and Verkhoffsky has to keep your honour and his own without spot; and you are both surrounded by ill-wishers. Believe me, either thus or otherwise, it is he alone who can cure you.”

“Who asks him to cure me? This divine malady of love is my only joy: and to deprive me of it is to tear out my heart, because it cannot beat at the sound of a drum!”——

At this moment a strange Tartar entered the tent, looked suspiciously round, and bending down his head, laid his slippers before Ammalat—according to Asiatic custom, this signified that he requested a private conversation. Ammalat understood him, made a sign with his head, and both went out into the open air. The night was dark, the fires were going out, and the chain of sentinels extended far before them. “Here we are alone,” said Ammalat Bek to the Tartar: “who art thou, and what dost thou want?”

“My name is Samit: I am an inhabitant of Derbend, of the sect of Souni: and now am at present serving in the detachment of Mussulman cavalry. My commission is of greater consequence to you than to me.... *The eagle loves the mountains!*”



Ammalat shuddered, and looked suspiciously at the messenger. This was a watchword, the key of which Sultan Akhmet had previously written to him. “How can he but love the mountains?” ... he replied; “In the mountains there are many lambs for the eagles, and *much silver for men.*”

“*And much steel for the valiant,*” (yigheeds.)



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Ammalat grasped the messenger by the hand. "How is Sultan Akhmet Khan?" he enquired hurriedly: "What news bring you from him—how long is it since you have seen his family?"

"Not to answer, but to question, am I come.... Will you follow me?"

"Where? for what?"

"You know who has sent me. That is enough. If you trust not him, trust not me. Therein is your will and my advantage. Instead of running my head into a noose to-night, I can return to-morrow to the Khan, and tell him that Ammalat dares not leave the camp."

The Tartar gained his point: the touchy Ammalat took fire. "Saphir Ali!" he cried loudly.

Saphir Ali started up, and ran out of the tent.

"Order horses to be brought for yourself and me, even if unsaddled; and at the same time send word to the Colonel, that I have ridden out to examine the field behind the line, to see if some rascal is not stealing in between the sentries. My gun and shashka in a twinkling!"

The horses were led up, the Tartar leaped on his own, which was tied up not far off, and all three rode off to the chain. They gave the word and the countersign, and they passed by the videttes to the left, along the bank of the swift Azen.

Saphir Ali, who had very unwillingly left his bottle, grumbled about the darkness, the underwood, the ditches, and rode swearing by Ammalat's side; but seeing that nobody began the conversation, he resolved to commence it himself.

"My ashes fall on the head of this guide! The devil knows where he is leading us, and where he will take us. Perhaps he is going to sell us to the Lezghins for a rich ransom. I never trust these squinting fellows!"

"I trust but little even to those who have straight eyes," answered Ammalat; "but this squinting fellow is sent from a friend: he will not betray us!"

"And the very first moment he thinks of any thing like it, at his first movement I will slice him through like a melon. Ho! friend," cried Saphir Ali, to the guide; "in the name of the king of the genii, it seems you have made a compact with the thorns to tear the embroidery from my tschoukha. Could you not find a wider road? I am really neither a pheasant nor a fox."



The guide stopped. “To say the truth, I have led a delicate fellow like you too far!” he answered. “Stay here and take care of the horses, whilst Ammalat and I will go where it is necessary.”

“Is it possible you will go into the woods with such a cut-throat looking rascal, without me?” whispered Saphir Ali to Ammalat.

“That is, you are afraid to remain here *without me!*” replied Ammalat, dismounting from his horse, and giving him the reins: “Do not annoy yourself, my dear fellow. I leave you in the agreeable society of wolves and jackals. Hark how they are singing!”



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“Pray to God that I may not have to deliver your bones from these singers,” said Saphir Ali. They separated. Samit led Ammalat among the bushes, over the river, and having passed about half a verst among stones, began to descend. At the risk of their necks they clambered along the rocks, clinging by the roots of the sweet-briar, and at length, after a difficult journey, descended into the narrow mouth of a small cavern parallel with the water. It had been excavated by the washing of the stream, erewhile rapid, but now dried up. Long stalactites of lime and crystal glittered in the light of a fire piled in the middle. In the back-ground lay Sultan Akhmet Khan on a bourka, and seemed to be waiting patiently till Ammalat should recover himself amid the thick smoke which rolled in masses through the cave. A cocked gun lay across his knees; the tuft in his cap fluttered in the wind which blew from the crevices. He rose politely as Ammalat hurried to salute him.

“I am glad to see you,” he said, pressing the hands of his guest; “and I do not hide the feeling which I ought not to cherish. However, it is not for an empty interview that I have put my foot into the trap, and troubled you: sit down, Ammalat, and let us speak about an important affair.”

“To me, Sultan Akhmet Khan?”

“To us both. With your father I have eaten bread and salt. There was a time when I counted you likewise as my friend.”

“But counted!”

“No! you were my friend, and would ever have remained so, if the deceiver, Verkhoffsky, had not stepped between us.”

“Khan, you know him not.”

“Not only I, but you yourself shall soon know him. But let us begin with what regards Seltanetta. You know she cannot ever remain unmarried. This would be a disgrace to my house: and let me tell you candidly, that she has already been demanded in marriage.”

Ammalat’s heart seemed torn asunder. For some time he could not recover himself. At length he tremblingly asked, “Who is this bold lover?”

“The second son of the Shamkhal, Abdoul Mousselin. Next after you, he has, from his high blood, the best right, of all our mountaineers, to Seltanetta’s hand.”

“Next to me—after me!” exclaimed the passionate Bek, boiling with anger: “Am I, then, buried? Is then my memory vanished among my friends?”



“Neither the memory, nor friendship itself is dead in my heart; but be just, Ammalat; as just as I am frank. Forget that you are the judge of your own cause, and decide what we are to do. You will not abandon the Russians, and I cannot make peace with them.”

“Do but wish—do but speak the word, and all will be forgotten, all will be forgiven you. This I will answer for with my head, and with the honour of Verkhoffsky, who has more than once promised me his mediation. For your own good, for the welfare of Avar, for your daughter’s happiness, for my bliss, I implore you, yield to peace, and all will be forgotten—all that once belonged to you will be restored.”



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“How boldly you answer, rash youth, for another’s pardon, for another’s life! Are you sure of your own life, your own liberty?”

“Who should desire my poor life? To whom should be dear the liberty which I do not prize myself?”

“To whom? Think you that the pillow does not move under the Shamkhal’s head, when the thought rises in his brain, that you, the true heir of the Shamkhalat of Tarki, are in favour with the Russian Government?”

“I never reckoned on its friendship, nor feared its enmity.”

“Fear it not, but do not despise it. Do you know that an express, sent from Tarki to Yermoloff, arrived a moment too late, to request him to show no mercy, but to execute you as a traitor? The Shamkhal was before ready to betray you with a kiss, if he could; but now, that you have sent back his blind daughter to him, he no longer conceals his hate.”

“Who will dare to touch me, under Verkhoffsky’s protection?”

“Hark ye, Ammalat; I will tell you a fable:—A sheep went into a kitchen to escape the wolves, and rejoiced in his luck, flattered by the caresses of the cooks. At the end of three days he was in the pot. Ammalat, this is your story. ’Tis time to open your eyes. The man whom you considered your first friend has been the first to betray you. You are surrounded, entangled by treachery. My chief motive in meeting you was my desire to warn you. When Seltanetta was asked in marriage, I was given to understand from the Shamkhal, that through him I could more readily make my peace with the Russians, than through the powerless Ammalat—that you would soon be removed in some way or other, and that there was nothing to be feared from your rivalry. I suspected still more, and learned more than I suspected. To-day I stopped the Shamkhal’s nouker, to whom the negotiations with Verkhoffsky were entrusted, and extracted from him, by torture, that the Shamkhal offers a thousand ducats to get rid of you. Verkhoffsky hesitates, and wishes only to send you to Siberia for ever. The affair is not yet decided; but to-morrow the detachment retires to their quarters, and they have resolved to meet at your house in Bouinaki, to bargain about your blood. They will forge denunciations and charges—they will poison you at your own table, and cover you with chains of iron, promising you mountains of gold.” It was painful to see Ammalat during this dreadful speech. Every word, like red-hot iron, plunged into his heart; all within him that was noble, grand, or consoling, took fire at once, and turned into ashes. Every thing in which he had so long and so trustingly confided, fell to pieces, and shrivelled up in the flame of indignation. Several times he tried to speak, but the words died away in a sickly gasp; and at last the wild beast which Verkhoffsky had tamed, which Ammalat had lulled to sleep, burst from his chain: a flood of curses and menaces poured from the lips of the furious Bek. “Revenge, revenge!” he cried, “merciless revenge, and woe to the hypocrites!”



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"This is the first word worthy of you," said the Khan, concealing the joy of success; "long enough have you crept like a serpent, laying your head under the feet of the Russians! 'Tis time to soar like an eagle to the clouds; to look down from on high upon the enemy who cannot reach you with their arrows. Repay treachery with treachery, death with death!"

"Then death and ruin be to the Shamkhal, the robber of my liberty; and ruin be to Abdoul Mousselin, who dared to stretch forth his hand to my treasure!"

"The Shamkhal? His son—his family? Are they worthy of your first exploits? They are all but little loved by the Tarkovetzes; and if we attack the Shamkhal, they will give up his whole family with their own hands. No, Ammalat, you must aim your first blow next to you; you must destroy your chief enemy; you must kill Verkhoffsky."

"Verkhoffsky!" exclaimed Ammalat, stepping back.... "Yes!.... he is my enemy; but he was my friend. He saved me from a shameful death."

"And has now sold you to a shameful life!.... A noble friend! And then you have yourself saved him from the tusks of the wild-boar—a death worthy of a swine-eater! The first debt is paid, the second remains due: for the destiny which he is so deceitfully preparing for you"....

"I feel ... this ought to be ... but what will good men say? What will my conscience say?"

"It is for a man to tremble before old women's tales, and before a whimpering child—conscience—when honour and revenge are at stake? I see Ammalat, that without me you will decide nothing; you will not even decide to marry Seltanetta. Listen to me. Would you be a son-in-law worthy of me, the first condition is Verkhoffsky's death. His head shall be a marriage-gift for your bride, whom you love, and who loves you. Not revenge only, but the plainest reasoning requires the death of the Colonel. Without him, all Daghestan will remain several days without a chief, and stupefied with horror. In this interval, we come flying upon the Russians who are dispersed in their quarters. I mount with twenty thousand Avaretzes and Akoushetzes: and we fall from the mountains like a cloud of snow upon Tarki. Then Ammalat, Shamkhal of Daghestan, will embrace me as his friend, as his father-in-law. These are my plans, this is your destiny. Choose which you please; either an eternal banishment, or a daring blow, which promises you power and happiness; but know, that next time we shall meet either as kinsmen, or as irreconcilable foes!"

The Khan disappeared. Long stood Ammalat, agitated, devoured by new and terrible feelings. At length Samit reminded him that it was time to return to the camp. Ignorant himself how and where he had found his way to the shore, he followed his mysterious guide, found his horse, and without answering a word to the thousand questions of

Saphir Ali, rode up to his tent. There, all the tortures of the soul's hell awaited him.
Heavy is the first night of sorrow, but still more terrible the first bloody thoughts of crime.



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REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES. CONCLUSION.

We omit any notice of the other written works of Sir Joshua—his “Journey to Flanders and Holland,” his Notes to Mason’s verse translation of Du Fresnoy’s Latin poem, “Art of Painting,” and his contributions to the “Idler.” The former is chiefly a notice of pictures, and of value to those who may visit the galleries where most of them may be found; and in some degree his remarks will attach a value to those dispersed; the best part of the “Journey,” perhaps, is his critical discrimination of the style and genius of Rubens. The marrow of his Notes to Du Fresnoy’s poem, and indeed of his papers in the “Idler,” has been transferred to his Discourses, which, as they terminate his literary labours, contain all that he considered important in a discussion on taste and art. The notes to Du Fresnoy may, however, be consulted by the practical painter with advantage, as here and there some technical directions may be found, which, if of doubtful utility in practice, will at least demand thought and reasoning upon this not unimportant part of the art. To doubt is to reflect; judgment results, and from this, as a sure source, genius creates. There are likewise some memoranda useful to artists to be read in Northcote’s “Life.” The influence of these Discourses upon art in this country has been much less than might have been expected from so able an exposition of its principles. They breathe throughout an admiration of what is great, give a high aim to the student, and point to the path he should pursue to attain it: while it must be acknowledged our artists as a body have wandered in another direction. The Discourses speak to cultivated minds only. They will scarcely be available to those who have habituated their minds to lower views of art, and have, by a fascinating practice, acquired an inordinate love for its minor beauties. It is true their tendency is to teach, to *cultivate*: but in art there is too often as much to unlearn as to learn, and the *unlearning* is the more irksome task; prejudice, self-gratulation, have removed the humility which is the first step in the ladder of advancement. With the public at large, the Discourses have done more; and rather by the reflection from that improvement in the public taste, than from any direct appeal to artists, our exhibitions have gained somewhat in refinement. And if there is, perhaps, less vigour now, than in the time of Sir Joshua, Wilson, and Gainsborough, those fathers of the English School, we are less seldom disgusted with the coarseness, both of subject and manner, that prevailed in some of their contemporaries and immediate successors. In no branch of art is this improvement more shown than in scenes of familiar life—which meant, indeed “Low Life.” Vulgarly has given place to a more “elegant familiar.” This has necessarily brought into play a nicer attention



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to mechanical excellence, and indeed to all the minor beauties of the art. We almost fear too much has been done this way, because it has been too exclusively pursued, and led astray the public taste to rest satisfied with, and unadvisedly to require, the less important perfections. From that great style which it may be said it was the sole object of the Discourses to recommend, we are further off than ever. Even in portrait, there is far less of the historical, than Sir Joshua himself introduced into that department—an adoption which he has so ably defended by his arguments. But nothing can be more unlike the true historical, as defined in the precepts of art, than the modern representation of national (in that sense, historical) events. The precepts of the President have been unread or disregarded by the patronized historical painters of our day. It would seem to be thought a greater achievement to identify on canvass the millinery that is worn, than the characters of the wearers, silk stockings, and satins, and faces, are all of the same common aim of similitude; arrangement, attitude, and peculiarly inanimate expression, display of finery, with the actual robes, as generally announced in the advertisement, render such pictures counterparts, or perhaps inferior counterfeits to Mrs Jarley's wax-work. And, like the wax-work, they are paraded from town to town, to show the people how much the tailor and mantua-maker have to do in state affairs; and that the greatest of empires is governed by very ordinary-looking personages. Even the Venetian painters, called by way of distinction the "Ornamental School," deemed it necessary to avoid prettinesses and pettinesses, and by consummate skill in artistical arrangement in composition, in chiaro-scuro and colour, to give a certain greatness to the representations of their national events. There is not, whatever other faults they may have, this of poverty, in the public pictures of Venice; they are at least of a magnificent ambition: they are far removed from the littleness of a show. We are utterly gone out of the way of the first principles of art in our national historical pictures. Yet was the great historical the whole subject of the Discourses—it was to be the only worthy aim of the student. If the advice and precepts of Sir Joshua Reynolds have, then, been so entirely disregarded, it may be asked what benefit he has conferred upon the world by his Discourses. We answer, great. He has shown what should be the aim of art, and has therefore raised it in the estimation of the cultivated. His works are part of our standard literature; they are in the hands of readers, of scholars; they materially help in the formation of a taste by which literature is to be judged and relished. Even those who never acquire any very competent knowledge of, or love for pictures, do acquire a respect for art, connect it with classical poetry—the highest poetry, with Homer, with the Greek drama, with all they have read of the



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venerated works of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Apelles; and having no too nice discrimination, are credulous of, or anticipate by remembering what has been done and valued—the honour of the profession. We assert that, by bringing the precepts of art within the pale of our accepted literature, Sir Joshua Reynolds has given to art a better position. Would that there were no counteracting circumstances which still keep it from reaching its proper rank! Some there are, which materially degrade it, amongst which is the attempt to force patronage; the whole system of Art Unions, and of Schools of Design, the “in forma pauperis” petitioning and advertising, and the rearing innumerable artists, ill-educated in all but drawing, and mere degrading still, the binding art, as it were, apprenticed to manufacture in such Schools of Design; connecting, in more than idea, the drawer of patterns with the painter of pictures. Hence has arisen, and must necessarily arise, an inundation of mediocrity, the aim of the painter being to reach some low-prize mark, an unnatural competition, inferior minds brought into the profession, a sort of painting-made-easy school, and pictures, like other articles of manufacture, cheap and bad. We should say decidedly, that the best consideration for art, and the best patronage too, that we would give to it, would be to establish it in our universities of Cambridge and Oxford. In those venerated places to found professorships, that a more sure love and more sure taste for it may be imbedded with every other good and classical love and taste in the early minds of the youth of England’s pride, of future patrons; and where painters themselves may graduate, and associate with all noble and cultivated minds, and be as much honoured in their profession as any in those usually called “learned.” But to return to Sir Joshua. He conferred upon his profession not more benefit by his writings and paintings, than by his manners and conduct. To say that they were irreproachable would be to say little—they were such as to render him an object of love and respect. He adorned a society at that time remarkable for men of wit and wisdom. He knew that refinement was necessary for his profession, and he studiously cultivated it—so studiously, that he brought a portion of his own into that society from which he had gathered much. He abhorred what was low in thought, in manners, and in art. And thus he tutored his genius, which was great rather from the cultivation of his judgment, by incessantly exercising his good sense upon the task before him, than from any innate very vigorous power. He thought prudence the best guide of life, and his mind was not of an eccentric daring, to rush heedlessly beyond the bounds of discretion. And this was no small proof of his good sense; when the prejudice of the age in which he lived was prone to consider eccentricity as a mark of genius; and genius itself, inconsistently with the very term of a silly admiration,

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an *inspiration*, that necessarily brought with it carelessness and profligacy. By his polished manners, his manly virtues, and his prudential views, which mainly formed his taste, and enabled him to disseminate taste, Sir Joshua rescued art from this degrading prejudice, which, while it flattered vanity and excused vice, made the objects of the flattery contemptible and inexcusable. If genius be a gift, it is one that passes through the mind, and takes its colour; the love of all that is pure, and good, and great, can alone invest genius with that habit of thought which, applied to practice, makes the perfect painter. Castiglione considered painting the proper acquirement of the perfect gentleman—Sir Joshua Reynolds thought that to be in mind and manners the “gentlemen,” was as necessary to perfect the painter. The friend of Johnson and Burke, and of all persons of that brilliant age, distinguished by abilities and worth, was no common man. In raising himself, he was ever mindful to raise the art to which he had devoted himself, in general estimation.

We have noticed a charge against the writer of the Discourses, that he did not pursue that great style which he so earnestly recommended. Besides that this is not quite true—for he unquestionably did adopt so much of the great manner as his subjects would, generally speaking, allow—there was a sufficient reason for the tone he adopted, that it was one useful and honourable, and none can deny that it was suited to his genius. He was doubtless conscious of his own peculiar powers, and contemplated the degree of excellence which he attained. He felt that he could advance that department of his profession, and surely no unpardonable prudential views led him to the adoption of it. It was the one, perhaps, best suited to his abilities; and there is nothing in his works which might lead us to suspect that he would have succeeded so well in any other. The characteristic of his mind was a nice observation. It was not in its native strength creative. We doubt if Sir Joshua Reynolds ever attempted a perfectly original creation—if he ever designed without having some imitation in view. We mean not to say, that in the process he did not take slight advantages of accidents, and, if the expression may be used, by a second sort of creation, make his work in the end perfectly his own. But we should suppose that his first conceptions for his pictures, (of course, we speak principally of those not strictly portraits,) came to him through his admiration of some of the great originals, which he had so deeply studied. In almost every work by his hand, there is strongly marked his good sense—almost a prudent forbearance. He ever seemed too cautious not to dare beyond his tried strength, more especially in designing a subject of several figures. His true genius as alone conspicuous in those where much of the portrait was admissible; and such was his “Tragic Muse,” a strictly historical picture: was



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it equally discernible in his "Nativity" for the window in New College Chapel? We think not. There is nothing in his "Nativity" that has not been better done by others; yet, as a whole, it is good; and if the subject demands a more creative power, and a higher daring than was habitual to him, we are yet charmed with the good sense throughout; and while we look, are indisposed to criticise. We have already remarked how much Sir Joshua was indebted to a picture by Domenichino for the "Tragic Muse." Every one knows that he borrowed the "Nativity" from the "Notte" of Correggio, and perhaps in detail from other and inferior masters. His "Ugolino" was a portrait, or a study, in the commencement; it owes its excellence to its retaining this character in its completion. If we were to point to failures, in single figures, (historical,) we should mention his "Puck" and his "Infant Hercules." The latter we only know from the print. Here he certainly had an opportunity of displaying the great style of Michael Angelo; it was beyond his daring; the Hercules is a sturdy child, and that is all, we see not the *ex pede Herculem*. We can imagine the colouring, especially of the serpents and back-ground, to have been impressive. The picture is in the possession of the Emperor of Russia. The "Puck" is a somewhat mischievous boy—too substantially, perhaps heavily, given for the fanciful creation. The mushroom on which he is perched is unfortunate in shape and colour; it is too near the semblance of a bullock's heart. His "Cardinal Beaufort," powerful in expression, has been, we think, captiously reprehended for the introduction of the demon. The mind's eye has the privilege of poetry to imagine the presence; the personation is therefore legitimate to the sister art. The National Gallery is not fortunate enough to possess any important picture of the master in the historical style. The portraits there are good. There was, we have been given to understand, an opportunity of purchasing for the National Gallery the portrait of himself, which Sir Joshua presented to his native town of Plympton as his substitute, having been elected mayor of the town—an honour that was according to the expectation of the electors thus repaid. The Municipal Reform brought into office in the town of Plympton, as elsewhere, a set of men who neither valued art nor the fame of their eminent townsman. Men who would convert the very mace of office into cash, could not be expected to keep a portrait; so it was sold by auction, and for a mere trifle. It was offered to the nation; and by those whose business it was to cater for the nation, pronounced a copy. The history of its sale did not accompany the picture; when that was known, as it is said, a very large sum was offered, and refused. It is but justice to the committee to remind them of the fact, that Sir Joshua himself, as he tells us, very minutely examined a picture which he pronounced to be his own, and which was nevertheless a copy. Unquestionably his genius

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was for portrait; it suited his strictly observant character; and he had this great requisite for a portrait-painter, having great sense himself, he was able to make his heads intellectual. His female portraits are extremely lovely; he knew well how to represent intellect, enthusiasm, and feeling. These qualities he possessed himself. We have observed, in the commencement of these remarks upon the Discourses, that painters do not usually paint beyond themselves, either power or feeling—beyond their own grasp and sentiments; it was the habitual good sense and refinement of moral feeling that made Sir Joshua Reynolds so admirable a portrait-painter. He has been, and we doubt not justly, celebrated as a colourist. Unfortunately, we are not now so capable of judging, excepting in a few instances, of this his excellence. Some few years ago, his pictures, to a considerable amount in number, were exhibited at the British Institution. We are forced to confess that they generally looked too brown—many of them dingy, many loaded with colour, that, when put on, was probably rich and transparent: we concluded that they had changed. Though Sir Joshua, as Northcote in his very amusing Memoirs of the President assures us, would not allow those under him to try experiments, and carefully locked up his own, that he might more effectually discourage the attempt—considering that, in students, it was beginning at the wrong end—yet was he himself a great experimentalist. He frequently used wax and varnish; the decomposition of the latter (mastic) would sufficiently account for the appearance those pictures wore. We see others that have very much faded; some that are said to be faded may rather have been injured by cleaners; the colouring when put on with much varnish not bearing the process of cleaning, may have been removed, and left only the dead and crude work. It has been remarked, that his pictures have more especially suffered under the hands of restorers. It must be very difficult for a portrait-painter, much employed, and called upon to paint a portrait, where short time and few sittings are the conditions, to paint a lasting work. He is obliged to hasten the drying of the paint, or to use injurious substances, which answer the purpose only for a short present. Sir Joshua, too, was tempted to use orpiment largely in some pictures, which has sadly changed. An instance may be seen in the “Holy Family” in our National Gallery—the colour of the flesh of the St John is ruined from this cause. It is, however, one of his worst pictures, and could not have been originally designed for a “holy family.” The Mater is quite a youthful peasant girl: we should not regret it if it were totally gone. Were Sir Joshua living, and could he see it in its present state, he would be sure to paint over it, and possibly convert it into another subject. We do not doubt, however, that Sir Joshua deserved the reputation he obtained as a colourist in his day. We attribute the brown,



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the horny asphaltum look they have, to change. It is unquestionably exceedingly mortifying to see, while the specimens of the Venetian and Flemish colourists are at this day so pure and fresh, though painted centuries before our schools, our comparatively recent productions so obscured and otherwise injured. Tingry, excellent authority, the Genevan chemical professor, laments the practice of the English painters of mixing varnish with their colours, which, he says, shows that they prefer a temporary brilliancy to lasting beauty; for that it is impossible, that with this practice, pictures should either retain their brilliancy or even be kept from decay. We do not remember to have seen a single historical picture of Sir Joshua's that has not suffered; happily there are yet many of his portraits fresh, vigorous, and beautiful in colouring. It should seem, that he thought it worth while to speculate upon those of least value to his reputation.

Portrait-painting, at the commencement of Sir Joshua's career, was certainly in a very low condition. A general receipt for face-making, with the greatest facility seemed to have been current throughout the country. Attitudes and looks were according to a pattern; and, accordingly, there was so great a family resemblance, however unconnected the sitters, that it might seem to have been intended to promote a brotherly and sisterly bond of union among all the descendants of Adam. Portrait-painting, which had in this country been so good, was in fact, with here and there an exception, and generally an exception not duly estimated, in a degraded state: the art in this respect, as in others, had become vulgarized. From this universal family-likeness recipe, Reynolds came suddenly, and at once successfully, before the world, with individual nature, and variety of character, and portraits that had the merit of being pictures as well as portraits. He led to a complete revolution in this department, so that if he had rivals—and he certainly had one in Gainsborough—they were of his own making. The change is mostly perceptible in female portraits. They assumed grace and beauty. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were strangely vilified in their unpleasing likenesses. The somewhat loose satin evening-dress, with the shepherdess's crook, was absurd enough; and no very great improvement upon the earlier taste of complimenting portraits with the personation of the heathen deities. The poetical pastoral, however, very soon descended to the real pastoral; and, as if to make people what they were not was considered enough of the historical of portrait, even this took. We suspect Gainsborough was the first to sin in this degradation line, by no means the better one for being the furthest from the divinities. He had painted some rustic figures very admirably, and made such subjects a fashion; but why they should ever be so, we could never understand; or why royalty should not be represented as royalty, gentry as gentry;



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to represent them otherwise, appears as absurd as if our Landseer should attempt a greyhound in the character of a Newfoundland dog. A picture of Gainsborough's was exhibited, a year or two ago, in the British Institution, Pall-Mall, which we were astonished to hear was most highly valued; for it was a weak, washy, dauby, ill-coloured performance, and the design as bad as well could be. It was a scene before a cottage-door, with the children of George the Third as peasant children, in village dirt and mire. The picture had no merit to recommend it; if we remember rightly, it had been painted over, or in some way obscured, and unfortunately brought to light. Although Sir Joshua Reynolds generally introduced a new grace into his portraits, and mostly so without deviating from the character as he found it, dispensing indeed with the old affectation, we fear he cannot altogether be acquitted from the charge of deviating from the true propriety of portrait. Ladies as Miranda, as Hebe, and even as Thais, no very moral compliment, are examples—some there are of the lower pastoral. Mrs Macklin and her daughter were represented at a spinning-wheel, and Miss Potts as a gleaner. There is one of somewhat higher pretensions, but equally a deviation from propriety, in his portraits of the Honourable Mistresses Townshend, Beresford, and Gardiner. They are decorating the statue of Hymen; the grace of one figure is too theatrical, the others have but little. The one kneeling on the ground, and collecting the flowers, is, in one respect, disagreeable—the light of the sky, too much of the same hue and tone as the face, is but little separated from it—in fact, only by the dark hair; while all below the face and bosom is a too heavy dark mass. Portrait-painters are very apt to fail whenever they colour their back-grounds to the heads of a warm and light sky-colour; the force of the complexion is very apt to be lost, and the portrait is sure to lose its importance. The "General on Horseback," in our National Gallery, (Ligonier,) a fine picture, is in no small degree hurt by the absence of a little greyer tone in the part of the sky about the head. By far the best portraits by Sir Joshua—and, fortunately, they are the greater part—are those in real character. His very genius was for unaffected simplicity; attitudinizing recipes could never have been adopted by him with satisfaction to himself. Some of his slight, more sketchy portraits, as yet unexperimented upon by his powerful, frequently rather too powerful, colouring, his deep browns and yellows, are unrivalled. Such is his Kitty Fisher, not long since exhibited in the British Gallery, Pall-Mall. There the character is not overpowered by the effect.



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Gainsborough was the only painter of his day that could, with any pretension, vie with Sir Joshua Reynolds in portrait. In some respects they had similar excellences. Both were alike, by natural taste, averse to affectation, and both were colourists. As a colourist, Gainsborough, as his pictures are now, may be even preferred to Reynolds. They seem to have been painted off more at once, and have therefore a greater freshness; his flesh tints are truly surprising, most true to life. He probably painted with a more simple palette. The pains and labour which Sir Joshua bestowed, and which were perhaps very surprising when his pictures were fresh from the easel, have lost much of their virtue. The great difference between these great cotemporaries lay in their power of character. Gainsborough was as true as could be to nature, where the character was not of the very highest order. Plain, downright common sense he would hit off wonderfully, as in his portrait of Ralph Schomberg—a picture, we are sorry to find, removed from the National Gallery. The world's every-day men were for his pencil. He did not so much excel in women. The bent of Sir Joshua's mind was to elevate, to dignify, to intellectualize. Enthusiasm, sentiment, purity, and all the varied poetry of feminine beauty, received their kindred hues and most exquisite expression under his hand. Whatever was dignified in man, or lovely in woman, was portrayed with its appropriate grace and strength. Sir Joshua was, in fact, himself the higher character; ever endeavouring to improve and cultivate his own mind, to raise it by a dignified aim in his art and in his life, and gathering the beauty of sentiment to himself from its best source—the practice of social and every amiable charity—he was sure to transfer to the canvass something characteristic of himself. Gainsborough was, in his way, a gentle enthusiast, altogether of an humbler ambition. Even in his landscapes, he showed that he saw little in nature but what the vulgar see; he had little idea that what is commonly seen are the materials of a better creation. Gainsborough was unrivalled in his portraiture of common truth, Reynolds in poetical truth. Gainsborough spoke in character in one of his letters, wherein he said, that he “was well read in the volume of nature, and that was learning sufficient for him.” It is said that he was proud—perhaps his pride was shown in this remark—but it was not a pride allied with greatness. The pride of Reynolds was quite of another stamp; it did not disagree with his soundest judgment; his estimate of himself was more true, and it showed itself in modesty. That such men should meet and associate but little, is not surprising. That Reynolds withdrew in “cold and carefully meted out courtesy,” is not surprising, though the expressions quoted are written to disparage Reynolds. The man of fixed purpose may appear cold when he does not assimilate with the man of caprice, (as was Gainsborough,)

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in whose company there is nothing to call forth a congeniality, a sympathy; and it is probable that Gainsborough felt as little disposed as Sir Joshua, to preserve, or even to seek, an intimacy. Their final parting at the deathbed of Gainsborough was most honourable to them both; and the merit of seeking it was entirely Gainsborough's. It is singular that any facts should be so perverted, as to justify an insinuation that Reynolds, whose whole life exhibited the continued acts of a kind heart, was a cautious and cold calculator. Good sense has ever a reserve of manner, the result of a habit of thinking—and in one of a high aim, it is apt to acquire almost a stateliness; but even such stateliness is not inconsistent with modesty and with feeling; it is, in fact, the carriage of the mind, seen in the manner and the person. We make these remarks under a disgust produced by the singularly illiberal *Life of Reynolds* by Allan Cunningham; we think we should not err in saying, that it is maliciously written. We were reading this *Life*, and made many indignant remarks as we read, when the death of the author was announced in the newspapers. We had determined, as far as our power might extend, to rescue the name and fame of Reynolds from the mischief which so popular a writer as Allan Cunningham was likely to inflict. Death has its sanctity, and we hesitated; indeed, in regret for the loss of a man of talent, we felt for a time little disposed to think of the ill he may have done; nor was, on mature consideration, the regret less, that he could not, by our means, be called to review his own work—his “*Lives of the British Painters*”—in a more candid spirit than that in which they appear to have been written. It is to be lamented that he did not revise it. Its illiberality and untruth render it very unfit for a “*Family Library*,” for which it was composed. Yet it must be confessed, that such regret was rather one of momentary feeling, than accompanied with any thing like conviction, or even hope, that our endeavour would have been successful. There was no one better acquainted with the life of one of the painters in his work than ourselves. His *Life*, too, was written in a most illiberal spirit, though purposely in praise of the artist. But it was as untrue as it was illiberal. In a paper in *Blackwood*, some years ago, we noticed some of the errors and mistatements. This, we happen to know, was seen by the author of the “*Lives*,” for we were, in consequence, applied to upon the subject; and there being an intention expressed to bring out a new edition, we were invited to correct what was wrong. We did not hesitate, and wrote some two or three letters for the purpose, and entertained but little doubt of their having been favourably received, and that they would be used, until we were surprised by a communication, that the author “was much obliged, but was perfectly satisfied with his own account.” That is, that he was much *obliged* for an endeavour to mislead him by falsehood.



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For both accounts could not be true. There were, then, but small grounds to hope that Allan Cunningham would have so revised his work, as to have done justice to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Besides, after all, "respect for the dead" moves both ways. The question is between the recently dead and the long since dead. In the literary world, and in the world of art, both yet live; and the author of the *Life* has this advantage, that thousands read the "Family Library," whilst but few, comparatively speaking, make themselves acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds and his works. We revere this founder of our English school, and feel it due to the art we love, to condemn the ungenerous and sarcastic spirit of *The Life*, by Allan Cunningham. And if the dead could have any interest in and guidance of things on earth, we can imagine no work that would be more pleasing to them, than the removal of even the slightest evils they may have inflicted; thus making restitution for them. It is very evident throughout the "Lives," that the author has a prejudice against, an absolute dislike to, Sir Joshua Reynolds. We stay not to account for it. There are men of some opinions who, whether from pride, or other feeling, have an antipathy to courtly manners, and what is called higher society: jealous and suspicious lest they should not owe, and seen to owe, every thing to themselves, there is a constant and irritable desire to set aside, with a feigned, oftener than a real, contempt, the influence and the homage the world pays to superiority of rank, station, and education. They would wish to have nothing above themselves. How far such may have been the case with the writer of the "Lives," we know not, totally unacquainted as we have ever been, but by his writings. In them there appears very strongly marked this vulgar feeling. He has stepped out of his way in other lives, such as those of Wilson and Gainsborough, to attack Sir Joshua by surmises and insinuations of meanness, blurring the fair character of his best acts. The generous doings of the President were too notorious not to be admitted, but generally a sinister or selfish motive is insinuated. His courtesy was displeasing, while extreme coarseness met with a ready apologist. In the several Lives of Sir Joshua Reynolds, there does not appear the slightest ground upon which to found a charge of meanness of character: it is inconceivable how such should have ever been insinuated, while Northcote's "Life" of him was in existence, and Northcote must have known him well. He was most liberal in expenditure, as became his station, and the dignity which he was ambitiously desirous of conferring upon the art over which he presided. To artists and others in their distresses he was most generous: numerous, indeed, are the recorded instances; those unrecorded may be infinitely more numerous, for generosity was with him a habit. In the teeth of Mr Cunningham's insinuations we will extract from Northcote some passages



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upon this point. "At that time, indeed, Johnson was under many pecuniary obligations, as well as literary ones, to Sir Joshua, whose generous kindness would never permit his friends to ask a pecuniary favour, his purse and heart being always open." That his heart as well as his purse was open, the following anecdote more than indicates. We are tempted to give it unaltered, as we find it in the words of Northcote:—

"Sir Joshua, as his usual custom, looked over the daily morning paper at his breakfast time; and on one of those perusals, whilst reading an account of the Old Bailey sessions, to his great astonishment, saw that a prisoner had been tried and condemned to death for a robbery committed on the person of one of his own servants, a negro, who had been with him for some time. He immediately rung the bell for the servants, in order to make his enquiries, and was soon convinced of the truth of the matter related in the newspaper. This black man had lived in his service as footman for several years, and has been portrayed in several pictures, particularly in one of the Marquis of Granby, where he holds the horse of that general. Sir Joshua reprimanded this black servant for his conduct, and especially for not having informed him of this curious adventure; when the man said he had concealed it only to avoid the blame he should have incurred had he told it. He then related the following circumstances of the business, saying, that Mrs Anna Williams (the old blind lady lived at the house of Dr Johnson) had some time previous dined at Sir Joshua's with Miss Reynolds; that in the evening she went home to Bolt Court, Fleet Street, in a hackney coach, and that he had been sent to attend her to her house. On his return he had met with companions who had detained him till so late an hour, that when he came to Sir Joshua's house, he found the doors were shut, and all the servants gone to rest. In this dilemma he wandered in the street till he came to a watch-house, in which he took shelter for the remainder of the night, among the variety of miserable companions to be found in such places; and amidst this assembly of the wretched, the black man fell sound asleep, when a poor thief, who had been taken into custody by the constable of the night, perceiving, as the man slept, that he had a watch and money in his pocket, (which was seen on his thigh,) watched his opportunity and stole the watch, and with a penknife cut through the pocket, and so possessed himself of the money. When the black awaked from his nap, he soon discovered what had been done, to his cost, and immediately gave the alarm, and a strict search was made through the company; when the various articles which the black had lost were found in the possession of the unfortunate wretch who had stolen them. He was accordingly secured, and next morning carried before the justice, and committed to take his trial at the Old Bailey, (the black being bound over to prosecute,) and, as



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we have seen, was at his trial cast and condemned to death. Sir Joshua, much affected by this recital, immediately sent his principal servant, Ralph Kirkly, to make all enquiries into the state of the criminal, and, if necessary, to relieve his wants in whatever way could be done. When Kirkly came to the prison he was soon admitted to the cell of the prisoner, where he beheld the most wretched spectacle that imagination can conceive—a poor forlorn criminal, without a friend on earth who could relieve or assist him, and reduced almost to a skeleton by famine and filth, waiting till the dreadful morning should arrive when he was to be made an end of by a violent death. Sir Joshua now ordered fresh clothing to be sent to him, and also that the black servant should carry him every day a sufficient supply of food from his own table; and at that time Mr E. Burke being very luckily in office, he applied to him, and by their joint interest they got his sentence changed to transportation; when, after being furnished with all necessaries, he was sent out of the kingdom.”—P. 119. “In this year Sir Joshua raised his price to fifty guineas for a head size, which he continued during the remainder of his life. His rapidly accumulating fortune was not, however, for his own sole enjoyment; he still felt the luxury of doing good, and had many objects of bounty pointed out to him by his friend Johnson, who, in one of his letters, in this year, to Mrs Piozzi, enquires ‘will the master give me any thing for my poor neighbours? I have had from Sir Joshua and Mr Strahan.’”—P. 264. “Sir Joshua, indeed, seems to have been applied to by his friends on all occasions; and by none oftener than by Dr Johnson, particularly for charitable purposes. Of this there is an instance, in a note of Johnson’s preserved in his Life, too honourable to him to be here omitted.

’To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

’Dear Sir—It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring.—I am, dear sir, your obliged and most humble servant,

’SAM. JOHNSON.’

’June 23, 1781.’—P. 278.

The following anecdote is delightful:—

“Whilst at Antwerp, Sir Joshua had taken particular notice of a young man of the name of De Gree, who had exhibited some considerable talents as a painter: his father was a tailor; and he himself had been intended for some clerical office, but, as it is said by a late writer, having formed a different opinion of his religion than was intended, from the books put into his hand by an Abbe who was his patron, it was discovered that he would not do for a priest, and the Abbe, therefore, articed him to Gerrards of Antwerp. Sir Joshua received him, on his arrival in England, with much kindness, and even recommended him most strongly to pursue his profession in the metropolis;



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but De Gree was unwilling to consent to this, as he had been previously engaged by Mrs Latouche to proceed to Ireland. Even here Sir Joshua's friendly attentions did not cease, for he actually made the poor artist a present of fifty guineas to fit him for his Hibernian excursion; the whole of which, however, the careful son sent over to Antwerp for the use of his aged parents."—P. 284. "It is also recorded, as an instance of his prizing extraordinary merit, that when Gainsborough asked him but sixty guineas for his celebrated *Girl and Pigs*, yet being conscious in his own mind that it was worth more, he liberally paid him down one hundred guineas for the picture. I also find it mentioned on record, that a painter of considerable merit, having unfortunately made an injudicious matrimonial choice, was along with that and its consequences as well as an increasing family, in a few years reduced so very low, that he could not venture out without danger of being arrested—a circumstance which, in a great measure, put it out of his power to dispose of his pictures to advantage. Sir Joshua having accidentally heard of his situation, immediately hurried to his residence to enquire into the truth of it, when the unfortunate man told him all the melancholy particulars of his lot, adding, that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation, Sir Joshua took his leave, telling the distressed man he would do something for him; and when he was bidding him adieu at the door, he took him by the hand, and after squeezing it in a friendly way hurried off with that kind of triumph in his heart the exalted of human kind only know by experience whilst the astonished artist found that he had left in his hand a bank-note for one hundred pounds."

Of such traits of benevolence certainly many other instances may be recorded, but I shall only mention two; "the one is the purchasing a picture of Zoffani, who was without a patron, and selling it to the Earl of Carlisle for twenty guineas above the price given for it; and he sent the advanced price immediately to Zoffani, saying 'he thought he had sold the picture at first below its real value.'"

The other is—"the clergyman who succeeded Sir Joshua's father as master of the grammar-school at Plympton, at his decease left a widow, who, after the death of her husband, opened a boarding school for the education of young ladies. The governess who taught in this school had but few friends in situations to enable them to do her much service, and her sole dependence was on her small stipend from the school: hence she was unable to make a sufficiently reputable appearance in apparel at their accustomed little balls. The daughter of the schoolmistress, her only child, and at that time a very young girl, felt for the poor governess, and the pitiable insufficiency in the article of finery; but being unable to help her from her own



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resources, devised within herself a means by which it might be done otherwise. Having heard of the great fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his character for generosity, and charity, and recollecting that he had formerly belonged to the Plympton school, she, without mentioning a syllable to any of her companions, addressed a letter to Sir Joshua, whom she had never even seen, in which she represented to him the forlorn state of the poor governess's wardrobe, and begged the gift of a silk gown for her. Very shortly after, they received a box containing silks of different patterns, sufficient for two dresses, to the infinite astonishment of the simple governess, who was totally unable to account for this piece of good fortune, as the compassionate girl was afraid to let her know the means she had taken in order to procure the welcome present."—P. 307.

Mr Duyes, the artist, says—"malice has charged him with avarice, probably from his not having been prodigal, like too many of his profession; his offer to me proves the contrary. At the time that I made the drawings of the King at St Paul's after his illness, Reynolds complimented me handsomely on seeing them, and afterwards observed, that the labour bestowed must have been such, that I could not be remunerated from selling them; but if I would publish them myself, he would lend me the money necessary, and engage to get me a handsome subscription among the nobility."—P. 351.

We will here mention an anecdote which we believe has never been published; we heard it from our excellent friend, and enthusiastic admirer of all that taste, good sense, and good feeling should admire and love, in art or out of it—now far advanced in years, and, like Sir Joshua, blind, but full of enjoyment and conversation fresh as ever upon art, for he remembers and hears, beloved by all who know him, G. Cumberland, Esq., author of "Outlines," &c. &c. He it was who recommended Collins, the miniature-painter, to Sir Joshua. Now poor Collins was one of the most nervous of men, morbidly distrustful of himself and his powers. Our friend showed us a portrait of Collins, painted by himself, the very picture of most sensitive nervousness. Well—Collins waited upon Sir Joshua, who gave him a picture to copy for him in miniature. Collins took it, and trembled, and looked all diffidence as he examined Sir Joshua's original. However, he took it home with him, and after some time came to Cumberland in great agitation, expressing a conviction that he never could copy it, that he had destroyed three attempts, and this, said he, is the best I can do, and I will destroy it. This Cumberland would not allow, and took possession of it, and an admirable performance it is. Soon another was done, and Collins took it to Sir Joshua, with many timid expressions and apologies for his inability, that he feared displeasure for having undertaken a work above him. Sir Joshua looked at it, declared it to be, as it was, a most excellent copy, and gave him more to do in the same way—telling him to go to his scrutoire, open a drawer, and he would find some guineas, and to take out twenty to pay himself. "Twenty guineas!" said Collins, "I should not have thought of receiving more than three!" This kindness and liberality set up poor Collins with a better stock of self-confidence, and he made his way to celebrity in his line, and to fortune.



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Is it in human nature, that the man of whom such anecdotes are told, and truly told, could be guilty of a mean unworthy action? Perhaps the reader will be curious to see how the writer of the "British Painters," who, from the recent date of his publication, must have known all these incidents, excepting the last, has converted some of them, by insinuating sarcasm, into charges that blur their virtue. We should say that he has omitted, where he could omit—where he could not, he is compelled to contradict himself; for it is impossible that the insinuations, and the facts, and occasional acknowledgments, should be together true of one and the same man. We shall offer some specimens of this *illiberal style*:—A neighbour of Reynolds's first advised him to settle in London. His success there made him remember this friendly advice—(the neighbour's name was Cranch.) We quote now from Cunningham. "The timely counsel of his neighbour Cranch would have long afterwards been rewarded with the present of a silver cup, had not accident interfered. 'Death,' says Northcote, 'prevented this act of gratitude. I have seen the cup at Sir Joshua's table.' The painter had the honour of the intention and the use of the cup—a twofold advantage, of which he was not insensible."—*Lives of British Painters*, Vol. i, p. 220.—"Of lounging visitors he had great abhorrence, and, as he reckoned up the fruits of his labours, 'Those idle people,' said this disciple of the grand historical school of Raphael and Angelo—"those idle people do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour.' This calculation incidentally informs us, that it was Reynolds's practice, in the height of his reputation and success, to paint a portrait in four hours."—P. 251. In *this* Life, he could depreciate art, (in a manner we are persuaded he could not feel,) because it lowered the estimation of the painter whom he disliked. "One of the biographers of Reynolds imputes the reflections contained in the conclusion of this letter, 'to that envy, which perhaps even Johnson felt, when comparing his own annual gains with those of his more fortunate friend.' They are rather to be attributed to the sense and taste of Johnson, who could not but feel the utter worthlessness of the far greater part of the productions with which the walls of the Exhibition-room were covered. Artists are very willing to claim for their profession and its productions rather more than the world seems disposed to concede. It is very natural that this should be so; but it is also natural, that man of Johnson's taste should be conscious of the dignity of his own pursuits, and agree with the vast majority of mankind in ranking a Homer, a Virgil, a Milton, or a Shakspeare, immeasurably above all the artists that ever painted or carved. Johnson, in a conversation with Boswell, defined painting to be an art which could illustrate, but could not inform."—P. 255. Does he so speak of this art in any other Life; and is not this view false and ill-natured? Were not Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Titian, Piombo, epic poets?



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“Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest. Though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines.” He was compelled, a sentence or two after, to add, “It was honourable to that distinguished artist, that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honour which their society shed upon him; but it stopped not here, he often aided them with his purse, nor *insisted* upon repayment.”—P. 258. We have marked “insisted”—it implies repayment was expected, if not enforced; and it might have been said, that a mutual “honour” was conferred. Speaking of Northcote’s and Malone’s account of Sir Joshua’s “social and well-furnished table,” he adds, “these accounts, however, in as far as regards the splendour of the entertainments, must be received with some abatement. The eye of a youthful pupil was a little blinded by enthusiasm. That of Malone was rendered friendly, by many acts of hospitality, and a handsome legacy; while literary men and artists, who came to speak of books and paintings, cared little for the most part about the delicacy of the entertainment, provided it were wholesome.” Here he quotes at length, no very good-natured account of the dinners given by Courteney.—P. 273. Even his sister, poor Miss Reynolds, whom Johnson loved and respected, must have her share of the writer’s sarcasm. “Miss Reynolds seems to have been as indifferent about the good order of her domestics, and the appearance of her dishes at table, as her brother was about the distribution of his wine and venison. Plenty was the splendour, and freedom was the elegance, which Malone and Boswell found in the entertainments of the artist.”—P. 275. If Reynolds was sparing of his wine, the word “plenty” was most inappropriate. Even the remark of Dunning, Lord Ashburton, is perverted from its evident meaning, and as explained by Northcote, and the perversion casts a slur upon Sir Joshua’s guests; yet is it well known who they were. “Well, Sir Joshua,” he said, “and who have you got to dine with you to-day?—the last time I dined in your house, the company was of such a sort, that by —, I believe all the rest of the world enjoyed peace for that afternoon.”—P. 276. This is a gross idea, and unworthy a gentle mind. “By an opinion so critically sagacious, and an apology for portrait-painting, which appeals so effectually to the kindly side of human nature, Johnson repaid a hundred dinners.”—P. 276. The liberality to De Gree is shortly told.—P. 298. “I have said that the President was frugal in his communications respecting the sources from whence he drew his own practice—he forgets his caution in one of these notes.”—P. 303. We must couple this with some previous remarks; it is well known that Sir Joshua, as Northcote tells us, carefully locked up his experiments, and for more reasons than one: first, he was dissatisfied,



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as these were but experiments; secondly, he considered experimenting would draw away pupils from the rudiments of the art. Surely nothing but illiberal dislike would have perverted the plain meaning of the act. "The secret of Sir Joshua's own preparations was carefully kept—he permitted not even the most favoured of his pupils to acquire the knowledge of his colours—he had all securely locked, and allowed no one to enter where these treasures were deposited. What was the use of all this secrecy? Those who stole the mystery of his colours, could not use it, unless they stole his skill and talent also. A man who, like Reynolds, chooses to take upon himself the double office of public and private instructor of students in painting, ought not surely to retain a secret in the art, which he considers of real value."—P. 287. He was, in fact, too honest to mislead; and that he did not think the right discovery made, the author must have known; for Northcote says—"when I was a student at the Royal Academy, I was accidentally repeating to Sir Joshua the instructions on colouring I had heard there given by an eminent painter, who then attended as visitor. Sir Joshua replied, that this painter was undoubtedly a very sensible man, but by no means a good colourist; adding, that there was not a man then on earth who had the least notion of colouring. 'We all of us,' said he, 'have it equally to seek for and find out—as, at present, it is totally lost to the art.'"—"In his economy he was close and saving; while he poured out his wines and spread out his tables to the titled or the learned, he stinted his domestics to the commonest fare, and rewarded their faithfulness by very moderate wages. One of his servants, who survived till lately, described him as a master who exacted obedience in trifles—was prudent in the matter of pins—a saver of bits of thread—a man hard and parsimonious, who never thought he had enough of labour out of his dependents, and always suspected that he overpaid them. To this may be added the public opinion, which pictured him close, cautious, and sordid. On the other side, we have the open testimony of Burke, Malone, Boswell, and Johnson, who all represent him as generous, open-hearted, and humane. The servants and the friends both spoke, we doubt not, according to their own experience of the man. Privations in early life rendered strict economy necessary; and in spite of many acts of kindness, his mind, on the whole, failed to expand with his fortune. He continued the same system of saving when he was master of sixty thousand pounds, as when he owned but sixpence. He loved reputation dearly, and it would have been well for his fame, if, over and above leaving legacies to such friends as Burke and Malone, he had opened his heart to humbler people. A little would have gone a long way—a kindly word and a guinea prudently given."—P. 319. Opened his heart to humbler people! was the author of this libel upon a generous character, ignorant of his charity

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to humbler people, which Johnson certified? Why did he not narrate the robbery of the black servant, and his kindness to the humblest and the most wretched? What was fifty guineas to poor De Gree? Who were the humbler people to whom he denied his bounty? And is the fair fame, the honest reputation—the honourable reputation, we should say—of such a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds—such as he has been proved to be—such as not only such men as Burke and Johnson knew him, but such as his pupil and inmate Northcote knew him—to be vilified by a low-minded biography, the dirty ingredients of which are raked up from lying mouths, or, at least, incapable of judging of such a character—from the lips of servants, whose idle tales of masters who discard them, it is the common usage of the decent, not to say well-bred world, to pay no attention to—not to listen to—and whom none hear but the vulgar-curious, or the slanderous? But if a servant's evidence must be taken, the fact of the exhibition of Sir Joshua's works for his servant Kirkly should have been enough—to say nothing here of his black servant. But the story of Kirkly is mentioned—and how mentioned? To rake up a malevolent or a thoughtless squib of the day, to make it appear that Sir Joshua shared in the gains of an exhibition ostensibly given to his servant. The joke is noticed by Northcote, and the exhibition, thus:—"The private exhibition of 1791, in the Haymarket, has been already mentioned, and some notice taken of it by a wicked wit, who, at the time, wished to insinuate that Sir Joshua was a partaker in the profits. But this was not the truth; neither do I believe there were any profits to share. However, these lines from Hudibras were inserted in a morning paper, together with some observations on the exhibition of pictures collected by the knight—

'A squire he had whose name was Ralph
Who in the adventure went his half,'

thus gaily making a sacrifice of truth to a joke." It is very evident that this was a mere newspaper squib, and suggested by the "knight and his squire Ralph;" but Cunningham so gives it as "the opinion of many," and with rather more than a suspicion of its truth. "Sir Joshua made an exhibition of them in the Haymarket, for the advantage of his faithful servant Ralph Kirkly; but our painter's well-known love of gain excited public suspicion; he was considered by many as a partaker in the profits, and reproached by the application of two lines from Hudibras."—P. 117. But this report from a servant is evidently no servant's report at all, as far as the words go: they are redolent throughout of the peculiar satire of the author of the "Lives," who so loves point and antithesis, who tells us Sir Joshua "poured" out his wines, (the distribution of which he had otherwise spoken of,) that the *stint* to the servants may have its fullest opposition. And again, as to the humbler, does he not contradict himself? He prefaces the fact that Sir Joshua gave a hundred



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guineas to Gainsborough, who asked sixty, for his "Girl and Pigs," thus—"Reynolds was commonly humane and tolerant; he could indeed afford, both in fame and purse, to commend and aid the timid and needy."—P. 304. This is qualifying vilely a generous action, while it contradicts his assertion of being sparing of "a kindly word and a guinea." Nor are the occasional criticisms on passages in the "Discourses" in a better spirit, nor are they exempt from a vulgar taste as to views of art; their sole object is, apparently, to depreciate Reynolds; and though a selection of individual sentences might be picked out, as in defence, of an entirely laudatory character, they are contradicted by others, and especially by the sarcastic tone of the Life, taken as a whole. But it is not only in the Life of Reynolds that this attempt is made to depreciate him. In his "Lives" of Wilson and Gainsborough, he steps out of his way to throw his abominable sarcasm upon Reynolds. One of many passages in Wilson's Life says, "It is reported that Reynolds relaxed his hostility at last, and, becoming generous when it was too late, obtained an order from a nobleman for two landscapes at a proper price." So he insinuates an unworthy hypocrisy, while lauding the bluntness of Wilson. "Such was the blunt honesty of his (Wilson's) nature, that, when drawings were shown him which he disliked, he disdained, or was unable to give a courtly answer, and made many of the students his enemies. Reynolds had the sagacity to escape from such difficulties, by looking at the drawings and saying 'Pretty, pretty,' which vanity invariably explained into a compliment."—P. 207. After having thus spoken shamefully of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the body of his work, he reiterates all in a note, confirming all as his not hasty but deliberate opinion, having "now again gone over the narrative very carefully, and found it impossible, without violating the truth, to make any alteration of importance as to its facts;" and though he has omitted so much which might have been given to the honour of Reynolds, he is "unconscious of having omitted any enquiry likely to lead him aright."—P. 320. He may have made the enquiry without using the information—a practice not inconsistent in such a biographer. For instance, when he assumes, that in the portrait of Beattie, the figures of Scepticism, Sophistry, and Infidelity, represent Hume, Voltaire, and Gibbon; remarking, that they have survived the "insult of Reynolds." An enquiry from Northcote ought to have led him to conclude otherwise, for Northcote, who had the best means of knowing, says, "Because one of those figures was a lean figure, (alluding to the subordinate ones introduced,) and the other a fat one, people of lively imaginations pleased themselves with finding in them the portraits of Voltaire and Hume. But Sir Joshua, I have reason to believe, had no such thought when he painted those figures." We have done with this disgusting Life. We would preserve to art and the virtue-loving



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part of mankind the great *integrity* of the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Documents and testimonies are sufficient to establish as much entire worth as falls to the lot and adornment of the best; and to bring this conviction, that, for the justice, candour, liberality, kindness, and generosity, which he showed in his dealings with all, even his professional rivals, if he had not had the extraordinary merit of being the greatest British painter, he deserved, and will deserve, the respect of mankind; and to have had his many and great virtues recorded in a far other manner than in that among the "Lives of the British Painters." His pictures may have faded, and may decay; but his precepts will still live, and tend to the establishment and continuance of art built upon the soundest principles; and the virtues of the man will ever give a grace to the profession which he adorned, and, for the benefit of art, contribute mainly to his own fame.

"Nihil enim est opere aut manu factum, quod aliquando non conficiat et consumat Vetustas; at vero haec tua justitia et lenitas animi florescet quotidie magis, ita ut quantum operibus tuis dinturnitas detrahet, tantum afferet laudibus."

"He had," says Burke, "from the beginning of his malady, a distinct view of his dissolution; and he contemplated it with that entire composure, which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow."

* * * * *

LEAP-YEAR.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

In the summer of 1838, in the pleasant little county of Huntingdon, and under the shade of some noble elms which form the pride of Lipscombe Park, two young men might have been seen reclining. The thick, and towering, and far-spreading branches under which they lay, effectually protected them from a July sun, which threw its scorching brilliancy over the whole landscape before them. They seemed to enjoy to the full that delightful *retired openness* which an English park affords, and that easy effortless communion which only old companionship can give. They were, in fact, fellow collegians. The one, Reginald Darcy by name, was a ward of Mr Sherwood, the wealthy proprietor of Lipscombe Park; the other, his friend, Charles Griffith, was passing a few days with him in this agreeable retreat. They had spent the greater part of the morning strolling through the park, making short journeys from one clump of trees to another, and traversing just so much of the open sunny space which lay exposed to all the "bright severity of noon," as gave fresh value to the shade, and renewed the luxury of repose.



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“Only observe,” said Darcy, breaking silence, after a long pause, and without any apparent link of connexion between their last topic of conversation and the sage reflection he was about to launch—“only observe,” and, as he raised himself upon his elbow, something very like a sigh escaped from him, “how complete, in our modern system of life, is the ascendancy of woman over us! Every art is hers—is devoted to her service. Poetry, music, painting, sculpture—all seem to have no theme but woman. It is her loveliness, her power over us, that is paraded and chanted on every side. Poets have been always mad on the beauty of woman, but never so mad as now; we must not only submit to be sense-enthralled, the very innermost spirit of a man is to be deliberately resigned to the tyranny of a smooth brow and a soft eye. Music, which grows rampant with passion, speaks in all its tones of woman: as long as the strain lasts we are in a frenzy of love, though it is not very clear with whom, and happily the delirium ends the moment the strings of the violin have ceased to vibrate. What subject has the painter worth a rush but the beauty of woman? We gaze for ever on the charming face which smiles on us from his canvass; we may gaze with perfect license—that veil which has just been lifted to the brow, it will never be dropt again—but we do not gaze with perfect impunity; we turn from the lovely shadow with knees how prone to bend! And as to the sculptor, on condition that he hold to the pure colourless marble, is he not permitted to reveal the sacred charms of Venus herself? Every art is hers. Go to the theatre, and whether it be tragedy, or comedy, or opera, or dance, the attraction of woman is the very life of all that is transacted there. Shut yourself up at home with the poem or the novel, and lo! to love, and to be loved, by one fair creature, is all that the world has to dignify with the name of happiness. It is too much. The heart aches and sickens with an unclaimed affection, kindled to no purpose. Every where the eye, the ear, the imagination, is provoked, bewildered, haunted by the magic of this universal syren.

“And what is worse,” continued our profound philosopher—and here he rose from his elbow, and supported himself at arm’s length from the ground, one hand resting on the turf, the other at liberty, if required, for oratorical action—“what is worse, this place which woman occupies in *art* is but a fair reflection of that which she fills in real life. Just heavens! what a perpetual wonder it is, this living, breathing beauty! Throw all your metaphors to the winds—your poetic raptures—your ideals—your romance of position and of circumstance: look at a fair, amiable, cultivated woman, as you meet her in the actual, commonplace scenes of life: she is literally, prosaically speaking, the last consummate result of the creative power of nature, and the gathered refinements of centuries of human civilization. The world



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can show nothing comparable to that light, graceful figure of the girl just blooming into perfect womanhood. Imagination cannot go beyond it. There is all the marvel, if you think of it, in that slight figure, as she treads across the carpet of a modern drawing-room, that has ever been expressed in, or given origin to, the nymphs, goddesses, and angels that the fancy of man has teemed with. I declare that a pious heathen would as soon insult the august statue of Minerva herself, as would any civilized being treat that slender form with the least show of rudeness and indignity. A Chartist, indeed, or a Leveller, would do it; but it would pain him—he would be a martyr to his principles. Verily we are slaves to the fair miracle!”

“Well,” said his companion, who had all this time been leisurely pulling to pieces some wild flowers he had gathered in the course of the morning’s ramble, “what does it all end in? What, at last, but the old story—love and a marriage?”

“Love often where there is no possibility of marriage,” replied Darcy, starting up altogether from his recumbent posture, and pacing to and fro under the shadow of the tree. “The full heart, how often does it swell only to feel the pressure of the iron bond of poverty! This very sentiment, which our cultivation refines, fosters, makes supreme, is encountered by that harsh and cruel evil which grows also with the growth of civilization—poverty—civilized poverty. Oh, ’tis a frightful thing, this well-born, well-bred poverty! There is a pauper state, which, loathsome as it is to look upon, yet brings with it a callousness to endure all inflictions, and a recklessness that can seize with avidity whatever coarse fragments of pleasure the day or the hour may afford. But this poverty applies itself to nerves strung for the subtlest happiness. No torpor here; no moments of rash and unscrupulous gratification—unreflected on, unrepented of—which being often repeated make, in the end, a large sum of human life; but the heart incessantly demands a genuine and enduring happiness, and is incessantly denied. It is a poverty which even helps to keep alive the susceptibility it tortures; for the man who has never loved, or been the object of affection, whose heart has been fed only by an untaught imagination, feels a passion—feels a regret—it may be far more than commensurate with that envied reality which life possesses and withholds from him. No! there is nothing in the circle of human existence more fearful to contemplate than this perpetual divorce—irrevocable, yet pronounced anew each instant of our lives—between the soul and its best affections. And—look you!—this misery passes along the world under the mask of easy indifference, and wears a smiling face, and submits to be rallied by the wit, and assumes itself the air of vulgar jocularly. Oh, this penury that goes well clad, and is warmly housed, and makes a mock of its own anguish—I’d rather die on the wheel, or be starved to death in a dungeon!



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“My excellent friend!” cried Griffith, startled from his quiescent posture, and tranquil occupation, by the growing excitement of his companion, “what has possessed you? Is it the daughter of our worthy host—is it Emily Sherwood, the nymph who haunts these woods—who has given birth to this marvellous train of reflection? to this rhapsody on the omnipresence of woman, which I certainly had never discovered, and on the misery of a snug bachelor’s income, which to me is still more incomprehensible? I confess, however, it would be difficult to find a better specimen of this fearfully fascinating sex.”—

“Pshaw!” interrupted Darcy, “what is the heiress of Lipscombe Park to me?—a girl who might claim alliance with the wealthiest and noblest of the land—to me, who have just that rag of property, enough to keep from open shame one miserable biped? Can a man never make a general reflection upon one of the most general of all topics, without being met by a personal allusion? I thought you had been superior, Griffith, to this dull and hackneyed retort.”

“Well, well; be not wroth”—

“But I *am*. There is something so odious in this trite and universal banter. Besides, to have it intimated, even in jest, that I would take advantage of my position in this family to pay my ridiculous addresses to Miss Sherwood—I do declare, Griffith, I never will again to you, or any other man, touch upon this subject, but in the same strain of unmeaning levity one is compelled to listen to, and imitate, in the society of coxcombs.”

“At all events,” said Griffith, “give me leave to say that I admire Miss Sherwood, and that I shall think it a crying shame if so beautiful and intelligent a girl is suffered to fall into the clutches of this stupid baronet who is laying siege to her—this pompous, empty-headed Sir Frederic Beaumantle.”

“Sir Frederic Beaumantle,” said Darcy, with some remains of humour, “may be all you describe him, but he is very rich, and, mark me, he will win the lady. Old Sherwood suspects him for a fool, but his extensive estates are unincumbered—he will approve his suit. His daughter makes him a constant laughing-stock, she is perpetually ridiculing his presumption and his vanity; but she will end by marrying the rich baronet. It will be in the usual course of things; society will expect it; and it is so safe, so prudent, to do what society expects. Let wealth wed with wealth. It is quite right. I would never advise any man to marry a woman much richer than himself, so as to be indebted to her for his position in society. It is useless to say, or to feel, that her wealth was not the object of your suit. You may carry it how you will—what says the song?

‘*She never will forget;
The gold she gave was not thy gain,
But it must be thy debt.*’

“But come, our host is punctual to his dinner hour, and if we journey back at the same pace we have travelled here, we shall not have much time upon our hands.” And accordingly the two friends set themselves in motion to return to the house.



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Our readers have, of course, discovered that, in spite of his disclaimer, Reginald Darcy was in love with Emily Sherwood. He was, indeed, very far gone, and had suffered great extremities; but his pride had kept pace with his passion. Left an orphan at an early age, and placed by the will of his father under the guardianship of Mr Sherwood, Darcy had found in the residence of that gentleman a home during the holidays when a schoolboy, and during the vacations when a collegian. Having lately taken his degree at Cambridge, with high honours, which had been strenuously contended for, and purchased by severe labour, he was now recruiting his health, and enjoying a season of well-earned leisure under his guardian's roof. As Mr Sherwood was old and gouty, and confined much to his room, it fell on him to escort Emily in her rides or walks. She whom he had known, and been so often delighted with, as his little playmate, had grown into the young and lovely woman. Briefly, our Darcy was a lost man—gone—head and heart. But then—she was the only daughter of Mr Sherwood, she was a wealthy heiress—he was comparatively poor. Her father had been to him the kindest of guardians: ought he to repay that kindness by destroying, perhaps, his proudest schemes? Ought he, a man of fitting and becoming pride, to put himself in the equivocal position which the poor suitor of a wealthy heiress must inevitably occupy? “He invites me,” he would say to himself, “he presses me to stay here, week after week, and month after month, because the idea that I should seek to carry away his daughter never enters into his head. And she—she is so frank, so gay, so amiable, and almost fond, because she has never recognized, with the companion of her childhood, the possibility of such a thing as marriage. There is but one part for me—silence, strict, unbroken silence!”

Charles Griffith was not far from the truth, when he said that it would be difficult to find a better specimen of her fascinating sex than the daughter of their host. But it was not her beauty, remarkable as this was—it was not her brightest of blue eyes, nor her fairest of complexions, nor those rich luxuriant tresses—that formed the greatest charm in Emily Sherwood. It was the delightful combination she displayed of a cheerful vivacious temper with generous and ardent feelings. She was as light and playful as one of the fawns in her own park, but her heart responded also to every noble and disinterested sentiment; and the poet who sought a listener for some lofty or tender strain, would have found the spirit that he wanted in the gay and mirth-loving Emily Sherwood.



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Poor Darcy! he would sit, or walk, by her side, talking of this or that, no matter what, always happy in her presence, passing the most delicious hours, but not venturing to betray, by word or look, how very content he was. For these hours of stolen happiness he knew how severe a penalty he must pay: he knew and braved it. And in our poor judgment he was right. Let the secret, stealthy, unrequited lover enjoy to the full the presence, the smiles, the bland and cheerful society of her whom his heart is silently worshipping. Even this shall in future hours be a sweet remembrance. By and by, it is true, there will come a season of poignant affliction. But better all this than one uniform, perpetual torpor. He will have felt that mortal man *may* breathe the air of happiness; he will have learned something of the human heart that lies within him.

But all this love—was it seen—was it returned—by her who had inspired it? Both, both. He thought, wise youth! that while he was swallowing draught after draught of this delicious poison, no one perceived the deep intoxication he was revelling in. Just as wisely some veritable toper, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, cheats himself into the belief that he conceals from every eye that delectable and irresistible confusion in which his brain is swimming. His love was seen. How could it be otherwise? That instantaneous, that complete delight which he felt when she joined him in his rambles, or came to sit with him in the library, could not be disguised nor mistaken. He was a scholar, a reader and lover of books, but let the book be what it might which he held in his hand, it was abandoned, closed, pitched aside, the moment she entered. There was no stolen glance at the page left still open; nor was the place kept marked by the tenacious finger and thumb. If her voice were heard on the terrace, or in the garden—if her laugh—so light, merry, and musical, reached his ear—there was no question or debate whether he should go or stay, but down the stairs, or through the avenues of the garden—he sprung—he ran;—only a little before he came in sight he would assume something of the gravity becoming in a senior wrangler, or try to look as if he came there by chance. His love was seen, and not with indifference. But what could the damsel do? How presume to know of an attachment until in due form certified thereof? If a youth will adhere to an obstinate silence, what, we repeat, can a damsel do but leave him to his fate, and listen to some other, who, if he loves less, at least knows how to avow his love?

CHAPTER II.

We left the two friends proceeding towards the mansion; we enter before them, and introduce our readers into the drawing-room. Here, in a spacious and shaded apartment, made cool, as well by the massive walls of the noble edifice as by the open and protected windows, whose broad balcony was blooming with the most beautiful and fragrant of plants, sat Emily Sherwood. She was not, however, alone. At the same round table, which was covered with vases of flowers, and with books as gay as flowers, was seated another young lady, Miss Julia Danvers, a friend who had arrived in

the course of the morning on a visit to Lipscombe Park. The young ladies seemed to have been in deep consultation.



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“I can never thank you sufficiently,” said Miss Danvers, “for your kindness in this affair.”

“Indeed but you can very soon thank me much more than sufficiently,” replied her more lively companion, “for there are few things in the world I dislike so much as thanks. And yet there is one cause of thankfulness you have, and know not of. Here have I listened to your troubles, as you call them, for more than two hours, and never once told you any of my own. Troubles! you are, in my estimation, a very happy, enviable girl.”

“Do you think it then so great a happiness to be obliged to take refuge from an absurd selfish stepmother, in order to get by stealth one’s own lawful way?”

“One’s own way is always lawful, my dear. No tautology. But you *have* it—while I”——

“Well, what is the matter?”

“Julia, dear—now do not laugh—I have a lover that *won’t speak*. I have another, or one who calls himself such, who has spoken, or whose wealth, I fear, has spoken, to some purpose—to my father.”

“And you would open the mouth of the dumb, and stop the mouth of the foolish?”

“Exactly.”

“Who are they? And first, to proceed by due climax, who is he whose mouth is to be closed?”

“A baronet of these parts, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. A vain, vain, vain man. It would be a waste of good words to spend another epithet upon him, for he is all vanity. All his virtues, all his vices, all his actions, good, bad, and indifferent, are nothing but vanity. He praises you from vanity, abuses you from vanity, loves and hates you from vanity. He is vain of his person, of his wealth, of his birth, of his title, vain of all he has, and all he has not. He sets so great a value on his innumerable and superlative good qualities, that he really has not been able (until he met with your humble servant) to find any individual of our sex on whom he could, conscientiously, bestow so great a treasure as his own right hand must inevitably give away. This has been the only reason—he tells me so himself—why he has remained so long unmarried; for he has rounded the arch, and is going down the bridge. To take his own account of this delicate matter, he is fluctuating, with an uneasy motion, to and fro, between forty and forty-five.”

“Old enough, I doubt not, to be your father. How can he venture on such a frolicsome young thing as you?”

“I asked him that question myself one day; and he told me, with a most complacent smile, that I should be the perfect compendium of matrimony—he should have wife and child in one.”



“The old coxcomb! And yet there was a sort of providence in that.—Now, who is he whose mouth is to be opened?”

“Oh—he!—can’t you guess?”

“Your cousin Reginald, as you used to call him—though cousin I believe he is none—this learned wrangler?”

“The same. Trust me, he loves me to the bottom of his heart; but because his little cousin is a great heiress, he thinks it fit to be very proud, and gives me over—many thanks to him—to this rich baronet. But here he comes.”



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As she spoke, Darcy and Griffith entered the room.

“We have been canvassing,” said Emily, after the usual forms of introduction had been gone through, “the merits of our friend, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. By the way, Reginald, he dines here to-day, and so will another gentleman, whom I shall be happy to introduce to you, Captain Garland, an esteemed friend of mine and Miss Danvers’.”

“Sir Frederic seems,” said Griffith, by way merely of taking part in the conversation, “at all events, a very good-natured man. I have seen him but once, and he has already promised to use all his influence in my behalf, in whatever profession I may embark. If medicine, I am to have half-a-dozen dowagers, always ailing and never ill, put under my charge the moment I can add M.D. to my name; not to speak of certain mysterious hints of an introduction at court, and an appointment of physician extraordinary to Her Majesty. I suppose I may depend upon Sir Frederic’s promises?”

“Oh, certainly,” said Miss Sherwood, “you may depend upon Sir Frederic Beaumantle’s promises; they will never fail; they are inexhaustible.”

“The fool!” said Darcy with impatience, “I could forgive him any thing but that ridiculous ostentation he has of patronizing men, who, but they have more politeness than himself, would throw back his promises with open derision.”

“Reginald,” said Miss Sherwood, “is always forgiving Sir Frederic every fault but one. But then that one fault changes every day. Last time he would pardon him every thing except the fulsome eulogy he is in the habit of bestowing upon his friends, even to their faces. You must know, Mr Griffith, that Sir Frederic is a most liberal chapman in this commodity of praise: he will give any man a bushel-full of compliments who will send him back the measure only half filled. Nay, if there are but a few cherries clinging to the wicker-work he is not wholly dissatisfied.”

“What he gives he knows is trash,” said Darcy; “what he receives he always flatters himself to be true coin. But indeed Sir Frederic is somewhat more just in his dealings than you, perhaps, imagine. If he bestows excessive laudation on a friend in one company, he takes it all back again in the very next he enters.”

“And still his amiability shines through all; for he abuses the absent friend only to gratify the self-love of those who are present.”

The door opened as Miss Sherwood gave this *coup-de-grace* to the character of the baronet, and Sir Frederic Beaumantle was announced, and immediately afterwards, Captain Garland.

Miss Sherwood, somewhat to the surprise of Darcy, who was not aware that any such intimacy subsisted between them, received Captain Garland with all the cordiality of an

old acquaintance. On the other hand she introduced the baronet to Miss Danvers with that slightly emphatic manner which intimates that the parties may entertain a “high consideration” for each other.



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“You are too good a herald, Sir Frederic,” she said, “not to know the Danverses of Dorsetshire.”

“I shall be proud,” replied the baronet, “to make the acquaintance of Miss Danvers.”

“She has come to my poor castle,” continued Miss Sherwood, “like the distressed princess in the Faery Queen, and I must look out for some red-cross knight to be her champion, and redress her wrongs.”

“It is not the first time,” said the lady thus introduced, “that I have heard of the name of Sir Frederic Beaumantle.”

“I dare say not, I dare say not,” answered the gratified baronet. “Mine, I may venture to say, is an historic name. Did you ever peruse, Miss Danvers, a work entitled ‘The History of the County of Huntingdon?’ You would find in it many curious particulars relating to the Beaumantles, and one anecdote especially, drawn, I may say, from the archives of our family, which throws a new light upon the reign and character of Charles II. It is a very able performance is this ‘History of the County of Huntingdon;’ it is written by a modest and ingenious person of my acquaintance, and I felt great pleasure in lending him my poor assistance in the compilation of it. My name is mentioned in the preface. Perhaps,” he added with a significant smile, “it might have claimed a still more conspicuous place; but I hold it more becoming in persons of rank to be the patrons than the competitors of men of letters.”

“I should think,” said Miss Danvers very quietly, “it were the more prudent plan for them to adopt. But what is this anecdote you allude to?”

“An ancestor of mine—But I am afraid,” said the baronet, casting a deprecatory look at Miss Sherwood, “that some here have read it, or heard me repeat it before.”

“Oh, pray proceed,” said the young lady appealed to.

“An ancestor of mine,” resumed the baronet, “on being presented at the Court of Charles II., soon after the Restoration, attracted the attention of that merry monarch and his witty courtiers, by the antique fashion of his cloak. ‘Beaumantle! Beaumantle!’ said the king, ‘who gave thee that name?’ My ancestor, who was a grave man, and well brought up, answered, ‘Sire, my godfathers and my godmothers at my baptism.’ ‘Well responded!’ said the king with a smile; ‘and they gave thee thy raiment also, as it seems.’ These last words were added in a lower voice, and did not reach the ear of my ancestor, but they were reported to him immediately afterwards, and have been treasured up in our family ever since. I thought it my duty to make it known to the world as an historical fact, strikingly illustrative of a very important period in our annals.”



“Why, your name,” said Miss Danvers, “appears to be historical in more senses than one.”

“I hope soon—but I would not wish this to go beyond the present company,” said Sir Frederic, and he looked round the circle with a countenance of the most imposing solemnity—“I hope soon that you will hear of it being elevated to the peerage—that is, when Sir Robert Peel comes into power.”



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“You know Sir Robert, then?” said Griffith, with perfect simplicity.

“Public men,” said Sir Frederic, “are sufficiently introduced by public report. Besides, Mr Griffith—we baronets!—we constitute a sort of brotherhood. I have employed all my influence in the county, and I may safely say it is not little, to raise the character and estimation of Sir Robert, and I have no doubt that he will gladly testify his acknowledgment of my services by this trifling return. And as it is well known that my estates”—

But the baronet was interrupted in mid career by the announcement of dinner.

Miss Sherwood took the arm of Captain Garland, and directed Sir Frederic to lead down Miss Danvers.

“You will excuse my father,” she said, as they descended, “for not meeting us in the drawing-room. His gout makes him a lame pedestrian. We shall find him already seated at the table.”

At the dinner-table the same arrangement was preserved. Miss Sherwood had placed Captain Garland by her side, and conversed almost exclusively with him; while the Baronet was kept in play by the sedulous flattery of Miss Danvers.

After a few days, it became evident to all the household at Lipscombe Park that a new claimant for the hand of Miss Sherwood had appeared in the person of Captain Garland. The captain did not reside in the house, but, on the pretence of a very strong passion for trout-fishing, he had taken up his quarters in apartments within a most convenient distance of the scene of operations. It was not forgotten that, at the very time he made his appearance, Miss Danvers also arrived at the Park, and between these parties there was suspected to be some secret understanding. It seemed as if our military suitor had resolved to assail the fort from within as well as from without, and therefore had brought down with him this fair ally. Nothing better than such a fair ally. She could not only chant his praises when absent, (and there is much in that,) but she could so manoeuvre as to procure for the captain many a *tete-a-tete*, which otherwise would not fall to his share. Especially, (and this task she appeared to accomplish most adroitly,) she could engage to herself the attentions of his professed and redoubtable rival, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. In fifty ways she could assist in betraying the citadel from within, whilst he stood storming at the gates, in open and most magnanimous warfare. Darcy was not slower than others to suspect the stratagem, and he thought he saw symptoms of its success. His friend Griffith had now left him; he had no dispassionate observer to consult, and his own desponding passion led him to conclude whatever was most unfavourable to himself. Certainly there was a confidential manner between Miss Sherwood and these close allies, which seemed to justify the suspicion alluded to. More than once, when he had joined Miss Sherwood and the captain, the

unpleasant discovery had been forced upon him, by the sudden pause in their conversation, that he was the *one too many*.



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But jealousy? Oh, no! What had *he* to do with jealousy? For his part, he was quite delighted with this new attachment—quite delighted; it would set at rest for ever the painful controversy so often agitated in his own breast. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that he felt the rivalry of Captain Garland in a very different manner from that of Sir Frederic Beaumantle. The baronet, by virtue of his wealth alone, would obtain success; and he felt a sort of bitter satisfaction in yielding Emily to her opulent suitor. She might marry, but she could not love him; she might be thinking of another, perhaps of her cousin Reginald, even while she gave her hand to him at the altar. But if the gallant captain, whose handsome person, and frank and gentlemanly manners, formed his chief recommendation, were to be the happy man, then must her affections have been won, and Emily was lost to him utterly. And then—with the usual logic of the passions, and forgetting the part of silence and disguise that he had played—he taxed her with levity and unkindness in so soon preferring the captain to himself. That Emily should so soon have linked herself with a comparative stranger! It was not what he should have expected. “At all events,” he would thus conclude his soliloquy, “I am henceforward free—free from her bondage and from all internal struggle. Yes! I am free!” he exclaimed, as he paced his room triumphantly. The light voice of Emily was heard calling on him to accompany her in a walk. He started, he flew. His freedom, we suppose, gave him wings, for he was at her side in a moment.

Reginald had intended, on the first opportunity, to rally his cousin upon her sudden attachment to the captain, but his tongue absolutely refused the office. He could not utter a word of banter on the subject. His heart was too full.

On this occasion, as they returned from their walk through the park, there happened one of those incidents which have so often, at least in novels and story-books, brought about the happiness of lovers, but which in the present instance served only to bring into play the most painful feelings of both parties.

A prize-fight had taken place in the neighbourhood, and one of the numerous visitors of that truly noble exhibition, who, in order to do honour to the day, had deprived Smithfield market of the light of his countenance, was returning across the park from the scene of combat, accompanied by his bull-dog. The dog, who doubtless knew that his master was a trespasser, and considered it the better policy to assume at once the offensive, flew at the party whom he saw approaching. Emily was a little in advance. Darcy rushed forward to plant himself between her and this ferocious assailant. He had no weapon of defence of any kind, and, to say truth, he had at that moment no idea of defending himself, or any distinct notion whatever of combating his antagonist. The only reflection that occurred to his mind was, that

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if the animal satiated its fury upon him, his companion would be safe. A strong leg and a stout boot might have done something; Darcy, stooping down, put the fleshy part of his own arm fairly into the bulldog's jaws; assured that, at all events, it could not bite two persons at the same time, and that, if its teeth were buried in his own arm, they could not be engaged in lacerating Emily Sherwood. It is the well-known nature of the bulldog to fasten where it once bites, and the brute pinned Darcy to the ground, until its owner, arriving on the spot, extricated him from his very painful position.

In this encounter, our senior wrangler probably showed himself very unskilful and deficient in the combat with wild beasts, but no conduct could have displayed a more engrossing anxiety for the safety of his fair companion. Most men would have been willing to reap advantage from the grateful sentiment which such a conduct must inspire; Darcy, on the contrary, seemed to have no other wish than to disclaim all title to such a sentiment. He would not endure that the incident should be spoken of with the least gravity or seriousness.

"I pray you," said he, "do not mention this silly business again. What I did, every living man who had found himself by your side would have done, and most men in a far more dexterous manner. And, indeed, if instead of yourself, the merest stranger—the poorest creature in the parish, man, woman, or child, had been in your predicament, I think I should have done the same."

"I know you would, Reginald. I believe," said Emily, "that if the merest idiot had been threatened with the danger that threatened me, you would have interposed, and received the attack yourself. And it is because I believe this of you, Reginald"——

Something apparently impeded her utterance, for the sentence was left unfinished.

"For this wound," resumed Darcy, after a pause, and observing that Emily's eye was resting on his arm, "it is really nothing more than a just penalty for my own want of address in this notable combat. You should have had the captain with you," he added; "he would have defended you quite as zealously, and with ten times the skill."

Emily made no answer; and they walked on in silence till they entered the Hall. Reginald felt that he had been ungracious; but he knew not how to retrieve his position. Just before they parted, Emily resuming, in some measure, her natural and cheerful manner, turned to her companion, and said—"Years ago, when you were cousin Reginald, and condescended to be my playfellow, the greatest services you rendered were to throw me occasionally out of the swing, or frighten me till I screamed by putting my pony into a most unmerciful trot; but you were always so kind in the *making up*, that I liked you the better afterwards. Now, when you preserve me, at your own hazard,

from a very serious injury—you do it in so surly a manner—I wish the dog had bitten me!” And with this she left him and tripped up stairs.



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If Darcy could have followed her into her own room, he would have seen her throw herself into an armchair, and burst into a flood of tears.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Danvers, it has been said, (from whatever motive her conduct proceeded, whether from any interest of her own, or merely a desire to serve the interest of her friend, Captain Garland,) showed a disposition to engross the attentions of Sir Frederic Beaumantle as often as he made his appearance at Lipscombe Park. Now, as that lady was undoubtedly of good family, and possessed of considerable fortune, the baronet was not a little flattered by the interest which a person who had these excellent qualifications for a judge, manifestly took in his conversation. In an equal degree was his dignity offended at the preference shown by Miss Sherwood for Captain Garland, a man, as he said, but of yesterday, and not in any one point of view to be put in comparison with himself. He almost resolved to punish her levity by withdrawing his suit. The graver manner, and somewhat more mature age of Miss Danvers were also qualities which he was obliged to confess were somewhat in her favour.

The result of all this was, that one fine morning Sir Frederic Beaumantle might have been seen walking to and fro in his own park, with a troubled step, bearing in his hand a letter—most elaborately penned—carefully written out—sealed—but not directed. It was an explicit declaration of his love, a solemn offer of his hand; it was only not quite determined to whom it should be sent. As the letter contained very little that referred to the lady, and consisted almost entirely of an account, not at all disparaging, of himself and his own good qualities, it was easy for him to proceed thus far upon his delicate negotiation, although the main question—to whom the letter was to be addressed—was not yet decided. This letter had indeed been a *labour of love*. It was as little written for Miss Sherwood as for Miss Danvers. It was composed for the occasion whenever that might arise; and for these ten years past it had been lying in his desk, receiving from time to time fresh touches and emendations. The necessity of making use of this epistle, which had now attained a state of painful perfection, we venture to say had some share in impelling him into matrimony. To some one it must be sent, or how could it appear to any advantage in those “Memoirs of Sir Frederic Beaumantle,” which, some future day, were to console the world for his decease, and the prospect of which (for he saw them already in beautiful hot-pressed quarto) almost consoled himself for the necessity of dying? The *intended* love-letter!—this would have an air of ridicule, while the real declaration of Sir Frederic Beaumantle, which would not only adorn the Memoirs above mentioned, but would ultimately form a part of the “History of the County of Huntingdon.” We hope ourselves, by the way, to have the honour of editing those Memoirs, should we be so unfortunate as to survive Sir Frederic.



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But we must leave our baronet with his letter in his hand, gazing profoundly and anxiously on the blank left for the superscription, and must follow the perplexities of Reginald Darcy.

That good understanding which apparently existed between Emily and Captain Garland seemed rather to increase than to diminish after the little adventure we recorded in the last chapter. It appeared that Miss Sherwood had taken Darcy at his word, and resolved not to think any the more kindly of him for his conduct on that occasion. The captain was plainly in the ascendant. It even appeared, from certain arrangements that were in stealthy preparation, that the happiness of the gallant lover would not long be delayed. Messages of a very suspicious purport had passed between the Park and the vicarage. The clerk of the parish had been seen several times at Lipscombe. There was something in the wind, as the sagacious housekeeper observed; surely her young *missus* was not going to be married on the sly to the captain! The same thought, however, occurred to Darcy. Was it to escape the suit of Sir Frederic Beaumantle, which had been in some measure countenanced by her father, that she had recourse to this stratagem?—hardly worthy of her, and quite unnecessary, as she possessed sufficient influence with her father to obtain his consent to any proposal she herself was likely to approve. Had not the state of his own feelings made him too interested a party to act as counsellor or mediator, he would at once have questioned Emily on the subject. As it was, his lips were closed. She herself, too, seemed resolved to make no communication to him. The captain, a man of frank and open nature, was far more disposed to reveal his secret: he was once on the point of speaking to Darcy about his “approaching marriage;” but Emily, laying her finger on her lip, suddenly imposed silence on him.

One morning, as Darcy entered the breakfast-room, it was evident that something unusual was about to take place. The carriage, at this early hour, was drawn up to the door, and the two young ladies, both dressed in bridal white, were stepping into it. Before it drove off Miss Sherwood beckoned to Darcy.

“I have not invited you,” she said, “to the ceremony, because Captain Garland has wished it to be as private as possible. But we shall expect your company at breakfast, for which you must even have the patience to wait till we return.” Without giving any opportunity for reply, she drew up the glass, and the carriage rolled off.

However Darcy might have hitherto borne himself up by a gloomy sense of duty, by pride, and a bitter—oh, what bitter resignation!—when the blow came, it utterly prostrated him. “She is gone!—lost!—Fool that I have been!—What was this man more than I?” Stung with such reflections as these, which were uttered in such broken sentences, he rapidly retreated to the library, where he knew he should be undisturbed. He threw himself into a chair, and planting his elbows on the table, pressed his doubled fists, with convulsive agony, to his brows. All his fortitude had forsaken him: he wept outright.



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From this posture he was at length aroused by a gentle pressure on his shoulder, and a voice calling him by his name. He raised his head: it was Emily Sherwood, enquiring of him, quite calmly, why he was not at the breakfast-table. There she stood, radiant with beauty, and in all her bridal attire, except that she had thrown off her bonnet, and her beautiful hair was allowed to be free and unconfined. Her hand was still upon his shoulder.

“You are married, Emily,” he said, as well as that horrible stifling sensation in the breast would let him speak; “you are married, and I must be for evermore a banished man. I leave you, Emily, and this roof, for ever. I pronounce my own sentence of exile, for I love you, Emily!—and ever shall—passionately—tenderly—love you. Surely I may say this now—now that it is a mere cry of anguish, and a misery exclusively my own. Never, never—I feel that this is no idle raving—shall I love another—never will this affection leave me—I shall never have a home—never care for another—or myself—I am alone—a wanderer—miserable. Farewell! I go—I know not exactly where—but I leave this place.”

He was preparing to quit the room, when Emily, placing herself before him, prevented him. “And why,” said she, “if you honoured me with this affection, why was I not to know of it till now?”

“Can the heiress of Lipscombe Park ask that question?”

“Ungenerous! unjust!” said Emily. “Tell me, if one who can himself feel and act nobly, denies to another the capability of a like disinterested conduct—denies it rashly, pertinaciously, without cause given for such a judgment—is he not ungenerous and unjust?”

“To whom have I acted thus? To whom have I been ungenerous or unjust?”

“To me, Reginald—to me! I am wealthy, and for this reason alone you have denied to me, it seems, the possession of every worthy sentiment. She has gold, you have said, let her gold content her, and you withheld your love. She will make much boast, and create a burdensome obligation, if she bestows her superfluous wealth upon another: you resolved not to give her the opportunity, and you withheld your love. She has gold—she has no heart—no old affections that have grown from childhood—no estimate of character: she has wealth—let her gratify its vanity and its caprice; and so you withheld your love. Yes, she has gold—let her have more of it—let her wed with gold—with any gilded fool—she has no need of love! This is what you have thought, what your conduct has implied, and it was ungenerous and unjust.”

“No, by heaven! I never thought unworthily of you,” exclaimed Darcy.



“Had you been the wealthy cousin, Reginald, of wealth so ample, that an addition to it could scarcely bring an additional pleasure, would you have left your old friend Emily to look out for some opulent alliance?”

“Oh, no! no!”

“Then, why should I?”



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"I may have erred," said Darcy. "I may have thought too meanly of myself, or nourished a misplaced pride, but I never had a disparaging thought of you. It seemed that I was right—that I was fulfilling a severe—oh, how severe a duty! Even now I know not that I was wrong—I know only that I am miserable. But," added he in a calmer voice, "I, at all events, am the only sufferer. You, at least, are happy."

"Not, I think, if marriage is to make me so. I am not married, Reginald," she said, amidst a confusion of smiles and blushes. "Captain Garland was married this morning to Miss Julia Danvers, to whom he has been long engaged, but a silly selfish stepmother"——

"Not married!" cried Darcy, interrupting all further explanation.—"Not married! Then you are free—then you are"——But the old train of thought rushed back upon his mind—the old objections were as strong as ever—Miss Sherwood was still the daughter of his guardian, and the heiress of Lipscombe Park. Instead of completing the sentence, he paused, and muttered something about "her father."

Emily saw the cloud that had come over him. Dropping playfully, and most gracefully, upon one knee, she took his hand, and looking up archly in his face, said, "You love me, coz—you have said it. Coz, will you marry me?—for I love you."

"Generous, generous girl!" and he clasped her to his bosom.

"Let us go in," said Emily, in a quite altered and tremulous voice, "let us join them in the other room." And as she put her arm in his, the little pressure said distinctly and triumphantly—"He is mine!—he is mine!"

* * * * *

We must take a parting glance into old Mr Sherwood's room. He is seated in his gouty chair; his daughter stands by his side. Apparently Emily's reasonings have almost prevailed; she has almost persuaded the old gentleman that Darcy is the very son-in-law whom, above all others, he ought to desire. For how could Emily leave her dear father, and how could he domicile himself with any other husband she could choose, half so well as with his own ward, and his old favourite, Reginald?

"But Sir Frederic Beaumantle," the old gentleman replied, "what is to be said to him? and what a fine property he has!"

As he was speaking, the door opened, and the party from the breakfast table, consisting of Captain Garland, and his bride, and Reginald, entered the room.

"Oh, as for Sir Frederic Beaumantle," said she who was formerly Miss Danvers, and now Mrs Garland, "I claim him as mine." And forthwith she displayed the famous declaration of the baronet—addressed to herself!

Their mirth had scarcely subsided, when the writer of the letter himself made his appearance. He had called early, for he had concluded, after much deliberation, that it was not consistent with the ardour and impetuosity of love, to wait till the formal hour of visiting, in order to receive the answer of Miss Danvers.



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That answer the lady at once gave by presenting Captain Garland to him in the character of her husband. At the same time, she returned his epistle, and, explaining that circumstances had compelled the captain and herself to marry in a private and secret manner, apologized for the mistake into which the concealment of their engagement had led him.

“A mistake indeed—a mistake altogether!” exclaimed the baronet, catching at a straw as he fell—“a mistake into which this absurd fashion of envelopes has led us. The letter was never intended, madam, to be enclosed to you. It was designed for the hands”——

And he turned to Miss Sherwood, who, on her part, took the arm of Reginald with a significance of manner which proved to him that, for the present at least, his declaration of love might return into his own desk, there to receive still further emendations.

“No wonder, Sir Frederic,” said Mr Sherwood, compassionating the baronet’s situation—“no wonder your proposal is not wanted. These young ladies have taken their affairs into their own hands. It is *Leap-Year*. One of them, at least, (looking to his daughter,) has made good use of its privilege. The initiative, Sir Frederic, is taken from us.”

The baronet had nothing left but to make his politest bow and retire.

“Reginald, my dear boy,” continued the old gentleman, “give me your hand. Emily is right. I don’t know how I should part with her. I will only make this bargain with you, Reginald—that you marry us both. You must not turn me out of doors.”

Reginald returned the pressure of his hand, but he could say nothing. Mr Sherwood, however, saw his answer in eyes that were filling involuntarily with tears.

* * * * *

THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCKS.

THE PAVING QUESTION.

The subject of greatest metropolitan interest which has occurred for many years, is the introduction of wood paving. As the main battle has been fought in London, and nothing but a confused report of the great object in dispute may have penetrated beyond the sound of Bow bells, we think it will not be amiss to put on record, in the imperishable brass and marble of our pages, an account of the mighty struggle—of the doughty champions who couched the lance and drew the sword in the opposing ranks—and, finally, to what side victory seems to incline on this beautiful 1st of May in the year 1843.



Come, then, to our aid, oh ye heavenly Muses! who enabled Homer to sing in such persuasive words the fates of Troy and of its wooden horse; for surely a subject which is so deeply connected both with wood and horses, is not beneath your notice; but perhaps, as poetry is gone out of fashion at the present time, you will depute one of your humbler sisters, rejoicing in the name of Prose, to give us a few hints in the composition of our great history. The name of



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the first pavier, we fear, is unknown, unless we could identify him with Triptolemus, who was a great improver of Rhodes; but it is the fate of all the greatest benefactors of their kind to be neglected, and in time forgotten. The first regularly defined paths were probably footways—the first carriages broad-wheeled. No record remains of what materials were used for filling up the ruts; so it is likely, in those simple times when enclosure acts were unknown, that the cart was seldom taken in the same track. As houses were built, and something in the shape of streets began to be established, the access to them must have been more attended to. A mere smoothing of the inequalities of the surface over which the oxen had to be driven, that brought the grain home on the enormous *plaustra* of the husbandman, was the first idea of a street, whose very name is derived from *stratum*, levelled. As experience advanced, steps would be taken to prevent the softness of the road from interrupting the draught. A narrow rim of stone, just wide enough to sustain the wheel, would, in all probability, be the next improvement; and only when the gentle operations of the farm were exchanged for war, and the charger had to be hurried to the fight, with all the equipments necessary for an army, great roads were laid open, and covered with hard materials to sustain the wear and tear of men and animals. Roads were found to be no less necessary to retain a conquest than to make it; and the first true proof of the greatness of Rome was found in the long lines of military ways, by which she maintained her hold upon the provinces. You may depend on it, that no expense was spared in keeping the glorious street that led up her Triumphs to the Capitol in excellent repair. All the nations of the *Orbis Antiquus* ought to have trembled when they saw the beginning of the Appian road. It led to Britain and Persia, to Carthage and the White Sea. The Britons, however, in ancient days, seem to have been about the stupidest and least enterprising of all the savages hitherto discovered. After an intercourse of four hundred years with the most polished people in the world, they continued so miserably benighted, that they had not even acquired masonic knowledge enough to repair a wall. The rampart raised by their Roman protectors between them and the Picts and Scots, became in some places dilapidated. The unfortunate natives had no idea how to mend the breach, and had to send once more for their auxiliaries. If such their state in regard to masonry, we cannot suppose that their skill in road-making was very great; and yet we are told that, even on Caesar's invasion, the Britons careered about in war-chariots, which implies both good roads and some mechanical skill; but we think it a little too much in historians to ask us to believe BOTH these views of the condition of our predecessors in the tight little island; for it is quite clear that a people who had arrived at



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the art of coach-making, could not be so very ignorant as not to know how to build a wall. If it were not for the letters of Cicero, we should not believe a syllable about the war-chariots that carried amazement into the hearts of the Romans, even in Kent or Surrey. But we here boldly declare, that if twenty Ciceros were to make their affidavits to the fact of a set of outer barbarians, like Galgacus and his troops, “sweeping their fiery lines on rattling wheels” up and down the Grampians—where, at a later period, a celebrated shepherd fed his flocks—we should not believe a word of their declaration. Tacitus, in the same manner, we should prosecute for perjury.

The Saxons were a superior race, and when the eightsome-reel of the heptarchy became the *pas-seul* of the kingdom of England, we doubt not that Watling Street was kept in passable condition, and that Alfred, amidst his other noble institutions, invented a highway rate. The fortresses and vassal towns of the barons, after the Conquest, must have covered the country with tolerable cross-roads; and even the petty wars of those steel-clad marauders must have had a good effect in opening new communications. For how could Sir Reginald Front-de-Boeuf, or Sir Hildebrand Bras-de-Fer, carry off the booty of their discomfited rival to their own granaries without loaded tumbrils, and roads fit to pass over?

Nor would it have been wise in rich abbots and fat monks to leave their monasteries and abbeys inaccessible to pious pilgrims, who came to admire thigh-bones of martyred virgins and skulls of beatified saints, and paid very handsomely for the exhibition. Finally, trade began, and paviors flourished. The first persons of that illustrious profession appear, from the sound of the name, to have been French, unless we take the derivation of a cockney friend of ours, who maintains that the origin of the word is not the French *pave*, but the indigenous English pathway. However that may be, we are pretty sure that paving was known as one of the fine arts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for, not to mention the anecdote of Raleigh and his cloak—which could only happen where puddles formed the exception and not the rule—we read of Essex’s horse stumbling on a paving-stone in his mad ride to his house in the Strand. We also prove, from Shakspeare’s line—

“The very stones would rise in mutiny”—

the fact of stones forming the main body of the streets in his time; for it is absurd to suppose that he was so rigid an observer of the unities as to pay the slightest respect to the state of paving in the time of Julius Caesar at Rome.



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Gradually London took the lead in improving its ways. It was no longer necessary for the fair and young to be carried through the mud upon costly pillions, on the backs of high-stepping Flanders mares. Beauty rolled over the stones in four-wheeled carriages, and it did not need more than half-a-dozen running footmen—the stoutest that could be found—to put their shoulders occasionally to the wheel, and help the eight black horses to drag the ponderous vehicle through the heavier parts of the road. Science came to the aid of beauty in these distressing circumstances. Springs were invented that yielded to every jolt; and, with the aid of cushions, rendered a visit to Highgate not much more fatiguing than we now find the journey to Edinburgh. Luxury went on—wealth flowed in—paviers were encouraged—coach-makers grew great men—and London, which our ancestors had left mud, was now stone. Year after year the granite quarries of Aberdeen poured themselves out on the streets of the great city, and a million and a half of people drove, and rode, and bustled, and bargained, and cheated, and thrived, in the midst of a din that would have silenced the artillery of Trafalgar, and a mud which, if turned into bricks, would have built the tower of Babel. The citizens were now in possession of the “*fumum et opes strepitumque Romae*,” but some of the more quietly disposed, though submitting patiently to the “*fumum*,” and by no means displeased with the “*opes*,” thought the “*strepitumque*” could be dispensed with, and plans of all kinds were proposed for obviating the noise and other inconveniences of granite blocks. Some proposed straw, rushes, sawdust; ingenuity was at a stand-still; and London appeared to be condemned to a perpetual atmosphere of smoke and sound. It is pleasant to look back on difficulties, when overcome—the best illustration of which is Columbus’s egg; for, after convincing the sceptic, there can be no manner of doubt that he swallowed the yelk and white, leaving the shell to the pugnacious disputant. In the same way we look with a pleasing kind of pity on the quandaries of those whom we shall call—with no belief whatever in the pre-Adamite theory—the pre-Macadamites.

A man of talent and enterprise, Mr Macadam, proposed a means of getting quit of one of the objections to the granite causeways. By breaking them up into small pieces, and spreading them in sufficient quantity, he proved that a continuous hard surface would be formed, by which the uneasy jerks from stone to stone would be avoided, and the expense, if not diminished, at all events not materially increased. When the proposition was fairly brought before the public, it met the fate of all innovations. Timid people—the very persons, by the by, who had been the loudest in their exclamations against the ancient causeways—became alarmed the moment they saw a chance of getting quit of them. As we never know the value of a thing till we have lost it, their attachment to stone and



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noise became more intense in proportion as the certainty of being deprived of them became greater. It was proved to the satisfaction of all rational men, if Mr Macadam's experiment succeeded, and a level surface were furnished to the streets, that, besides noise, many other disadvantages of the rougher mode of paving would be avoided. Among these the most prominent was slipperiness; and it was impossible to be denied, that at many seasons of the year, not only in frost, when every terrestrial pathway must be unsafe; but in the dry months of summer, the smooth surfaces of the blocks of granite, polished and rounded by so many wheels, were each like a convex mass of ice, and caused unnumbered falls to the less adroit of the equestrian portion of the king's subjects. One of the most zealous advocates of the improvement was the present Sir Peter Laurie, not then elevated to a seat among the Equites, but imbued probably with a foreknowledge of his knighthood, and therefore anxious for the safety of his horse. Sir Peter was determined, in all senses of the word, to *leave no stone unturned*; and a very small mind, when directed to one object with all its force, has more effect than a large mind unactuated by the same zeal—as a needle takes a sharper point than a sword. Thanks, therefore, are due, in a great measure, to the activity and eloquence of the worthy alderman for the introduction of Macadam's system of road-making into the city.

Many evils were certainly got rid of by this alteration—the jolting motion from stone to stone—the slipperiness and unevenness of the road—and the chance, in case of an accident, of contesting the hardness of your skull with a mass of stone, which seemed as if it were made on purpose for knocking out people's brains. For some time contentment sat smiling over the city. But, as “man never is, but always to be, blest,” perfect happiness appeared not to be secured even by Macadam. Ruts began to be formed—rain fell, and mud was generated at a prodigious rate; repairs were needed, and the road for a while was rough and almost impassable. Then it was found out that the change had only led to a different *kind* of noise, instead of destroying it altogether; and the perpetual grinding of wheels, sawing their way through the loose stones at the top, or ploughing through the wet foundation, was hardly an improvement on the music arising from the jolts and jerks along the causeway. Men's minds got confused in the immensity of the uproar, and deafness became epidemic. In winter, the surface of Macadam formed a series of little lakes, resembling on a small scale those of Canada; in summer, it formed a Sahara of dust, prodigiously like the great desert. Acres of the finest alluvial clay floated past the shops in autumn; in spring, clouds of the finest sand were wafted among the goods, and penetrated to every drawer and wareroom. And high over all, throughout all the main highways of commerce—the Strand—Fleet Street—Oxford Street—Holborn—raged a storm of sound, that made conversation a matter of extreme difficulty without such stentorian an effort as no ordinary lungs could make. As the inhabitants of Abdera went about sighing from morning to night, “Love! love!” so the persecuted dwellers in the great thoroughfares wished incessantly for cleanliness! smoothness! silence!



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“Abra was present when they named her name,” and, after a few gropings after truth—a few experiments that ended in nothing—a voice was heard in the city, that streets could be paved with wood. This was by no means a discovery in itself; for in many parts of the country ingenious individuals had laid down wooden floors upon their farm-yards; and, in other lands, it was a very common practice to use no other material for their public streets. But, in London, it was new; and all that was wanted, was science to use the material (at first sight so little calculated to bear the wear and tear of an enormous traffic) in the most eligible manner. The first who commenced an actual piece of paving was a Mr Skead—a perfectly simple and inartificial system, which it was soon seen was doomed to be superseded. His blocks were nothing but pieces of wood of a hexagon shape—with no cohesion, and no foundation—so that they trusted each to its own resources to resist the pressure of a wheel, or the blow of a horse’s hoof; and, as might have been foreseen, they became very uneven after a short use, and had no recommendation except their cheapness and their exemption from noise. The fibre was vertical, and at first no grooves were introduced; they, of course, became rounded by wearing away at the edge, and as slippery as the ancient granite. The Metropolitan Company took warning from the defects of their predecessor, and adopted the patent of a scientific French gentleman of the name of De Lisle. The combination of the blocks is as elaborate as the structure of a ship of war, and yet perfectly easy, being founded on correct mechanical principles, and attaining the great objects required—viz. smoothness, durability, and quiet. The blocks, which are shaped at such an angle that they give the most perfect mutual support, are joined to each other by oaken dowels, and laid on a hard concrete foundation, presenting a level surface, over which the impact is so equally divided, that the whole mass resists the pressure on each particular block; and yet, from being formed in panels of about a yard square, they are laid down or lifted up with far greater ease than the causeway. Attention was immediately attracted to this invention, and all efforts have hitherto been vain to improve on it. Various projectors have appeared—some with concrete foundations, some with the blocks attached to each other, not by oak dowels, but by being alternately concave and convex at the side; but this system has the incurable defect of wearing off at the edges, where the fibre of the wood, of course, is weakest, and presents a succession of bald-pated surfaces, extremely slippery, and incapable of being permanently grooved. A specimen of this will be often referred to in the course of this account, being that which has attained such an unenviable degree of notoriety in the Poultry. Other inventors have shown ingenuity and perseverance; but the great representative of wooden paving we take to be the Metropolitan Company, and we proceed to a narrative of the attacks it has sustained, and the struggles it has gone through.



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So long ago as July 1839, the inventor explained to a large public meeting of noblemen and men of science, presided over by the Duke of Sussex, the principle of his discovery. It consisted in a division of the cube, or, as he called it, the stereotomy of the cube. After observing, that “although the cube was the most regular of all solid bodies, and the most learned men amongst the Greeks and other nations had occupied themselves to ascertain and measure its proportions, he said it had never hitherto been regarded as a body, to be anatomized or explored in its internal parts. Some years ago, it had occurred to a French mathematician that the cube was divisible into six pyramidal forms; and it therefore had struck him, the inventor, that the natural formation of that figure was by a combination of those forms. Having detailed to his audience a number of experiments, and shown how the results thereby obtained accorded with mathematical principles, he proceeded to explain the various purposes to which diagonal portions of the cube might be applied. By cutting the body in half, and then dividing the half in a diagonal direction, he obtained a figure—namely, a quarter of the cube—in which, he observed, the whole strength or power of resistance of the entire body resided; and he showed the application of these sections of the cube to the purposes of paving by wood.” Such is the first meagre report of the broaching of a scientific system of paving; and, with the patronage of such men of rank and eminence as took an interest in the subject, the progress was sure and rapid.

In December 1839, about 1100 square yards were laid down in Whitehall, and a triumph was never more complete; for since that period it has continued as smooth and level as when first it displaced the Macadam; it has never required repair, and has been a small basis of peace and quietness, amidst a desert of confusion and turmoil. Since that time, about sixty thousand yards in various parts of London, being about three-fourths of all the pavement hitherto introduced, attest the public appreciation of the Metropolitan Company’s system. It may be interesting to those who watch the progress of great changes, to particularize the operations (amounting in the aggregate to forty thousand yards) that were carried out upon this system in 1842:—

St Giles’s, Holborn
Foundling Estate
Hammersmith Bridge
St Andrew’s, Holborn
Jermyn Street
Old Bailey
Piccadilly
Newgate Street, eastern end
Southampton Street
Lombard Street
Oxford Street
Regent Street;

besides several noblemen's court-yards, such as the Dukes of Somerset and Sutherland's, and a great number of stables, for which it is found peculiarly adapted.



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The other projectors have specimens principally in the Strand; that near the Golden Cross, being by Mr Skead; that near Coutts's Bank, Mr Saunders; at St Giles's Church, in Holborn, Mr Rankin; and in the city, at Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and the Poultry, Mr Cary. The Poultry is a short space lying between Cheapside and the Mansion-house, consisting altogether of only 378 square yards. It lies in a hollow, as if on purpose to receive the river of mud which rolls its majestic course from the causeway on each side. The traffic on it, though not fast, is perpetual, and the system from the first was faulty. In addition to these drawbacks, its cleansing was totally neglected; and on all these accounts, it offered an excellent point of attack to any person who determined to signalize himself by preaching a crusade against wood. Preachers, thank heaven! are seldom wanted; and on this occasion the part of Peter the Hermit was undertaken by Peter the Knight; for our old acquaintance, the opponent of causeways, the sworn enemy to granite, the favourer of Macadam, had worn the chain of office; had had his ears tickled for a whole year by the magic word, my lord, was as much of a knight as Sir Amadis de Gaul, and much more of an alderman; had been a great dispenser of justice, and sometimes a dispenser with law; had made himself a name, before which that of the Curtises and Waithmans grew pale; and, above all, was at that very moment in want of a grievance. Sir Peter Laurie gave notice of a motion on the subject of the Poultry. People began to think something had gone wrong with the chickens, or that Sir Robert had laid a high duty on foreign eggs. The alarm spread into Norfolk, and affected the price of turkeys. Bantams fell in value, and barn-door fowls were a drug. In the midst of all these fears, it began to be whispered about, that if any chickens were concerned in the motion, it was Cary's chickens; and that the attack, though nominally on the hen-roost, was in reality on the wood. It was now the depth of winter; snowy showers were succeeded by biting frosts; the very smoothness of the surface of the wooden pavement was against it; for as no steps were taken to prevent slipperiness, by cleansing or sanding the street—or better still, perhaps, by roughing the horses' shoes, many tumbles took place on this doomed little portion of the road; and some of the city police, having probably, in the present high state of English morals, little else to do, were employed to count the falls. Armed with a list of these accidents, which grew in exact proportion to the number of people who saw them—(for instance, if three people separately reported, "a grey horse down in the Poultry," it did duty for three grey horses)—Sir Peter opened the business of the day, at a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers for the City of London, on the 14th of February 1843. Mr Alderman Gibbs was in the chair. Sir Peter, on this occasion, transcended his usual efforts; he was inspired with the genius of his subject, and was as great a specimen of slip-slop as the streets themselves. He requested a petition to be read, signed by a Mr Gray, and a considerable number of other jobmasters and livery stable-keepers, against wood pavement; and, as it formed the text on which he spoke, we quote it entire:—



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“To the Commissioners of Sewers—

“The humble memorial of your memorialists, humbly sheweth,—That in consequence of the introduction of wood pavements into the City of London, in lieu of granite, a very great number of accidents have occurred; and in drawing a comparison between the two from observations made, it is found where one accident happened on the granite pavement, that ten at least took place upon the wood. Your memorialists therefore pray, that, in consequence of the wood pavement being so extremely dangerous to travel over, you would be pleased to take the matter into your serious consideration, and cause it to be removed; by doing which you will, in the first place, be removing a great and dangerous nuisance; and, secondly, you will be setting a beneficial and humane example to other metropolitan districts.”

Mr Gray, in addition to the memorial, begged fully to corroborate its statements, and said that he had himself twice been thrown out by the falling of his horse on the wood, and had broken his shafts both times. As he did not allude to his legs and arms, we conclude they escaped uninjured; and the only effect created by his observation, seemed to be a belief that his horse was probably addicted to falling, and preferred the wood to the rough and hard angles of the granite. Immediately after the reading of the stablemen’s memorial, a petition was introduced in favour of wood pavement from Cornhill, signed by all the inhabitants of that wealthy and flourishing district, and, on the principles of fair play, we transcribe it as a pendant to the other:—

“Your petitioners, the undersigned inhabitants of the ward of Cornhill and Birchen Lane, beg again to bring before you their earnest request, that that part of Cornhill which is still paved with granite, and also Birchen Lane, may now be paved with wood.

“Your petitioners are well aware that many complaints have been received of the wood paving in the Poultry; but they beg to submit to you that no reports which have been, or which may be made, of the accidents which have occurred on that small spot, should be considered as in any way illustrative of the merits of the general question. From its minuteness, and its slope at both extremities, it is constantly covered with slippery mud from the granite at each end; and that, together with the sudden transition from one sort of paving to another, causes the horses continually to stumble on that spot. Your petitioners therefore submit that no place could have been selected for experiment so ill adapted to show a fair result. Since your petitioners laid their former petition before you, they have ascertained, by careful examination and enquiry, that in places where wood paving has been laid down continuously to a moderate extent—viz. in Regent Street, Jermyn Street, Holborn, Oxford Street, the Strand, Coventry Street, and Lombard Street—it has fully effected all that was expected from it; it has freed the streets from the distracting nuisance of incessant noise, has diminished mud, increased the value of property, and given full satisfaction to the inhabitants. Your petitioners, therefore, beg to urge upon you most strongly a compliance with their request, which they feel assured would be a further extension of a great public good.”



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In addition to the petition, Mr Fernie, who presented it, stated “that the inhabitants (whom he represented) had satisfied themselves of the advantages of wood paving before they wished its adoption at their own doors. That enquiries had been made of the inhabitants of streets in the enjoyment of wood paving, and they all approved of it; and said, that nothing would induce them to return to the old system of stone; that they were satisfied the number of accidents had not been greater on the wood than they had been on the granite; and that they were of a much less serious character and extent.”

Sir Peter on this applied a red silk handkerchief to his nose; wound three blasts on that wild horn, as if to inspire him for the charge; and rushed into the middle of the fight. His first blow was aimed at Mr Prosser, the secretary of the Metropolitan Company, who had stated that in Russia, where wooden pavements were common, a sprinkling of pitch and strong sand had prevented the possibility of slipping. Orlando Furioso was a peaceful Quaker compared to the infuriate Laurie. “The admission of Mr Prosser,” he said, “proves that, without pitch and sand, wood pavements are impassable;” and fearful was it to see the prodigious vigour with which the Prosser with two s’s, was pressed and assaulted by the Proser with only one. Wonder took possession of the assemblage, at the catalogue of woes the impassioned orator had collected as the results of this most dangerous and murderous contrivance. An old woman had been run over by an omnibus—all owing to wood; a boy had been killed by a cab—all owing to wood; and it seemed never to have occurred to the speaker, in his anti-silvan fury, that boy’s legs are occasionally broken by unruly cabs, and poles of omnibuses run into the backs of unsuspecting elderly gentlemen on the roads which continue under the protecting influence of granite or Macadam. He had seen horses fall on the wooden pavements in all directions; he had seen a troop of dragoons, in the midst of the frost, dismount and lead their un-roughed horses across Regent Street; the Recorder had gone round by the squares to avoid the wooden districts; one lady had ordered her coachman to stick constantly to stone; and another, when she required to go to Regent Street, dismissed her carriage and walked. The thanks he had received for his defence of granite were innumerable; an omnibus would not hold the compliments that had been paid him for his efforts against wood; and, as Lord Shaftesbury had expressed his obligations to him on the subject, he did not doubt that if the matter came before the House of Lords, he would bestow the degree of attention on it which his lordship bestowed on all matters of importance. Working himself up as he drew near his peroration, he broke out into a blaze of eloquence which put the Lord Mayor into some fear on account of the Thames, of which he is official conservator. “The thing cannot last!” he exclaimed;



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“and if you don’t, in less than two years from this time, say I am a true prophet, put me on seven years’ allowance.” What the meaning of this latter expression may be, we cannot divine. It seems to us no very severe punishment to be forced to receive the allowance of seven years instead of one, the only explanation we can think of is, that it contains some delicate allusion to the dietary of gentlemen who are supposed to be visiting one of the colonies in New Holland, but in reality employ themselves in aquatic amusements in Portsmouth and Plymouth harbour “for the space of seven long years”—and are not supposed to fare in so sumptuous a manner as the aldermen of the city of London.

“The poor horses,” he proceeded, “that are continually tumbling down on the wood pavement, cannot send their representatives, but I will represent them here whenever I have the opportunity”—(a horse laugh, as if from the orator’s constituents, was excited by this sally.) “But, gentlemen, besides the danger of this atrocious system, we ought to pay a little attention to the expense. I maintain you have no right to make the inhabitants of those streets to which there is no idea of extending the wood paving, pay for the ease and comfort, as it is called, of persons residing in the larger thoroughfares, such as Newgate Street and Cheapside. But the promoters say, ‘Oh I but we will have the whole town paved with it’—(hear, hear.) What would this cost? A friend of mine has made some calculations on this point, and he finds that, to pave the whole town with wood, an outlay of twenty-four millions of money must be incurred!”

It was generally supposed in the meeting that the friend here alluded to was either Mr Joseph Hume or the ingenious gentleman who furnished Lord Stanley with the statistics of the wheat-growing districts of Tamboff. It was afterwards discovered to be a Mr Cocker Munchausen.

Twenty-four millions of money! and all to be laid out on wood! The thought was so immense that it nearly choked the worthy orator, and he could not proceed for some time. When at last, by a great effort, he recovered the thread of his discourse, he became pathetic about the fate of one of the penny-post boys, (a relation—“we guess”—of the deceased H. Walker, Esq. of the Twopenny Post,)—who had broken his leg on the wooden pavement. The authorities had ordered the lads to avoid the wood in future. For all these reasons, Sir Peter concluded his speech with a motion, “That the wood pavement in the Poultry is dangerous and inconvenient to the public, and ought to be taken up and replaced with granite pavement.”

“As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After some well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him who enters next
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,

Even so, or with more scorn, men's eyes
Were turned on——Mr Deputy Godson!"



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The benevolent reader may have observed that the second fiddle is generally a little louder and more sharp set than the first. On this occasion that instrument was played upon by the worthy deputy, to the amazement of all the connoisseurs in that species of music in which he and his leader are known to excel. From his speech it was gathered that he represented a district which has been immortalized by the genius of the author of Tom Thumb; and in the present unfortunate aspect of human affairs, when a comet is brandishing its tail in the heavens, and O'Connell seems to have been deprived of his upon earth—when poverty, distress, rebellion, and wooden pavements, are threatening the very existence of *Great* Britain, it is consolatory to reflect that under the guardianship of Deputy Godson *Little* Britain is safe; for he is resolved to form a cordon of granite round it, and keep it free from the contamination of Norway pines or Scottish fir. "I have been urged by my constituents," he says, "to ask for wood pavement in Little Britain; but I am adverse to it, as I think wood paving is calculated to produce the greatest injury to the public.

"I have seen twenty horses down on the wood pavement together—(laughter.) I am here to state what I have seen. I have seen horses down on the wood pavement, twenty at a time—(renewed laughter.) I say, and with great deference, that we are in the habit of conferring favours when we ought to withhold them. I think gentlemen ought to pause before they burden the consolidated rate with those matters, and make the poor inhabitants of the City pay for the fancies of the wealthy members of Cornhill and the Poultry. We ought to deal even-handed justice, and not introduce into the City, and that at a great expense, a pavement that is dirty, stinking, and everything that is bad."—(laughter.)

In Pope's Homer's Iliad, it is very distressing to the philanthropic mind to reflect on the feelings that must agitate the bosom of Mr Deputy Thersites when Ajax passes by. In the British Parliament it is a melancholy sight to see the countenance of some unfortunate orator when Sir Robert Peel rises to reply, with a smile of awful import on his lips, and a subdued cannibal expression of satisfaction in his eyes. Even so must it have been a harrowing spectacle to observe the effects of the answer of Mr R.L. Jones, who rose for the purpose of moving the previous question. He said, "I thought the worthy alderman who introduced this question would have attempted to support himself by bringing some petitions from citizens against wood paving—(hear.) He has not done so, and I may observe, that from not one of the wards where wood pavement has been laid down has there been a petition to take any of the wood pavement up. What the mover of these resolutions has done, has been to travel from one end of the town to the other, to prove to you that wood paving is bad in principle. Has that been established?—(Cries



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of 'no, no.')

I venture to say they have not established any thing of the kind. All that has been done is this—it has been shown that wood pavement, which is comparatively a recent introduction, has not yet been brought to perfection—(hear, hear.) Now, every one knows that complaints have always been made against every new principle, till it has been brought to perfection. Look, for instance, at the steam-engine. How vastly different it now is, with the improvements which science has effected, from what it was when it was first introduced to the notice of the world! Wherever wood pavement has been laid down, it has been approved of. All who have enjoyed the advantage of its extension, acknowledge the comfort derived from it. Sir Peter Laurie asserts that he is continually receiving thanks for his agitation about wood paving, and that an omnibus would not hold the compliments he receives at the West End. Now, I can only say, that I find the contrary to be the case; and every body who meets me exclaims, 'Good God! what can Sir Peter Laurie be thinking about, to try and get the wood paving taken up, and stone paving substituted?' So far from thanking Sir Peter, every body is astonished at him. The wood pavement has not been laid down nearly three years, and I say here, in the face of the Commission, that there have not been ten blocks taken up; but had granite been put down, I will venture to say that it would, during the same period, have been taken up six or seven times. Your books will prove it, that the portion of granite pavement in the Poultry was taken up six or seven times during a period of three years. When the wood paving becomes a little slippery, go to your granite heaps which belong to this commission, or to your fine sifted cinder heaps, and let that be strewed over the surface; that contains no earthy particles, and will, when it becomes imbedded in the wood, form such a surface that there cannot be any possibility be any slipperiness—(hear, hear!) Do we not pursue this course in frosty weather even with our own stone paving? There used to be, before this plan was adopted, not a day pass but you would in frosty weather see two, three, four, and even five or six horses down together on the stone paving—('Oh! oh!' from Mr Deputy Godson.) My friend may cry 'oh! oh!' but I mean to say that this assertion is not so incongruous as the statement of my friend, that he saw twenty horses down at once on the wood pavement in Newgate Street, (laughter.) I may exclaim with my worthy friend the deputy on my left, who lives in Newgate Street, 'When the devil did it happen? I never heard of it.' I stand forward in support of wood paving as a great public principle, because I believe it to be most useful and advantageous to the public; which is proved by the fact, that the public at large are in favour of it. If we had given notice that this court would be open to hear the opinions of the citizens of London on the subject of wood paving, I am convinced that the number of petitions in its favour would have been so great, that the doors would not have been sufficiently wide to have received them."



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Mr Jones next turned his attention to the arithmetical statements of Sir Peter; and a better specimen of what in the Scotch language is called a stramash, it has never been our good fortune to meet with:—

“We have been told by the worthy knight who introduced this motion, that to pave London with wood would cost twenty-four millions of money. Now, it so happens that, some time since, I directed the city surveyor to obtain for me a return of the number of square yards of paving-stone there are throughout all the streets in this city. I hold that return in my hand; and I find there are 400,000 yards, which, at fifteen shillings per yard, would not make the cost of wood paving come to twenty-four millions of money; no, gentlemen, nor to four millions, nor to three, nor even to one million—why, the cost, gentlemen, dwindles down from Sir Peter’s twenty-four millions to L300,000—(hear, hear, and laughter.)

“If I go into Fore Street I find every body admiring the wood pavement. If I go on Cornhill I find the same—and all the great bankers in Lombard Street say, ‘What a delightful thing this wood paving is! Sir Peter Laurie must be mad to endeavour to deprive us of it.’ I told them not to be alarmed, for they might depend on it the good sense of this court would not allow so great and useful an improvement in street paving to retrograde in the manner sought to be effected by this revolution. I shall content myself with moving the previous question”—(cheers.)

It is probable that Mr Jones, in moving the previous question, contented himself a mighty deal more than he did Sir Peter; and the triumph of the woodites was increased when Mr Pewtress seconded the amendment:—

“If there is any time of the year when the wood pavement is more dangerous than another, probably the most dangerous is when the weather is of the damp, muggy, and foggy character which has been prevailing; and when all pavements are remarkably slippery. The worthy knight has shown great tact in choosing his time for bringing this matter before the public. We have had three or four weeks weather of the most extraordinary description I ever remember; not frosty nor wet, but damp and slippery; so that the granite has been found so inconvenient to horses, that they have not been driven at the common and usual pace. And I am free to confess that, under the peculiar state of the atmosphere to which I have alluded, the wood pavement is more affected than the granite pavement. But in ordinary weather there is very little difference. I am satisfied that, if the danger and inconvenience were as great as the worthy knight has represented, we should have had applications against the pavement; but all the applications we have had on the subject have been in favour of the extension of wood pavement.”



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The speaker then takes up the ground, that as wood, as a material for paving, is only recently introduced, it is natural that vested interests should be alarmed, and that great misapprehension should exist as to its nature and merits. On this subject he introduces an admirable illustration:—"In the early part of my life I remember attending a lecture—when gas was first introduced—by Mr Winson. The lecture was delivered in Pall-Mall, and the lecturer proposed to demonstrate that the introduction of gas would be destructive of life and property. I attended that lecture, and I never came away from a public lecture more fully convinced of any thing than I did that he had proved his position. He produced a quantity of gas, and placed a receiver on the table. He had with him some live birds, as well as some live mice and rabbits; and, introducing some gas into the receiver, he put one of the animals in it. In a few minutes life was extinct, and in this way he deprived about half a dozen of these animals of their life. 'Now, gentlemen,' said the lecturer, 'I have proved to you that gas is destructive to life; I will now show you that it is destructive to property.' He had a little pasteboard house, and said, 'I will suppose that it is lighted up with gas, and from the carelessness of the servant the stopcock of the burner has been so turned off as to allow an escape of gas, and that it has escaped and filled the house.' Having let the gas into the card house, he introduced a light and blew it up. 'Now,' said he, 'I think I have shown you that it is not only destructive to life and property; but that, if it is introduced into the metropolis, it will be blown up by it.'"

We have now given a short analysis of the speeches of the proposers and seconders on each side in this great debate; and after hearing Mr Frodsham on the opposition, and the Common Sergeant—whose objection, however, to wood was confined to its unsuitableness at some seasons for horsemanship—granting that a strong feeling in its favour existed among the owners and inhabitants of houses where it has been laid down; and on the other side, Sir Chapman Marshall—a strenuous woodite—who challenged Sir Peter Laurie to find fault with the pavement at Whitehall, "which he had no hesitation in saying was the finest piece of paving of any description in London;" Mr King, who gave a home thrust to Sir Peter, which it was impossible to parry—"We have heard a great deal about humanity and post-boys; does the worthy gentleman know, that the Postmaster has only within the last few weeks sent a petition here, begging that you would, with all possible speed, put wood paving round the Post-office?" and various other gentlemen *pro* and *con*—a division was taken, when Sir Peter was beaten by an immense majority.

Another meeting, of which no public notice was given, was held shortly after to further Sir Peter's object, by sundry stable-keepers and jobmasters, under the presidency of the same Mr Gray, whose horse had acquired the malicious habit of breaking its knees on the Poultry. As there was no opposition, there was no debate; and as no names of the parties attending were published, it fell dead-born, although advertised two or three times in the newspapers.



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On Tuesday, the 4th of April, Sir Peter buckled on his armour once more, and led the embattled cherubim to war, on the modified question, "That wood-paving operations be suspended in the city for a year;" but after a repetition of the arguments on both sides, he was again defeated by the same overwhelming majority as before.

Such is the state of wood paving as a party question among the city authorities at the present date. The squabbles and struggles among the various projectors would form an amusing chapter in the history of street rows—for it is seen that it is a noble prize to strive for. If the experiment succeeds, all London will be paved with wood, and fortunes will be secured by the successful candidates for employment. Every day some fresh claimant starts up and professes to have remedied every defect hitherto discovered in the systems of his predecessors. Still confidence seems unshaken in the system which has hitherto shown the best results; and since the introduction of the very ingenious invention of Mr Whitworth of Manchester, of a cart, which by an adaptation of wheels and pulleys, and brooms and buckets, performs the work of thirty-six street-sweepers, the perfection of the work in Regent Street has been seen to such advantage, and the objections of slipperiness so clearly proved to arise, not from the nature of wood, but from the want of cleansing, that even the most timid are beginning to believe that the opposition to the further introduction of it is injudicious. Among these even Sir Peter promises to enrol himself, if the public favour continues as strong towards it for another year as he perceives it to be at the present time.

And now, dismissing these efforts at resisting a change which we may safely take to be at some period or other inevitable, let us cast a cursory glance at some of the results of the general introduction of wood pavement.

In the first place, the facility of cleansing will be greatly increased. A smooth surface, between which and the subsoil is interposed a thick concrete—which grows as hard and impermeable as iron—will not generate mud and filth to one-fiftieth of the extent of either granite roads or Macadam. It is probable that if there were no importations of dirt from the wheels of carriages coming off the stone streets, little scavenging would be needed. Certainly not more than could be supplied by one of Whitworth's machines. And it is equally evident that if wood were kept unpolluted by the liquid mud—into which the surface of the other causeways is converted in the driest weather by water carts—the slipperiness would be effectually cured.

In the second place, the saving of expense in cleansing and repairing would be prodigious. Let us take as our text a document submitted to the Marylebone Vestry in 1840, and acted on by them in the case of Oxford Street; and remember that the expenses of cleansing were calculated at the cost of the manual labour—a cost, we believe, reduced two thirds by the invention of Mr Whitworth. The Report is dated 1837:



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“The cost of the last five years having been, L16,881
 The present expense for 1837, about 2,000
 The required outlay 4,000
 And the cleansing for 1837 900

Gives a total for six years of L23,781

“Or an annual expenditure averaging L3963; so that the future expenses of Oxford Street, maintained as a Macadamized carriage-way, would be about L4000, or 2s. 4d per yard per annum.“In contrast with this extract from the parochial documents, the results of which must have been greatly increased within the last three years, the Metropolitan Wood-Paving Company, who have already laid down above 4000 yards in Oxford Street, between Wells Street and Charles Street, are understood to be willing to complete the entire street in the best manner for 12s. per square yard, or about L14,000—for which they propose to take bonds bearing interest at the rate of four-and-a-half per cent per annum, whereby the parish will obtain ample time for ultimate payment; and further, to keep the whole in repair, inclusive of the cost of cleansing and watering, for one year gratuitously, and for twelve years following at L1900 per annum, being less than one-half the present outlay for these purposes.”

Whether these were the terms finally agreed on we do not know; but we perceive by public tenders that the streets can be paved in the best possible manner for 13s. or 12s. 6d. a yard; and kept in repair for 6d. a yard additional. This is certainly much cheaper than Macadam, and we should think more economical than causeways. And, besides, it has the advantage—which one of the speakers suggested to Sir Peter Laurie—“that in case of an upset, it is far more satisfactory to contest the relative hardness of heads with a block of wood than a mass of granite.”

We can only add in conclusion, that advertisements are published by the Commissioners of Sewers for contracts to pave with wood Cheapside, and Bishopsgate Street, and Whitechapel. Oh, Sir Peter!—how are the mighty fallen!

* * * * *

POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

NO. VIII.

FIRST PERIOD CONTINUED.

A FUNERAL FANTASIE.

1.



Pale, at its ghastly noon,
Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon;
The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs;
The clouds descend in rain;
Mourning, the wan stars wane,
Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres!
Haggard as spectres—vision-like and dumb,
Dark with the pomp of Death, and moving slow,
Towards that sad lair the pale Procession come
Where the Grave closes on the Night below.



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2.

With dim, deep sunken eye,
Crutch'd on his staff, who trembles tottering by?
As wrung from out the shatter'd heart, one groan
Breaks the deep hush alone!
Crush'd by the iron Fate, he seems to gather
All life's last strength to stagger to the bier,
And hearken—Do those cold lips murmur "Father?"
The sharp rain, drizzling through that place of fear,
Pierces the bones gnaw'd fleshless by despair,
And the heart's horror stirs the silver hair.

3.

Fresh bleed the fiery wounds
Through all that agonizing heart undone—
Still on the voiceless lips "my Father" sounds,
And still the childless Father murmurs "Son!"
Ice-cold—ice-cold, in that white shroud he lies—
Thy sweet and golden dreams all vanish'd there—
The sweet and golden name of "Father" dies
Into thy curse,—ice-cold—ice-cold—he lies
Dead, what thy life's delight and Eden were!

4.

Mild, as when, fresh from the arms of Aurora,
When the air like Elysium is smiling above,
Steep'd in rose-breathing odours, the darling of Flora
Wantons over the blooms on his winglets of love.—
So gay, o'er the meads, went his footsteps in bliss,
The silver wave mirror'd the smile of his face;
Delight, like a flame, kindled up at his kiss,
And the heart of the maid was the prey of his chase.

5.

Boldly he sprang to the strife of the world,
As a deer to the mountain-top carelessly springs;
As an eagle whose plumes to the sun are unfurl'd,
Swept his Hope round the Heaven on its limitless wings.
Proud as a war-horse that chafes at the rein,
That kingly exults in the storm of the brave;



That throws to the wind the wild stream of its mane,
Strode he forth by the prince and the slave!

6.

Life, like a spring-day, serene and divine,
In the star of the morning went by as a trance;
His murmurs he drown'd in the gold of the wine,
And his sorrows were borne on the wave of the dance.
Worlds lay conceal'd in the hopes of his youth,
When once he shall ripen to manhood and fame!
Fond Father exult!—In the germs of his youth
What harvests are destined for Manhood and Fame!

7.

Not to be was that Manhood!—The death-bell is knelling
The hinge of the death-vault creaks harsh on the ears—
How dismal, O Death, is the place of thy dwelling!
Not to be was that Manhood!—Flow on bitter tears!
Go, beloved, thy path to the sun,
Rise, world upon world, with the perfect to rest;
Go—quaff the delight which thy spirit has won,
And escape from our grief in the halls of the blest.



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8.

Again (in that thought what a healing is found!)
To meet in the Eden to which thou art fled!—
Hark, the coffin sinks down with a dull, sullen sound,
And the ropes rattle over the sleep of the dead.
And we cling to each other!—O Grave, he is thine!
The eye tells the woe that is mute to the ears—
And we dare to resent what we grudge to resign,
Till the heart's sinful murmur is choked in its tears.

Pale at its ghastly noon,
Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon!
The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs;
The clouds descend in rain;
Mourning, the wan stars wane,
Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres.
The dull clods swell into the sullen mound;
Earth, one look yet upon the prey we gave!
The Grave locks up the treasure it has found;
Higher and higher swells the sullen mound—
Never gives back the Grave!

* * * * *

A GROUP IN TARTARUS.

Hark, as hoarse murmurs of a gathering sea—
As brooks that howling through black gorges go,
Groans sullen, hollow, and eternally,
One wailing Woe!
Sharp Anguish shrinks the shadows there;
And blasphemous Despair
Yells its wild curse from jaws that never close;
And ghastly eyes for ever
Stare on the bridge of the relentless River,
Or watch the mournful wave as year on year it flows,
And ask each other, with parch'd lips that writhe
Into a whisper, "When the end shall be!"
The *end?*—Lo, broken in Time's hand the scythe,
And round and round revolves Eternity!

* * * * *



ELYSIUM.

Past the despairing wail—
And the bright banquets of the Elysian Vale
Melt every care away!
Delight, that breathes and moves for ever,
Glides through sweet fields like some sweet river!
Elysian life survey!
There, fresh with youth, o'er jocund meads,
His youngest west-winds blithely leads
The ever-blooming May.
Thorough gold-woven dreams goes the dance of the Hours,
In space without bounds swell the soul and its powers,
And Truth, with no veil, gives her face to the day,
And joy to-day and joy to-morrow,
But wafts the airy soul aloft;
The very name is lost to Sorrow,
And Pain is Rapture tuned more exquisitely soft.
Here the Pilgrim reposes the world-weary limb,
And forgets in the shadow, cool-breathing and dim,
The load he shall bear never more;
Here the Mower, his sickle at rest, by the streams,
Lull'd with harp-strings, reviews, in the calm of his dreams,



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The fields, when the harvest is o'er.
Here, He, whose ears drank in the battle-roar,
Whose banners stream'd upon the startled wind
A thunder-storm,—before whose thunder tread
The mountains trembled,—in soft sleep reclined,
By the sweet brook that o'er its pebbly bed
In silver plays, and murmurs to the shore,
Hears the stern clangour of wild spears no more!
Here the true Spouse the lost-beloved regains,
And on the enamell'd couch of summer-plains
Mingles sweet kisses with the west-wind's breath.
Here, crown'd at last—Love never knows decay,
Living through ages its one BRIDAL DAY,
Safe from the stroke of Death!

* * * * *

COUNT EBERHARD, THE GRUMBLER, OF WURTEMBERG.

Ha, ha I take heed—ha, ha! take heed,[10]
Ye knaves both South and North!
For many a man both bold in deed
And wise in peace, the land to lead,
Old Swabia has brought forth.

Proud boasts your Edward and your Charles,
Your Ludwig, Frederick—are!
Yet Eberhard's worth, ye bragging carles!
Your Ludwig, Frederick, Edward, Charles—
A thunder-storm in war.

And Ulrick, too, his noble son,
Ha, ha! his might ye know;
Old Eberhard's boast, his noble son,
Not he the boy, ye rogues, to run,
How stout soe'er the foe!

The Reutling lads with envy saw
Our glories, day by day;
The Reutling lads shall give the law—



The Reutling lads the sword shall draw—
O Lord—how hot were they!

Out Ulrick went and beat them not—
To Eberhard back he came—
A lowering look young Ulrick got—
Poor lad, his eyes with tears were hot—
He hung his head for shame.

“Ho—ho”—thought he—“ye rogues beware,
Nor you nor I forget—
For by my father’s beard I swear
Your blood shall wash the blot I bear,
And Ulrick pay you yet!”

Soon came the hour! with steeds and men
The battle-field was gay;
Steel closed in steel at Duffingen—
And joyous was our stripling then,
And joyous the hurra!

“The battle lost” our battle-cry;
The foe once more advances:
As some fierce whirlwind cleaves the sky,
We skirr, through blood and slaughter, by,
Amidst a night of lances!

On, lion-like, grim Ulrick sweeps—
Bright shines his hero-glaive—
Her chase before him Fury keeps,
Far-heard behind him, Anguish weeps,
And round him—is the Grave!

Woe—woe! it gleams—the sabre-blow—
Swift-sheering down it sped—
Around, brave hearts the buckler throw—
Alas! our boast in dust is low!
Count Eberhard’s boy is dead!



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Grief checks the rushing Victor-van—
Fierce eyes strange moisture know—
On rides old Eberhard, stern and wan,
“My son is like another man—
March, children, on the Foe!”

And fiery lances whirr'd around,
Revenge, at least, undying—
Above the blood-red clay we bound—
Hurrah! the burghers break their ground,
Through vale and woodland flying!

Back to the camp, behold us throng,
Flags stream, and bugles play—
Woman and child with choral song,
And men, with dance and wine, prolong
The warrior's holyday.

And our old Count—and what doth he?
Before him lies his son,
Within his lone tent, lonelily,
The old man sits with eyes that see
Through one dim tear—his son!

So heart and soul, a loyal band,
Count Eberhard's band, we are!
His front the tower that guards the land,
A thunderbolt his red right hand—
His eye a guiding star!

Then take ye heed—Aha! take heed,
Ye knaves both South and North!
For many a man, both bold in deed
And wise in peace, the land to lead,
Old Swabia has brought forth!

[10] Of the two opening lines we subjoin the original—to the vivacity and spirit of which it is, perhaps, impossible to do justice in translation:—

“Ihr—Ihr dort aussen in der Welt,
Die Nasen einges pannt!”



Eberhard, Count of Wurtemberg, reigned from 1344 to 1392. Schiller was a Swabian, and this poem seems a patriotic effusion to exalt one of the heroes of his country, of whose fame (to judge by the lines we have just quoted) the rest of the Germans might be less reverentially aware.

* * * * *

TO A MORALIST.

Are the sports of our youth so displeasing?
Is love but the folly you say?
Benumb'd with the Winter, and freezing,
You scold at the revels of May.

For you once a nymph had her charms,
And oh! when the waltz you were wreathing,
All Olympus embraced in your arms—
All its nectar in Julia's breathing.

If Jove at that moment had hurl'd
The earth in some other rotation,
Along with your Julia whirl'd,
You had felt not the shock of creation.

Learn this—that Philosophy beats
Sure time with the pulse—quick or slow
As the blood from the heyday retreats,—
But it cannot make gods of us—No!

It is well, icy Reason should thaw
In the warm blood of Mirth now and then,
The Gods for themselves have a law
Which they never intended for men.

The spirit is bound by the ties
Of its jailer, the Flesh—if I can
Not reach, as an angel, the skies,
Let me feel, on the earth, as a Man.



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* * * * *

ROUSSEAU.[11]

Oh, Monument of Shame to this our time,
 Dishonouring record to thy Mother Clime!
 Hail, Grave of Rousseau! Here thy sorrows cease.
 Freedom and Peace from earth and earthly strife!
 Vainly, sad seeker, didst thou search through life
 To find—(found now)—the Freedom and the Peace.
 When will the old wounds scar? In the dark age
 Perish'd the wise. Light came; how fares the sage?
 There's no abatement of the bigot's rage.
 Still as the wise man bled, he bleeds again.
 Sophists prepared for Socrates the bowl—
 And Christians drove the steel through Rousseau's soul—
 Rousseau who strove to render Christians—men.

[11] Schiller lived to reverse, in the third period of his intellectual career, many of the opinions expressed in the first. The sentiment conveyed in these lines on Rousseau is natural enough to the author of "The Robbers," but certainly not to the poet of "Wallenstein" and the "Lay of the Bell." We confess we doubt the maturity of any mind that can find either a saint or a martyr in Jean Jacques.

* * * * *

FORTUNE AND WISDOM.

In a quarrel with her lover
 To Wisdom Fortune flew;
 "I'll all my hoards discover—
 Be but my friend—to you.
 Like a mother I presented
 To one each fairest gift,
 Who still is discontented,
 And murmurs at my thrift.
 Come, let's be friends. What say you?
 Give up that weary plough,
 My treasures shall repay you,
 For both I have enow!"
 "Nay, see thy Friend betake him
 To death from grief for thee—



*He dies if thou forsake him—
Thy gifts are nought to me!"*

* * * * *

THE INFANTICIDE.

1.

Hark where the bells toll, chiming, dull and steady,
The clock's slow hand hath reach'd the appointed time.
Well, be it so—prepare! my soul is ready,
Companions of the grave—the rest for crime!
Now take, O world! my last farewell—receiving
My parting kisses—in these tears they dwell!
Sweet are thy poisons while we taste believing,
Now we are quits—heart-poisoner, fare-thee-well!

2.

Farewell, ye suns that once to joy invited,
Changed for the mould beneath the funeral shade
Farewell, farewell, thou rosy Time delighted,
Luring to soft desire the careless maid.
Pale gossamers of gold, farewell, sweet-dreaming
Fancies—the children that an Eden bore!
Blossoms that died while dawn itself was gleaming,
Opening in happy sunlight never more.



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3.

Swanlike the robe which Innocence bestowing,
Deck'd with the virgin favours, rosy fair,
In the gay time when many a young rose glowing,
Blush'd through the loose train of the amber hair.
Woe, woe! as white the robe that decks me now—
The shroud-like robe Hell's destined victim wears;
Still shall the fillet bind this burning brow—
That sable braid the Doomsman's hand prepares!

4.

Weep, ye *who never fell*—for whom, unerring,
The soul's white lilies keep their virgin hue,
Ye who when thoughts so danger-sweet are stirring,
Take the stern strength that Nature gives the few
Woe, for too human was this fond heart's feeling—
Feeling!—my sin's avenger^[12] doom'd to be;
Woe—for the false man's arm around me stealing,
Stole the lull'd Virtue, charm'd to sleep, from me.

5.

Ah, he perhaps shall, round another sighing,
(Forgot the serpents stinging at my breast,)
Gaily, when I in the dumb grave am lying,
Pour the warm wish, or speed the wanton jest,
Or play, perchance, with his new maiden's tresses,
Answer the kiss her lip enamour'd brings,
When the dread block the head he cradled presses,
And high the blood his kiss once fever'd springs.

6.

Thee, Francis, Francis,^[13] league on league, shall follow
The death-dirge of the Lucy once so dear;
From yonder steeple, dismal, dull, and hollow,
Shall knell the warning horror on thy ear.
On thy fresh leman's lips when Love is dawning,
And the lisp'd music glides from that sweet well—
Lo, in that breast a red wound shall be yawning,
And, in the midst of rapture, warn of hell!



7.

Betrayer, what! thy soul relentless closing
To grief—the woman-shame no art can heal—
To that small life beneath my heart reposing!
Man, man, the wild beast for its young can feel!
Proud flew the sails—receding from the land,
I watch'd them waning from the wistful eye,
Round the gay maids on Seine's voluptuous strand,
Breathes the false incense of his fatal sigh.

8.

And there the Babe! there, on the mother's bosom,
Lull'd in its sweet and golden rest it lay,
Fresh in life's morning as a rosy blossom,
It smiled, poor harmless one, my tears away.
Deathlike yet lovely, every feature speaking
In such dear calm and beauty to my sadness,
And cradled still the mother's heart, in breaking,
The soft'ning love and the despairing madness.

9.



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“Woman, where is my father?”—freezing through me,
Lisp’d the mute Innocence with thunder-sound;
“Woman, where is thy husband?”—called unto me,
In every look, word, whisper, busying round!
For thee, poor child, there is no father’s kiss.
He fondleth *other* children on his knee.
How thou wilt curse our momentary bliss,
When Bastard on thy name shall branded be!

10.

Thy mother—oh, a hell her heart concealeth,
Lone-sitting, lone in social Nature’s All!
Thirsting for that glad fount thy love revealeth,
While still thy look the glad fount turns to gall.
In every infant cry my soul is heark’ning,
The haunting happiness for ever o’er,
And all the bitterness of death is dark’ning
The heavenly looks that smiled mine eyes before.

11.

Hell, if my sight those looks a moment misses—
Hell, when my sight upon those looks is turn’d—
The avenging furies madden in *thy* kisses,
That slept in *his* what time my lips they burn’d.
Out from their graves his oaths spoke back in thunder!
The perjury stalk’d like murder in the sun—
For ever—God!—sense, reason, soul, sunk under—
The deed was done!

12.

Francis, O Francis! league on league, shall chase thee
The shadows hurrying grimly on thy flight—
Still with their icy arms they shall embrace thee,
And mutter thunder in thy dream’s delight!
Down from the soft stars, in their tranquil glory,
Shall look thy dead child with a ghastly stare;
That shape shall haunt thee in its cerements gory,
And scourge thee back from heaven—its home is there!

13.



Lifeless—how lifeless!—see, oh see, before me
It lies cold—stiff!—O God!—and with that blood
I feel, as swoops the dizzy darkness o'er me,
Mine own life mingled—ebbing in the flood—
Hark, at the door they knock—more loud within me—
More awful still—its sound the dread heart gave!
Gladly I welcome the cold arms that win me—
Fire, quench thy tortures in the icy grave!

14.

Francis—a God that pardons dwells in heaven—
Francis, the sinner—yes—she pardons thee—
So let my wrongs unto the earth be given:
Flame seize the wood!—it burns—it kindles—see!
There—there his letters cast—behold are ashes—
His vows—the conquering fire consumes them here:
His kisses—see—see all—all are only ashes—
All, all—the all that once on earth were dear!

15.



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Trust not the roses which your youth enjoyeth,
Sisters, to man's faith, changeful as the moon!
Beauty to me brought guilt—its bloom destroyeth:
Lo, in the judgment court I curse the boon:
Tears in the headsman's gaze—what tears?—tis spoken!
Quick, bind mine eyes—all soon shall be forgot—
Doomsman—the lily hast thou never broken?
Pale doomsman—tremble not!

[12] “Und Empfindung soll mein Richtschwert seyn.” A line of great vigour in the original, but which, if literally translated, would seem extravagant in English.

[13] Joseph, in the original.

[The poem we have just concluded was greatly admired at the time of its first publication, and it so far excels in art most of the earlier efforts by the author, that it attains one of the highest secrets in true pathos. It produces interest for the *criminal* while creating terror for the *crime*. This, indeed, is a triumph in art never achieved but by the highest genius. The inferior writer, when venturing upon the grandest stage of passion, (which unquestionably exists in the delineation of great guilt as of heroic virtue,) falls into the error either of gilding the crime in order to produce sympathy for the criminal, or, in the spirit of a spurious morality, of involving both crime and criminal in a common odium. It is to discrimination between the doer and the deed, that we owe the sublimest revelations of the human heart: in this discrimination lies the key to the emotions produced by the Oedipus and Macbeth. In the brief poem before us a whole drama is comprehended. Marvellous is the completeness of the pictures it presents—its mastery over emotions the most opposite—its fidelity to nature in its exposition of the disordered and despairing mind in which tenderness becomes cruelty, and remorse for error tortures itself into scarce conscious crime.

But the art employed, though admirable of its kind, still falls short of the perfection which, in his later works, Schiller aspired to achieve, *viz.* the point at which *Pain* ceases. The tears which Tragic Pathos, when purest and most elevated, calls forth, ought not to be tears of pain. In the ideal world, as Schiller has inculcated, even sorrow should have its charm—all that harrows, all that revolts, belongs but to that inferior school in which Schiller's fiery youth formed itself for nobler grades—the school “of Storm and Pressure”—(Sturm und Draeng—as the Germans have expressively described it.) If the reader will compare Schiller's poem of the ‘Infanticide,’ with the passages which represent a similar crime in the Medea, (and the author of ‘Wallenstein’ deserves comparison even with Euripides,) he will see the distinction between the art that seeks an *elevated* emotion, and the art which is satisfied with creating an *intense* one. In Euripides, the detail—the reality—all that



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can degrade terror into pain—are loftily dismissed. The Titan grandeur of the Sorceress removes us from too close an approach to the crime of the unnatural Mother—the emotion of pity changes into awe—just at the pitch before the coarse sympathy of actual pain can be effected. And it is the avoidance of reality—it is the all-purifying Presence of the Ideal, which make the vast distinction in our emotions between following, with shocked and displeasing pity, the crushed, broken-hearted, mortal criminal to the scaffold, and gazing—with an awe which has pleasure of its own—upon the Mighty Murderess—soaring out of the reach of Humanity, upon her Dragon Car!]

* * * * *

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

A HYMN.

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
 Through love like the Gods may man be;
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
 Through love like a heaven earth can be!
 Once, as the poet sung,
 In Pyrrha's time, 'tis known,
 From rocks Creation sprung,
 And Men leapt up from stone;
 Rock and stone, in night
 The souls of men were seal'd,
 Heaven's diviner light
 Not as yet reveal'd;
 As yet the Loves around them
 Had never shone—nor bound them
 With their rosy rings;
 As yet their bosoms knew not
 Soft song—and music grew not
 Out of the silver strings.
 No gladsome garlands cheerily
 Were love-y-woven then;
 And o'er Elysium drearily
 The May-time flew for men;[14]
 The morning rose ungreeted
 From ocean's joyless breast;
 Unhail'd the evening fled
 To ocean's joyless breast—



Wild through the tangled shade,
By clouded moons they stray'd,
The iron race of Men!
Sources of mystic tears,
Yearnings for starry spheres,
No God awaken'd then!

Lo, mildly from the dark-blue water,
Comes forth the Heaven's divinest Daughter,
Borne by the Nymphs fair-floating o'er
To the intoxicated shore!
Like the light-scattering wings of morning
Soars universal May, adorning
As from the glory of that birth
Air and the ocean, heaven and earth!
Day's eye looks laughing, where the grim
Midnight lay coil'd in forests dim;
And gay narcissuses are sweet
Wherever glide those holy feet—
Now, pours the bird that haunts the eve
The earliest song of love,
Now in the heart—their fountain—heave
The waves that murmur love.
O blest Pygmalion—blest art thou—
It melts, it glows, thy marble now!
O Love, the God, thy world is won!
Embrace thy children, Mighty One.

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
Through love like the Gods may man be;
Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
Through love like a heaven earth can be.



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Where the nectar-bright streams,
Like the dawn's happy dreams,
Eternally one holiday,
The life of the Gods glides away.
Throned on his seat sublime,
Looks He whose years know not time;
At his nod, if his anger awaken,
At the wave of his hair all Olympus is shaken.
Yet He from the throne of his birth,
Bow'd down to the sons of the earth,
Through dim Arcadian glades to wander sighing,
Lull'd into dreams of bliss—
Lull'd by his Leda's kiss
Lo, at his feet the harmless thunders lying!

The Sun's majestic coursers go
Along the Light's transparent plain,
Curb'd by the Day-god's golden rein;
The nations perish at his bended bow;
Steeds that majestic go,
Death from the bended bow,
Gladly he leaves above—
For Melody and Love!
Low bend the dwellers of the sky,
When sweeps the stately Juno by;
Proud in her car, the Uncontroll'd
Curbs the bright birds that breast the air,
As flames the sovereign crown of gold
Amidst the ambrosial waves of hair—
Ev'n thou, fair Queen of Heaven's high throne,
Hast Love's subduing sweetness known;
From all her state, the Great One bends
To charm the Olympian's bright embraces,
The Heart-Enthraller only lends
The rapture-cestus of the Graces!

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
Through love like a God may man be;
Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
Through love like a heaven earth can be!

Love can sun the Realms of Night—
Orcus owns the magic might—
Peaceful where She sits beside,



Smiles the swart King on his Bride;
Hell feels the smile in sudden light—
Love can sun the Realms of Night.
Heavenly o'er the startled Hell,
Holy, where the Accursed dwell,
 O Thracian, went thy silver song!
Grim Minos, with unconscious tears,
Melts into mercy as he hears—
The serpents in Megara's hair,
Kiss, as they wreath enamour'd there;
 All harmless rests the madding thong;—
From the torn breast the Vulture mute
Flies, scared before the charmed lute—
Lull'd into sighing from their roar
The dark waves woo the listening shore—
Listening the Thracian's silver song!—
Love was the Thracian's silver song!

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
 Through love like a God may man be;
Heavenlier through love is the heaven above—
 Through love like a heaven earth can be!

Through Nature blossom-strewing,
One footstep we are viewing,
 One flash from golden pinions!—
If from Heaven's starry sea,
 If from the moonlit sky;



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If from the Sun's dominions,
Look'd not Love's laughing eye;
Then Sun and Moon and Stars would be
Alike, without one smile for me!
But, oh, wherever Nature lives
Below, around, above—
Her happy eye the mirror gives
To thy glad beauty, Love!

Love sighs through brooklets silver-clear,
Love bids their murmur woo the vale;
Listen, O list! Love's soul ye hear
In his own earnest nightingale.
No sound from Nature ever stirs,
But Love's sweet voice is heard with hers!
Bold Wisdom, with her sunlit eye,
Retreats when love comes whispering by—
For Wisdom's weak to love!
To victor stern or monarch proud,
Imperial Wisdom never bow'd
The knee she bows to Love!
Who through the steep and starry sky,
Goes onward to the gods on high,
Before thee, hero-brave?
Who halves for thee the land of Heaven;
Who shows thy heart, Elysium, given
Through the flame-rended Grave?
Below, if we were blind to Love,
Say, should we soar o'er Death, above?
Would the weak soul, did Love forsake her,
E'er gain the wing to seek the Maker?
Love, only Love, can guide the creature
Up to the Father-fount of Nature;
What were the soul did Love forsake her?
Love guides the Mortal to the Maker!

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
Through love like a God may man be:
Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
Through love like a heaven earth can be!



[14] "The World was sad, the garden was a wild,
And Man, the Hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smiled."
CAMPBELL.

* * * * *

FANTASIE TO LAURA.

What, Laura, say, the vortex that can draw
Body to body in its strong control;
Beloved Laura, what the charmed law
That to the soul attracting plucks the soul?
It is the charm that rolls the stars on high,
For ever round the sun's majestic blaze—
When, gay as children round their parent, fly
Their circling dances in delighted maze.
Still, every star that glides its gladsome course,
Thirstily drinks the luminous golden rain;
Drinks the fresh vigour from the fiery source,
As limbs imbibe life's motion from the brain;
With sunny motes, the sunny motes united
Harmonious lustre both receive and give,
Love spheres with spheres still interchange delighted,
Only through love the starry systems live.
Take love from Nature's universe of wonder,
Each jarring each, rushes the mighty All.
See, back to Chaos shock'd, Creation thunder;
Weep, starry Newton—weep the giant fall!
Take from the spiritual scheme that Power away,
And the still'd body shrinks to Death's abode.
Never—love *not*—would



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blooms revive for May,
And, love extinct, all life were dead to God.
And what the charm that at my Laura's kiss,
Pours the diviner brightness to the cheek;
Makes the heart bound more swiftly to its bliss,
And bids the rushing blood the magnet seek—
Out from their bounds swell nerve, and pulse, and sense,
The veins in tumult would their shores o'erflow;
Body to body rapt—and charmed thence,
Soul drawn to soul with intermingled glow.
Mighty alike to sway the flow and ebb
Of the inanimate Matter, or to move
The nerves that weave the Arachnean web
Of Sentient Life—rules all-pervading Love!
Ev'n in the Moral World, embrace and meet
Emotions—Gladness clasps the extreme of Care;
And Sorrow, at the worst, upon the sweet
Breast of young Hope, is thaw'd from its despair.
Of sister-kin to melancholy Woe,
Voluptuous Pleasure comes, and with the birth
Of her gay children, (golden Wishes,) lo,
Night flies, and sunshine settles on the earth![15]
The same great Law of Sympathy is given
To Evil as to Good, and if we swell
The dark account that life incurs with Heaven,
'Tis that our Vices are thy Wooers, Hell!
In turn those Vices are embraced by Shame
And fell Remorse, the twin Eumenides.
Danger still clings in fond embrace to Fame,
Mounts on her wing, and flies where'er she flees.
Destruction marries its dark self to Pride,
Envy to Fortune: when Desire most charms,
'Tis that her brother Death is by her side,
For him she opens those voluptuous arms.
The very Future to the Past but flies
Upon the wings of Love—as I to thee;
O, long swift Saturn, with unceasing sighs,
Hath sought his distant bride, Eternity!
When—so I heard the oracle declare—
When Saturn once shall clasp that bride sublime,
Wide-blazing worlds shall light his nuptials there—
'Tis thus Eternity shall wed with Time.



In *those* shall be *our* nuptials! ours to share
That bridenight, waken'd by no jealous sun;
Since Time, Creation, Nature, but declare
Love—in our love rejoice, Beloved One!

[15] Literally, “the eye beams its sun-splendour,” or, “beams like a sun.” For the construction that the Translator has put upon the original (which is extremely obscure) in the preceding lines of the stanza, he is indebted to Mr Carlyle. The general meaning of the Poet is, that Love rules all things in the inanimate or animate creation; that, even in the moral world, opposite emotions or principles meet and embrace each other. The idea is pushed into an extravagance natural to the youth, and redeemed by the passion, of the Author. But the connecting links are so slender, nay, so frequently omitted, in the original, that a certain degree of paraphrase in many of the stanzas is absolutely necessary to supply them, and render the general sense and spirit of the poem intelligible to the English reader.

* * * * *



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TO THE SPRING.

Welcome, gentle Stripling,
Nature's darling, thou—
With thy basket full of blossoms,
A happy welcome now!
Aha!—and thou returnest,
Heartily we greet thee—
The loving and the fair one,
Merrily we meet thee!
Think'st thou of my Maiden
In thy heart of glee?
I love her yet the Maiden—
And the Maiden yet loves me!
For the Maiden, many a blossom
I begg'd—and not in vain;
I came again, a-begging,
And thou—thou giv'st again:
Welcome, gentle stripling,
Nature's darling thou—
With thy basket full of blossoms,
A happy welcome, now!

* * * * *

NATURAL HISTORY OF SALMON AND SEA-TROUT.

[*On the Growth of Grilse and Salmon.* By Mr Andrew Young, Invershin, Sutherlandshire. (Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Vol. XV. Part III.) Edinburgh, 1843.]

[*On the Growth and Migrations of the Sea-Trout of the Solway.* By Mr John Shaw, Drumlanrig. (Ibid.) Edinburgh, 1843.]

The salmon is undoubtedly the finest and most magnificent of our fresh-water fishes, or rather of those *anadromous* kinds which, in accordance with the succession of the seasons, seek alternately the briny sea and the "rivers of water." It is also the most important, both in a commercial and culinary point of view as well as the most highly prized by the angler as an object of exciting recreation. Notwithstanding these and other long-continued claims upon our consideration, a knowledge of its natural history and habits has developed itself so slowly, that little or nothing was precisely ascertained till very recently regarding either its early state or its eventual changes. The salmon-trout, in certain districts of almost equal value with the true salmon, was also but



obscurely known to naturalists, most of whom, in truth, are too apt to satisfy themselves rather by the extension than the increase of knowledge. They hand down to posterity, in their barren technicalities, a great deal of what is neither new nor true, even in relation to subjects which lie within the sphere of ordinary observation,—to birds and beasts, which almost dwell among us, and give utterance, by articulate or intelligible sounds, to a vast variety of instinctive, and as it were explanatory emotions:—what marvel, then, that they should so often fail to inform us of what we desire to know regarding the silent, because voiceless, inhabitants of the world of waters?



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But that which naturalists have been unable to accomplish, has, so far as concerns the two invaluable species just alluded to, been achieved by others with no pretension to the name; and we now propose to present our readers with a brief sketch of what we conceive to be the completed biography of salmon and sea-trout. In stating that our information has been almost entirely derived from the researches of practical men, we wish it to be understood, and shall afterwards endeavour to demonstrate, that these researches have, nevertheless, been conducted upon those inductive principles which are so often characteristic of natural acuteness of perception, when combined with candour of mind and honesty of purpose. We believe it to be the opinion of many, that statements by comparatively uneducated persons are less to be relied upon than those of men of science. It may, perhaps, be somewhat difficult to define in all cases what really constitutes a man of science. Many sensible people suppose, that if a person pursues an original truth, and obtains it—that is, if he ascertains a previously unknown or obscure fact of importance, and states his observations with intelligence—he is entitled to that character, whatever his station may be. For ourselves, we would even say that if his researches are truly valuable, he is himself all the more a man of science in proportion to the difficulties or disadvantages by which his position in life may be surrounded.

The development and early growth of salmon, from the ovum to the smolt, were first successfully investigated by Mr John Shaw of Drumlanrig, one of the Duke of Buccleuch's gamekeepers in the south of Scotland. Its subsequent progress from the smolt to the adult condition, through the transitional state of grilse, has been more recently traced, with corresponding care, by Mr Andrew Young of Invershin, the manager of the Duke of Sutherland's fisheries in the north. Although the fact of the parr being the young of the salmon had been vaguely surmised by many, and it was generally admitted that the smaller fish were never found to occur except in streams or tributaries to which the grown salmon had, in some way, the power of access, yet all who have any acquaintance with the works of naturalists, will acknowledge that the parr was universally described as a distinct species. It is equally certain that all who have written upon the subject of smolts or salmon-fry, maintained that these grew rapidly in fresh water, and made their way to the sea in the course of a few weeks after they were hatched.

Now, Mr Shaw's discovery in relation to these matters is in a manner twofold; first—he ascertained by a lengthened series of rigorous and frequently-repeated experimental observations, that parr are the early state of salmon, being afterwards converted into smolts; secondly,—he proved that such conversion does not, under ordinary circumstances take place until the second spring ensuing that in which the hatching has occurred, by which time the young are *two years old*. The fact is, that during early spring there are three distinct broods of parr or young salmon in our rivers.



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1st, We have those which, recently excluded from the ova, are still invisible to common eyes; or, at least, are inconspicuous or unobservable. Being weak, in consequence of their recent emergence from the egg, and of extremely small dimensions, they are unable to withstand the rapid flow of water, and so betake themselves to the gentler eddies, and frequently enter "into the small hollows produced in the shingle by the hoofs of horses which have passed the fords." In these and similar resting-places, our little natural philosophers, instinctively aware that the current of a stream is less below than above, and along the sides than in the centre, remain for several months during spring, and the earlier portion of the summer, till they gain such an increase of size and strength as enables them to spread themselves abroad over other portions of the river, especially those shallow places where the bottom is composed of fine gravel. But at this time their shy and shingle-seeking habits in a great measure screen them from the observance of the uninitiated.

2dly, We have likewise, during the spring season, parr which have just completed their first year. As these have gained little or no accession of size during the winter months, owing to the low temperature both of the air and water, and the consequent deficiency of insect food, their dimensions are scarcely greater than at the end of the preceding October: that is, they measure in length little more than three inches.—(N.B. The old belief was that they grew nine inches in about three weeks, and as suddenly sought the turmoil of the sea.) They increase, however in size as the summer advances, and are then the declared and admitted parr of anglers and other men.

3dly, Simultaneously with the two preceding broods, our rivers are inhabited during March and April by parr which have completed their second year. These measure six or seven inches in length, and in the months of April and May they assume the fine silvery aspect which characterizes their migratory condition,—in other words, they are converted into smolts, (the admitted fry of salmon,) and immediately make their way towards the sea.

Now, the fundamental error which pervaded the views of previous observers of the subject, consisted in the sudden sequence which they chose to establish between the hatching of the ova in early spring, and the speedy appearance of the acknowledged salmon-fry in their lustrous dress of blue and silver. Observing, in the first place, the hatching of the ova, and, ere long, the seaward migration of the smolts, they imagined these two facts to take place in the relation of immediate or connected succession; whereas they had no more to do with each other than an infant in the nursery has to do with his elder, though not very ancient, brother, who may be going to school. The rapidity with which the two-year-old parr are converted into smolts, and the timid habits of the new-hatched fry, which render them almost entirely



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invisible during the first few months of their existence,—these two circumstances combined, have no doubt induced the erroneous belief that the silvery smolts were the actual produce of the very season in which they are first observed in their migratory dress: that is, that they were only a few weeks old, instead of being upwards of two years. It is certainly singular, however, that no enquirer of the old school should have ever bethought himself of the mysterious fate of the two-year-old parr, (supposing them not to be young salmon,) none of which, of course, are visible after the smolts have taken their departure to the sea. If the two fish, it may be asked, are not identical, how does it happen that the one so constantly disappears along with the other? Yet no one alleges that he has ever seen parr *as such*, making a journey towards the sea “They cannot do so” says Mr Shaw, “because they have been previously converted into smolts.”

Mr Shaw's investigations were carried on for a series of years, both on the fry as it existed naturally in the river, and on captive broods produced from ova deposited by adult salmon, and conveyed to ingeniously-constructed experimental ponds, in which the excluded young were afterwards nourished till they threw off the livery of the parr, and underwent their final conversion into smolts. When this latter change took place, the migratory instinct became so strong that many of them, after searching in vain to escape from their prison—the little streamlet of the pond being barred by fine wire gratings—threw themselves by a kind of parabolic somerset upon the bank and perished. But, previous to this, he had repeatedly observed and recorded the slowly progressive growth to which we have alluded. The value of the parr, then, and the propriety of a judicious application of our statutory regulations to the preservation of that small, and, as hitherto supposed, insignificant fish, will be obvious without further comment.[16]

[16] Mr Shaw's researches include some curious physiological and other details, for an exposition of which our pages are not appropriate. But we shall here give the titles of his former papers. “An account of some Experiments and Observations on the Parr, and on the Ova of the Salmon, proving the Parr to be the Young of the Salmon.”—*Edinburgh New Phil. Journ.* vol. xxi. p. 99. “Experiments on the Development and Growth of the Fry of the Salmon, from the Exclusion of the Ovum to the Age of Six Months.”—*Ibid.* vol. xxiv. p. 165. “Account of Experimental Observations on the Development and Growth of Salmon Fry, from the Exclusion of the Ova to the Age of Two Years.”—*Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xiv. part ii. (1840.) The reader will find an abstract of these discoveries in the No. of this Magazine for April 1840.

Having now exhibited the progress of the salmon fry from the ovum to the smolt, our next step shall be



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to show the connexion of the latter with the grilse. As no experimental observations regarding the future dimensions of the *detenus* of the ponds could be regarded as legitimate in relation to the usual increase of the species, (any more than we could judge of the growth of a young English guardsman in the prisons of Verdun,) after the period of their natural migration to the sea, and as Mr Shaw's distance from the salt water—twenty-five miles, we believe, windings included—debarred his carrying on his investigations much further with advantage, he wisely turned his attention to a different, though cognate subject, to which we shall afterwards refer. We are, however, fortunately enabled to proceed with our history of the adolescent salmon by means of another ingenious observer already named, Mr Andrew Young of Invershin.

It had always been the prevailing belief that smolts grew rapidly into grilse, and the latter into salmon. But as soon as we became assured of the gross errors of naturalists, and all other observers, regarding the progress of the fry in fresh water, and how a few weeks had been substituted for a period of a couple of years, it was natural that considerate people should suspect that equal errors might pervade the subsequent history of this important species. It appears, however, that *marine* influence (in whatever way it works) does indeed exercise a most extraordinary effect upon those migrants from our upland streams, and that the extremely rapid transit of a smolt to a grilse, and of the latter to an adult salmon, is strictly true. Although Mr Young's labours in this department differ from Mr Shaw's, in being rather confirmatory than original, we consider them of great value, as reducing the subject to a systematic form, and impressing it with the force and clearness of the most successful demonstration.

Mr Young's first experiments were commenced as far back as 1836, and were originally undertaken with a view to show whether the salmon of each particular river, after descending to the sea, returned again to their original spawning-beds, or whether, as some supposed, the main body, returning coastwards from their feeding grounds in more distant parts of the ocean, and advancing along our island shores, were merely thrown into, or induced to enter, estuaries and rivers by accidental circumstances; and that the numbers obtained in these latter localities thus depended mainly on wind and weather, or other physical conditions, being suitable to their upward progress at the time of their nearing the mouths of the fresher waters. To settle this point, he caught and marked all the spawned fish which he could obtain in the course of the winter months during their sojourn in the rivers. As soon as he had hauled the fish ashore, he made peculiar marks in their caudal fins by means of a pair of nipping-irons, and immediately threw them back into the water. In the course of the following fishing season great numbers were recaptured on their



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return from the sea, each in its own river bearing its peculiar mark. "We have also," Mr Young informs us, "another proof of the fact, that the different breeds or races of salmon continue to revisit their native streams. You are aware that the river Shin falls into the Oykel at Invershin, and that the conjoined waters of these rivers, with the Carron and other streams, form the estuary of the Oykel, which flows into the more open sea beyond, or eastwards of the bar, below the Gizzen Brigs. Now, were the salmon which enter the mouth of the estuary at the bar thrown in merely by accident or chance, we should expect to find the fish of all the various rivers which form the estuary of the same average weight; for, if it were a mere matter of chance, then a mixture of small and great would occur indifferently in each of the interior streams. But the reverse of this is the case. The salmon in the Shin will average from seventeen pounds to eighteen pounds in weight, while those of the Oykel scarcely attain an average of half that weight. I am, therefore, quite satisfied, as well by having marked spawned fish descending to the sea, and caught them ascending the same river, and bearing that river's mark, as by a long-continued general observation of the weight, size, and even something of the form, that every river has its own breed, and that breed continues, till captured and killed, to return from year to year into its native stream."

We have heard of a partial exception to this instinctive habit, which, however, essentially confirms the rule. We are informed that a Shin salmon (recognized as such by its shape and size) was, on a certain occasion, captured in the river Conon, a fine stream which flows into the upper portion of the neighbouring Frith of Cromarty. It was marked and returned to the river, and was taken *next day* in its native stream the Shin, having, on discovering its mistake, descended the Cromarty Frith, skirted the intermediate portion of the outer coast by Tarbet Ness, and ascended the estuary of the Oykel. The distance may be about sixty miles. On the other hand, we are informed by a Sutherland correspondent of a fact of another nature, which bears strongly upon the pertinacity with which these fine fish endeavour to regain their spawning ground. By the side of the river Helmsdale there was once a portion of an old channel forming an angular bend with the actual river. In summer, it was only partially filled by a detached or landlocked pool, but in winter, a more lively communication was renewed by the superabounding waters. This old channel was, however, not only resorted to by salmon as a piece of spawning ground during the colder season of the year, but was sought for again instinctively in summer during their upward migration, when there was no water running through it. The fish being, of course, unable to attain their object, have been seen, after various aerial boundings, to fall, in the course of their exertions, upon the dry gravel bank between the river and the pool of water, where they were picked up by the considerate natives.

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No sooner had Mr Young satisfied himself that the produce of a river invariably returned to that river after descending to the sea, than he commenced his operations upon the smolts—taking up the subject where it was unavoidably left off by Mr Shaw[17]. His long-continued superintendence of the Duke of Sutherland's fisheries in the north of Scotland, and his peculiar position as residing almost within a few yards of the noted river Shin, afforded advantages of which he was not slow to make assiduous use. He has now performed numerous and varied experiments, and finds that, notwithstanding the slow growth of parr in fresh water, "such is the influence of the sea as a more enlarged and salubrious sphere of life, that the very smolts which descend into it from the rivers in spring, ascend into the fresh waters in the course of the immediate summer as grilse, varying in size in proportion to the length of their stay in salt water."

[17] Mr Young has, however, likewise repeated and confirmed Mr Shaw's earlier experiments regarding the slow growth of salmon fry in fresh water, and the conversion of parr into smolts. We may add, that Sir William Jardine, a distinguished Ichthyologist and experienced angler, has also corroborated Mr Shaw's observations.

For example, in the spring of 1837, Mr Young marked a great quantity of descending smolts, by making a perforation in their caudal fins with a small pair of nipping-irons constructed for the purpose, and in the ensuing months of June and July he recaptured a considerable number on their return to the rivers, all in the condition of grilse, and varying from 3lbs. to 8lbs., "according to the time which had elapsed since their first departure from the fresh water, or, in other words, the length of their sojourn in the sea." In the spring of 1842, he likewise marked a number of descending smolts, by clipping off what is called the adipose fin upon the back. In the course of the ensuing June and July, he caught them returning up the river, bearing his peculiar mark, and agreeing with those of 1837 both in respect to size, and the relation which that size bore to the lapse of time.

The following list from Mr Young's note-book, affords a few examples of the rate of growth:—

List of Smolts marked in the River, and recaptured as Grilse on their first ascent from the Sea.

Period of marking. | Period of recapture. | Weight when retaken.

-----+-----+-----

1842.	April and May.		1842.	June 28.		4	lb.
...	...		July 15.		5	lb	
... 15.		5	lb.	
... 25.		7	lb.[18]	
... 25.		5	lb.	

... | ... 30. | 3-1/2 lb.[18]

We may now proceed to consider the final change,—that of the grilse into the adult salmon. We have



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just seen that smolts return to the rivers as grilse, (of the weights above noted,) during the summer and autumn of the same season in which they had descended for the first time to the sea. Such as seek the rivers in the earlier part of summer are of small size, because they have sojourned for but a short time in the sea:—such as abide in the sea till autumn, attain of course a larger size. But it appears to be an established, though till now an unknown fact, that with the exception of the early state of parr, in which the growth has been shown to be extremely slow, salmon actually never do grow in fresh water at all, either as grilse or in the adult state. All their growth in these two most important later stages, takes place during their sojourn in the sea. “Not only,” says Mr Young, “is this the case, but I have also ascertained that they actually decrease in dimensions after entering the river, and that the higher they ascend the more they deteriorate both in weight and quality. In corroboration of this I may refer to the extensive fisheries of the Duke of Sutherland, where the fish of each station of the same river are kept distinct from those of another station, and where we have had ample proof that salmon habitually decrease in weight in proportion to their time and distance from the sea.”[19]

[18] These two specimens are now preserved in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

[19] The existence in the rivers during spring, of grilse which have spawned, and which weigh only three or four pounds, is itself a conclusive proof of this retardation of growth in fresh water. These fish had *run*, as anglers say—that is, had entered the rivers about midsummer of the preceding year—and yet had made no progress. Had they remained in the sea till autumn, their size on entering the fresh waters would have been much greater; or had they spawned early in winter, and descended speedily to the sea, they might have returned again to the river in spring as *small salmon*, while their more sluggish brethren of the same age were still in the streams under the form of grilse. All their growth, then, seems to take place during their sojourn in the sea, usually from eight to twelve weeks. The length of time spent in the salt waters, by grilse and salmon which have spawned, corresponds nearly to the time during which smolts remain in these waters; the former two returning as *clean* salmon, the last-named making their first appearance in our rivers as grilse.

Mr Young commenced marking grilses, with a view to ascertain that they became salmon, as far back as 1837, and has continued to do so ever since, though never two seasons with the same mark. We shall here record only the results of the two preceding years. In the spring of 1841, he marked a number of spawned grilse soon after the conclusion of the spawning period. Taking his “net and coble,” he fished the river for the special purpose, and all



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the spawned grilse of 4 lb. weight were marked by putting a peculiarly twisted piece of wire through the dorsal fin. They were immediately thrown into the river, and of course disappeared, making their way downwards with other spawned fish towards the sea. "In the course of the next summer we again caught several of those fish which we had thus marked with wire as 4 lb. grilse, grown in the short period of four or five months into beautiful full-formed salmon, ranging from 9 lb. to 14 lb. in weight, the difference still depending on the length of their sojourn in the sea."

In January 1842, he repeated the same process of marking 4 lb. grilse which had spawned, and were therefore about to seek the sea; but, instead of placing the wire in the back fin, he this year fixed it in the upper lobe of the tail, or caudal fin. On their return from the sea, he caught many of these quondam grilse converted into salmon as before. The following lists will serve to illustrate the rate of growth:—

List of Grilse marked after having spawned, and re-captured as Salmon, on their second ascent from the Sea.

Period of marking.	Period of recapture.	Weight when marked.	Weight when retaken.
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1841. Feb. 18.	1841. June 23.	4 lbs.	9 lbs.
... 18.	... 23.	4 lbs.	11 lbs.
... 18.	... 25.	4 lbs.	9 lbs.
... 18.	... 25.	4 lbs.	10 lbs.
... 18.	July 27.	4 lbs.	13 lbs.
... 18.	... 28.	4 lbs.	10 lbs.
March 4.	July 1.	4 lbs.	12 lbs.
... 4.	... 1.	4 lbs.	14 lbs.
... 4.	... 27.	4 lbs.	12 lbs.

1842. Jan. 29.	1842. July 4.	4 lbs.	8 lbs.[20]
... 29.	... 14.	4 lbs.	9 lbs.[20]
... 29.	... 14.	4 lbs.	8 lbs.
March 8.	... 23.	4 lbs.	9 lbs.
Jan. 29.	... 29.	4 lbs.	11 lbs.
March 8.	Aug. 4.	4 lbs.	10 lbs.
Jan. 29.	... 11.	4 lbs.	12 lbs.

During both these seasons, Mr Young informs us, he caught far more marked grilse returning with the form and attributes of perfect salmon, than are recorded in the



preceding lists. “In many specimens the wires had been torn from the fins, either by the action of the nets or other casualties; and, although I could myself recognise distinctly that they were the fish I had marked, I kept no note of them. All those recorded in my lists returned and were captured with the twisted wires complete, the same as the specimens transmitted for your examination.”

[20] These two specimens, with their wire marks *in situ*, may now be seen in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.



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We agree with Mr Young in thinking that the preceding facts, viewed in connexion with Mr Shaw's prior observations, entitle us to say, that we are now well acquainted with the history and habits of the salmon, and its usual rate of growth from the ovum to the adult state. The young are hatched after a period which admits of considerable range, according to the temperature of the season, or the modifying character of special localities.[21] They usually burst the capsule of the egg in 90 to 100 days after deposition, but they still continue for a considerable time beneath the gravel, with the yelk or vitelline portion of the egg adhering to the body; and from this appendage, which Mr Shaw likens to a red currant, they probably derive their sole nourishment for several weeks. But though the lapse of 140 or even 150 days from the period of deposition is frequently required to perfect the form of these little fishes, which even then measure scarcely more than an inch in length, their subsequent growth is still extremely slow; and the silvery aspect of the smolt is seldom assumed till after the expiry of a couple of years. The great mass of these smolts descend to the sea during the months of April and May,—the varying range of the spawning and hatching season carrying with it a somewhat corresponding range in the assumption of the first signal change, and the consequent movement to the sea. They return under the greatly enlarged form of grilse, as already stated, and these grilse spawn that same season in common with the salmon, and then both the one and the other re-descend into the sea in the course of the winter or ensuing spring. They all return again to the rivers sooner or later, in accordance, as we believe, with the time they had previously left it after spawning, early or late. The grilse have now become salmon by the time of their second ascent from the sea; and no further change takes place in their character or attributes, except that such as survive the snares of the fishermen, the wily chambers of the cruives, the angler's gaudy hook, or the poacher's spear, continue to increase in size from year to year. Such, however, is now the perfection of our fisheries, and the facilities for conveying this princely species even from our northern rivers, and the "distant islands of the sea," to the luxurious cities of more populous districts, that we greatly doubt if any salmon ever attains a good old age, or is allowed to die a natural death. We are not possessed of sufficient data from which to judge either of their natural term of life, or of their ultimate increase of size. They are occasionally, though rarely, killed in Britain of the weight of forty and even fifty pounds. In the comparatively unfished rivers of Scandinavia large salmon are much more frequent, although the largest we ever heard of was an English fish which came into the possession of Mr Groves, of Bond Street. It was a female, and weighed eighty-three pounds.



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In the year 1841, Mr Young marked a few spawned salmon along with his grilse, employing as a distinctive mark copper wire instead of brass. One of these, weighing twelve pounds, was marked on the 4th of March, and was recaptured on returning from the sea on the 10th of July, weighing eighteen pounds. But as we know not whether it made its way to the sea immediately after being marked, we cannot accurately infer the rate of increase. It probably becomes slower every year, after the assumption of the adult state. Why the salmon of one river should greatly exceed the average weight of those of another into which it flows, is a problem which we cannot solve. The fact, for example, of the river Shin flowing from a large lake, with a course of only a few miles, into the Oykel, although it accounts for its being an *early* river, owing to the receptive depth, and consequently higher temperature of its great nursing mother, Loch Shin, in no way, so far at least as we can see, explains the great size of the Shin fish, which are taken in scores of twenty pounds' weight. They have little or nothing to do with the loch itself, haunting habitually the brawling stream, and spawning in the shallower fords, at some distance up, but still below the great basin;[22] and there are no physical peculiarities which in any way distinguish the Shin from many other lake born northern rivers, where salmon do not average half the size.

[21] Mr Shaw, for example, states the following various periods as those which he found to elapse between the deposition of the ova and the hatching of the fry—90, 101, 108, and 131 days. In the last instance, the average temperature of the river for eight weeks, had not exceeded 33 deg.[22] If we are rightly informed, salmon were not in the habit of spawning in the rivulets which run into Loch Shin, till under the direction of Lord Francis Egerton some full-grown fish were carried there previous to the breeding season. These spawned; and their produce, as was to be expected, after descending to the sea, returned in due course, and, making their way through the loch, ascended their native tributaries.

Leaving the country of the *Morer Chatt* (the Celtic title of the Earls of Sutherland) we shall now return to the retainer of the "bold Buccleuch." We have already mentioned that Mr Shaw, having so successfully illustrated the early history of salmon, next turned his attention to a cognate subject, that of the sea-trout (*Salmo-trutta?*) Although no positive observations of any value, anterior to those now before us, had been made upon this species, it is obvious that as soon as his discoveries regarding salmon fry had afforded, as it were, the key to this portion of nature's secrets, it was easy for any one to infer that the old notions regarding the former fish were equally erroneous. Various modifications of these views took place accordingly; but no one



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ascertained the truth by observation. Mr Shaw was, therefore, entitled to proceed as if the matter were solely in his own hands; and he makes no mention either of the “vain imaginations” of Dr Knox, the more careful compilation of Mr Yarrell, or the still closer, but by no means approximate calculations of Richard Parnell, M.D. In this he has acted wisely, seeing that his own essay professes to be simply a statement of facts, and not an historical exposition of the progress of error.

It would, indeed, have been singular if two species, in many respects so closely allied in their general structure any economy, had been found to differ very materially in any essential point. It now appears, however, that Mr Shaw’s original discovery of the slow growth of salmon fry in fresh water, applies equally to sea trout; and, indeed, his observations on the latter are valuable not only in themselves, but as confirmatory of his remarks upon the former species. The same principle has been found to regulate the growth and migrations of both, and Mr Shaw’s two contributions thus mutually strengthen and support each other.

The sea trout is well known to anglers as one of the liveliest of all the fishes subject to his lure. Two species are supposed by naturalists to haunt our rivers—*Salmo eriox*, the bull trout of the Tweed, comparatively rare on the western and northern coasts of Scotland, and *Salmo trutta*, commonly called the sea or white trout, but, like the other species, also known under a variety of provincial names, somewhat vaguely applied. In its various and progressive stages, it passes under the names of fry, smolt, orange-fin, pinnock, herling, whitling, sea-trout, and salmon-trout. It is likewise the “Fordwich trout” of Izaak Walton, described by that poetical old piscator as “rare good meat.” As an article of diet it indeed ranks next to the salmon, and is much superior in that respect to its near relation, *S. eriox*. It is taken in the more seaward pools of our northern rivers, sometimes in several hundreds at a single haul; and vast quantities, after being boiled, and hermetically sealed in tin cases, are extensively consumed both in our home and foreign markets. But, notwithstanding its great commercial value, naturalists have failed to present us with any accurate account of its consecutive history from the ovum to the adult state. This desideratum we are now enabled to supply through Mr Shaw.

On the 1st of November 1839, this ingenious observer perceived a pair of sea-trouts engaged together in depositing their spawn among the gravel of one of the tributaries of the river Nith, and being unprovided at the moment with any apparatus for their capture, he had recourse to his fowling-piece. Watching the moment when they lay parallel to each other, he fired across the heads of the devoted pair, and immediately secured them both, although, as it afterwards appeared, rather by the influence of concussion than the more



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immediate action of the shot. They were about six inches under water. Having obtained a sufficient supply of the impregnated spawn, he removed it in a bag of wire gauze to his experimental ponds. At this period the temperature of the water was about 47 deg., but in the course of the winter it ranged a few degrees lower. By the fortieth day the embryo fish were visible to the naked eye, and, on the 14th January, (seventy-five days after deposition,) the fry were excluded from the egg. At this early period, the brood exhibit no perceptible difference from that of the salmon, except that they are somewhat smaller, and of paler hue. In two months they were an inch long, and had then assumed those lateral markings so characteristic of the young of all the known *Salmonidae*. They increased in size slowly, measuring only three inches in length by the month of October, at which time they were nine months old. In January 1841, they had increased to three and a half inches, exhibiting a somewhat defective condition during the winter months, in one or more of which, Mr Shaw seems to think, they scarcely grow at all. We need not here go through the entire detail of these experiments.[23] In October (twenty-one months) they measured six inches in length, and had lost those lateral bars, or transverse markings, which characterise the general family in their early state. At this period they greatly resembled certain varieties of the common river-trout, and the males had now attained the age of sexual completion, although none of the females had matured the roe. This physiological fact is also observable in the true salmon. In the month of May, three-fourths of the brood (being now upwards of two years old, and seven inches long) assumed the fine clear silvery lustre which characterises the migratory condition, being thus converted into smolts, closely resembling those of salmon in their general aspect, although easily to be distinguished by the orange tips of the pectoral fins, and other characters with which we shall not here afflict our readers.

[23] A complete series of specimens, from the day of hatching till about the middle of the sixth year, has been deposited by Mr Shaw in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

The natural economy of the sea-trout thus far approximates that of the genuine salmon, but with the following exception. Mr Shaw is of opinion that about one-fourth of each brood never assume the silvery lustre; and, as they are never seen to migrate in a dusky state towards the sea, he infers that a certain portion of the species may be permanent residents in fresh water.[24] In this respect, then, they resemble the river-trout, and afford an example of those numerous gradations, both of form and instinct, which compose the harmonious chain of nature's perfect kingdom. In support of this power of adaptation to fresh water possessed by sea-trout, Mr Shaw refers to a statement by the late Dr McCulloch, that these fish had become



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permanent inhabitants of a loch in the island of Lismore, Argyllshire. Similar facts have been recorded by other naturalists, though, upon the whole, in a somewhat vague and inconclusive manner. We have it in our power to mention a very marked example. When certain springs were conducted, about twenty years ago, from the slopes of the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh, into that city, which Dr Johnson regarded as by no means abundantly supplied with the "pure element of water," it was necessary to compensate the mill-owners by another supply. Accordingly a valley, (the supposed scene of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd,") through which there flowed a small stream, had a great embankment thrown across it. After this operation, of course the waters of the upper portion of the stream speedily rose to a level with the sluices, thus forming a small lake, commonly called the "Compensation Pond." The flow of water now escapes by throwing itself over the outer side of the embankment, which is lofty and precipitous, in the form of a cataract, up which no fish can possibly ascend. Yet in the pond itself we have recently ascertained the existence of sea-trout in a healthy state, although such as we have examined, being young, were of small size. These attributes, however, were all the more important as proving the breeding condition of the parents in a state of prolonged captivity. It is obvious that sea-trout must have made their way (in fulfilment of their natural migratory instinct) into the higher portions of the stream prior to the completion of the obstructing dam; and as none could have ascended since, it follows that the individuals in question (themselves and their descendants) must have lived and bred in fresh water, without access to the sea, for a continuous period of nearly twenty years. This is not only a curious fact in the natural history of the species, but it is one of some importance in an economical point of view. Sea-trout, as an article of diet, are much more valuable than river-trout; and if it can be ascertained that they breed freely, and live healthily, without the necessity of access to the sea, it would then become the duty, as it would doubtless be the desire, of those engaged in the construction of artificial ponds, to stock those receptacles rather with the former than the latter.[25]

[24] Mr Shaw informs us, moreover, that if those individuals which have assumed the silvery lustre be forcibly detained for a month or two in fresh water, they will resume the coloured coating which they formerly bore. The captive females, he adds, manifested symptoms of being in a breeding state by the beginning of the autumn of their third year. They were, in truth, at this time as old as *herlings*, though not of corresponding size, owing to the entire absence of marine agency.[25] Another interesting result may be noticed in connexion with this Compensation Pond. The original streamlet, like most others,



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was naturally stocked with small “burn-trout,” which never exceeded a few ounces in weight, as their ultimate term of growth. But, in consequence of the formation above referred to, and the great increase of their productive feeding-ground, and tranquil places for repose and play, these tiny creatures have, in some instances, attained to an enormous size. We lately examined one which weighed six pounds. It was not a sea-trout, but a common fresh-water one—*Salmo fario*. This strongly exemplifies the conformable nature of fishes; that is, their power of adaptation to a change of external circumstances. It is as if a small Shetland pony, by being turned into a clover field, could be expanded into the gigantic dimensions of a brewer’s horse.

Having narrated the result of Mr Shaw’s experiment up to the migratory state of his brood, we shall now refer to the further progress of the species. This, of course, we can only do by turning our attention to the corresponding condition of the fry in their natural places in the river. So far back as the 9th of May 1836, our observer noticed salmon fry descending seawards, and he took occasion to capture a considerable number by admitting them into the salmon cruive. On examination, he found about one-fifth of each shoal to be what he considered sea-trout. Wisely regarding this as a favourable opportunity of ascertaining to what extent they would afterwards “suffer a sea change,” he marked all the smolts of that species (about ninety in number) by cutting off the whole of the adipose fin, and three-quarters of the dorsal. At a distance, by the course of the river, of twenty-five miles from the sea, he was not sanguine of recapturing many of these individuals, and in this expectation he was not agreeably surprised by any better success than he expected. However, on the 16th of July, exactly eighty days afterwards, he recaptured as a *herling* (the next progressive stage) an individual bearing the marks he had inflicted on the young sea-trout in the previous May. It measured twelve inches in length, and weighed ten ounces. As the average weight of the migrating fry is about three and a half ounces, it had thus gained an increase of six and a half ounces in about eighty days’ residence in salt water, supposing it to have descended to the sea immediately after its markings were imposed. In this condition of herlings or phinocks, young sea-trout enter many of our rivers in great abundance in the months of July and August.

On the 1st of August 1837—fifteen months after being marked as fry, on its way to the sea—another individual was caught, and recognised by the absence of one fin, and the curtailment of another. This specimen, as well as others, had no doubt returned, and escaped detection as a herling, in 1836; but it was born for greater things, and when captured, as above stated, weighed two pounds and a half. “He may be supposed,” says Mr Shaw, “to represent

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pretty correctly the average size of sea-trout on their second migration from the sea." In this state they usually make their appearance in our rivers, (we refer at present particularly to those of Scotland,) in greatest abundance in the months of May and June. This view of the progress of the species clearly accounts for a fact well known to anglers, that in spring and the commencement of summer, larger sea-trout are caught than in July and August, which would not be the case if they were all fish of the same season. But the former are herlings which have descended, after spawning early, to the sea, and returned with the increase just mentioned; the latter were nothing more than smolts in May, and have only once enjoyed the benefit of sea bathing. They are a year younger than the others.

As herlings (sea-trout in their third year) abounded in the river Nith during the summer of 1834, Mr Shaw marked a great number (524) by cutting off the adipose fin. "During the following summer (1835) I recaptured sixty-eight of the above number as sea-trout, weighing on an average about two and a half pounds. On these I put a second distinct mark, and again returned them to the river, and on the next ensuing summer (1836) I recaptured a portion of them, about one in twenty, averaging a weight of four pounds. I now marked them distinctively for the third time, and once more returned them to the river, also for the third time. On the following season (23d day of August 1837) I recaptured the individual now exhibited, for the fourth time.[26] It then weighed six pounds." This is indeed an eventful history, and we question if any *Salmo trutta* ever before felt himself so often out of his element. However, the individual referred to must undoubtedly be regarded as extremely interesting to the naturalist. It exhibits, at a single glance, the various marks put upon itself and its companions, as they were successively recaptured, from year to year, on their return to the river—viz. 1st, The absence of the adipose fin, (herling of ten or twelve ounces in 1834;) 2dly, One-third part of the dorsal fin removed, (sea-trout of two and a half pounds in 1835;) 3dly, A portion of the anal fin clipt off (large sea-trout of four pounds in 1836). In the 4th and last place, it shows, in its own proper person, as leader of the forlorn hope of 1837, the state in which it was finally captured and killed, of the weight of six pounds. It was then in its sixth year, and, representing the adult condition of this migratory species, we think it renders further investigation unnecessary.

[26] The specimen is preserved in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.



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From these and other experiments of a similar nature, which Mr Shaw has been conducting for many years, he has come to the conclusion, that the small fry called "Orange-fins," which are found journeying to the sea with smolts of the true salmon, are the young of sea-trout of the age of two years;—that the same individuals, after nine or ten weeks' sojourn in salt water, ascend the rivers as herlings, weighing ten or twelve ounces and on the approach of autumn pass into our smaller tributaries with a view to the continuance of their kind;—that, having spawned, they re-descend into the sea, where their increase of size (about one and a half pound per annum) is almost totally obtained;—and that they return annually, with an accession of size, for several seasons, to the rivers in which their parents gave them birth. In proof of this last point, Mr Shaw informs us, that of the many hundred sea-trout of different ages which he has marked in various modes, he is not aware that even a single individual has ever found its way into any tributary of the Solway, saving that of the river Nith.

* * * * *

CALEB STUKELY.

PART THE LAST.

TRANQUILITY.

The sudden and unlooked-for appearance of James Temple threw light upon a mystery. Further explanation awaited me in the house from which the unfortunate man had rushed to meet instant death and all its consequences. It will be remembered that, in the narrative of his victim, mention is made of one Mrs Wybrow, with whom the poor girl, upon the loss of her father and of all means of support, obtained a temporary home. It appeared that Fredrick Harrington, a few months after his flight, returned secretly to the village, and, at the house of that benevolent woman, made earnest application for his sister. He was then excited and half insane, speaking extravagantly of his views and his intentions in respect of her he came to take away. "She should be a duchess," he said, "and must take precedence of every lady in the land. He was a king himself and could command it so. He could perform wonders, if he chose to use the power with which he was invested; but he would wait until his sister might reap the benefit of his acquired wealth." In this strain he continued, alarming the placid Mrs Wybrow, who knew not what to do to moderate the wildness and the vehemence of his demeanour. Hoping, however, to appease him, she told him of the good fortune of his sister—how she had obtained a happy home, and how grateful he ought to be to Providence for its kind care of her. Much more she said, only to increase the anger of the man, whose insane pride was roused to fury the moment that he heard his sister was doomed to eat the bread of a dependent. He disdained the assistance of Mrs Temple—swore it was an artifice, a cheat, and that he would drag



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her from the net into which they had enticed her. When afterwards he learned that it was through the mediation of James Temple that his sister had been provided for, the truth burst instantly upon him, and he foresaw at once all that actually took place. He vowed that he would become himself the avenger of his sister, and that he would not let her betrayer sleep until he had wrung from him deep atonement for his crime. It was in vain that Mrs Wybrow sought to convince him of his delusion. He would not be advised—he would not listen—he would not linger another moment in the house, but quitted it, wrought to the highest pitch of rage, and speaking only of vengeance on the seducer. He set out for London. Mrs Wybrow, agitated more than she had been at any time since her birth, and herself almost deprived of reason by her fears for the safety of Miss Harrington, James Temple, and the furious lunatic himself, wrote immediately to Emma, then resident in Cambridge, explaining the sad condition of her brother, and warning her of his approach—Emma having already (without acquainting Mrs Wybrow with her fallen state) forwarded her address, with a strict injunction to her humble friend to convey to her all information of her absent brother which she could possibly obtain. The threatened danger was communicated to the lover—darkened his days for a time with anxiety and dread, but ceased as time wore on, and as no visitant appeared to affect the easy tenor of his immoral life. The reader will not have forgotten, perhaps, that when for the first time I beheld James Temple, he was accompanied by an elder brother. It was from the latter, his friend and confidant, that the above particulars, and those which follow in respect of the deceased, were gathered. The house in which, for a second time, I encountered my ancient college friends, was their uncle's. Parents they had none. Of father and of mother both they had been deprived in infancy; and, from that period, their home had been with their relative and guardian. The conduct of one charge, at least, had been from boyhood such as to cause the greatest pain to him who had assumed a parent's cares. Hypocrisy, sensuality, and—for his years and social station—unparalleled dishonesty, had characterised James Temple's short career. By some inexplicable tortuosity of mind, with every natural endowment, with every acquired advantage, graced with the borrowed as well as native ornaments of humanity, he found no joy in his inheritance, but sacrificed it all, and crawled through life a gross and earthy man. The seduction of Emma, young as he was when he committed that offence, was, by many, not the first crime for which—not, thank Heaven! without some preparation for his trial—he was called suddenly to answer. As a boy, he had grown aged in vice. It has been stated that he quitted the university the very instant he disencumbered himself of the girl whom he had sacrificed. He crept to the metropolis, and for a time there hid himself.



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But it was there that he was discovered by Frederick Harrington, who had pursued the destroyer with a perseverance that was indomitable, and scoffed at disappointment. How the lunatic existed no one knew; how he steered clear of transgression and restraint was equally difficult to explain. It was evident enough that he made himself acquainted with the haunts of his former schoolfellow; and, in one of them, he rushed furiously and unexpectedly upon him, affrighting his intended victim, but failing in his purpose of vengeance by the very impetuosity of his assault. Temple escaped. Then it was that the latter, shaken by fear, revealed to his brother the rise of progress of his intimacy with the discarded girl, and, in his extremity, called upon him for advice and help. He could afford him none; and the seducer found himself in the world without an hour's happiness or quiet. What quails so readily as the heartiest soul of the sensualist? Who so cowardly as the man only courageous in his oppression of the weak? The spirit of Temple was laid prostrate. He walked, and eat, and slept, in base and dastard fear. Locks and bolts could not secure him from dismal apprehensions. A sound shook him, as the unseen wind makes the tall poplar shudder—a voice struck terror in his ear, and sickness to recreant heart. He could not be alone—for alarm was heightened by the speaking conscience that pronounced it just. He journeyed from place to place, his brother ever at his side, and the shadow of the avenger ever stalking in the rear, and impelling the weary wanderer still onward. The health of the sufferer gave way. To preserve his life, he was ordered to the south-western coast. His faithful brother was his companion still. He had not received a week's benefit from the mild and grateful climate—he was scarcely settled in the tranquil village in which they had fixed their residence, before the old terror was made manifest, and hunted the unhappy man away. Whilst sitting at his window, and gazing with something of delight upon the broad and smooth blue sea—for who can look, criminal though he be, upon that glorious sheet in summer time, when the sky is bright with beauty, and the golden sun is high, and not lose somewhat of the heavy sense of guilt—not glow, it may be, with returning gush of childhood's innocence, long absent, and coming now only to reproach and then depart?—whilst sitting there and thus, the sick man's notice was invited to a crowd of yelling boys, who had amongst them one, the tallest of their number, whom they dragged along for punishment or sport. He was an idiot. Who he was none knew so well as the pale man that looked upon him, who could not drag his eye away, so lost was it in wonder, so transfixed with horror. The invalid remained no longer there. Fast as horses could convey him, he journeyed homeward; and, in the bosom of his natural protectors, he sought for peace he could not gain elsewhere. Here he remained, the slave of fear, the conscience-stricken, diseased



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in body—almost spent; and here he would have died, had not Providence directed the impotent mind of the imbecile to the spot, and willed it otherwise. I have narrated, as shortly as I might, the history of my earliest college friend, as I received it from his brother's lips. There remain but a few words to say—the pleasantest that I have had to speak of him James Temple did not die a hardened man. If there be truth in tears, in prayers of penitence that fall from him who stand upon the borders of eternity—who can gain nothing by hypocrisy, and may lose by it the priceless treasure of an immortal soul—if serenity and joy are signs of a repentance spoken, a forgiveness felt, then Heaven had assuredly been merciful with the culprit, and had remitted his offences, as Heaven can, and will, remit the vilest.

I remained in the village of Belton until I saw all that remained of the schoolfellows deposited in the earth. Their bodies had been easily obtained—that of the idiot, indeed, before life had quitted it. The evening that followed their burial, I passed with William Temple. Many a sad reminiscence occurred to him which he communicated to me without reserve, many a wanton act of coarse licentiousness, many a warning unheeded, laughed at, spurned. It is a mournful pleasure for the mind, as it dwells upon the doings of the departed, to build up its own theories, and to work out a history of what might have been in happier circumstances—a useless history of *ifs*. “If my brother had been looked to when he was young,” said William Temple more than once, “he would have turned out differently. My uncle spoiled him. As a child, he was never corrected. If he wished for a toy, he had but to scream for it. If, at school, he had been fortunate enough to contract his friendships with young men of worth and character, their example would have won him to rectitude, for he was always a lad easily led.” And again, “If he had but listened to the advice which, when it would have served him, I did not fail daily and hourly to offer him, he might have lived for years, and been respected—for many know, I lost no opportunity to draw him from his course of error.” Alas! how vain, how idle was this talk—how little it could help the clod that was already crumbling in the earth—the soul already at the judgment-seat; yet with untiring earnestness the brother persisted in this strain, and with every new hypothesis found fresh satisfaction. There was more reason for gratification when, at the close of the evening, the surviving relative turned from his barren discourse and referred to the last days of the deceased. There was comfort and consolation to the living in the evidences which he produced of his most blessed change. It was a joy to me to hear of his repentance, and to listen to the terms in which he made it known. I did not easily forget them. I journeyed homeward. When I arrived at the house of Doctor Mayhew, I was surprised to find



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how little I could remember of the country over which I had travelled. The scenes through which I had passed were forgotten—had not been noticed. Absorbed by the thoughts which possessed my brain, I had suffered myself to be carried forward, conscious of nothing but the waking dreams. I was prepared, however, to see my friend. Still influenced by the latent hope of meeting once more with Miss Fairman, still believing in the happy issue of my love, I had resolved to keep my own connexion with the idiot as secret as the grave. There was no reason why I should betray myself. His fate was independent of my act—my conduct formed no link in the chain which must be presented to make the history clear: and shame would have withheld the gratuitous confession, had not the ever present, never-dying promise forbade the disclosure of one convicting syllable. As may be supposed, the surprise of Doctor Mayhew, upon hearing the narrative, was no less than the regret which he experienced at the violent death of the poor creature in whom he had taken so kind and deep an interest. But a few days sufficed to sustain his concern for one who had come to him a stranger, and whom he had known so short a time. The pursuits and cares of life gradually withdrew the incident from his mind, and all thoughts of the idiot. He ceased to speak of him. To me, the last scene of his life was present for many a year. I could not remove it. By day and night it came before my eyes, without one effort on my part to invoke it. It has started up, suddenly and mysteriously, in the midst of enjoyment and serene delight, to mingle bitterness in the cup of earthly bliss. It has come in the season of sorrow to heighten the distress. Amongst men, and in the din of business, the vision has intruded, and in solitude it has followed me to throw its shadows across the bright green fields, beautiful in their freshness. Night after night—I cannot count their number—it has been the form and substance of my dreams, and I have gone to rest—yes, for months—with the sure and natural expectation of beholding the melancholy repetition of an act which I would have given any thing, and all I had, to forget and drive away for ever.

A week passed pleasantly with my host. I spoke of departure at the end of it. He smiled when I did so, bade me hold my tongue and be patient. I suffered another week to glide away, and then hinted once more that I had trespassed long enough upon his hospitality. The doctor placed his hand upon my arm, and answered quickly, “all in good time—do not hurry.” His tone and manner confirmed, I know not why, the strong hope within me, and his words passed with meaning to my heart. I already built upon the aerial foundation, and looked forward with joyous confidence and expectation. The arguments and shows of truth are few that love requires. The poorest logic is the soundest reasoning—if it conclude for him. The visits to the parsonage were, meanwhile, continued. Upon my return, I



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gained no news. I asked if all were well there, and the simple, monosyllable, "Yes," answered with unusual quickness and decision, was all that escaped the doctor's lips. He did not wish to be interrogated further, and was displeased. I perceived this and was silent. For some days, no mention was made of his dear friend the minister. He was accustomed to speak often of that man, and most affectionately. What was the inference? A breach had taken place. If I entertained the idea for a day, it was dissipated on the next; for the doctor, a week having elapsed since his last visit, rode over to the parsonage as usual, remained there some hours, and returned in his best and gayest spirits. He spoke of the Fairmans during the evening with the same kind feeling and good-humour that had always accompanied his allusions to them and their proceedings, and grew at length eloquent in the praises of them both. The increasing beauty of the young mistress, he said, was marvellous. "Ah," he added slyly, and with more truth, perhaps, than he suspected, "it would have done your eyes good to-day, only to have got one peep at her." I sighed, and he tantalized me further. He pretended to pity me for the inconsiderate haste with which I had thrown up my employment, and to condole with me for all I had lost in consequence. "As for himself," he said, "he had, upon further consideration, given up all thought of marriage for the present. He should live a little longer and grow wiser; but it was not a pleasant thing, by any means, to see so sweet a girl taken coolly off by a young fellow, who, if all he heard was true, was very likely to have an early opportunity." I sighed again, and asked permission to retire to rest; but my tormentor did not grant it, until he had spoken for half an hour longer, when he dismissed me in a state of misery incompatible with rest, in bed, or out of it. My heart was bursting when I left him. He could not fail to mark it. To my surprise, he made another excursion to the parsonage on the following day; and, as before, he joined me in the evening with nothing on his lips but commendation of the young lady whom he had seen, and complaint at the cruel act which was about to rob them of their treasure; for he said, regardless of my presence or the desperate state of my feelings, "that the matter was now all but settled. Fairman had made up his mind, and was ready to give his consent the very moment the young fellow was bold enough to ask it. And lucky dog he is too," added the kind physician, by way of a conclusion, "for little puss herself is over head and ears in love with him, or else I never made a right prognosis."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," I answered, when Doctor Mayhew paused; "very grateful for your hospitality. If you please, I will depart to-morrow. I trust you will ask me to remain no longer. I cannot do so. My business in London"——

"Oh, very well! but that can wait, you know," replied the doctor, interrupting me. "I can't spare you to-morrow. I have asked a friend to dinner, and you must meet him."



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“Do not think me ungrateful, doctor,” I answered; “but positively I must and will depart to-morrow. I cannot stay.”

“Nonsense, man, you shall. Come, say you will, and I engage, if your intention holds, to release you as early as you like the next day. I have promised my friend that you will give him the meeting, and you must not refuse me. Let me have my way to-morrow, and you shall be your own master afterwards.”

“Upon such terms, sir,” I answered immediately, “it would be unpardonable if I persisted. You shall command me; on the following day, I will seek my fortunes in the world again.”

“Just so,” replied the doctor, and so we separated.

The character of Dr Mayhew was little known to me. His goodness of heart I had reason to be acquainted with, but his long established love of jesting, his intense appreciation of a joke, practical or otherwise, I had yet to learn. In few men are united, as happily as they were in him, a steady application to the business of the world, and an almost unrestrained indulgence in its harmless pleasantries. The grave doctor was a boy at his fireside. I spent my last day in preparing for my removal, and in rambling for some hours amongst the hills, with which I had become too familiar to separate without a pang. Long was our leave-taking. I lingered and hovered from nook to nook, until I had expended the latest moment which it was mine to give. With a burdened spirit I returned to the house, as my thoughts shifted to the less pleasing prospect afforded by my new position. I shuddered to think of London, and the fresh vicissitudes that awaited me.

It wanted but a few minutes to dinner when I stepped into the drawing-room. The doctor had just reached home, after being absent on professional duty since the morning. The visitor had already arrived; I had heard his knock whilst I was dressing. Having lost all interest in the doings of the place, I had not even cared to enquire his name. What was it to me? What difference could the chance visitor of a night make to me, who was on the eve of exile? None. I walked despondingly into the room, and advanced with distant civility towards the stranger. His face was from me, but he turned instantly upon hearing my step, and I beheld—Mr Fairman. I could scarcely trust my eyes. I started, and retreated. My reverend friend, however, betrayed neither surprise nor discomposure. He smiled kindly, held out his hand, and spoke as he was wont in the days of cordiality and confidence. What did it mean?

“It is a lovely afternoon, Stukely,” began the minister, “worthy of the ripe summer in which it is born.”



“It is, sir,” I replied; “but I shall see no more of them,” I added *instantly*, anxious to assure him that I was not lurking with sinister design so near the parsonage—that I was on the eve of flight. “I quit our friend to-morrow, and must travel many miles away.”



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"You will come to us, Caleb," answered Mr Fairman mildly.

"Sir!" said I, doubting if I heard aright.

"Has Dr Mayhew said nothing then?" he asked.

I trembled in every limb.

"Nothing, sir," I answered. "Oh, yes! I recollect—he did—he has—but what have I—I have no wish—no business"——

The door opened, and Dr Mayhew himself joined us, rubbing his hands, and smiling, in the best of good tempers. In his rear followed the faithful Williams. Before a word of explanation could be offered, the latter functionary announced "*dinner*," and summoned us away. The presence of the servants during the meal interfered with the gratification of my unutterable curiosity. Mr Fairman spoke most affably on different matters, but did not once revert to the previous subject of discourse. I was on thorns. I could not eat. I could not look at the minister without anxiety and shame, and whenever my eye caught that of the doctor, I was abashed by a look of meaning and good-humoured cunning, that was half intelligible and half obscure. Rays of hope penetrated to my heart's core, and illuminated my existence. The presence of Mr Fairman could not be without a purpose. What was it, then? Oh, I dared not trust myself to ask the question! The answer bred intoxication and delight, too sweet for earth. What meant that wicked smile upon the doctor's cheek? He was too generous and good to laugh at my calamity. He could not do it. Yet the undisturbed demeanour of the minister confounded me. If there had been connected with this visit so important an object as that which I longed to believe was linked with it, there surely would have been some evidence in his speech and manner, and he continued as cheerful and undisturbed as if his mind were free from every care and weighty thought. "What can it mean?" I asked myself, again and again. "How can he coolly bid me to his house, after what has passed, after his fearful anxiety to get me out of it? Will he hazard another meeting with his beloved daughter?—Ah, I see it!" I suddenly and mentally exclaimed; "it is clear enough—she is absent—she is away. He wishes to evince his friendly disposition at parting, and now he can do it without risk or cost." It was a plain elucidation of the mystery—it was enough, and all my airy castles tumbled to the earth, and left me there in wretchedness. Glad was I when the dinner was concluded, and eager to withdraw. I had resolved to decline, at the first opportunity, the invitation of the incumbent. I did not wish to grieve my heart in feasting my eyes upon a scene crowded with fond associations, to revoke feelings in which it would be folly to indulge again, and which it were well to annihilate and forget. I was about to beg permission to leave the table, when Dr Mayhew rose; he looked archly at me when I followed his example, and requested me not to be in haste; "he had business to transact, and would rejoin



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us shortly.” Saying these words, he smiled and vanished. I remained silent. To be left alone with Mr Fairman, was the most annoying circumstance that could happen in my present mood. There were a hundred things which I burned to know, whilst I lacked the courage to enquire concerning one. But I had waited for an opportunity to decline his invitation. Here it was, and I had not power to lift my head and look at him. Mr Fairman himself did not speak for some minutes. He sat thoughtfully, resting his forehead in the palm of his hand—his elbow on the table. At length he raised his eyes, and whilst my own were still bent downward, I could feel that his were fixed upon me.

“Caleb,” said the minister.

It was the first time that the incumbent had called me by my Christian name. How strangely it sounded from his lips! How exquisitely grateful it dropt upon my ear!

“Tell me, Caleb,” continued Mr Fairman, “did I understand you right? Is it true that Mayhew has told you nothing?”

“Nothing distinctly, sir,” I answered—“I have gathered something from his hints, but I know not what he says in jest and what in earnest.”

“I have only her happiness at heart, Stukely—from the moment that you spoke to me on the subject, I have acted solely with regard to that. I hoped to have smothered this passion in the bud. In attempting it, I believed I was acting as a father should, and doing my duty by her.”

The room began to swim round me, and my head grew dizzy.

“I am to blame, perhaps, as Mayhew says, for having brought you together, and for surrounding her with danger. I should have known that to trifle with a heart so guileless and so pure was cruel and unjust, and fraught with perilous consequences. I was blind, and I am punished for my act.”

I looked at him at length.

“I use the word deliberately—*punished*, Stukely. It *is* a punishment to behold the affection of which I have ever been too jealous, departing from me, and ripening for another. Why have I cared to live since Heaven took her mother to itself—but for her sake, for her welfare, and her love? But sorrow and regret are useless now. You do not know, young man, a thousandth part of your attainment when I tell you, you have gained her young and virgin heart. I oppose you no longer—I thwart not—render yourself worthy of the precious gift.”



“I cannot speak, sir!” I exclaimed, seizing the hand of the incumbent in the wildness of my joy. “I am stupified by this intelligence! Trust me, sir—believe me, you shall find me not undeserving of your generosity and”——

“No, Stukely. Call it not by such a name. It is any thing but that; there is no liberality, no nobility of soul, in giving you what I may not now withhold. I cannot see her droop and die, and live myself to know that a word from me had saved her. I have given my consent to the prosecution of your attachment at the latest moment—not because I wished it, but to prevent a greater evil. I have told you the truth! It was due to us both that you should hear it; for the future look upon me as your father, and I will endeavour to do you justice.”



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There was a stop. I was so oppressed with a sense of happiness, that I could find no voice to speak my joy or tell my thanks. Mr Fairman paused, and then continued.

“You will come to the parsonage to-morrow, and take part again in the instruction of the lads after their return. You will be received as my daughter’s suitor. Arrangements will be made for a provision for you. Mayhew and I have it in consideration now. When our plan is matured, it shall be communicated to you. There need be no haste. You are both young—too young for marriage—and we shall not yet fix the period of your espousal.”

My mind was overpowered with a host of dazzling visions, which rose spontaneously as the minister proceeded in his delightful talk. I soon lost all power of listening to details. The beloved Ellen, the faithful and confiding maiden, who had not deserted the wanderer although driven from her father’s doors—she, the beautiful and priceless jewel of my heart, was present in every thought, and was the ornament and chief of every group that passed before my warm imagination. Whilst the incumbent continued to speak of the future, of his own sacrifice, and my great gain—whilst his words, without penetrating, touched my ears, and died away—my soul grew busy in the contemplation of the prize, which, now that it was mine, I scarce knew how to estimate. Where was she *then*? How had she been? To how many days of suffering and of trial may she have been doomed? How many pangs may have wrung that noble heart before its sad complaints were listened to, and mercifully answered? I craved to be at her side. The words which her father had spoken had loosened the heavy chain that tied me down—my limbs were conscious of their freedom—my spirit felt its liberty—what hindered instant flight? In the midst of my reverie Dr Mayhew entered the room—and I remember distinctly that my immediate impulse was to leave the two friends together, and to run as fast as love could urge and feet could carry me—to the favoured spot which held all that I cared for now on earth. The plans, however, of Doctor Mayhew interfered with this desire. He had done much for me, more than I knew, and he was not the man to go without his payment. A long evening was yet before us, time enough for a hundred jokes, which I must hear, and witness, and applaud or I was most unworthy of the kindness he had shown me. The business over for which Mr Fairman had come expressly, the promise given of an early visit to the parsonage on the following day, an affectionate parting at the garden gate, and the incumbent proceeded on his homeward road. The doctor and I returned together to the house in silence and one of us in partial fear; for I could see the coming sarcasm in the questionable smile that played about his lips. Not a word was spoken when we resumed our seats. At last he rang the bell, and Williams answered it——

“Book Mr Stukely by the London coach to-morrow, Williams,” said the master; “he *positively must and will depart to-morrow.*”



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The criminal reprieved—the child, hopeless and despairing at the suffering parent's bed, and blessed at length with a firm promise of amendment and recovery, can tell the feelings that sustained my fluttering heart, beating more anxiously the nearer it approached its *home*. I woke that morning with the lark—yes, ere that joyous bird had spread its wing, and broke upon the day with its mad note—and I left the doctor's house whilst all within were sleeping. There was no rest for me away from that abode, whose gates of adamant, with all their bars and fastenings, one magic word had opened—whose sentinels were withdrawn—whose terrors had departed. The hours were all too long until I claimed my newfound privilege. Morn of the mellow summer, how beautiful is thy birth! How soft—how calm—how breathlessly and blushingly thou stealest upon a slumbering world! fearful, as it seems, of startling it. How deeply quiet, and how soothing, are thy earliest sounds—scarce audible—by no peculiar quality distinguishable, yet thrilling and intense! How doubly potent falls thy witching influence on him whose spirit passion has attuned to all the harmonies of earth, and made but too susceptible! Disturbed as I was by the anticipation of my joy, and by the consequent unrest, with the first sight of day, and all its charms, came *peace*—actual and profound. The agitation of my soul was overwhelmed by the prevailing stillness, and I grew tranquil and subdued. Love existed yet—what could extinguish that?—but heightened and sublimed. It was as though, in contemplating the palpable and lovely work of heaven, all selfishness had at once departed from my breast—all dross had separated from my best affections, and left them pure and free. And so I walked on, happiest of the happy, from field to field, from hill to hill, with no companion on the way, no traveller within my view—alone with nature and my heart's delight. “And men pent up in cities,” thought I, as I went along, “would call this—*solitude*.” I remembered how lonely I had felt in the busy crowds of London—how chill, how desolate and forlorn, and marvelled at the reasoning of man. And came no other thoughts of London and the weary hours passed there, as I proceeded on my delightful walk? Yes, many, as Heaven knows, who heard the involuntary matin prayer, offered in gratefulness of heart, upon my knees, and in the open fields, where no eye but one could look upon the worshipper, and call the fitness of the time and place in question. The early mowers were soon a-foot; they saluted me and passed. Then, from the humblest cottages issued the straight thin column of white smoke—white as the snowy cloud—telling of industry within, and the return of toil. Now labourers were busy in their garden plots, labouring for pleasure and delight, ere they strove abroad for hire, their children at their side, giving the utmost of their small help—young, ruddy, wild, and earnest workmen all! The country day is up some hours before the day in town. Life sleeps in cities, whilst it moves in active usefulness away from them. The hills were dotted with the forms of men before I reached the parsonage, and when I reached it, a golden lustre from the mounting sun lit up the lovely house with fire—streaming through the casements already opened to the sweet and balmy air.



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If I had found it difficult to rest on this eventful morning, so also had another—even here—in this most peaceful mansion. The parsonage gate was at this early hour unclosed. I entered. Upon the borders of the velvet lawn, bathed in the dews of night, I beheld the gentle lady of the place; she was alone, and walking pensively—now stooping, not to pluck, but to admire, and then to leave amongst its mates, some crimson beauty of the earth—now looking to the mountains of rich gold piled in the heavens, one upon another, changing in form and colour, blending and separating, as is their wondrous power and custom, filling the maiden's soul with joy. Her back was toward me: should I advance, or now retire? Vain question, when, ere an answer could be given, I was already at the lady's side. Shall I tell of her virgin bashfulness, her blushes, her trembling consciousness of pure affection? Shall I say how little her tongue could speak her love, and how eloquently the dropping tear told all! Shall I describe our morning's walk, her downward gaze—my pride?—her deep, deep silence, my impassioned tones, the insensibility to all external things—the rushing on of envious Time, jealous of the perfect happiness of man? The heart is wanting for the task—the pen is shaking in the tremulous hand.—Beautiful vision! long associate of my rest, sweetener of the daily cares of life, shade of the heavenly one—beloved Ellen! hover still around me, and sustain my aching soul—carry me back to the earliest days of our young love, quicken every moment with enthusiasm—be my fond companion once again, and light up the old man's latest hour with the fire that ceased to burn when thou fled'st heavenward! Thou hast been near me often since we parted here! Whose smile but thine has cheered the labouring pilgrim through the lagging day? In tribulation, whose voice has whispered *peace*—whose eye hath shone upon him, like a star, tranquil and steady in the gloomy night? Linger yet, and strengthen and hallow the feeble words, that chronicle our love!

It would be impossible to conceive a woman more eminently fitted to fulfil the duties of her station, than the gentle creature whose heart it had been my happiness and fortune to make my own. Who could speak so well of the *daughter's* obedience as he who was the object of her hourly solicitude? Who could behold her tenderness, her watchfulness and care and not revere the filial piety that sanctified the maid? The poor, most difficult of mankind to please, the easily offended, the jealous and the peevish, were unanimous in their loud praise of her, whose presence filled the foulest hut with light, and was the harbinger of good. It is well to doubt the indigent when they speak *evil* of their fellows; but trust them when, with one voice, *they pray for blessings*, as they did for her, who came amongst them as a sister and a child. If a spotless mind be a treasure in the *wife*, if simplicity and truth, virtue and steadfast love, are to be prized in her who plights her troth to man, what had I more to ask—what had kind nature more to grant?



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Had all my previous sufferings been multiplied a hundred times, I should have been indemnified for all in the month that followed my restoration to the parsonage. Evening after evening, when the business of the day was closed, did we together wander amongst the scenes that were so dear to us—too happy in the enjoyment of the present, dwelling with pleasure on the past, dreaming wildly—as the young must dream—of the uncreated future. I spoke of earthly happiness, and believed it not a fable. What could be brighter than our promises? What looked more real—less likely to be broken? How sweet was our existence! My tongue would never cease to paint in dazzling colours the days that yet awaited us. I numbered over the joys of a domestic life, told her of the divine favour that accompanies contentment, and how angels of heaven hover over the house in which it dwells united to true love. Nor was there wanting extravagant and fanciful discourse, such as may be spoken by the prodigal heart to its co-mate, when none are by to smile and wonder at blind feeling.

“Dear Ellen,” have I said, in all the fulness of my passion—“what a life is this we lead! what heavenly joy! To be for ever only as we are, were to have more of God’s kindness and beloved care than most of earthly creatures may. Indissolubly joined, and in each other’s light to live, and in each other’s sight alone to seek those blessings wedded feelings may bestow—to perceive and know ourselves as one—to breathe as one the ripe delicious air—to fix on every object of our mutual love the stamp and essence of one living heart—to walk abroad, and find glad sympathy in all created things—this, this is to be conscious of more lasting joy—to have more comfort in the sight of God, than they did know, the happy parent pair, when heaven smiled on earth, and earth was heaven, connected both by tenderest links of love.”

She did not answer, when my soul ran riot in its bliss. She listened, and she sighed, as though experience cut off the promises of hope, or as if intimations of evil began already to cast their shadows, and to press upon her soul!

Time flew as in a dream. The sunny days passed on, finding and leaving me without a trouble or a fear—happy and entranced. Each hour discovered new charms in my betrothed, and every day unveiled a latent grace. How had I merited my great good fortune? How could I render myself worthy of her love? It was not long before the object of my thoughts, sleeping and waking, became a living idol, and I, a reckless worshipper.

Doctor Mayhew had been a faithful friend, and such he continued, looking to the interests of the friendless, which might have suffered in the absence of so good an advocate. It was he, as I learnt, who had drawn from the incumbent his reluctant consent to my return. My departure following my thoughtless declaration so quickly, was not without visible effect on her who had such deep concern in it. Her trouble was



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not lost upon the experienced doctor; he mentioned his suspicion to her father, and recommended my recall. The latter would not listen to his counsel, and pronounced his *diagnosis* hasty and incorrect. The physician bade him wait. The patient did not rally, and her melancholy increased. The doctor once more interceded, but not successfully. Mr Fairman received his counsel with a hasty word, and Dr Mayhew left the parsonage in anger, telling the minister he would himself be answerable no longer for her safety. A week elapsed, and Doctor Mayhew found it impossible to keep away. The old friends met, more attached than ever for the parting which both had found it difficult to bear. The lady was no better. They held a conference—it ended in my favour. I had been exactly a month reinstated, when Doctor Mayhew, who could not rest thoroughly easy until our marriage was concluded, and, as he said, “the affair was off his hands,” took a convenient opportunity to intimate to Mr Fairman the many advantages of an early union. The minister was anxious to postpone the ceremony to a distant period, which he had not courage himself to name. This Mayhew saw, and was well satisfied that, if my happiness depended on the word of the incumbent, I should wait long before I heard it voluntarily given. He told me so, and undertook “to bring the matter to a head” with all convenient speed. He met with a hundred objections, for all of which he was prepared. He heard his friend attentively, and with great deference, and then he answered. What his answers were, I cannot tell—powerful his reasoning must have been, since it argued the jealous parent into the necessity of arranging for an early marriage, and communicating with me that same day upon the views which he had for our future maintenance and comfort.

Nothing could exceed the gratification of Doctor Mayhew, that best and most successful of ambassadors, when he ran to me—straight from the incumbent’s study—to announce the perfect success of his diplomacy. Had he been negotiating for himself, he could not have been in higher spirits. Ellen was with me when he acquainted me, that in three months the treasure would be my own, and mine would be the privilege and right to cherish it. He insisted that he should be rewarded on the instant with a kiss; and, in the exuberance of his feelings, was immodest enough to add, that “if he wasn’t godfather to the first, and if we did not call him Jacob after him, he’d give us over to our ingratitude, and not have another syllable to say to us.”

It was a curious occupation to contemplate the parent during the weeks that followed—to observe all-powerful nature working in him, the chastened and the upright minister of heaven, as she operates upon the weakest and the humblest of mankind. He lived for the happiness and prosperity of his child. For that he was prepared to make every sacrifice a father might—even the greatest—that of parting with her. Was it to be expected that



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he should be insensible to the heavy cost? Could it be supposed that he would all at once resign the dear one without a quiver or a pang? There is a tremor of the soul as well as of the body, when the knife is falling on the limb to sever it, and this he suffered, struggling for composure as a martyr, and yet with all the weakness of a man. I have watched him closely, and I have known his heart wringing with pain, as the eye of his child sparkled with joy at my approach, whilst the visible features of his face strove fiercely to suppress the rising selfishness. He has gazed upon her, as we have sat together in the cheerful night, wondering, as it seemed, by what fascination the natural and deep-rooted love of years could be surpassed and superseded by the immature affection of a day—forgetful of her mother's love, that once preferred him to her sire. In our evening walks I have seen him in our track, following from afar, eager to overtake and join us, and yet resisting the strong impulse, and forbearing. He could not hide from me the glaring fact, that he was envious of my fortune, manifest as it was in every trifling act; nor was it, in truth, easier for him to conceal the strong determination which he had formed to act with honour and with justice. No angry or reproachful word escaped his lips; every favour that he could show me he gladly proffered; nay, many uncalled-for and unexpected, he insisted upon my receiving, apparently, or, as I guessed, because he wished to mortify his own poor heart, and to remove from me the smallest cause for murmuring or complaint. I endeavoured not to be unworthy of his liberality and confidence; and the daughter, who perceived the conflict in his breast, redoubled her attention, and made more evident her unimpaired and childlike love.

It wanted but a month to the time fixed for our union, when Ellen reached her twentieth year. On that occasion, Doctor Mayhew dined with us, and passed the evening at the parsonage. He was in high spirits; and the minister himself more gay than I had known him since our engagement. Ellen reflected her father's cheerfulness, and was busy in sustaining it. All went merry as a marriage-bell. Ellen sang her father's favourite airs—played the tunes that pleased him best, and acquired new energy and power as she proceeded. The parent looked upon her with just pride, and took occasion, when the music was at its loudest, to turn to Mayhew, and to speak of her.

"How well she looks!" said he; "how beautiful she grows!"

"Yes," answered the physician; "I don't wonder that she made young Stukely's heart ache. What a figure the puss has got!"

"And her health seems quite restored!"

"Well, you are not surprised at that, I reckon. Rest assured, my friend, if we could only let young ladies have their way, our patients would diminish rapidly. Why, how she sings to-night! I never knew her voice so good—did you?"

“Oh, she is happy, Mayhew; all her thoughts are joyful! Her heart is revelling. It was very sinful to be so anxious on her account.”



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“So I always told you; but you wouldn’t mind me. She’ll make old bones.”

“You think so, do you?”

“Why, look at her yourself, and say whether we should be justified in thinking otherwise. Is she not the picture of health and animation?”

“Yes, Mayhew, but her mother”——

“There, be quiet will you? The song is over.”

Ellen returned to her father’s side, sat upon a stool before him, and placed her arms upon his knee. The incumbent drew her head there, and touched her cheek in playfulness.

“Come, my friend,” exclaimed the physician, “that isn’t allowable by any means. Recollect two young gentlemen are present, and we can’t be tantalized.”

The minister smiled, and Ellen looked at me.

“Do you remember, doctor,” enquired the latter, “this very day eleven years, when you came over on the grey pony, that walked into this room after you, and frightened us all so?”

“Yes, puss, I do very well; and don’t I recollect your tying my wig to the chair, and then calling me to the window, to see how I should look when I had left it behind me, you naughty little girl!”

“That was very wrong, sir; but you know you forgave me for it.”

“No, I didn’t. Come here, though, and I will now.”

She left her stool, and ran laughing to him. The doctor professed to whisper in her ear, but kissed her cheek. He coughed and hemmed, and, with a serious air, asked me what I meant by grinning at him.

“Do you know, doctor,” continued Ellen, “that this is my first birth-day, since that one, which we have kept without an interruption. Either papa or you have been always called away before half the evening was over.”

“Well, and very sorry you would be, I imagine, if both of us were called away *now*. It would be very distressing to you; wouldn’t it?”

“It would hardly render her happy, Mayhew,” said Mr Fairman, “to be deprived of her father’s society on such an occasion.”



“No, indeed, papa,” said Ellen, earnestly; “and the good doctor does not think so either.”

“Doesn’t he, though, you wicked pussy? You would be very wretched, then, if we were obliged to go? No doubt of it, especially if we happened to leave that youngster there behind us.”

“Ellen shall read to us, Mayhew,” said the incumbent, turning from the subject. “You will find Milton on my table, Caleb.”

As he spoke, Ellen imparted to her friend a look of tenderest remonstrance, and the doctor said no more.

The incumbent, himself a fine reader, had taken great pains to teach his child the necessary and simple, but much neglected art of reading well. There was much grace and sweetness in her utterance, correct emphasis, and no effort. An hour passed delightfully with the minister’s favourite and beloved author; now the maiden read, now he. He listened with greater pleasure to her voice than to his own or any other, but he watched the smallest diminution of its power—the faintest evidence of failing strength—and released her instantly, most anxious for her health and safety, then and always.

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Then arose, as will arise from the contented bosom of domestic piety, grateful rejoicings—the incense of an altar glowing with love’s own offerings! Past time was summoned up, weighed with the present, and, with all the mercies which accompanied it, was still found wanting in the perfect and unsullied happiness that existed now. “The love of heaven,” said the minister, “had never been so manifest and clear. His labours in the service of his people, his prayers on their behalf, were not unanswered. Improvement was taking place around him; even those who had given him cause for deepest sorrow, were already turning from the path of error into that of rectitude and truth. The worst characters in the village had been checked by the example of their fellows, and by the voice of their own conscience, (he might have added, by the working of their minister’s most affectionate zeal) and his heart was joyful—how joyful he could not say—on their account. His family was blessed—(and he looked at Ellen with a moistened eye)—with health, and with the promise of its continuance. His best and oldest friend was at his side; and he, who was dear to them all on her account whose life would soon be linked with his, was about to add to every other blessing, the advantages which must follow the possession of so good a son. What more could he require? How much more was this than the most he could deserve!”

Doctor Mayhew, touched with the solemn feeling of the moment, became a serious man. He took the incumbent by the hand, and spoke.

“Yes, Fairman, we have cause for gratitude. You and I have roughed it many years, and gently enough do we go down the hill. To behold the suffering of other men, and to congratulate ourselves upon our exemption, is not the rational mode of receiving goodness from Almighty God—yet it is impossible for a human being to look about him, and to see family after family worn down by calamity, whilst he himself is free from any, and not have his heart yearning with thankfulness, knowing, as he must, how little he merits his condition. You and I are happy fellows, both of us; and all we have to do, is to think so, and to prepare quietly to leave our places, whilst the young folks grow up to take them. As for the boy there, if he doesn’t smooth your pillow, and lighten for you the weight of old age as it comes on, then am I much mistaken, and ready to regret the steps which I have taken to bring you all together.”

There was little spoken after this. The hearts were full to the brink—to speak was to interfere with their consummate joy. The doctor was the only one who made the attempt, and he, after a very ineffectual endeavour to be jocose, held his peace. The Bible was produced. The servants of the house appeared. A chapter was read from it by the incumbent—a prayer was offered up, then we separated.

I stole to Ellen as she was about to quit us for the night. “And you, dear Ellen,” I whispered in her ear, “are you, too, happy?”



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"Yes, *dearest*," she murmured with a gentle pressure, that passed like wildfire to my heart. "I fear *too* happy. Earth will not suffer it"

We parted, and in twelve hours those words were not without their meaning.

We met on the following morning at the usual breakfast hour. The moment that I entered the apartment, I perceived that Ellen was indisposed—that something had occurred, since the preceding night, to give her anxiety or pain. Her hand trembled slightly, and a degree of perturbation was apparent in her movements. My first impression was, that she had received ill news, for there was nothing in her appearance to indicate the existence of bodily suffering. It soon occurred to me, however, that the unwonted recent excitement might account for all her symptoms—that they were, in fact, the natural consequence of that sudden abundance of joyous spirits which I had remarked in her during the early part of the evening. I satisfied myself with this belief, or strove to do so—the more easily, perhaps, because I saw her father indifferent to her state, if not altogether ignorant of it. He who was ever lying in wait—ever watching—ever ready to apprehend the smallest evidence of ill health, was, on this morning, as insensible to the alteration which had taken place in the darling object of his solicitude, as though he had no eyes to see, or object to behold; so easy is it for a too anxious diligence in a pursuit to overshoot and miss the point at which it aims. Could he, as we sat, have guessed the cause of all her grief—could some dark spirit, gloating on man's misery, have breathed one fearful word into his ear, bringing to life and light the melancholy tale of distant years—how would his nature have supported the announcement—how bore the?—but let me not anticipate. I say that I dismissed all thought of serious mischief, by attributing at once all signs of it to the undue excitement of the festive night. As the breakfast proceeded, I believed that her anxiety diminished, and with that passed away my fears.

At the end of the pleasure garden of the parsonage was a paddock, and, immediately beyond this, another field, leading to a small valley of great beauty. On one side of "*the Dell*," as it was called, was a summer-house, which the incumbent had erected for the sake of the noble prospect which the elevation commanded. To this retreat Ellen and I had frequently wandered with our books during the progress of our love. Here I had read to her of affection and constancy, consecrated by the immortal poet's song. Here we had passed delightful hours, bestowing on the future the same golden lustre that made so bright the present. In joy, I had called this summer-house "*the Lover's Bower*," and it was pleasing to us both to think that we should visit in our after days, for many a year, and with increasing love, a spot endeared to us by the fondest recollections. Thither I bent my steps at the close of our repast.



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It wanted but two days to the time fixed for the resumption of our studies. The boys had returned, and the note of preparation was already sounded. I carried my task to the retreat, and there commenced my labours. An hour fled quickly whilst I was occupied somewhat in Greek, but more in contemplation of the gorgeous scene before me, and in lingering thoughts of her whose form was never absent, but hovered still about the pleasure or the business of the day. The shadow of that form was yet present, when the substance became visible to the bodily eye. Ellen followed me to the "*Lover's Bower*," and there surprised me. She was even paler than before—and the burden of some disquietude was written on her gentle brow; but a smile was on her lips—one of a languid cast—and also of encouragement and hope. I drew her to my side. Lovers are egotists; their words point ever to themselves. She spoke of the birth-day that had just gone by; the tranquil and blissful celebration of it. My expectant soul was already dreaming of the next that was to come, and speaking of the increased happiness that must accompany it.

Ellen sighed.

"It is a lover's sigh!" thought I, not heeding it.

"Whatever may be the future, Caleb," said Ellen seriously, but very calmly, "we ought to be prepared for it. Earth is not our *resting-place*. We should never forget that. Should we, dearest?"

"No, love; but earth has happiness of her kind, of which her children are most sensible. Whilst we are here, we live upon her promises."

"But oh, not to the exclusion of the brighter promises that come from heaven! You do not say that, dear Caleb?"

"No, Ellen. You could not give your heart to him who thought so; howbeit, you have bestowed it upon one unworthy of your piety and excellence."

"Do not mock me, Caleb," said Ellen, blushing. "I have the heart of a sinner, that needs all the mercy of heaven for its weaknesses and faults. I have ever fallen short of my duty."

"You are the only one who says it. Your father will not say so, and I question if the villagers would take your part in this respect."

"Do not misunderstand me, Caleb. I am not, I trust, a hypocrite. I have endeavoured to be useful to the poor and helpless in our neighbourhood—I have been anxious to lighten the heaviness of a parent's days, and, as far as I could, to indemnify him for my mother's loss. I believe that I have done the utmost my imperfect faculties permitted. I



have nothing to charge myself with on these accounts. But my Heavenly Father," continued the maiden, her cheeks flushing, her eyes filling with tears—"oh! I have been backward in my affection and duty to him. I have not ever had before my eyes his honour and glory in my daily walk—I have not done every act in subordination to his will, for his sake, and with a view to his blessing. But He is merciful as well as just, and if his punishment falls now upon my head, it is assuredly to wean me from my error, and to bring me to himself."



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The maid covered her moistened cheek, and sobbed loudly. I was fully convinced that she was suffering from the reaction consequent upon extreme joy. I was rather relieved than distressed by her burst of feeling, and I did not attempt for a time to check her tears.

“Tell me, dear Caleb,” she said herself at length, “if I were to lose you—if it were to please Heaven to take you suddenly from this earth, would it not be sinful to murmur at his act? Would it not be my duty to bend to his decree, and to prepare to follow you?”

“You would submit to such a trial as a Christian woman ought. I am sure you would, dear Ellen—parted, as we should be, but for a season, and sure of a reunion.”

“And would you do this?” enquired the maiden quickly. “Oh, say that you would, dear Caleb! Let me hear it.”

“You are agitated, dearest. We will not talk of this now. There is grace in heaven appointed for the bitterest seasons of adversity. It does not fail when needed. Let us pray that the hour may be distant which shall bring home to either so great a test of resignation.”

“Yes, pray, dear Stukely; but, should it come suddenly and quickly—oh, let us be prepared to meet it!”

“We will endeavour, then; and now to a more cheerful theme. Do we go to Dr Mayhew’s, as proposed? We shall spend a happy day with our facetious, but most kind-hearted friend.”

Ellen burst again into a flood of tears.

“What is the matter, love?” I exclaimed. “Confide to me, and tell the grief that preys upon your mind.”

“Do not be alarmed, Stukely,” she answered rapidly; “it may be nothing after all; but when I woke this morning—it may, I hope for your sake that it *is* nothing serious—but my dear mother, it was the commencement of her own last fatal illness.”

She stopped suddenly, as if her speech had failed her—coughed sharply, and raised her handkerchief to her mouth. I perceived a thick, broad spot of BLOOD, and shuddered.

“Do not be frightened, Stukely,” she continued, shocked fearfully herself. “I shall recover soon. It is the suddenness—I was unprepared. So it was when I awoke this morning—and it startled me, because I heard it was the first bad symptom that my poor mother showed. Now, I pray you, Stukely, to be calm. Perhaps I shall get well; but if I do not, I shall be so happy—preparing for eternity, with you, dear Caleb, at my side.



You promised to be tranquil, and to bear up against this day; and I am sure you will—yes, for my sake—that I may see you so, and have no sorrow.”

I took the dear one to my bosom, and, like a child, cried upon her neck. What could I say? In one moment I was a bankrupt and a beggar—my fortunes were scattered to the winds—my solid edifice as stricken by the thunder-bolt, and lay in ruins before me! Was it real?

Ellen grew calmer as she looked at me, and spoke.



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“Listen to me, dearest Stukely. It was my duty to acquaint you with this circumstance, and I have done so, relying on your manliness and love. You have already guessed what I am about to add. My poor father”—her lips quivered as she said the word—“he must know nothing for the present. It would be cruel unnecessarily to alarm him. His heart would break. He **MUST** be kept in ignorance of this. You shall see Mayhew; he will, I trust, remove our fears. Should he confirm them, he can communicate to papa.” Again she paused, and her tears trickled to her lips, which moved convulsively.

“Do not speak, my beloved,” I exclaimed. “Compose yourself. We will return home. Be it as you wish. I will see Mayhew immediately, and bring him with me to the parsonage. Seek rest—avoid exertion.”

I know not what conversation followed this. I know not how we reached our home again. I have no recollection of it. Three times upon our road was the cough repeated, and, as at first, it was accompanied by that hideous sight. In vain she turned her head away to escape detection. It was impossible to deceive my keen and piercing gaze. I grew pale as death as I beheld on each occasion the frightful evidence of disease; but the maiden pressed my hand, and smiled sweetly and encouragingly to drive away my fears. She did not speak—I had forbidden her to do so; but her looks—full of tenderness and love—told how all her thoughts were for her lover—all her anxiety and care.

At my request, as soon as we arrived at home, she went to bed. I saw the incumbent—acquainted him with her sudden illness—taking care to keep its nature secret—and then ran for my life to Dr Mayhew’s residence. The very appearance of blood was to me, as it is always to the common and uninformed observer, beyond all doubt confirmatory of the worst suspicions—the harbinger of certain death. There is something horrible in its sight, presented in such a form; but not for itself do we shrink as we behold it—not for what it is, but for what it awfully proclaims. I was frantic and breathless when I approached the doctor’s house, and half stupified when I at length stood before him.

I told my errand quickly.

The doctor attempted instantly to mislead me, but he failed in his design. I saw, in spite of the forced smile that would not rest upon his lips, how unexpectedly and powerfully this news had come upon him—how seriously he viewed it. He could not remove my miserable convictions by his own abortive efforts at cheerfulness and unconcern. He moved to his window, and strove to whistle, and to speak of the haymakers who were busy in the fields, and of the weather; but the more he feigned to regard my information as undeserving of alarm, the more convinced I grew that deadly mischief had already taken place. There was an air about him that showed him ill at ease; and, in the midst of all his quietude and indifference, he betrayed an anxiety to appear composed,

unwarranted by an ordinary event. Had the illness been trifling indeed, he could have afforded to be more serious and heedful.



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"I will be at the parsonage some time to-day. You can return without me, Stukely."

"Dr Mayhew," I exclaimed, "I entreat, I implore you not to trifle with me! I can bear any thing but that. Tell me the worst, and I will not shrink from it. You must not think to deceive me. You are satisfied that there is no hope for us; I am sure you are, and you will not be just and say so."

"I am satisfied of no such thing," answered the doctor quickly. "I should be a fool, a madman, to speak so rashly. There is every reason to hope, I do believe, at present. Tell me one thing—does her father know of it?"

"He does not."

"Then let it still be kept a secret from him. Her very life may depend upon his ignorance. She must be kept perfectly composed—no agitation—no frightened faces around her. But I will go with you, and see what can be done. I'll warrant it is nothing at all, and that puss is well over her fright before we get to her."

Again the doctor smiled unhealthfully, and tried, awkwardly enough, to appear wholly free from apprehension, whilst he was most uncomfortable with the amount of it.

The physician remained for half an hour with his patient, and rejoined me in the garden when he quitted her. He looked serious and thoughtful.

"There is no hope, then?" I exclaimed immediately.

"Tush, boy," he answered; "quiet—quiet. She will do well, I hope—eventually. She has fever on her now, which must be brought down. While that remains there will be anxiety, as there must be always—when it leaves her, I trust she will be well again. Do you know if she has undergone any unusual physical exertion?"

"I do not."

"I confess to you that I do not like this accident; but it is impossible to speak positively now. Whilst the fever lasts, symptoms may be confounded and mistaken. I will watch her closely."

"Have you seen her father?"

"I have; but I have told him nothing further than he knew. He believes her slightly indisposed. I have calmed him, and have told him not to have the child disturbed. You will see to that?"

"I will."



“And now mark me, Stukely. I expect that you will behave like a man, and as you ought. We cannot keep Fairman ignorant of this business. Should it go on, as it may—in spite of every thing we can do—he must know it. You have seen sufficient of his character to judge how he will receive the information which it may be my painful lot to take to him. I think of it with dread. It has been my pleasure to stand your friend—you must prove mine. I shall expect you to act with fortitude and calmness, and not, by weakness and self-indulgence, to increase the pain that will afflict the parent’s heart—for it will be sufficient for Fairman to know only what has happened to give up every hope and consolation. You must be firm on his account and chiefly for the sake of the dear girl, who should not see your face without a smile of confidence and love upon it. Do you hear me? I will let you weep now,” he continued, noticing the tears which prevented my reply, “provided that you dry your eyes, and keep them so from this time forward. Do you hear me?”



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“Yes,” I faltered.

“And will you heed me?”

“I will try,” I answered, as firmly as I might, with every hope within me crushed and killed by the words which he had spoken.

“Very well. Then let us say no more, until we see what Providence is doing for us.”

The fever of Ellen did not abate that day. The doctor did not leave the house, but remained with the incumbent—not, as he told his friend, because he thought it necessary so to do, but to keep the word which he had given the night before—viz., to pass the day with him. He was sorry that he had been deprived of their company at his own abode, but he could make himself quite comfortable where he was. About eleven o'clock at night the doctor thought it strange that Robin had not brought his pony over, and wondered what had happened.

“Shall we send to enquire?” asked Mr Fairman.

“Oh no!” was the quick answer, “that never can be worth while. We'll wait a little longer.”

At twelve the doctor spoke again. “Well, he must think of moving; but he was very tired, and did not care to walk.”

“Why not stay here, then? I cannot see, Mayhew, why you should be so uneasy at the thought of sleeping out. Come, take your bed with us for once.”

“Eh?—well—it's very late—suppose I do.”

Mayhew had not been shrewd enough, and, with his ready acquiescence, the minister learned all.

I did not go to bed. My place was at her door, and there I lingered till the morning. The physician had paid his last visit shortly after midnight, and had given orders to the nurse who waited on the patient, to call him up if necessary, but on no account to disturb the lady if she slept or was composed. The gentle sufferer did not require his services, or, if she did, was too thoughtful and too kind to make it known. Early in the morning Doctor Mayhew came—the fever had increased—and she had experienced a new attack of haemoptysis the moment she awoke. The doctor stepped softly from her room, and deep anxiety was written on his brow. I followed him with eagerness. He put his finger to his lips, and said, “Remember, Stukely.”

“Yes, I will—I do; but, is she better?”



“No—but I am not discouraged yet. Every thing depends upon extreme tranquillity. No one must see her. Dear me, dear me! what is to be said to Fairman, should he ask?”

“Is she placid?” I enquired.

“She is an angel, Stukely,” said the good doctor, pressing my hands, and passing on. When we met at breakfast, the incumbent looked hard at me, and seemed to gather something from my pale and careworn face. When Mayhew came, full of bustle, assumed, and badly too, as the shallowest observer could perceive, he turned to him, and in a quiet voice asked “if his child was much worse since the previous night.”

“Not much,” said Mayhew. “She will be better in a short time, I trust.”



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“May I see her?” enquired the father in the same soft tone.

“Not now—by and by perhaps—I hope to-morrow. This is a sudden attack—you see—any excitement may prolong it—it wouldn’t be well to give a chance away. Don’t you see that, Fairman?”

“Yes,” said the minister, and from that moment made no further mention of his daughter during breakfast. The meal was soon dispatched. Mr Fairman retired to his study—and the doctor prepared for his departure. He promised to return in the afternoon.

“Thank God!” he exclaimed, as he took leave of me at the gate, “that Fairman remains so very unsuspecting. This is not like him. I expected to find him more inquisitive.”

“I am surprised,” I answered; “but it is most desirable that he should continue so.”

“Yes—yes—by all means—for the present at all events.”

Throughout the day there was no improvement in the patient’s symptoms. The physician came according to his promise, and again at night. He slept at the parsonage for the second time. The minister betrayed no wonder at this unusual act, showed no agitation, made no importunate enquiries. He asked frequently during the day if any amendment had taken place; but always in a gentle voice, and without any other reference to her illness. As often as the doctor came, he repeated his wish to visit his dear child, but, receiving for answer “that he had better not at present,” he retired to his study with a tremulous sigh, but offering no remonstrance.

The doctor went early to rest. He had no inclination to spend the evening with his friend, whom he hardly cared to see until he could meet him as the messenger of good tidings. I had resolved to hover, as I did before, near the mournful chamber in which she lay; and there I kept a weary watch until my eyes refused to serve me longer, and I was forced against my will, and for the sake of others, to yield my place and crawl to my repose. As I walked stealthily through the house, and on tiptoe, fearful of disturbing one beloved inmate even by a breath—I passed the incumbent’s study. The door was open, and a glare of light broke from it, and stretched across the passage. I hesitated for a moment—then listened—but, hearing nothing, pursued my way. It was very strange. The clock had just before struck three, and the minister, it was supposed, had been in bed since midnight. “His lamp is burning,” thought I—“he has forgotten it.” I was on the point of entering the apartment—when I was deterred and startled by his voice. My hand was already on the door, and I looked in. Before me, on his knees, with his back towards me, was my revered friend—his hands clasped, and his head raised in supplication. He was in his dress of day, and had evidently not yet visited his pillow. I waited, and he spoke—



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“Not my will,” he exclaimed in a piercing tone of prayer—“not mine, but thy kind will be done, O Lord! If it be possible, let the bitter cup pass from me—but spare not, if thy glory must needs be vindicated. Bring me to thy feet in meek, and humble, and believing confidence—all is well, then, for time and for eternity. It is merciful and good to remove the idol that stands between our love and God. Father of mercy—enable me to bring the truth *home, home* to this most traitorous—this lukewarm, earthy heart of mine—a heart not worthy of thy care and help. Let me not murmur at thy gracious will—oh, rather bend and bow to it—and kiss the rod that punishes. I need chastisement—for I have loved too well—too fondly. I am a rebel, and thy all-searching eye hath found me faithless in thy service. Take her, Father and Saviour—I will resign her—I will bless the hand that smites me—I will”—he stopped; and big tears, such as drop fearfully from manhood’s eye, made known to heaven the agony that tears a parent’s heart, whilst piety is occupied in healing it.

It is not my purpose to recite the doubts and fears, the terrible suspense, the anxious hopes, that filled the hours which passed whilst the condition of the patient remained critical. It is a recital which the reader may well spare, and I avoid most gladly. At the end of a week, the fever departed from the sufferer. The alarming symptoms disappeared, and confidence flowed rapidly to the soul again. At this time the father paid his first visit to his child. He found her weak and wasted; the violent applications which had been necessary for safety had robbed her of all strength—had effected, in fact, a prostration of power, which she never recovered, from which she never rallied. Mr Fairman was greatly shocked, and asked the physician for his opinion *now*. The latter declined giving it until, as he expressed himself, “the effects of the fever, and her attack, had left him a fair and open field for observation. There was a slight cough upon her. It was impossible for the present to say, whether it was temporary and dependent upon what had happened, or whether it resulted from actual mischief in her lung.”

* * * * *

A month has passed away since the physician spoke these words, and to doubt longer would be to gaze upon the sun and to question its brightness. Mayhew has told the father his worst fears, and bids him prepare like a Christian and a man for the loss of his earthly treasure. It was he who watched the decay of her mother. The case is a similar one. He has no consolation to offer. It must be sought at the throne of Him who giveth, and hath the right to take away. The minister receives the intelligence with admirable fortitude. We are sitting together, and the doctor has just spoken as becomes him, seriously and well. There is a spasm on the cheek of the incumbent, whilst I sob loudly. The latter takes me by the hand, and speaks to the physician in a low and hesitating tone.



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“Mayhew,” said he, “I thank you for this sincerity. I will endeavour to look the terror in the face, as I have struggled to do for many days. It is hard—but through the mercy of Christ it is not impracticable. Dear and oldest friend, unite your prayers with mine, for strength, and holiness, and resignation. Cloud and agitation are at our feet. Heaven is above us. Let us look there, and all is well.”

We knelt. The minister prayed. He did not ask his Master to suspend his judgments. He implored him to prepare the soul of the afflicted one for its early flight, and to subdue the hearts of them all with his grace and holy spirit. Let him who doubts the efficacy of *prayer* seek to clear his difficulty in the season of affliction, or when death sits grimly at the hearth—he shall be satisfied.

If it were a consolation and a joy in the midst of our tribulation to behold the father chastened by the heavy blow which had fallen so suddenly upon his age, how shall I express the ineffable delight—yes, delight, amidst sorrow the most severe—with which I contemplated the beloved maiden, upon whose tender years Providence had allowed to fall so great a trial. Fully sensible of her position, and of the near approach of death, she was, so long as she could see her parent and her lover without distress, patient, cheerful, and rejoicing. Yes, weaker and weaker as she grew, happier and happier she became in the consciousness of her pure soul’s increase. Into her ear had been whispered, and before her eyes holy spirits had appeared with the mysterious communication, which, hidden as it is from us, we find animating and sustaining feeble nature, which else would sink, appalled and overwhelmed. There was not one of us who did not live a witness to the truth of the heavenly promise, “*as thy days, so shall thy strength be;*” not one amongst the dearest friends of the sufferer, who did not feel, in the height of his affliction, that God would not cast upon his creatures a burden which a Christian might not bear. But to *her* especially came the celestial declaration with power and might. An angel, sojourning for a day upon the earth, and preparing for his homeward flight, could not have spread his ready wing more joyfully, with livelier anticipation of his native bliss, than did the maiden look for her recall and blest ascension to the skies. In her presence I had seldom any grief; it was swallowed up and lost in gratitude for the victory which the dear one had achieved, in virtue of her faith, over all the horrors of her situation. It was when alone that I saw, in its reality and naked wretchedness, the visitation that I, more than any other, was doomed to suffer. For days I could scarcely bring myself to the calm consideration of it. It seemed unreal, impossible, a dream—any thing but what it was—the direst of worldly woes—the most tremendous of human punishments.



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I remember vividly a day passed in the chamber of the resigned creature, about two months after the first indication of her illness. Her disease had increased rapidly, and the signs of its ravages were painfully manifest in her sunken eye, her hectic cheek, her hollow voice, her continual cough. Her spirit became more tranquil as her body retreated from the world—her hopes more firm, her belief in the love of her Saviour—his will and power to save her, more clear, and free from all perplexity. I had never beheld so beautiful a sight as the devoted maid presented to my view. I had never supposed it possible to exist; and thus, as I sat at her side, though the thought of death was ever present, it was as of a terror in a milkwhite shroud—a monster enveloped and concealed beneath a robe of beauty. I listened to her with enchantment whilst she spoke of the littleness of this world, and the boundless happiness that awaited true believers in the next—of the unutterable mercy of God, in removing us from a scene of trouble whilst our views were cloudless, and our hopes sure and abiding. Yes, charmed by the unruffled air, the angelic look, I could forget even my mortality for a moment, and feel my living soul in deep communion with a superior and brighter spirit. It was when she recalled me to earth by a reminiscence of our first days of love, that the bruised heart was made sensible of pain, and of its lonely widowed lot. Then the tears would not be checked, but rushed passionately forth, and, as the clouds shut out and hid the one brief glimpse of heaven, flowed unrestrained.

Her mind was in a sweet composed state during the interview to which I allude. She had pleasure in referring to the days of her childhood, and in speaking of the happiness which she had found amongst her native hills.

“How little, Caleb,” she said, “is the mind occupied with thoughts of death in childhood—with any thoughts of actual lasting evil! We cannot see these things in childhood—we cannot penetrate so deeply or throw our gaze so far, we are so occupied with the joys that are round about us. Is it not so? Our parents are ever with us. Day succeeds to day—one so like the other—and our home becomes our world. A sorrow comes at length—a parent dies—the first and dearest object in that world; then all is known, and the stability of life becomes suspected.”

“The home of many,” I replied, “is undisturbed for years!”

“Yes, and how sweet a thing is love of home! It is not acquired, I am sure. It is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us; brought from another world, to carry us on in this with joy. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbed.”

“Dear Ellen!” I exclaimed, “how little has sorrow to do with your affliction!”

“And why, dear Caleb? Have you never found that the difficulties of the broad day melt away beneath the influences of the quiet lovely night? Have you never been perplexed in the bustle and tumult of the day, and has not truth revealed itself when all was dark



and still? This is my night, and in sickness I have seen the eye of God upon me, and heard his words, as I have never seen and heard before?"



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It was in this manner that she would talk, not more disturbed, nay, not so much, as when in happier times I never heard her speak of the troubles and anxieties of her poor villagers. No complaint—no mournful accents escaped her lips. If at times the soaring spirit was repressed, dejected, the living—the loved ones whom she must leave behind her had possession of her thoughts, and loaded them with pain. Who would wait upon her father? Who would attend to all his little wants? Who could understand his nature as she had learnt it—and who would live to comfort and to cheer his days? These questions she has asked herself, whilst her only answers have been her struggling tears.

The days were travelling fast; each one taking from the doomed girl—years of life. She dwindled and wasted; and became at length less than a shadow of her former self. Why linger on the narrative? Autumn arrived, and, with the general decay—she died. A few hours before her death she summoned me to her bedside, and acquainted me with her fast-approaching dissolution. “It is the day,” she said, speaking with difficulty—“I am sure of it. I have watched that branch for many days—look—it is quite bare. Its last yellow leaf has fallen—I shall not survive it.” I gazed upon her; her eye was brighter than ever. It sparkled again, and most beautiful she looked. But death was there—and her soul eager to give him all that he could claim!

“You are quite happy, dearest Ellen!” I exclaimed, weeping on her thin emaciated hand.

“Most happy, beloved. Do not grieve—be resigned—be joyful. I have a word to say. Nurse,” she continued, calling to her attendant—“the drawing.”

The nurse placed in her hand the sketch which she had taken of my favourite scene.

“Do you remember, love?” said she. “Keep it, for Ellen—you loved that spot—oh, so did I!—and you will love it still. There is another sketch, you will find it by and by—afterwards—when I am—It is in my desk. Keep that too, for Ellen, will you? It is the last drawing I have made.”

I sat by and bit my lips to crush my grief, but I would not be silent whilst my heart as breaking.

“You should rejoice, dear,” continued Ellen solemnly. “We did not expect this separation so very soon; but it is better now than later. Be sure it is merciful and good. Prepare for this hour, Caleb; and when it comes, you will be so calm, so ready to depart. How short is life! Do not waste the precious hours. Read from St John, dearest—the eleventh chapter. It is all sweetness and consolation.”



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The sun was dropping slowly into the west, leaving behind him a deep red glow that illuminated the hills, and burnished the windows of the sick-chamber. The wind moaned, and, sweeping the sere leaves at intervals, threatened a tempest. There was a solemn stillness in the parsonage, around whose gate—weeping in silence, without heart to speak, or wish to make their sorrow known—were collected a host of humble creatures—the poorest but sincerest friends of Ellen—the villagers who had been her care. They waited and lingered for the heavy news, which they were told must come to them this day; and prayed secretly—every one of them, old and young—for mercy on the sufferer's soul! And she, whose gentle spirit is about to flit, lies peacefully, and but half-conscious of the sounds that pass to heaven on her behalf. Her father, Mayhew, and I, kneel round her bed, and the minister in supplicating tones, where nature does not interpose, dedicates the virgin to *His* favour whose love she has applied so well. He ceases, for a whisper has escaped her lips. We listen all. "*Oh, this is peace!*" she utters faintly, but most audibly, and the scene is over.

"It is a dream," said the minister, when we parted for the night—I with the vain hope to forget in sleep the circumstances of the day—the father to stray unwittingly into *her* former room, and amongst the hundred objects connected with the happy memory of the departed.

The picture of which my Ellen had spoken, I obtained on the following day. It was a drawing of the church and the burial-ground adjoining it. One grave was open. It represented that in which her own mortal remains were deposited, amidst the unavailing lamentations of a mourning village.

In three months the incumbent quitted Devonshire. The scenery had no pleasure for him, associated as it was with all the sorrows of his life. His pupils returned to their homes. He had offered to retain them, and to retain his incumbency for the sake of my advancement; but, whilst I saw that every hour spent in the village brought with it new bitterness and grief, I was not willing to call upon him for so great a sacrifice. Such a step, indeed, was rendered unnecessary through the kind help of Dr Mayhew, to whom I owe my present situation, which I have held for forty years with pleasure and contentment. Mr Fairman retired to a distant part of the kingdom, where the condition of the people rendered the presence of an active minister of God a privilege and a blessing. In the service of his Master, in the securing of the happiness of other men, he strove for years to deaden the pain of his own crushed heart. And he succeeded—living to bless the wisdom which had carried him through temptation; and dying, at last, to meet with the reward conferred upon the man *who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seeks for glory, and honour, and immortality*—ETERNAL LIFE.



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The employment obtained for me by the kind interest of Dr Mayhew, which the return of so many summers and winters has found me steadily prosecuting, was in the house of his brother—a gentleman whose name is amongst the first in a profession adorned by a greater number of high-minded, honourable men, than the world generally is willing to allow. Glad to avail myself of comparative repose, an active occupation, and a certain livelihood, I did not hesitate to enter his office in the humble capacity of clerk. I have lived to become the confidential secretary and faithful friend of my respected principal.

As I have progressed noiselessly in the world, and rather as a spectator than an actor on the broad stage of life, it has been no unprofitable task to trace the career of those with whom I formed an intimacy during the bustle and excitement of my boyhood. Not many months after my introduction into the mysteries of law, tidings reached my ears concerning Mr Clayton. He had left his chapel suddenly. His avarice had led him deeper and deeper into guilt; speculation followed speculation, until he found himself entangled in difficulties, from which, by lawful means, he was unable to extricate himself. He forged the signature of a wealthy member of his congregation, and thus added another knot to the complicated string of his delinquencies. He was discovered. There was not a man aware of the circumstances of the case who was not satisfied of his guilt; but a legal quibble saved him, and he was sent into the world again, branded with the solemn reprimand of the judge who tried him for his life, and who bade him seek existence honestly—compelled to labour, as he would be, in a humbler sphere of life than that in which he had hitherto employed his undoubted talents. To those acquainted with the working of the unhappy system of *dissent*, it will not be a matter of surprise that the result was not such as the good judge anticipated. It so happened that, at the time of Mr Clayton's acquittal, a dispute arose between the minister of his former congregation and certain influential members of the same. The latter, headed by a fruiterer, a very turbulent and conceited personage, separated from what they called the *church*, and set up another *church* in opposition. The meeting-house was built, and the only question that remained to agitate the pious minds of the half-dozen founders was—*How to let the pews!* Mr CLAYTON, more popular amongst his set than ever, was invited to accept the duties of a pastor. He consented, and had the pews been trebled they would not have satisfied one half the applications which, in one month, were showered on the victorious schismatics. Here, for a few years, Mr Clayton continued; his character improved, his fame more triumphant, his godliness more spiritual and pure than it had been even before he committed the crime of forgery. His ruling passion, notwithstanding, kept firm hold of his soul, and very soon betrayed



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him into the commission of new offences. He fled from London, and I lost sight of him. At length I discovered that he was preaching in one of the northern counties, and with greater success than ever—yes, such is the fallacy of the system—with the approbation of men, and the idolatry of women, to whom the history of his career was as familiar as their own. Again circumstances compelled him to decamp. I know not what these were, nor could I ever learn; satisfied, however, that from his nature *money* must have been in close connexion with them, I expected soon to hear of him again; and I did hear, but not for years. The information that last of all I gained was, that he had sold his noble faculties *undisguisedly* to the arch enemy of man. He had become the editor of one of the lowest newspaper of the metropolis, notorious for its Radical politics and atheistical blasphemies.

Honest, faithful and unimpeachable John Thompson! Friend, husband, father—sound in every relation of this life—thou noble-hearted Englishman! Let me not say thy race is yet extinct. No; in spite of the change that has come over the spirit of our land—in spite of the rust that eats into men's souls, eternally racked with thoughts of gain and traffic—in spite of the cursed poison insidiously dropped beneath the cottage eaves, by reckless, needy demagogues, I trust my native land, and still believe, that on her lap she cherishes whole bands of faithful children, and firm patriots. Not amongst the least inducements to return to London was the advantage of a residence near to that of my best friend and truest counsellor. I cannot number the days which I have spent with him and his unequalled family—unequalled in their unanimity and love. For years, no Sunday passed which did not find me at their hospitable board; a companion afterwards in their country walks, and at the evening service of their parish church. The children were men and women before it pleased Providence to remove their sire. How like his life was good John Thompson's death! Full of years, but with his mental vision clear as in its dawn, aware of his decline, he called his family about his bed, and to the weeping group spoke firmly and most cheerfully.

"He had lived his time," he said, "and long enough to see his children doing well. There was not one who caused him pain and fear—and that was more than every father of a family could say—thank God for it! He didn't know that he had much to ask of any one of them. If they continued to work hard, he left enough behind to buy them tools; and if they didn't, the little money he had saved would be of very little use. There was their mother. He needn't tell 'em to be kind to her, because their feelings wouldn't let them do no otherwise. As for advice, he'd give it to them in his own plain way. First and foremost, he hoped *they never would sew their mouths up*—never act in such a way as to make themselves ashamed of speaking



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like a man;” and then he recommended strongly that *they should touch no bills but such as they might cut wood with*. The worst that could befall ’em would be a cut upon the finger; and if they handled other bills they’d cut their heads off in the end, be sure of it. “Alec,” said he at last,—“you fetch me bundle of good sticks. Get them from the workshop.” Alec brought them, and the sire continued,—“Now, just break one a-piece. There, that’s right—now, try and break them altogether. No, no, my boys, you can’t do that, nor can the world break you so long as you hold fast and well together. Disagree and separate, and nothing is more easy. If a year goes bad with one, let the others see to make it up. Live united, do your duty, and leave the rest to heaven.” So Thompson spake; such was the legacy he left to those who knew from his good precept and example how to profit by it. My friendship with his children has grown and ripened. They are thriving men. Alec has inherited the nature of his father more than any other son. All go smoothly on in life, paying little regard to the broils and contests of external life, but most attentive to the *in-door* business. All, did I say?—I err. Exception must be made in favour of my excellent good friend, Mr Robert Thompson. He has in him something of the spirit of his mother, and finds fault where his brethren are most docile. Catholic emancipation he regarded with horror—the Reform bill with indignation; and the onward movement of the present day he looks at with the feelings of an individual waiting for an earthquake. He is sure that the world is going round the other way, or is turned topsy-turvy, or is coming to an end. He is the quietest and best disposed man in his parish—his moral character is without a flaw—his honesty without a blemish, yet is his mind filled with designs which would astonish the strongest head that rebel ever wore. He talks calmly of the propriety of hanging, without trial, all publishers of immorality and sedition—of putting embryo rioters to death, and granting them a judicial examination as soon as possible afterwards. Dissenting meeting-houses he would shut up instanter, and guard with soldiers to prevent irregularity or disobedience. “Things,” he says, “are twisted since his father was a boy, and must be twisted back—by force—to their right place again. Ordinary measures are less than useless for extraordinary times, and he only wishes he had power, or was prime-minister for a day or two.” But for this unfortunate *monomania*, the Queen has not a better subject, London has not a worthier citizen than the plain spoken, simple-hearted Robert Thompson.



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In one of the most fashionable streets of London, and within a few doors of the residence of royalty, is a stylish house, which always looks as if it were newly painted, furnished, and decorated. The very imperfect knowledge which a passer-by may gain, denotes the existence of great wealth within the clean and shining walls. Nine times out of ten shall you behold, standing at the door, a splendid equipage—a britzka or barouche. The appointments are of the richest kind—the servants' livery gaudiest of the gaudy—silvery are their buttons, and silver-gilt the horses' harness. Stay, whilst the big door opens, and then mark the owner of the house and britzka. A distinguished foreigner, you say, of forty, or thereabouts. He seems dressed in livery himself; for all the colours of the rainbow are upon him. Gold chains across his breast—how many you cannot count at once—intersect each other curiously; and on every finger sparkles a precious jewel, or a host of jewels. Thick mustaches and a thicker beard adorn the foreign face; but a certain air which it assumes, convinces you without delay that it is the property of an unmitigated blackguard. Reader, you see the ready Ikey, whom we have met oftener than once in this short history. Would you know more? Be satisfied to learn, that he exists upon the follies and the vices of our high nobility. He has made good the promises of his childhood and his youth. He rolls in riches, and is—a fashionable money-lender.

Dark were the shadows which fell upon my youth. The indulgent reader has not failed to note them—with pain it may be—and yet, I trust, not without improvement. Yes, sad and gloomy has been the picture, and light has gleamed but feebly there. It has been otherwise since I carried, for my comfort and support, the memory of my beloved Ellen into the serious employment of my later years. With the catastrophe of her decease, commenced another era of my existence—the era of self-denial, patience, sobriety, and resignation. Her example dropped with silent power into my soul, and wrought its preservation. Struck to the earth by the immediate blow, and rising slowly from it, I did not mourn her loss as men are wont to grieve at the departure of all they hold most dear. Think when I would of her, in the solemn watches of the night, in the turmoil of the bustling day—a saint beatified, a spirit of purity and love—hovered above me, smiling in its triumphant bliss, and whispering—peace. My lamentation was intercepted by my joy. And so throughout have I been irritated by the small annoyances of the world, her radiant countenance—as it looked sweetly even upon death—has risen to shame and silence my complaint. Repining at my humble lot, her words—that estimated well the value, the nothingness of life compared with life eternal—have spoken the effectual reproof. As we advance in years, the old familiar faces gradually retreat and fade at length entirely. Forty long years have passed, and on this bright spring



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morning the gentle Ellen steals upon the lawn, unaltered by the lapse of time. Her slender arm is twined in mine, and her eye fills with innocent delight. Not an hour of age is added to her face, although the century was not yet born when last I gazed upon its meek and simple loveliness. She vanishes. Is it her voice that through the window flows, borne on the bosom of the vernal wind? Angel of Light, I wait thy bidding to rejoin thee!

* * * * *

COMMERCIAL POLICY.

SPAIN.

The extraordinary breadth and boldness of the fiscal measures propounded and carried out at once in the past year with vigour and promptitude no less extraordinary, wisely calculated of themselves, as they may be, perhaps, and so far experience is assumed to have confirmed, to exercise a salutary bearing upon the physical condition of the people, and to reanimate the drooping energies of the country, can, however, receive the full, the just development of all the large and beneficial consequences promised, only as commercial intercourse is extended, as new marts are opened, and as hostile tariffs are mitigated or abated, by which former markets have been comparatively closed against the products of British industry. The fiscal changes already operated, may be said to have laid the foundation, and prepared the way, for this extension and revival of our foreign commercial relations; but it remains alone for our commercial policy to raise the superstructure and consummate the work, if the foundations be of such solidity as we are assured on high authority they are. In the promotion of national prosperity, colonization may prove a gradually efficient auxiliary; but as a remedy for present ills, its action must evidently be too slow and restricted; and even though it should be impelled to a geometrical ratio of progression, still would the prospect of effectual relief be discernible only through a vista of years. Meanwhile, time presses, and the patient might perish if condemned alone to the homoeopathic process of infinitesimal doses of relief.

The statesman who entered upon the Government with his scheme of policy, reflected and silently matured as a whole, (as we may take for granted,) with principles determined, and his course chalked out in a right line, was not, assuredly, tardy, whilst engaged with the work of fiscal revision, in proceeding practically to the enlargement of the basis of the commercial system of the empire. An advantageous treaty of commerce with the young but rising republic of Monte Video, rewarded his first exertions, and is there to attest also the zealous co-operation of his able and accomplished colleague, Lord Aberdeen. This treaty is not important only in reference

to the greater facilities and increase of trade, conceded with the provinces on the right bank of the river Plate, and of the Uruguay and Parana, but inasmuch also as, in



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the possible failure of the negotiations for the renewal of the commercial treaty with Brazil, now approaching its term, it cannot fail to secure easy access for British wares in the territory of Rio Grande, lying on the borders of the republic of the Uruguay, and far the most extensive, though not the most populous, of Brazilian provinces; and this in despite of the Government of Brazil, which does not, and cannot, possess the means for repressing its intercourse with Monte Video, even though its possession and authority were as absolute and acknowledged in Rio Grande as they are decidedly the reverse. The next, and the more difficult, achievement of Conservative diplomacy resulted in the ratification of a supplementary commercial convention with Russia. We say difficult, because the iron-bound exclusiveness and isolation of the commercial, as well as of the political, system of St Petersburg, is sufficiently notorious; and it must have required no small exercise of sagacity and address to overcome the known disinclination of that Cabinet to any relaxation of the restrictive policy which, as the Autocrat lately observed to a distinguished personage, "had been handed down to him from his ancestors, and was found to work well for the interests of his empire." The peculiar merits of this treaty are as little understood, however, as they have been unjustly depreciated in some quarters, and the obstacles to the accomplishment overlooked. It will be sufficient to state, on the present occasion, that notice had been given by the Russian Government, of the resolution to subject British shipping, importing produce other than of British, or British colonial origin, to the payment of differential or discriminating duties on entrance into Russian ports. The result of such a measure would have been to put an entire stop to that branch of the carrying trade, which consisted in supplying the Russian market with the produce of other European countries, and of Brazil, Cuba, and elsewhere, direct in British bottoms. To avert this determination, representations were not spared, and at length negotiations were consented to. But for some time they wore but an unpromising appearance, were more than once suspended, if not broken off, and little, if any, disposition was exhibited on the part of the Russian Government to listen to terms of compromise. After upwards of twelvemonths' delay, hesitation, and diplomacy, the arrangement was finally completed, which was laid before Parliament at the commencement of the session. It may be accepted as conclusive evidence of the tact and skill of the British negotiators, that, in return for waiving the alterations before alluded to, and leaving British shipping entitled to the same privileges as before, it was agreed that the produce of Russian Poland, shipped from Prussian ports in Russian vessels, should be admissible into the ports of Great Britain on the same conditions of duty as if coming direct and loaded from Russian ports. As the greater part of Russian



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Poland lies inland, and communicates with the sea only through the Prussian ports, it was no more than just and reasonable that Russian Polish produce so brought to the coast—to Dantzic, for example—should be admissible here in Russian bottoms on the same footing as if from a Russian port. To this country it could be a matter of slight import whether such portion of the produce so shipped in Prussian ports as was carried in foreign, and not in British bottoms, came in Russian vessels or in those of Prussia, as before. To Russia, however, the boon was clearly of considerable interest, and valued accordingly. In the mean time, British shipping retains its former position, in respect of the carriage of foreign produce; and, however hostile Russian tariffs may be to British manufactured products—as hostile to the last degree they are, as well as against the manufactured wares of all other States—it is undeniable that our commercial marine enjoys a large proportion of the carrying trade with Russia—almost a monopoly, in fact, of the carrying trade between the two countries direct. Of 1147 foreign ships which sailed with cargoes during the year 1842 from the port of Cronstadt, 515 were British, with destination direct to the ports of the United Kingdom, whilst only forty-one foreign or Russian vessels were loaded and left during that year for British ports. Of 525 British vessels, of the aggregate burden of nearly 118,000 tons, which anchored in the roadstead of Cronstadt in that year, 472 were direct from the United Kingdom, and fifty-three from various other countries, such as the two Sicilies, Spain, Cuba, South America, &c. The number of British vessels which entered the port of St Petersburg, as Cronstadt in fact is, was more considerable still in 1840 and 1841—having been in the first year, 662, of the aggregate burden of 146,682 tons; in the latter, of 645 ships and 146,415 tons. Of the total average number of vessels by which the foreign trade of that empire is carried on, and load and leave the ports of Russia yearly, which, in round numbers, may be taken at about 6000, of an aggregate tonnage of 1,000,000—ships sailing on ballast not comprehended—the average number of ships under the Russian flag, comprised in the estimate, does not much, if any, exceed 1000, of the aggregate burden of 150 or 160,000 tons. This digression, though it has led us further astray from our main object than we had contemplated, will not be without its uses, if it serve to correct some exaggerated notions which prevail about the comparative valuelessness of our commerce with Russia, because of its assumed entire one-sidedness—losing sight altogether of its vast consequence to the shipping interest; and of the freightage, which is as much an article of commerce and profit as cottons and woollens; oblivious, moreover, of the great political question involved in the maintenance and aggrandisement of that shipping interest, which must be taken to account



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by the statesman and the patriot as redressing to no inconsiderable extent the adverse action of unfriendly tariffs. It is only after careful ponderance of these and other combined considerations, that the value of any trading relations with Russia can be clearly understood, and that the importance of the supplementary treaty of navigation recently carried through, with success proportioned to the remarkable ability and perseverance displayed, can be duly appreciated. It is, undoubtedly, the special economical event of the day, upon which the commercial, and scarcely less the political, diplomacy of the Government may be most justly complimented for its mastery of prejudices and impediments, which, under the circumstances, and in view of the peculiar system to be combated, appeared almost insurmountable. Common honesty and candour must compel this acknowledgment, even from men so desperate in their antipathies to the political system of Russia, as Mr Urquhart or Mr Cargill—antipathies, by the way, with which we shall not hesitate to express a certain measure of participation.

We shall not dwell upon those other negotiations, now and for some time past in active progress with France, with Brazil, with Naples, with Austria, and with Portugal, by which Sir Robert Peel is so zealously labouring to fill up the broad outlines of his economical policy—a policy which represents the restoration of peace to the nation, progress to industry, and plenty to the cottage; but which also otherwise is not without its dangers. Amidst the whirlwind of passions, the storm of hatred and envy, conjured by the evil genius of his predecessors in office, and most notably by the malignant star which lately ruled over the foreign destinies of England, the task has necessarily been, yet is, and will be, Herculean; but the force of Hercules is there also, as may be hoped, to wrestle with and overthrow the hydra—the AEolus to recall and encage the tempestuous elements of strife. A host in himself, hosts also the premier has with him in his cabinet; for such singly are the illustrious Wellington, the Aberdeen, the Stanley, the Graham, the Ripon, and, though last, though youngest, scarcely least, the Gladstone.

Great as is our admiration, deeply impressed as we are with a sense of the extraordinary qualifications, of the varied acquirements, of the conscientious convictions, and the singleness and rightmindedness of purpose of the right honourable the vice-president of the Board of Trade, we must yet presume to hesitate before we give an implicit adherence upon all the points in the confession of economical faith expressed and implied in an article attributed to him, and not without cause, which ushered into public notice the first number of a new quarterly periodical, “The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review,” in January last, and was generally accepted as a programme of ministerial faith and action. Our points of dissonance are, however, few; but, as involving questions of principle,



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whilst we are generally at one on matters of detail, we hold them to be of some importance. This, however, is not the occasion proper for urging them, when engaged on a special theme. But on a question of fact, which has a bearing upon the subject in hand, we may be allowed to express our decided dissent from the *dictum* somewhat arbitrarily launched, in the article referred to, in the following terms:—"We shall urge that foreign countries neither have combined, nor ought to combine, nor can combine, against the commerce of Great Britain; and we *shall treat as a calumny the imputation that they are disposed to enter into such a combination.*" The italics, it must be observed, are ours.

We have at this moment evidence lying on our table sufficiently explanatory and decisive to our minds that such a spirit of combination is abroad against British commercial interests. We might indeed appeal to events of historical publicity, which would seem confirmatory of a tacitly understood combination, from the simultaneity of action apparent. We have, for example, France reducing the duties on Belgian iron, coal, linen, yarn, and cloths, whilst she raises those on similar British products; the German Customs' League imposing higher and prohibitory duties on British fabrics of mixed materials, such as wool, cotton, silk, &c.; puny Portugal interdicting woollens by exorbitant rates of impost, and scarcely tolerating the admission of cotton manufactures; the United States, with sweeping action, passing a whole tariff of prohibitory imposts; and, in several of these instances, this war of restrictions against British industry commenced, or immediately followed upon, those remarkable changes and reductions in the tariff of this country which signalized the very opening of Sir Robert Peel's administration. Conceding, however, this seeming concert of action to be merely fortuitous, what will the vice-president of the Board of Trade say to the long-laboured, but still unconsummated customs' union between France and Belgium? Was that in the nature of a combination against British commercial interests, or was it the reverse? It is no cabinet secret—it has been publicly proclaimed, both by the French and Belgian Governments and press, that the indispensable basis, the *sine qua non* of that union, must be, not a calculated amalgamation of, not a compromise between the differing and inconsistent tariffs of Belgium and France, but the adoption, the imposition, of the tariff of France for both countries in all its integrity, saving in some exceptional cases of very slight importance, in deference to municipal dues and *octrois* in Belgium. When, after previous parley and cajoleries at Brussels, commissioners were at length procured to be appointed by the French ministry, and proceeded to meet and discuss the conditions of the long-cherished project of the union, with the officials deputed on the part of France to assist in the conference, it



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is well known that the final cause of rupture was the dogged persistence of the French members of the joint commission in urging the tariff of France, in all its nakedness of prohibition, deformity, and fiscal rigour, as the one sole and exclusive *regime* for the union debated, without modification or mitigation. On this ground alone the Belgian deputies withdrew from their mission. How this result, this check, temporary only as it may prove, chagrined the Government, if not the people, and the mining and manufacturing interests of France, may be understood by the simple citation of a few short but pithy sentences from the *Journal des Debats*, certainly the most influential, as it is the most ably conducted, of Parisian journals:—"Le 'ZOLLVEREIN,'" observes the *Debats*, "*a prodigieusement rehausse la Prusse; l'union douaniere avec la Belgique aurait, a un degre moindre cependant, le meme resultat pour nous.... Nous sommes, donc, les partisans de cette union, ses partisans prononces, a deux conditions: la premiere, c'est qu'il ne faille pas payer ces beaux resultats par le bouleversement de l'industrie rationale; la seconde, c'est que la Belgique en accepte sincerement es charges en meme temps qu'elle en recueillera les profits, et qu'en consequence elle se prete a tout ce qui sera necessaire pour mettre NOTRE INDUSTRIE A L'ABRI DE L'INVASION DES PRODUITS ETRANGERS, et pour que les interets de notre Tresor soient a couvert.*" This is plain speaking; the Government journal of France worthily disdains to practise mystery or attempt deception, for its mission is to contend for the interests, one-sided, exclusive, and egoistical, as they may be, and establish the supremacy of France—*quand meme*; at whatever resulting prejudice to Belgium—at whatever total exclusion of Great Britain from commercial intercourse with, and commercial transit through Belgium, must inevitably flow from a customs' union, the absolute preliminary condition of which is to be, that Belgium "shall be ready to do every thing necessary to place our commerce beyond the reach of invasion by foreign products." Mr Gladstone may rest assured that the achievement of this Franco-Belgiac customs' union will still be pursued with all the indomitable perseverance, the exhaustless and ingenious devices, the little-scrupulous recourses, for which the policy of the Tuileries in times present does not belie the transmitted traditions of the past. And it will be achieved, to the signal detriment of British interests, both commercial and political, unless all the energies and watchfulness of the distinguished statesmen who preside at the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade be not unceasingly on the alert.



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Other and unmistakable signs of the spirit of commercial combination, or confederation, abroad, and more or less explicitly avowed and directed against this country, are, and have been for some time past, only too patent, day by day, in most of those continental journals, the journals of confederated Germany, of France, with some of those of Spain and of Portugal, which exercise the largest measure of influence upon, and represent with most authority the voice of, public opinion. Nor are such demonstrations confined to journalism. *Collaborateurs*, in serial or monthly publications, are found as earnest auxiliaries in the same cause—as *redacteurs* and *redactores*; pamphleteers, like light irregulars, lead the skirmish in front, whilst the main battle is brought up with the heavy artillery of *tome* and works voluminous. Of these, as of *brochures*, *filletas*, and journals, we have various specimens now on our library table. All manner of customs, or commercial unions, between states are projected, proposed, and discussed, but from each and all of these proposed unions Great Britain is studiously isolated and excluded. We have the “Austrian union” planned out and advocated, comprising, with the hereditary states of that empire, Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, as well as those provinces of ancient Greece, which, like Macedonia, remain subject to Turkey, with, perhaps, the modern kingdom of Greece. We have the “Italian union,” to be composed of Sardinia, Lombardy, Lucca, Parma, and Modena, Tuscany, the two Sicilies, and the Papal States. There is the “Peninsular union” of Spain and Portugal. Then we have one “French union” sketched out, modestly projected for France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Savoy only. And we have another of more ambitious aspirations, which should unite Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain under the commercial standard of France. One of the works treating of projects of this kind was, we believe, crowned with a prize by some learned institution in France.

From this slight sketch of what is passing abroad—and we cannot afford the space at present for more ample development—the right honourable Vice President of the Board of Trade will perhaps see cause to revise the opinion too positively enounced, that “foreign countries neither have combined, nor ought to combine, nor can combine, against the commerce of Great Britain;” and that it is a “calumny” to conceive that they are “disposed to enter into such a combination.”

With these preliminary remarks, we now proceed to the consideration of the commercial relations between Spain and Great Britain, and of the policy in the interest of both countries, but transcendently in that of Spain, by which those relations, now reposing on the narrowest basis, at least on the one side, on that of Spain herself, may be beneficially improved and enlarged. It may be safely asserted, that there are no two nations in the old world—nay



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more, no two nations in either, or both, the old world and the new—more desirably situated and circumstanced for an intimate union of industrial interests, for so direct and perfect an interchange of their respective products. The interchange would, indeed, under a wise combination of reciprocal dealing, resolve itself purely almost into the primitive system of barter; for the wants of Spain are such as can be best, sometimes only, supplied from England, whilst Spain is rich in products which ensure a large, sometimes an exclusive, command of British consumption. Spain is eminently agricultural, pastoral, and mining; Great Britain more eminently ascendant still in the arts and science of manufacture and commerce. With a diversity of soil and climate, in which almost spontaneously flourish the chief productions of the tropical as of the temperate zone; with mineral riches which may compete with, nay, which greatly surpass in their variety, and might, if well cultivated, in their value, those of the Americas which she has lost; with a territory vast and virgin in proportion to the population; with a sea-board extensively ranging along two of the great high-ways of nations—the Atlantic and the Mediterranean—and abundantly endowed with noble and capacious harbours; there is no conceivable limit to the boundless production and creation of exchangeable wealth, of which, with her immense natural resources, still so inadequately explored, Spain is susceptible, that can be imagined, save from that deficient supply of labour as compared with the territorial expanse which would gradually come to be redressed as industry was promoted, the field of employment extended, and labour remunerated. With an estimated area of 182,758 square miles, the population of Spain does not exceed, probably, thirteen millions and a half of souls, whilst Great Britain and Ireland, with an area of 115,702 square miles, support a population of double the number. Production, however, squares still less with territorial extent than does population; for the stimulus to capital and industry is wanting when the facilities of exchanges are checked by fiscal prohibitions and restrictions. Agricultural produce, the growth of the vine and the olive, is not unfrequently known to run to waste, to be abandoned, as not worth the toil of gathering and preparation, because markets are closed and consumption checked in countries from which exchangeable commodities are prohibited. The extent of these prohibitions and restrictions, almost unparalleled even by the arbitrary tariff of Russia, may be estimated in part by the following extract from a pamphlet, published last year by Mr James Henderson, formerly consul-general to the Republic of New Granada, entitled “A Review of the Commercial Code and Tariffs of Spain;” a writer, by the way, guilty of much exaggeration of fact and opinion when not quoting from, or supported by, official documents.

“The ‘Aranceles,’ or Tariffs, are four in number; 1st, of foreign importations; 2d, of importations from America; 3d, from Asia; and, 4th, of exportations from Spain.



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“The Tariff of foreign importations contains 1326 articles alphabetically arranged:—

800 to pay a duty of 15 per cent in Spanish vessels,

230 " " 20 "

80 " " 25 "

55 " " 10 "

26 " " 30 "

3 " " 36 "

2 " " 24 "

2 " " 45 "

about 50 from 1 to 8 per cent, and the rest free of duty.

“The preceding articles imported in foreign vessels are subject to an increased duty, at the following rates:—

1150 articles at the rate of $\frac{1}{8}$ more,

80 " " $\frac{1}{4}$ more,

10 " " $\frac{1}{2}$ more.

“There is, besides, a duty of ‘consumo,’ principally at the rate of $\frac{1}{8}$ of the respective duties, and in some very few cases at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$.

“Thus the duty of 15 per cent levied, if the importation is by a Spanish vessel, will be increased by the ‘consumo’ to 20 per cent. And the duty of 20 per cent on the same articles, in foreign vessels, will be augmented to 27 per cent. “The duty of 20 per cent will be about 27 in Spanish vessels, and in foreign vessels, on the same articles, 36 per cent. The duty of 25 per cent, will in the whole be 33 per cent by Spanish, and by foreign vessels 44 per cent.

“The duty on articles, amounting to seventy-three, imported from America, vary from 1 to 15 per cent, with double the duty if in foreign vessels.

“The articles of importation from Asia are—sixty-nine from the Phillipines at 1 to 5 per cent duty, and thirty-six from China at 5 to 25 per cent duty, and can only be imported in Spanish ships.

“The articles of export are fourteen, with duties at 1 to 80 per cent, with one-third increase if by foreign vessels.



“There are eighty-six articles of importation prohibited, amongst which are wrought iron, tobacco, spirits, quicksilver, ready-made clothing, corn, salt, hats, soap, wax, wools, leather, vessels under 400 tons, &c. &c. &c.

“There are eleven articles of exportation prohibited, amongst which are hides, skins, and timber for naval purposes.”

Such a tariff contrasts strangely with that of this country, in which 10 per cent is the basis of duty adopted for importations of foreign manufactures, and 5 per cent for foreign raw products.

Can we wonder that, with such a tariff, legitimate imports are of so small account, and that the smuggler intervenes to redress the enormously disproportionate balance, and administer to the wants of the community? Can we wonder that the powers of native production should be so bound down, and territorial revenue so comparatively diminutive, when exchanges are so hampered by fiscal and protective rapacity? Canga Arguelles, the first Spanish financier and statistician of his



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day, calculated the territorial revenue of Spain at 8,572,220,592 reals, say, in sterling, L.85,722,200; whilst he asserts, with better cultivation, population the same, the soil is capable of returning ten times the value. As a considerable proportion of the revenue of Spain is derived from the taxation of land, the prejudice resulting to the treasury is alone a subject of most important consideration. For the proprietary, and, in the national point of view, as affecting the well-being of the masses, it is of far deeper import still. And what is the financial condition of Spain, that her vast resources should be apparently so idle, sported with, or cramped? Take the estimates, the budget, presented by the minister *De ca Hacienda*, for the past year of 1842:—

Revenue 1842, 879,193,400 reals
Id. expenditure, 1,541,639,800 id.

Deficit on the year, 662,446,400

Thus, with a revenue of L.8,791,934, an expenditure of L.15,416,398, and a deficit of L.6,624,460, the debt of Spain, foreign and domestic, is almost an unfathomable mystery as to its real amount. Even at this present moment, it cannot be said to be determined; for that amount varies with every successive minister who ventures to approach the question. Multifarious have been the attempts to arrive at a clear liquidation—that is, classification and ascertainment of claims; but hitherto with no better success than to find the sum swelling under the labour, notwithstanding national and church properties confiscated, appropriated, and exchanged away against *titulos* of debt by millions. It is variously estimated at from 120 to 200 millions sterling, but say 150 millions, under the different heads of debt active, passive, and deferred; debt bearing interest, debt without interest, and debt exchangeable in part—that is, payable in certain fixed proportions, for the purchase of national and church properties. For a partial approximation to relative quantities, we must refer the reader, for want of better authority, to Fenn's "Compendium of the English and Foreign Funds"—a work containing much valuable information, although not altogether drawn from the best sources.

In the revenues of Spain, the customs enter for about 70,000,000 of reals, say L.700,000 only, including duties on exports as well as imports. Now, assuming the contraband imports to amount only to the value of L.6,000,000, a moderate estimate, seeing that some writers, Mr Henderson among the number, rashly calculate the contraband imports alone at eight, and even as high as ten, millions sterling, it should follow that, at an average rate of duty of twenty per cent, the customs should yield additionally L.1,200,000, or nearly double the amount now received under that head. As, through the cessation of the civil war, a considerable portion of the war expenditure will be, and is being reduced, the additional L.1,200,000 gained, by an equitable



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adjustment of the tariff, on imports alone, perhaps we should be justified in saying one million and a half, or not far short of two millions sterling, import and export duties combined, would go far to remedy the desperation of Spanish financial embarrassments—the perfect solution and clearance of which, however, must be, under the most favourable circumstances, an affair of many years. It is not readily or speedily that the prodigalities of Toreno, or the unscrupulous, but more patriotic financial impostures of Mendizabal, can be retrieved, and the national faith redeemed. The case is, to appearance, one past relief; but, with honest and incorruptible ministers of finance like Ramon Calatrava, hope still lingers in the long perspective. With an enlightened commercial policy on the one hand, with the retrenchment of a war expenditure on the other, the balance between receipts and expenditure may come to be struck, an excess of revenue perhaps created; whilst the sales of national domains against *titulos* of debt, if managed with integrity, should make way towards its gradual diminution.

As there is much misapprehension, and many exaggerations, afloat respecting the special participation of Great Britain in the contraband trade of Spain, its extraordinary amount, and the interest assumed therefrom which would result exclusively from, and therefore induces the urgency for, an equitable reform of the tariff of Spain, we shall briefly take occasion to show the real extent of the British share in that illicit trade, so far as under the principal heads charged; and having exhibited that part of the case in its true, or approximately true, light, we shall also prove that it is, as it should be, the primary interest of this country to regain its due proportion in the regular trade with Spain, and which can only be regained by legitimate intercourse, founded on a reciprocal, and therefore identical, combination of interests. In this strife of facts we shall have to contend against Senor Marliani, and others of the best and most steadfast advocates of a more enlightened policy, of sympathies entirely and patriotically favourable towards a policy which shall cement and interweave indissolubly the material interests and prosperity of Spain and Great Britain—of two realms which possess each those products and peculiar advantages in which the other is wanting, and therefore stand seized of the special elements required for the successful progress of each other. Our contest will, however, be one of friendly character, our differences will be of facts, but not of principles. But we hold it to be of importance to re-establish facts, as far as possible, in all their correctness; or rather, to reclaim them from the domain of vague conjecture and speculation in which they have been involved and lost sight of. The task will not be without its difficulties; for the position and precise data are wanting on which to found, with even a reasonable



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approximation to mathematical accuracy, a comprehensive estimate, to resolve into shape the various and complex elements of Spanish industry and commerce, legitimate and contraband. Statistical science—for which Spain achieved an honourable renown in the last century, and may cite with pride her Varela, Musquiz, Gabarrus, Ulloa, Jovellanos, &c., was little cultivated or encouraged in that decay of the Spanish monarchy which commenced with the reign of the idiotic Carlos IV., and his venal minister Godoy, and in the wars and revolutions which followed the accession, and ended not with the death of Fernando his son, the late monarch—was almost lost sight of; though Canga Arguelles, lately deceased only, might compete with the most erudite economist, here or elsewhere, of his day. Therefore it is, that few are the statistical documents or returns existing in Spain which throw any clear light upon the progress of industry, or the extent and details of her foreign commerce. Latterly, indeed, the Government has manifested a commendable solicitude to repair this unfortunate defect of administrative detail, and has commenced with the periodical collection and verification of returns and information from the various ports, which may serve as the basis—and indispensable for that end they must be—on which to reform the errors of the present, or raise the superstructure of a new, fiscal and commercial system. Notwithstanding, however, the difficulties we are thus exposed to from the lack or incompleteness of official data on the side of Spain, we hope to present a body of useful information illustrative of her commerce, industry, and policy; in especial, we hope to dispel certain grave misconceptions, to redress signal exaggeration about the extent of the contraband trade, rankly as it flourishes, carried on along the coasts, and more largely still, perhaps, by the land frontiers of that country, at least so far as British participation. Various have been the attempts to establish correct conclusions, to arrive at some fixed notions of the precise quantities of that illicit traffic; but hitherto the results generally have been far from successful, except in one instance. In a series of articles on the commerce of Spain, published under the head of “Money Market and City Intelligence,” in the months of December and January last, the *Morning Herald* was the first to observe and to apply the data in existence by which such an enquiry could be carried out, and which we purpose here to follow out on a larger scale, and with materials probably more abundant and of more recent date.



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The whole subject of Spanish commerce is one of peculiar interest, and, through the more rigorous regulations recently adopted against smuggling, is at this moment exciting marked attention in France, which, it will be found with some surprise, is far the largest smuggler of prohibited commodities into Spain, although the smallest consumer of Spanish products in return. It is in no trifling degree owing to the jealous and exclusive views which unhappily prevail with our nearest neighbour across the Channel, that the prohibitory tariff, scarcely more adverse to commercial intercourse than that of France after all, which robs the revenue of Spain, whilst it covers the country with hosts of smugglers, has not sooner been revised and reformed. France is not willing to enter into a confederacy of interests with Spain herself, nor to permit other nations, on any fair equality of conditions, and with the abandonment of those unjust pretensions to special privileges in her own behalf, which, still tenaciously clinging to Bourbonic traditions of by-gone times, would affect to annihilate the Pyrenees, and regard Spain as a dependent possession, reserved for the exclusive profit and the commercial and political aggrandisement of France. That these exaggerated pretensions are still entertained as an article of national faith, from the sovereign on his throne to the meanest of his subjects, we have before us, at this moment of writing, conclusive evidence in the report of M. Chegaray, read in the Chamber of Deputies on the 11th of April last, (*vide Moniteur* of the 12th,) drawn up by a commission, to whom was referred the consideration of the actual commercial relations of France with Spain—provoked by various petitions of the merchants of Bayonne, and other places, complaining of the prejudice resulting to their commerce and shipping from certain alterations in the Spanish customs' laws, decreed by the Regent in 1841. We may have occasion hereafter to make further reference to this report.

The population of Spain may be rated in round numbers at thirteen millions and a half, whilst that of the United Kingdom may be taken at about double the number. With a wise policy, therefore, the interchange should be of an active and most extensive nature betwixt two countries, reckoning together more than forty millions of inhabitants, one of which, with a superficial breadth of territory out of all proportion with a comparatively thinly-scattered community, abounding with raw products and natural riches of almost spontaneous growth; whilst the other, as densely peopled, on the contrary, in comparison with its territorial limits, is stored with all the elements, and surpasses in all the arts and productions of manufacturing industry. Unlike France, Great Britain does not rival Spain in wines, oils, fruits, and other indigenous products of southern skies, and therefore is the more free to act upon the equitable principle of fair exchange in values



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for values. Great Britain has a market among twenty-seven millions of an active and intelligent people, abounding in wealth and advanced in the tastes of luxurious living, to offer against one presenting little more than half the range of possible customers. She has more; she has the markets of the millions of her West Indies and Americas—of the tens of millions of British India, amongst whom a desire for the various fruits and delicious wines of Spain might gradually become diffused for a thousand of varieties of wines which, through the pressure of restrictive duties, are little if at all known to European consumption beyond the boundaries of Spain herself. With such vast fields of commercial intercourse open on the one side and the other, with the bands of mutual material interests combining so happily to bind two nations together which can have no political causes of distrust and estrangement, it is really marvellous that the direct relations should be of so small account, and so hampered by jealous adherence to the strict letter of an absurd legislation, as in consequence to be diverted from their natural course into other and objectionable channels—as the waters of the river artificially dammed up will overflow its banks, and, regaining their level, speed on by other pathways to the ocean. We shall briefly exemplify the force of these truths by the citation of official figures representing the actual state of the trade between Spain and the United Kingdom antecedent to and concluding with the year 1840, which is the last year for which in detail the returns have yet issued from the Board of Trade. That term, however, would otherwise be preferentially selected, because affording facilities for comparison with similar but partial returns only of foreign commerce made up in Spain to the same period, little known in this country, and with the French customhouse returns of the trade of France with Spain. It must be premised that the tables of the Board of Trade in respect of import trade, as well as of foreign and colonial re-exports, state quantities only, but not values; nor do they present any criteria by which values approximately might be determined. Where, therefore, such values are attempted to be arrived at, it will be understood that the calculations are our own, and pretend no more—for no more could be achieved—than a rough estimate of probable approximation.

Total declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported to Spain and the Balearic Isles in—

1840,	amounted to L.404,252
1835,	405,065
1831,	597,848

From the first to the last year of the decennial term, the regular trade, therefore, had declined to the extent of above L.193,000, or at the rate of about 33 per cent. But as for three of the intermediate years 1837, 1838, and 1839, the exports are returned at L.286,636, L.243,839, and L.262,231, exclusive of fluctuations downwards in previous

years, it will be more satisfactory to take the averages for five years each, of the term.
Thus from—



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1831 to 1835, both inclusive, the average was L.442,916 1836 to 1840, 320,007

The average decline in the latter term, was therefore above 27-1/2 per cent.

Of the Foreign and Colonial merchandise re-exported within the same period it is difficult to say what proportion was for British account, and, as such, should therefore be classed under the head of trade with Spain. It may be assumed, however, that the following were the products of British colonial possessions, whose exports to Spain are thus stated in quantities:—

1831.	1835.	1840.	
Cinnamon,	284,201	123,590	144,291 lbs.
Cloves,	15,831	9,470	23,504 ...
India Cottons,	38,969	3,267	10,067 pieces
India Bandannas,	17,386	11,864	16,049 ...
Indigo,	16,641	5,231	8,623 lbs.
Pepper,	227,305	69,365	194,254 ...

To which may be added—

Tobacco, 64,851 2,252,356 1,729,552 ...

The tobacco, being of United States' growth, may, to a considerable extent, be bonded here for re-exportation on foreign account merely. The foregoing, though the heaviest, are not the whole of the foreign and colonial products re-exported for Spain, but they constitute the great bulk of value. Taking those of the last year, their value may be approximatively estimated in round numbers, as calculated upon what may be assumed a fair average of the rates of the prices current in the market, as they appear quoted in the London *Mercantile Journal* of the 4th of April. It is only necessary to take the more weighty articles.

Cinnamon, 144,290 lbs. at 5s. 6d. L.39,679

Indigo, 8,620 — at 6s. 2,586

Pepper, 194,250 — at 4d. 3,232

Tobacco, 1,729,550 — at 4d. 28,825

Indian Bandannas, 16,049 pieces at 25s. 20,061

It may, we conceive, be assumed from these citations of some few of the larger values exported to Spain under the head of "Foreign and Colonial Merchandise," that the total amount of such values, inclusive of all the commodities non-enumerated here, would not exceed L.150,000, which, added to the L.404,252 already stated as the "declared



values” of “British and Irish produce” also exported, would give a total export for 1840 of L.554,250.

We come now to the imports from Spain and the Balearic Isles, direct also into the United Kingdom, as stated in the Board of Trade tables in quantities; selecting the chief articles only, however:—

	1831.	1835.	1840.	
Barilla,	61,921	64,175	36,585	cwts.
Lemons and Oranges,	28,266	30,548	30,171	packages.
Madder,	1,569	3,418	6,174	cwts.
Olive Oil,	1,243,686	1,793	1,305,384	galls.
Quicksilver,	269,558	1,438,869	2,157,823	lbs.
Raisins,	105,066	104,334	166,505	cwts.
Brandy,	69,319	15,880	223,268	galls.
Wines,	2,537,968	2,641,547	3,945,161	galls.
Wool,	3,474,823	1,602,752	1,266,905	lbs.

Applying the same plan of calculation upon an average of the prices ruling in the London market, we arrive at the following approximate results:—



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Barilla, 36,585 cwts. at 10s. per cwt. L.18,292 Lemons and oranges, 30,170 packages, at 30s. per packet, 45,255 Madder, 6174 cwts. at 30s per cwt. 9,261 Olive oil, 1,305,384 gallons, at L.45 per 252 gallons 233,100 Quicksilver, 2,157,823 lbs., at 4s. per lb., 431,564 Raisins, 166,505 cwts., at 40s. per cwt. 333,000 Brandy, 223,268 gallons, at 2s. 6d. per gallon, 27,900 Wines, 3,945,160, gallons, at L.20 per butt, 730,580 Wool, 1,266,900 lbs., at 2s. per lb., 126,690

L.1,965,642

The value of the other articles of import from Spain, which need not be enumerated here, amongst which corn, skins, pig-lead, bark for tanning, &c., would certainly swell this amount more by 200,000

Total direct imports from Spain, L.2,165,642

On several of the foregoing commodities the average rates of price on which they are calculated may be esteemed as moderate, such as wines, brandies, raisins, &c.; and several are exclusive of duty charge, as where the averages are estimated at the prices in bond. In other commodities the average rates are inclusive of duty. Wines, brandies, quicksilver, barilla, are exclusive of duty, for example; the others, duty paid, but in some instances duties scarcely more than nominal. On the other hand, it must be taken into the account, for the purpose of a fair comparison, that these average estimates of the prices of imported merchandise do include and are enhanced by the expense of freights and the profits of the importer, and therefore all the difference must be in excess of the cost price at which shipped, and by which estimated in Spain. The "declared values" of British exports to Spain embrace but a small proportion, perhaps, of these shipping charges, and are altogether irrespective of duties levied on arrival in Spanish ports. As not only a fair, but probably an outside allowance, let us, therefore, redress the balance by striking off 20 per cent from the total estimated values of imports from Spain to cover shipping charges, profits, and port-dues, whether included in prices or not. The account will then stand thus:—

Estimated imports from Spain in round numbers L.2,165,000
Deduct 20 per cent, 433,000

Value of imports shipped, L.1,732,000
Deduct declared value of British exports to Spain, 554,000

Excess of Spanish imports direct on equalized estimates of values, L.1,178,000



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The acceptance is so common, it has been so long received as a truism unquestionable as unquestioned, as well in Spain as in Great Britain, of British commerce being one-sided, and carrying a large yearly balance against the Peninsular state, that these figures of relative and approximate quantities can hardly fail to excite a degree of astonishment and of doubt also. It will be, as it ought to be, observed at once, that the trade with Spain direct represents one part of the question only; that the indirect trade through Gibraltar, and elsewhere, might, in its results, reverse the picture. The objection is reasonable, and we proceed to enquire how far it is calculated to affect the statement.

The total "declared value" of the exports of British and Irish produce, and manufactures to Gibraltar, for the year 1840, is stated at

L1,111,176	
Of which, as more or less destined for Spain, licitly or illicitly,	
cotton manufactures,	635,821
Linens, &c., &c.,	224,061
Woollens,	97,092

It may be asserted as a fact, for, although not on official authority, yet we have it from respectable parties who have been resident on, and well conversant with the commerce of that rock, that, of the cotton goods thus imported into Gibraltar, the exports to Ceuta and the opposite coast of Africa amount, on the average, to L.70,000 per annum. Of linens and woollens a considerable proportion find their way there also, and to Italian ports. Of British and colonial merchandise exported to Gibraltar in the same year, the following may be considered to be mainly, or to some extent, designed for introduction into Spain:—

Cinnamon value, 77,352 lbs., say value	L.21,000
Indigo 26,000 lbs., say	7,800
Tobacco 610,000 lbs., say	10,166

Some cotton piece-goods from India, and silk goods, such as bandannas, &c., pepper, cloves, &c., &c., were also exported there; say, inclusive of the quantities enumerated above, to the total value of L.100,000 of commodities, of which a considerable proportion was destined for Spain. Assuming the whole of the cotton goods to be for introduction into Spain, minus the quantity dispatched to the African coast, we have in round numbers the value of

L.565,800
Say of linens one-third, 74,660



Of woollens, ib., 32,360
Of cinnamon, India goods,
and other articles, in
value L.90,000, minus
tobacco, one-half, 45,000

L.717,820

Tobacco, the whole, 10,166

Total indirect exports 727,986

To which add direct 554,000

L.1,281,986

Again, however, various products of Spain are also imported into the United Kingdom *via* Gibraltar, such as—

Bark for tanning or dyeing, 5,724 tons, say value, L.51,500 Wool, 292,730 lbs. ib.,
29,270



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It may be fairly assumed, therefore, that to the extent of L.100,000 of Spanish products, consisting, besides the foregoing, of wines, skins, pig-lead, &c., &c., is brought here through Gibraltar, which, added to the amount of the imports from Spain direct, will sum up the account thus:—

Imports from Spain direct, L.1,732,000
Via Gibraltar, 100,000

Total, L.1,832,000

Exports to Spain
direct, L.554,000
Via Gibraltar, 727,900

L.1,281,900

Excess in favour of Spain,
and against England, L.550,100

—A sum nearly equal to the amount of the exports to Spain direct. As we remarked before, these figures and valuations, which are sufficiently approximative of accuracy for any useful purpose, will take public men and economists, both here and in Spain, by surprise. Amongst other of the more distinguished men of the Peninsula, Senor Marliani, enlightened statesman, and well studied in the facts of detail and the philosophy of commercial legislation as he undoubtedly is, does not appear to have exactly suspected the existence of evidence leading to such results.

From the incompleteness of the Spanish returns of foreign trade, it is unfortunately not possible to test the complete accuracy of those given here by collation. The returns before us, and they are the only ones yet undertaken in Spain, and in order, embrace in detail nine only of the principal ports:—

For Cadiz, Malaga, Carthagena, St Sebastian, Bilboa, Santander, Gijon, Corunna, and the Balearic Isles, the total imports and exports united are stated to have amounted, in 1840, to about L.6,147,280

Employing 5782 vessels
of the aggregate tonnage
of 584,287



Of the foreign trade of other ports and provinces no returns are made out. All known of the important seaport of Barcelona was, that its foreign trade in the same year occupied 1,645 vessels of 173,790 tonnage. The special aggregate exports from the nine ports cited to the United Kingdom—the separate commodities composing which, as of imports, are given with exactness of detail—are stated for 1840 in value at L.1,476,000

To which add, of raisins alone, from Valencia, about 184,000 cwts, (other exports not given,) value 185,000

Exports from Almeria,	13,000

L.1,674,000	

Although these are the principal ports of Spain, yet they are not the only ports open to foreign trade, although, comparatively, the proportion of foreign traffic shared by the others would be much less considerable. It is remarkable, under the circumstances, how closely these Spanish returns of exports to Great Britain approach to our own valuations of the total imports from Spain direct, as calculated from market prices upon the quantities alone rendered in the tables of the Board of Trade.



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Our valuation of the direct imports
 from Spain being L.1,732,000
 The Spanish valuation, 1,674,000

The public writers and statesmen of Spain have long held, and still maintain the opinion, that the illicit introduction into that country of British manufactures whose legal import is prohibited, or greatly restricted by heavy duties, is carried on upon a much more extensive scale than what is, or can be, the case. In respect of cotton goods, the fact is particularly insisted upon. It may be confidently asserted, for it is susceptible of proof, that much exaggeration is abroad on the subject. We shall bring some evidence upon the point. There can be no question that, so far as British agency is directly concerned, or British interest involved, in the contraband introduction of cottons, or other manufactures, or tobacco, it is almost exclusively represented by the trade with Gibraltar. We are satisfied, moreover, that the Spanish consumption of cotton goods is overrated, as well as the amount of the clandestine traffic. Senor Marliani an authority generally worthy of great respect, errs on this head with many others of his countrymen. In a late work, entitled *De la Influencia del Sistema prohibitiva en la Agricultura, Comercio, y rentas Publicas*, he comes to the following calculation:—

Imported direct to Spain, L.34,687
 To Gibraltar, 608,581
 To Portugal, L731,673, of
 which three-fourths find
 their way to Spain, 540,000

 Total, L.1,183,268

Again, Great Britain imports annually into Italy to the amount of L2,005,785 in cotton goods, L500,000 worth of which, it is not too much to assume, go into Spain through the ports of Leghorn and Genoa. Adding together, then, these several items of cotton goods introduced from France and England into Spain by contraband, we arrive at the following startling result:—

FRANCE.

Cotton goods imported into
 Spain, according to the
 Government returns, L.1,331,608

ENGLAND.

Cotton goods through Spanish ports, 34,637
 Through Gibraltar, 608,581
 Through Portugal, 540,000



Through Leghorn, Genoa, &c. &c. 500,000

Total, L.3,014,826

An extravagant writer, of the name of Pebrer, carried the estimate up to L5,850,000. Senor Inclan, more moderate, still valued the import and consumption at L2,720,000. A "Cadiz merchant," with another anonymous writer of practical authority, calculated the amount, with more sagacity, at L2,000,000 and L2,110,000 respectively. Senor Marliani is, moreover, of opinion—considering the weight of tobacco, from six to eight millions of pounds, assumed to be imported into Gibraltar for illicit entrance into Spain, on the authority of Mr Porter,

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but the words and work not expressly quoted; the tobacco, dressed skins, corn, flour, &c. from France, with the illegal import of cottons—that the whole contraband trade carried on in Spain cannot amount to less than the enormous mass of one thousand millions of reals, or say *ten millions* sterling a-year. Conceding to the full the millions of pounds of tobacco here registered as smuggled from Gibraltar, of which, notwithstanding, we cannot stumble upon the official trace for half the quantity, we must, after due reflection, withhold our assent wholly to this very wide, if not wild, assumption of our Spanish friend. We are inclined, on no slight grounds, to come to the conclusion, that the amount of contraband trade really carried on is here surcharged by not far short of one-half; that it cannot in any case exceed six millions sterling—certainly still a bulk of illegitimate values sufficiently monstrous, and almost incredible. We shall proceed to deal conclusively, however, with that special branch of the traffic for which the materials are most accessible and irrecusable, and the verification of truth therefore scarcely left to the chances of speculation.

First, for the rectification for exact, or official, quantities and values, we give the returns of the total exports of cotton manufactures, taken from the tables of the Board of Trade:

—
1840. Cotton manufactures, L.17,567,310
Yarns, 7,101,308

And for 1840 here are the exports to the countries specified:—

	Declared Value.
1840. Cottons to Portugal, yards 37,002,209	L.681,787
Hosiery, lace, small wares, —	20,403
Yarn, lbs. 175,545	2,796
Id. Cottons to Spain, yards 355,040	7,987
Hosiery, &c. —	2,819
Yarn, lbs. —	345
Id. Cottons to Gibraltar, yards 27,609,345	610,456
Hosiery, &c. —	21,996
Yarn, lbs. —	3,369
Id. Cottons to Italy and Italian Islands, yds. 58,866,278	1,119,135
Hosiery, &c. —	41,197
Yarn, lbs. 11,490,034	510,040

Total, L.3,022,430

The discrepancies between some of the figures in these returns and those cited by Senor Marliani, arise probably from their respective reference to different years; they are, however, unimportant. We have already shown, that, deducting the re-exports of cottons to Ceuta and the coast of Africa opposite to Gibraltar, the value of those destined for Spain, by way of the Rock; in 1840, could not exceed



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L.565,800

We shall assume that *one-fourth* only of the cottons exported to Portugal find their way fraudulently into Spain—say 176,290
 Say re-exports of cottons from Genoa to Gibraltar, assumed to be for Spain, as per official return of that port for 1839, 31,400
 Cotton goods direct to Spain from the United Kingdom, 11,150

Total value of British cottons which could find their way into Spain, direct and indirect, in 1840, L.784,640

Instead of the amount exaggerated of Senor Marliani, L.1,663,268 Or the large excess in estimation, of 898,628

We have the official returns of the whole imports of cotton manufactures, with the exports, of the Sardinian States for 1840, now lying before us.

The imports were to the value of only L.443,360
 Of which from the United Kingdom 242,680
 Exported, or re-exported, 458,680

The *whole* of which to Tuscany, the Two Sicilies, the Roman States, Parma and Placentia, the Isle of Sardinia, and Austria. It will be observed that there had been a great falling off in the trade with the Sardinian States in 1840, as compared with 1838 and 1839; and here, for greater convenience, we make free to extract the following remarks and returns from our esteemed contemporary of the *Morning Herald*, with some slight corrections of our own, when appropriately correcting certain misrepresentations of Mr Henderson, similar to those of Senor Marliani, respecting the assumed clandestine ingress of British cotton goods into Spain from the Italian states:—

“Now the official customhouse returns of most of the Italian states are lying before us—the returns of the Governments themselves—but unfortunately none of them come down later than 1839, so that it is impossible, however desirable, to carry out fully the comparison for 1840. Not that it is of any signification for more than uniformity, because, on referring to years antecedent to 1839, the relation between imports of cottons and re-exports, with the places from which imported and to which re-exports took place, is not sensibly disturbed. The returns for the whole of Sardinia are not possessed later than 1838, but those for Genoa, its chief port, are for 1839, and nearly the whole imports into Sardinia, as well as exports, are effected at Genoa. Thus of the total imports of cotton goods into Sardinia in 1838, to the value of about L.843,000, the amount into Genoa alone was L.823,000. That year was one of excessive imports and 1839 one of equal depression, but this can only bear upon the facts of the case so far as proportionate quantities.



In 1839, total imports of cottons
into Genoa—value L.494,000
Of which from England 313,680
Total re-exports 475,000
Of which to Tuscany L.131,760
Naples and Sicily 110,800
Austria 61,080
Parma and Placentia 40,840
Sardinia Island 28,320
Switzerland 22,240
Roman States 14,880
GIBRALTAR 31,440



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The total value of cottons introduced into the Roman states is stated for 1839 at L.108,640, of which the whole imported from France, Sardinia, and Tuscany—

1839. Total imports of cotton and
hempen manufactures classed
together into Tuscany
(Leghorn) L.440,000
Of woollens 117,200

“The total imports of woollen, cotton, and hempen goods together, in the same year, were to the amount of L.155,000.

“Of the imports and exports of Naples, unfortunately, no accounts are possessed; but the imports of cottons into the island of Sicily for 1839 were only to the extent of L.26,000, of which to the value of L.8,000 only from England. In 1838 the total imports of cottons were for L.170,720, but no re-exportation from the island. The whole of the inconsiderable exports of cottons from Malta are made to Turkey, Greece, the Barbary States, Egypt, and the Ionian Isles, according to the returns of 1839.”

From these facts and figures, derived from official documents, of the existence of which it is probable Senor Marliani was not aware, it will be observed at once how extremely light and fallacious are the grounds on which he jumps to conclusions. What more preposterous than the vague assumption founded on data little better than guess-work, that *one-fourth* of the whole exports of British cottons to Italy and the Italian islands, say L.500,000 out of L.2,000,000, go to Spain, when, in point of fact, not one-tenth of the amount does, or can find its way there—or could, under any conceivable circumstances short of an absolute famine crop of fabrics in France and England. Neither prices nor commercial profits could support the extra charges of a longer voyage out, landing charges, transhipment and return voyage to the coasts of Spain. It has been shown that in the year 1840, not the shipment of a single yard of cottons took place from Genoa, the only port admitting of the probability of such an operation.

Not less preposterous is the allegation, that three-fourths of the whole exports of British cottons to Portugal are destined for, and introduced into Spain by contraband. Assuming that Spain, with thirteen and a half millions of people, consumes, in the whole, cotton goods to the value of

L.2,200,000 Why should not Portugal, with more than three and a half millions of inhabitants, that is more than one-fourth the population of Spain, consume also more than one-fourth the value of cotton goods, or say only 550,000?

Brazil, a *ci-devant* colony of Portugal, and with a Portuguese population, as may be said, of 5,400,000, consumed



British cotton fabrics to the value, in
1840, of 1,525,000

So, also, why should not Italy and the Italian islands, with twenty-two millions of people, be able to consume as much cotton values as Spain with 13-1/2 millions; or say only the whole amount really exported there from this country of 2,005,000?



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It is necessary for the interests of truth, for the interests also of both countries, that the popular mind, the mind of the public men of Spain also, should be disabused in respect of two important errors. The first is, that an enormous balance of trade against Spain, that is, of British exports, licit and illicit too, compared with imports from Spain—results annually in favour of this country, from the present state of our commercial exchanges with her. The second is, the greatly exaggerated notion of the transcendant amount of the illicit trade carried on with Spain in British commodities, cottons more especially. In correction of the latter misconception, we have shown that the amount of British cotton introduced by contraband cannot exceed, *nor equal*,

L.780,640

Instead, as asserted by Senor Marliani, of 1,683,268

And, in correction of the first error relative to the balance of trade, we have established the feet by calculations of approximate fidelity—for exactitude is out of the question and unattainable with the materials to be worked up—that an excess of values, that is, of exports, results to Spain upon such balance as against imports, licit and illicit, to the extent per annum of 550,000

It is therefore Great Britain, and not Spain, which is entitled to demand that this adverse balance be redressed, and which would stand justified in retaliating the restrictions and prohibitions on Spanish products, with which, so unjustly, Spain now visits those of Great Britain. Far from us be the advocacy of a policy so harsh—we will add, so unwise; but at least let our disinterested friendship and moderation be appreciated, and provoke, in reason meet, their appropriate consideration.

The more formidable, because far more extensive and facile abuses, arising out of the unparalleled contraband traffic of which Spain is, and long has been, the theatre, and the attempted repression of which requires the constant employment of entire armies of regular troops, are elsewhere to be found in action and guarded against; they concern a neighbour nearer than Great Britain. According to an official report made to his Government by Don Mateo Durou, the active and intelligent consul for Spain at Bordeaux, and the materials for which were extracted from the customhouse returns of France, the trade betwixt France and Spain is thus stated, but necessarily abridged:—

&nb	
sp;	Francs.
1840.—Total exports from France into Spain,	104,679,141
1840.—Total imports into France from Spain,	42,684,761

Deficit against Spain, 61,994,380

France, therefore, exported nearly two and a half times as much as she imported from Spain; a result greatly the reverse of that established in the trade of Spain with Great Britain. In these exports from France, cotton manufactures figure for a total of



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34,251,068 fr.

Or, in sterling, L.1,427,000

Of which smuggled in by the
land or Pyrennean frontier, 32,537,992 fr.

By sea, only 1,713,076 ...

Linen yarns, entered for 15,534,391 ...

Silks, for 8,953,423 ...

Woollens, for 8,919,760 ...

Among these imports from France, various other prohibited articles are enumerated besides cottons. As here exhibited, the illicit introduction of cotton goods from France into Spain is almost double in amount that of British cottons. The fact may be accounted for from the closer proximity of France, the superior facilities and economy of land transit, the establishment of stores of goods in Bayonne, Bordeaux, &c., from which the Spanish dealers may be supplied in any quantity and assortment to order, however small; whilst from Great Britain heavy cargoes only can be dispatched, and from Gibraltar quantities in bulk could alone repay the greater risk of the smuggler by sea.

Senor Durou adds the following brief reflections upon this *expose* of the French contraband trade. "Let the manufactures of Catalonia be protected; but there is no need to make all Spain tributary to one province, when it cannot satisfy the necessities of the others, neither in the quantity, the quality, nor the cost of its fabrics. What would result from a protecting duty? Why, that contraband trade would be stopped, and the premiums paid by the assurance companies established in Bayonne, Oleron, and Perpignan, would enter into the Exchequer of the State."

The active measures decreed by the Spanish Government in July and October 1841, supported by cordons of troops at the foot of the Pyrenees, have, indeed, very materially interfered with and checked the progress of this contraband trade. In consequence of ancient compact, the Basque, that is frontier provinces of Spain, enjoyed, among other exclusive privileges, that of being exempt from Government customhouses, or customs' regulations. For this privilege, a certain inconsiderable subsidy was periodically voted for the service of the State. Regent Espartero resolutely suspended first, and then abrogated, this branch of the *fueros*. He carried the line of the customhouses from the Ebro, where they were comparatively useless and scarcely possible to guard, to the very foot and passes of the Pyrenees. The advantageous effect of these vigorous proceedings was not long to wait for, and it may be found developed in the Report to the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, before referred to; in which M. Chegaray, the *rapporteur* on the part of the complaining petitioners of Bayonne, Bordeaux, &c., after stating that the general exports of France to Spain in



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1839 represented the aggregate sum of 83,000,000 francs,
1840 " " 104,000,000 francs,
1841 " " 101,000,000 francs,

proceeds to say, that the general returns for 1842 were not yet (April 11) made up, but that "*M. le directeur-general des douanes nous a declare que la diminution avait ete enorme.*" But although the general returns could not be given, those specially referring to the single customhouse of Bayonne had been obtained, and they amply confirmed the assertion of the enormous diminution. The export of cottons, woollens, silks, and linens, from that port to Spain, which in

1840 amounted in value to 15,800,000 francs,
1841 also 15,800,000 francs,
1842 had fallen to 5,700,000 francs.

A fall, really tremendous, of nearly two-thirds.

M. Chegaray, unfortunately, can find no other grievance to complain of but the too strict enforcement of the Spanish custom laws, by which French and Spanish contrabandists are harassed and damaged—can suggest no other remedy than the renewal of the "family compact" of the Bourbons—no hopes for the revival of smuggling prosperity from the perpetuation of the French reciprocity system of trade all on one side, but in the restoration of the commercial privileges so long enjoyed exclusively by French subjects and shipping, but now broken or breaking down under the hammering blows of Espartero—nor discover any prospect of relief until the Spanish customhouse lines are transferred to their old quarters on the other side of the Ebro, and the *fueros* of the Biscaino provinces, which, by ancient treaty, he claims to be under the guarantee of France, re-established in all their pristine plenitude.

It is surely time for the intelligence, if not the good sense, of France to do justice by these day-dreams. The tutelage of Spain has escaped from the Bourbons of Paris, and the ward of full majority will not be allowed, cannot be, if willing, to return or remain under the trammels of an interested guardian, with family pretensions to the property in default of heirs direct. France, above all countries, has the least right to remonstrate against the reign of prohibitions and restrictions, being herself the classic land of both. Let her commence rather the work of reform at home, and render tardy justice to Spain, which she has drained so long, and redress to Great Britain, against whose more friendly commercial code she is constantly warring by differential preferences of duties in favour of the same commodities produced in other countries, which consume less of what she abounds in, and have less the means of consumption. Beyond all, let her

cordially join this country in urging upon the Spanish Government, known to be nowise averse to the urgency of a wise revision and an enlightened modification of the obsolete principles of an absurd and impracticable policy both fiscal and commercial—a



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policy which beggars the treasury, whilst utterly failing to protect native industry, and demoralizes at the same time that it impoverishes the people. We are not of the number of those who would abandon the assertion of a principle *quoad* another country, the wisdom and expediency of which we have advocated, and are still prepared to advocate, in its regulated application to our own, from the sordid motive of benefiting British manufactures to the ruin of those of Spain. Rather, we say to the government of Spain, let a fair protection be the rule, restrictions the exceptions, prohibition the obsolete outcast, of your fiscal and commercial policy. We import into this country, the chief and most valuable products of Spain, those which compose the elements and a very considerable proportion of her wealth and industry, are either untaxed, or taxed little more than nominally. We may still afford, with proper encouragement and return in kind, to abate duties on such Spanish products as are taxed chiefly because coming into competition with those of our own colonial possessions, and on those highly taxed as luxuries, for revenue; and this we can do, and are prepared to do, although Spain is so enormously indebted to us already on the balance of commercial exchanges.

This revision of her fiscal system, and reconstruction, on fair and reciprocal conditions, of her commercial code, are questions of far deeper import—and they are of vital import—to Spain than to this empire. Look at the following statement of her gigantic debt, upon which, beyond some three or four hundred thousand pounds annually, for the present, on the capitalized *coupons* of over-due interest accruing on the conversion and consolidation operation of 1834, the Toreno abomination, not one *sueldo* of interest is now paying, has been paid for years, or can be paid for years to come, and then only as industry furnishes the means by extended trade, and more abundant customhouse revenues, resulting from an improved tariff.

Statement of the Spanish Debt at commencement of 1842:—

Internal—Liquidated, that

is verified, L.50,130,565 Without interest.

Not liquidated 9,364,228 with 5 per cent in paper.

Not consolidated, 2,609,832

Bearing 5 per cent, 15,242,593 Interest, L.762,128

Do. 3 do. 5,842,632 — 233,705

L.83,189,850 L.995,833

External Loan of 1834, and the conversion

of old debt, L.33,985,939 5 per cent, L.1,699,296

Balance of inscription to the public

treasury of France, 2,782,681 — 160,000
Inscriptions in payment of



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English claims, 600,000 — 30,000
 Ditto for American claims, 120,000 — 6,000

 L.37,488,620 L.1,895,296

Capitalized *coupons*, treasury
 bonds, &c., amount not stated,
 but some millions more 3 per cent,
 Deferred, 5,944,584
 Ditto, 4,444,040 Calculated at 100 reals
 Passive, 10,542,582 per L. sterling.

 20,931,206

Grand total, exclusive of
 capitalization L.141,669,676

The latest account of Spanish finance, that for 1842 before referred to, exhibits an almost equally hopeless prospect of annual deficit, as between revenue and expenditure; 1st, the actual receipts of revenue being stated at

879,193,475 reals
 The expenditure, 1,541,639,879

 Deficit, 662,446,404

That is, with a revenue sterling of L.8,791,934
 A deficiency besides uncovered, of 6,624,464

Assuming the amount of the contraband traffic in Spain at six millions sterling per annum, instead of the ten millions estimated, we think most erroneously, by Senor Marliani, the result of an average duty on the amount of 25 per cent, would produce to the treasury L.1,500,000 per annum; and more in proportion as the traffic, when legitimated, should naturally extend, as the trade would be sure to extend, between two countries like Great Britain and Spain, alone capable of exchanging millions with each other for every million now operated. The L.1,500,000 thus gained would almost suffice to meet the annual interest on the L.34,000,000 loan conversion of 1834, still singularly classed in stock exchange parlance as “active stock.” As for the remaining mass of domestic and foreign debt, there can be no hope for its gradual extinction but by the sale of national domains, in payment for which the titles of debt of all classes may be,

as some now are, receivable in payment. As upwards of two thousand millions of reals of debt are said to be thus already extinguished, and the national domains yet remaining for disposal are valued at nearly the same sum, say L.20,000,000, it is clear that the final extinction of the debt is a hopeless prospect, although a very large reduction might be accomplished by that enhanced value of these domains which can only flow from increase of population and the rapid progression of industrial prosperity.



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All Spain, excepting the confining provinces in the side of France, and especially the provinces where are the great commercial ports, such as Cadiz, Malaga,[27] Corunna, &c., have laid before the Cortes and Government the most energetic memorials and remonstrances against the prohibition system of tariffs in force, and ask why they, who, in favour of their own industry and products, never asked for prohibitions, are to be sacrificed to Catalonia and Biscay? The Spanish Government and the most distinguished public men are well known to be favourable, to be anxiously meditating, an enlightened change of system, and negotiations are progressing prosperously, or would progress, but for France. When will France learn to imitate the generous policy which announced to her on the conclusion of peace with China—We have stipulated no conditions for ourselves from which we desire to exclude you or other nations?

[27] See *Exposicion de que dirige a las Cortes et Ayuntamiento Constitucional de Malaga*, from which the following are extracts:—“El ayuntamiento no puede menos de indicar, que entre los infinitos renglones fabriles aclimatados ya en Espana, las sedas de Valencia, los panos de muchas provincias, los hilados de Galicia, las blondas de Cataluna, las bayetas de Antequera, los hierros de Vizcaya y los elaborados por maquinaria en las ferrerias a un lado y otro de esta ciudad, han adelantado, prosperan y compiten con los efectos extranjeros mas acreditados. ¿Y han solicitado acaso una prohibicion? No jamas: un derecho protector, si; a su sombra se criaron, con la competencia se formaron y llegaron a su robustez.... Inglaterra figura en la exportacion por el mayor valor sin admitir comparacion alguna. Su gobierno piensa en reducir muy considerablemente todos los renglones de su arancil; pero se ha espresado con reserva para negar o conceder, si lo estima conveniente, esta reduccion a las naciones que no correspondan a los beneficios que les ofrece; ninguno puede esperar que le favorezcan sin compensacion.”

We could have desired, for the pleasure and profit of the public, to extend our notice of, and extracts from, the excellent work of Senor Marliani, so often referred to, but our limits forbid. To show, however, the state and progress of the cotton manufacture in Catalonia, how little it gains by prohibitions, and how much it is prejudiced by the contraband trade, we beg attention to the following extract:—

“Since the year 1769, when the cotton manufacture commenced in Catalonia, the trade enjoyed a complete monopoly, not only in Spain, but also in her colonies. To this protection were added the fostering and united efforts of private individuals. In 1780, a society for the encouragement of the cotton manufacture was established in Barcelona. Well, what has been the result? Let us take the unerring test of figures for our guide. Let us take the medium importation of raw cotton from



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1834 to 1840 inclusive, (although the latter year presents an inadmissible augmentation,) and we shall have an average amount of 9,909,261 lbs. of raw cotton. This quantity is little more than half that imported by the English in the year 1784. The sixteen millions of pounds imported that year by the English are less than the third part imported by the same nation in 1790, which amounted in all to thirty-one millions; it is only the sixth part of that imported in 1800, when it rose to 56,010,732 lbs.; it is less than the seventh part of the British importations in 1810, which amounted to seventy-two millions of pounds; it is less than the fifteenth part of the cotton imported into the same country in 1820, when the sum amounted to 150,672,655 pounds; it is the twenty-sixth part of the British importation in 1830, which was that year 263,961,452 lbs.; and lastly, the present annual importation into Catalonia is about the sixty-sixth part of that into Great Britain for the year 1840, when the latter amounted to 592,965,504 lbs. of raw cotton. Though the comparative difference of progress is not so great with France, still it shows the slow progress of the Catalonian manufactures in a striking degree. The quantity now imported of raw cotton into Spain is about the half of that imported into France from 1803 to 1807; a fourth part compared with French importations of that material from 1807 to 1820; seventh-and-a-half with respect to those of 1830; and a twenty-seventh part of the quantity introduced into France in 1840.”

And we conclude with the following example, one among several which Senor Marliani gives, of the daring and open manner in which the operations of the *contrabandistas* are conducted, and of the scandalous participation of authorities and people—incontestable evidences of a wide-spread depravation of moral sentiments.

“Don Juan Prim, inspector of preventive service, gave information to the Government and revenue board in Madrid, on the 22d of November 1841, that having attempted to make a seizure of contraband goods in the town of Estepona, in the province of Malaga, where he was aware a large quantity of smuggled goods existed, he entered the town with a force of carabineers and troops of the line. On entering, he ordered the suspected depot of goods to be surrounded, and gave notice to the second alcalde of the town to attend to assist him in the search. In some time the second alcalde presented himself, and at the instance of M. Prim dispersed some groups of the inhabitants who had assumed a hostile attitude. In a few minutes after, and just as some shots were fired, the first alcalde of the town appeared, and stated that the whole population was in a state of complete excitement, and that he could not answer for the consequences; whereupon he resigned his authority. While this was passing, about 200 men, well armed, took up a position upon a neighbouring eminence, and assumed a hostile attitude. At the same time



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a carabineer, severely wounded from the discharge of a blunderbuss, was brought up, so that there was nothing left for M. Prim but to withdraw his force immediately out of the town, leaving the smugglers and their goods to themselves, since neither the alcaldes nor national guards of the town, though demanded in the name of the law, the regent, and the nation, would aid M. Prim's force against them!"

All that consummate statesmanship can do, will be done, doubtless, by the present Government of Great Britain, to carry out and complete the economical system on which they have so courageously thrown themselves *en avant*, by the negotiation and completion of commercial treaties on every side, and by the consequent mitigation or extinction of hostile tariffs. Without this indispensable complement of their own tariff reform, and low prices consequent, he must be a bold man who can reflect upon the consequences without dismay. Those consequences can benefit no one class, and must involve in ruin every class in the country, excepting the manufacturing mammons of the Anti-corn-law league, who, Saturn-like, devour their own kindred, and salute every fall of prices as an apology for grinding down wages and raising profits. It may be well, too, for sanguine young statesmen like Mr Gladstone to turn to the DEBT, and cast about how interest is to be forthcoming with falling prices, falling rents, falling profits, (the exception above apart,) excise in a rapid state of decay, and customs' revenue a blank!

* * * * *

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