

Peter 'Possum's Portfolio

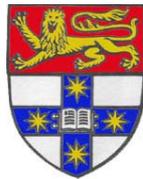
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Peter 'Possum's Portfolio

Sydney

J. R. Clarke

1858

TO
NICOL DRYSDALE STENHOUSE, ESQ., M.A.,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND OF THE UNFORTUNATE, WHO VISITED ME
WHEN I WAS A STRANGER, SICK, AND IN PRISON, AND WHOSE
KINDNESS NEVER SINCE HAS FAILED, I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE
BOOK: AS A SINCERE, ALTHOUGH SORRY, TOKEN OF MY GRATEFUL
AFFECTION, COUPLED WITH THE WARMEST ADMIRATION OF HIS

MENTAL GIFTS AND SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS.
P.P.

Preface.

I CANNOT plead, according to the approved mock-modest formula of incipient authors, “the importunities of, perhaps, too partial friends,” as my excuse for rushing into authorship. I am urged by a far more genuine, and disagreeable motive.

My purse, like Falstaff's, has long suffered from atrophy. “I can get no remedy,” says the fat knight, “against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.”

The malady, however, may be alleviated; and it is in the hope of escaping, for a time, from the pangs of this detestable impecuniosity that I publish my tiny volume.

It consists of prose and verse—often recast—that I have contributed to various English and colonial periodicals, supplemented with a little matter that I have not previously printed.

I now hand over my *fasciculus nugarum* to a public that has always been too indulgent to my scattered trifles; and gladly seize this opportunity of expressing my gratitude for that kindness.

Contents.

	PAGE
DEDICATION	iii.
PREFACE	v.
CONTENTS	vii.
ARTHUR OWEN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY	1
THE PIRATES	81
A TRIP UP THE HUNTER	85
CONFESSIONS OF AN AUSTRALIAN BRANDY DRINKER	101
JOHNSON'S CHAMBERS	108
ABSENT FRIENDS: A CHRISTMAS BALLAD	114
"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON"	117
A HOT WIND	120
EASTER	123
MY PIPE	125
QUEER DORMITORIES	131
AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN	136
SUNDAY AFTERNOON	139
AT MEETING	143
FRIAR BEN	148
MEMORIALS OF COCKBURN	151
FAREWELL TO THE KORE: AN AUTUMN SONG	164
GLAUCUS	165
RHOECUS'S BEE	166
SOUL FERRY	168
THE SPECTRE COACH: AN ESSEX LEGEND	169
A SONG	170
A BALLAD	170
SEPULCHRA SEPULTA	171
LET US BE MERRY—JUST TO-NIGHT	172
THE ANGEL OF LIFE	173
	PAGE
SUPERSTITES ROSÆ	174
THE STARS ABOVE THE CEDAR TREE	174
THIS YEAR'S HONEYSUCKLE	175
DON FRANCA	175
THE DEAD	176
TRANSLATIONS:—	
EURIPIDES (Chorus, Medea, vv. 820–61.)	177
THEOCRITUS (Adoniazusae)	178
THEOCRITUS (The Little Heracles)	184
GREEK ANTHOLOGY ("Danaë" from Simonides)	190

“The Swallow and Cicada,” from Evenus	191
“Philaenis,” from Maecius	191
“The World's Wealth,” from Lueilius	192
“The Garland,” from Rufinus	192
“Love Among the Roses,” from Julian, the Prefect	192
“Theodorias,” from Paulus Silentarius	192
“On a Statue of Victory”	192
“Human Joy”	193
“World Weary”	193
“The Undiscovered Country”	193
“The Better Land”	193
HORACE: “To Pyrrha” (Carm. I., 5.)	193
“To Chloe” (Carm. I., 23.)	194
“Horace and Lydia (Carm. III., 9.)	195
PRUDENTIUS: “Hymn at Cockcrow”	195
HILDEBERT: “A Hymn”	198
A. W. SCHLEGEL: “Arion”	199
TIECK: “An Autumn Song”	203
UHLAND: “The Minstrel's Malison”	204
HARALD	206
THE NUN	207
THE CASTLE BY THE SEA	208
THE HOSTESS' LITTLE DAUGHTER	208
SPECIMENS OF PERSIAN POETRY	209
SPECIMENS OF NORTHERN POETRY	212
ODDS AND ENDS	216

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Arthur Owen: An Autobiography

Chapter 1.

*

I AM deformed. A hideous dwarf, you may call me, if you like. The name would n't cut into my heart *now*. I have heard it too often—*seen* it too often,—in glances of half-loathing compassion and contemptuous disgust. Even wired cats, they say, don't hurt much after the first dozen lashes. It takes a longer time to get used to wired words, lacerating looks; but, thank Heaven! one does get accustomed—callous—even to these, at last.

Yes, I am a hideous dwarf.

I mention the fact thus early, because I learnt it early. My proud mother's mortification cropping out ever and anon through her sorrowful tenderness, like a dry, jagged rock through dewy greensward; my beautiful sisters' careful fondness; my bonny brother's condescending kindness — condescending, though the imp was two years younger than myself; the way in which my father, usually so taciturn and stiff, unbent and talked to *me*—all taught me my lesson at home, as faithfully as the pointed fingers and protruded tongues and whispers and shudderings of the people out-of-doors—and even more painfully, because I could not resent the teaching.

Remembering what I am, bear with me whilst I chronicle my life. Mind, I don't ask you for your pity—I've had enough of *that*. The word sickens me.

Chapter II.

MY father was the curate of Pwldhi, a village in South Wales. It is a lonely spot. Even in these days of newspapers and railroads, the roar of the busy world reaches the hamlet only like the dull sound of billows breaking miles away. The pedlar's tidings, a month old, are considered “latest intelligence” in Pwldhi. A stranger's visit is pabulum for talk for half-a-year.

It is a lovely spot, too. Dearly do I love Nature, for she is the only beautiful one I ever dared to look upon without apology and shame, the only one I never caused to frown or sigh. *She* always had a smile for me, though I was hateful to behold, and unveiled her loveliness before me as solace, and not insult.

On the left, as you face the Bay, a green, broad-backed mountain meets the sky. In fine weather you can see the dun wild cattle roaming on the mountain-side, and here and there a flock of sheep nibbling the fragrant

thyme, or far, far up, a line of shaggy kids playing at follow-my-leader along the jutting blocks of lichen-mottled limestone. In stormy weather, the clouds rest damp and dreary on the top, and spot the swelling hill-slopes with straggling patches of wind-tost vapour, looking like columns of ascending smoke.

Just where the mountain begins to melt into the plain, there is a dense mass of dark foliage, above which tower the ragged, ivy-clad, weed-stream-ered, jay-and-jackdaw-haunted ruins of a castle, and between which you catch glimpses of an old-fashioned red brick mansion, with white stone piers and coping: the park and residence of the Lord of the Manor.

Towards the sea, the hill-range ends in a long rank of stern, gray crags, over the outermost of which the waves, rolling on and on for ever from the far-off west, break, with perpetual thunder, in seething curls of snowy foam; bronzing the turf that caps the cliffs, and drenching their gay garlands of golden-blossomed gorse, with ever-drifting showers of salt spray.

On the other side of the Bay, a wooded declivity dips its feet in the blue waters, looking over at its grim *vis-a-vis* as a gentle sister might gaze, half proudly and half fearfully, at a brave brother in fierce combat. Another castle, shattered by Cromwell's cannon, crowns this hill. At its foot nestles the Parsonage, blotched by the sea-breeze. A path fringed with the periwinkle and wild rose leads, just above the rocks, to the church-yard; where the village dead sleep, not beneath green mounds, as in English graveyards, but underneath a coverlet of flowers. A little garden, box-bordered, or with a tiny white-washed wall, watched lovingly throughout the year, and weeded by fond fingers, and watered by regretful tears, at Easter and at Whitsuntide, blooms fair and fragrant above each dear, departed one—a sweeter tomb than the unvisited mausoleum with its marble symbols of a stony grief, and virtues—not cherished in the memory of survivors, but chronicled or *created*, for stranger eyes, in characters of gold.

The present church is old enough to have the cross-legged effigy of a Crusader in its chancel. I used to marvel why he didn't scour the verdigris from his armour,—the damp had made the monument so green. I really thought, when quite a child, that it was a living knight, who lay there studying the Ten Commandments in the Two Tables over the Altar, and that the sexton fed him secretly with what remained of the sacramental bread and wine.

There is, however, an older church beneath the waves. When the sea is calm, you can see the broken arches, covered with limpets and swathed in many-coloured tangle, the ribbed sand heaped high round the thick pillars,

and shoals of fish, now bright now shadowy, gliding silently up the watery aisles.

The old parsonage was swept away with the old church, but part of the old garden-wall remains—a tottering mass of rubble at the water-side, with a silver birch trembling, like a warrior's plume, upon the top. My childish fancy likened the pile, I remember, to a warrior left behind by his comrades, and grown grey in gazing for the ship that nevermore returned. The garden, also, remains, grass-grown and rubbish-strewn, and dotted in Spring with a few tufts of pale, sad, lonely-looking daffodils.

Behind the belt of slate-colored shingle that bounds the beach, there is a chaos of sand-hills, covered with dark-green, spreading fern, and pallid bristling sedge, through which the wind sighs mournfully as it bends it to the ground. Here and there, too, there is a spread of mossy sward smooth as velvet, yielding as a Turkey carpet, but far more variously, exquisitely colored than any web the work of human hands. Myriads of rabbits inhabit these wide burrows; now peeping forth cautiously from their holes; now sitting on their hind legs and smoothing their whiskers, like fops, with their fore-paws; now scampering in their short gallop over the glittering soil, scattering, as they go, a silvery spray; and anon plunging, with a knowing back-cast glance of their round eyes, and an impertinent whisk of their funny little tufts of tails—as though well aware that their heavy-footed scarer toiled after them in vain—once more into the wide-branching galleries of their subterranean homes.

A road, like a rock-staircase, leads from the shore to the village-green at the top of the hill. On both sides of the road, and round the green, are white-washed cottages, buried in flowers, and with gaudier weed-gardens on their dank roofs of thatch.

Emerald meadows, or “parks”—to adopt the local term—shaded by huge spreading elms, and corn fields, with their lime-kilns veiled in sweet briar, girdle the village; and outlying farm-houses speck the distant verdure like lingering wreaths of snow.

Farming, fishing, quarrying, lime-burning, are the occupations of the villagers.

Such was the place, and such were the people, in which and among whom my life began.

Chapter III.

WE—my three sisters, my brother, and myself—spent a good portion of our time in the open air. We had set school hours, but my father's parochial duties and my mother's domestic cares frequently deprived us of our

instructors, and turned schooltime into holiday.

Very delightful to me were the beginnings of our rambles, when, out of sight of the mocking village children (my little brother thrashed one of them who jeered at me, and—for I mean to tell the simple truth— I hated him for being able to do it, whilst I was not), we gathered primroses and anemones in the cool, shady wood, and cowslips in the sunny “parks;” or played at Robinson Crusoe in some sequestered nook in the Burrows. But I was very weak, and soon tired of walking; so generally, after a brief bright ten minutes or so, I lagged behind, if my companions were bent upon a lengthy stroll; and moped by myself till they came back,—in momentary dread lest some of the young ruffians from the village should break in upon my solitude. I tried several times to bribe our old pointer, Ponto, with bread and butter, to stay with me, as a guard; but he always gobbled up my crusts, snuffed round me in expectation of more to come, and, when he saw that my store was exhausted, scampered off to join my brother. I didn't wonder at it, as I watched the active, graceful, bonny boy bounding over the hillocks, like a fawn, his long curly flaxen hair streaming behind him in the breeze; but my intermittent hate of him soon became chronic when I saw that he was always—even by the ungrateful dog I fed—preferred to me. My sisters would sometimes stay with me, by turns. Children, however, cannot be always considerate and self-denying; so, for the most part, on such occasions, I was left alone.

What envy, anger, malice, rankled in my little festered heart! How I hated every one except my father! I knew that *he* gave me every spare moment of his time; and, although he took more notice of me than he did of the rest of his children—*why*, I was well aware—yet he did not make a *difference* between me and other children when he talked or played with me. Everybody but my father seemed, *when* kind, to be kind to me out of compassion; and the pity poisoned the kindness.

Even with God, I thought that I did well to be angry. I reasoned that He might have made me hale and handsome if He had chosen. Why hadn't He then? Why had He sent me into the world to be a laughing-stock? I secretly fraternized with fiends, because, in the wood cuts in my story books, I had always seen devils represented as very ugly. Still I retained a great liking for Christ, and loved to hear and read of his going about healing the sick, making the lame to walk, giving sight to the blind. I fancied that God wouldn't let him know how hideous I was, for fear He should come and make me as beautiful as my brother, whom I looked upon as God's pet.

One Sunday the Cripple at the Pool of Bethesda had been the subject of my father's sermon. In the course of it, he had alluded to a local legend to the effect that any one who dipped himself in Our Ladye's Well, upon the

neighbouring mountain, would instantly recover from any sickness or infirmity under which he might have been labouring. The story stuck to me like a burr. Jumbling the Pool of Bethesda and our Ladye's Well, I thought that, if I reached the latter, I should be sure to get into the waters as soon as they were troubled, because no one else in the parish was ill in any way, so far as I knew,—except Auntie Jones (married people in Pwldhi are all either “Aunts” or “Uncles”), and she was bedridden, and so had a worse chance than myself; or, at all events, that Christ would be there to heal me, if any one *should* step down before me. With all this, too, I mixed up the picture in *Pilgrim's Progress* of Christian's burden falling off at the foot of the Cross; and could almost have leaped for joy at the thought of returning without *my* hateful burden, and walking quite boldly through the village (getting kisses from all the women, as Willie always did,) right up into my father's study and asking him if he knew me. I was fresh from a first perusal of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—one of the most marked and moving epochas in a child's life. Christian was as real to me as the parish clerk; his combat with Apollyon as historical as the fight at the last fair.

The Pwldhi church has no vestry; so my father always walked to and from the parsonage in his gown. I used to walk with him, nestling in its folds to hide my deformity; though I cared less about it then than at other times, because the village children were afraid to make game of me in the presence of my father. That Sunday, as I stumbled along at his side, as soon as we were outside the churchyard gate, and I had repeated the text, I began to ask him about Our Ladye's Well. He told me that it was all a superstition, and tried to explain how he had contrasted those fabled cures with the real cures wrought at the Pool of Bethesda. For this, however, I had no ears. I wanted to know where the well *was*. Pointing to a gray, lonely Cromlech upon the mountain-side—a landmark visible for many a mile—he told me that the well was just under that tall, white stone. I treasured up the information, and during the day matured my scheme.

I was up betimes next morning, and, whilst my brother and sisters were busy with their gardens, slipt out into the Burrows. Taking care to keep high ground always between me and the house, I waded—half glad at having to encounter an obstacle which might stand for the Slough of Despond—through the heavy sand—in the direction of the mountain. Hope gave me unwonted energy; still, by the time that I had reached the bridge that spans the Pwl (a rivulet regarded with much reverence by the neighbouring country folk, because, so long as it runs into Pwdlhi Bay, a poetical old charter gives them the right of free pasturage for their cattle upon Cefn Bryn), I was almost overcome by the hot summer sun, and was very glad to sit down on the low parapet, envying the fish gliding about so

cool and swift in the clear stream below. Having recalled to mind a precedent from Bunyan to quiet my conscience for resting on my pilgrimage, I started again; creeping along under the tree-shaded park wall which commences at the bridge. The bees were busy in the chestnut blossoms, that every now and then rained down their snowy petals on my head; flies all green and gold buzzed round me; little blue butterflies, with spots of red and yellow on their wings, flitted past; a blackbird in the hazels cooled the air with his gushing song; and a runnel of crystal water tinkled down the hill, wetting the moss upon the road-side stones, in a niche in which I saw an empty robin's nest half hidden by a bunch of primrose leaves. I thought, "how beautiful all this will look when I come down," and hurried on.

I stopped again before the gamekeeper's cottage, to look up at the hawks and owls and weasels nailed upon the gable. The gamekeeper's son—one of my young tormentors—saw me, and whistling to his foxy terrier, cried "Hist Pinch! at him, boy!" and then to his mother, "Look, mammy! Here's little Humpty-Dumpty!" "*Won't* I thrash you, if Christ heals me?" I muttered to myself, and was running away, when the woman came out, boxed her son's ears, called off the dog, and asked me what I was doing so far from home. The Pwldhi letters are always left at the Park Lodge; so, recollecting it was post day, I lied for the first time in my life, and told her that the groom was ill, and that I had been sent for the letters.

"But where's the bag, child?"

"Oh, mamma thought it would be too heavy for me to carry."

"And, indeed, you ought n't to have been sent at all. But come in and rest yourself awhile."

I went in, and the good woman cut me off half-a-yard of apple turnover (gigantic fruit pasties are common cottage viands in South Wales) which, having had no breakfast, I began to devour most ravenously.

The baby woke, and, sitting up in the cradle, beheld me. Instantly it gave a scream, and, as it refused to be pacified, I was requested to take my departure. "No wonder," I heard the woman say to herself, "he *is* an object, poor dear!" And then, with a rough attempt at delicacy, she added aloud, "I want you to make haste, because the postman will soon be in; and, perhaps, Master Owen, you'll ask if there is any letters for me, and come and have a bit of dinner with us as you go by."

The lie that I had told oppressed me. I could eat no more of the turnover. I seemed to have stolen it—to have got wages for work I never meant to do; for, of course, I shouldn't ask for her letters. I hid the huge fragment of pasty in a hedge, and rattled up the hill as fast as my feeble legs would carry me.

Old Molly, the lodge-keeper, was standing at the park gates, looking out for the postman. I was determined not to tell another lie, for fear Christ should be angry, and let some one get into the water before me, and then refuse to cure me. So I got behind a great block of stone that divided the runnel into two streams, and stood, up to my ankles in water, waiting for Molly to go in; and likening the poor old woman and her black cat that rubbed his arched back against her skirts, to the lions that stopped the way in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

At last, she did go in. I slipt unseen past her window, and began to ascend the mountain.

It was weary work, for I was faint with hunger and fatigue. The dread, however, of being seen and brought back before I had reached my goal, urged me on. I could not make straight for the Cromlech; fearing the fierce cattle that grazed between me and it. A little scarlet cap I wore had irritated a huge beast; and he came bellowing after me in a horrid way. I fancied at first it was the *devil*, going about as a roaring *bullock* seeking whom he might devour, and repented of my friendly feeling for fiends; but I saw that he had lost one of his horns, and that blood was dropping from the socket; and that encouraged me, as I felt sure the devil couldn't have been beaten in a contest with common beeves—and, besides, *he* would bleed *fire*. Remembering how angry our own bull often got if I had my red cap on when passing through the “park” behind the parsonage, I took off the cap; and then the monster shook his head, and trotted back to his herd, to finish his fight with his rival. I heard their hard foreheads come together like two stones, and wondered whether bulls ever had the headache, and what they took for it.

Meantime I had almost got to the top of the mountain, and seeing that it was covered with smooth turf, I determined to climb up, and go along it, until I came behind the stone that marked the well.

When I was up, I looked around, and saw for the first time a town. Far, far away over the moorlands into which the mountain merges—all purple then with heath; right beyond the map-like plain of field and meadow at their foot, I could see two steeples rising from a great black mass of masonry into a great black cloud of smoke, at the bottom of a long blue bay, sprinkled with white sails that looked like floating sea-gulls. The ships were very pretty, but I shuddered when I thought of living in the town. It seemed so much like the City of Destruction!

It was late in the afternoon—evening, indeed—when I reached Our Ladye's Well. The gray old Cromlech was all a-glow with the red westering sun-beams. A fat little, white-coated, black-faced lamb, munching a mouthful of harebells, was gazing, with a puzzled look, at its

reflection in the liquid mirror. A water-wagtail, sweeping its long caudal feathers from side to side, as it dipped its beak into the well, and then held up its head to swallow the tiny draught, reminded me of the Squire's lady with her black velvet train drinking the tenants' health at a Christmas gathering at the Hall. I remember well how I tried to divest myself of the ludicrous association, for I felt that I was on holy ground. Taking off my shoes, I went on tiptoe to the fountain. It was gurgling gaily. It must, I believed, have been but newly stirred. I plunged boldly and bodily in. It was not deep. I lay and splashed there for some ten minutes. I came out. No supernatural visitant appeared to do what the well had failed to accomplish. I was still the same misshapen boy at whom the gamekeeper's terrier had flown. I threw myself on the ground, and literally roared in an agony of rage, disappointment, and despair. I felt that I must always continue what I was; and, in my childish blasphemy, added the Saviour now to my list of foes, and vowed that I would never again believe the Bible—anything—anyone, but my father; *he* had told me that it was all a lie about the well.

Just then my father rode up. He had been seeking me far and wide, and had heard from the gamekeeper's wife that I had passed her house. Chance, or a remembrance of my eager questionings the day before, had led him to the Cromlech. He took me up on the saddle, and I told him all my story, as I rode before him down the hill. I recollect, as though it were only yesterday, I listened to him, the sad, cough-broken voice in which he reproved me for the lie; the loving way in which he pressed me to his heart, as we passed under the sombre shade of the park trees stretching out their arms, as if they were ogres about to snatch me from him, over the dim wall; the solemn words in which he prayed God to forgive and protect and comfort his lonely boy—to be a Father to the fatherless.

I clung to him in terror, for something whispered—“Dark as your life is, it may be darker still!”

Chapter IV.

To children, the customary always appears the normal. I have no doubt that my father had long been ailing, but since his illness had come upon him gradually, I had not noticed it. My eyes were opened now. I saw how hollow his cheeks were—at one time pale as ashes, and then again each spotted with a vivid patch of red, like a poppy-leaf. The light that gleamed beneath his shaggy brows frightened me—it seemed like the reflection of a sunshine that I could not see. The clammy dew upon his forehead reminded me of the dripping walls of the bone-house, where the sexton kept his

tools. I knew why my mother wept, as she stood watching him, toiling over the sand-hills, stopping every now and then to lean on a stick he had picked up, whilst his clothes fluttering in the sea-breeze showed how fearfully he was wasted. I felt as though I could have killed the servant whom I overheard, one day, talking about "master's church-yard cough." I needed no interpreter to tell me what she meant. A solemn awe shadowed for me the brightness of that golden summer; every day appeared a Sunday. I lingered round my father, and followed him from room to room, like a spaniel. I never liked to be away from him; and yet I was almost afraid to be left alone with him, lest *then* the Dread Messenger, with his fleshless arms, and upraised dart, and horrid grin should come. I durst not look out into the garden in the evening, for I thought Death walked round and round the house all night, like a sentry, to prevent his victim from stealing away in the darkness. Meantime, my hatred of my brother increased; for he did not see what I saw, and played about as merrily as ever. Still, though I hated him for doing so, I was glad that he did it, since it gave me more of my father *all to myself*. I grudged my sweet sisters a word or smile from him, and when he spoke to Willie, or smoothed his curly locks, I quivered like an aspen-tree, with jealousy and rage.

For a few Sundays my father continued to preach, a curate from an adjoining parish reading the prayers. And then for a few more, my father read the Lessons, or the Gospel; but this, too, he had to give up, as his strength melted away like snow. At length, except when he crept out, leaning on my mother's arm, to walk for a little time in the sunshine, he was quite confined to his room; and a strange clergyman, a Mr. Brown, came to live with us at the parsonage, and look after the parish.

He was a short, thick-set, ruddy young man. I disliked him the first time I saw him, because he was so unlike my tall, wasted, and yet still noble-looking father, and because I considered him an interloper. And I soon hated him heartily, for he undertook to teach us children, and—my mother's time being fully occupied in the sick room—tyrannised over us as he pleased. He set us long tasks that we could not understand, and would not suffer us to stir from our seats till we had learnt them. He often beat us cruelly—at least, such beatings seemed rank cruelty to us who had never felt a rod before. He was always talking about our sins; and, though I felt that *I* was a bad boy, I knew that my sisters—pure as so many snow-drops—had never done anything wrong, and I didn't like a *stranger* to find fault even with Willie.

One morning a coal-brig had come into the bay, and the Squire's yacht came in a little after. The beach—so solitary at most times—was covered with villagers and sailors. The coal, according to the primitive custom of

the place, was roughly divided into pretty equal heaps, upon the sands; and then a man went round with a hat full of tickets, on which the names of the purchasers were written, and threw one upon each heap. The carts rattled down the slipping shingle to receive their loads; and the yachtsmen—looking so smart in their white duck trousers, and frocks with blue, white-braided collars, their loosely-knotted black neckerchiefs, and straw hats with the yacht's name printed in gold letters on the ribands— stood chatting, and laughing with the village girls, who had decked themselves out in their best hats and full-bordered caps, red-green-and-black plaid “bed-gowns,” and Sunday scarlet “whittles.”

All this we could see and hear from the library, where we were saying our before-breakfast lessons; and my brother and sisters had made up their minds to go down to the beach, as soon as breakfast was over, to enjoy the unwonted bustle. *I* meant to spend the interval between breakfast and school-time as I always spent it,—in sitting outside my father's bedroom door; because there I could catch a glimpse of his face when his tea and dry toast were carried in, and sometimes, too, he saw me peeping underneath the tray, and would beckon to me, and hold my hand in his until it was time for me to go to my books again. My mother was always kinder to me than at other times, I thought; but I hardened my heart against her, partly because I believed she smiled on me only to please my father, and partly because I didn't want any one to steal any of my love from him. When I was with him—knowing, child as I was, that in a little time he would be gone away for ever—I considered it a sin to show affection for any one besides. That morning, directly after breakfast, Mr. Brown ordered us all back to the library, told us to write copies until he returned from the village, and locked the door. Willie, however, was not to be so balked of his pleasure. Having seen our despot safely off, my brother opened the window, dropped upon the lawn, and before my eldest sister could prevent her, Minnie (Willie and Minnie were twins) had followed him. Hand in hand they ran down the gravel path, crept through a clump of rose bushes that overhung the garden wall (whitening the grass with the rain of petals they shook off), jumped into the road, and soon were on the beach. Both of them were great pets with the village people. A game of romps began; and presently a party of girls and sailors moved towards the yacht's boat, and Willie and Minnie went with them for a row.

Mr. Brown came back long before they did. The brute struck Marion in the face for suffering his orders to be disobeyed, gave Janet, my second sister, a chapter in *Chronicles*, full of -aims and -eths, and -ites and -iahs, to get off by heart, and told me that he should “inform Mr. Owen, my sick father, how abominably his eldest son had behaved—it was no wonder that

the younger should take after him.” The devil knew how, to make me wince. *I*, too, to lead Willie into mischief! Of course, the fellow said it to remind me that my brother was twice the man that I was. This dear disciple of Him who took the little children up in His arms and blessed them, then posted himself at the window to watch for the truants' return.

The boat pulled back close in shore, and had almost touched the beach, within a stone's throw of the garden, before Brown saw it. Directly he *did* see it, he jumped out of the window, and ran without his hat down to the sea. He was going to strike Willie there, but a great, brown, hairy-breasted tar, without condescending to take his huge fists out of his waistband for such a thing as *that*, swayed himself in between the pair, with a “G-d damn it, schoolmaster! you're not going to wallop the youngster? You went skylarkin', I guess, when you was young. Damn me, though, if I think you had the spunk! What the devil are you shaking for, man?”

I, too, could see that our mighty master was afraid, and I rejoiced over the discovery, as one who hath found great spoil; for I had thought before that I was the only coward in the world, and now to find that *he*—the man who was always making me tremble—could be made to tremble, too, was as big a coward as myself—oh, it was sweet!

Pale with wrath and fear, Mr. Brown drew up his stumpy little figure to its utmost height—almost up to the glorious old sailor's shoulder—as he demanded,

“Do you know who I am, sirrah? I am the clergyman of the parish! I shall inform Mr. Gwynne——”

“I humbly beg your reverence's pardon. Youngster, why didn't you tell us 'twas your par?”

“*He* my papa!” cut in little Willie, who had all his mother's pride. “My papa is a gentleman. And he's *not* the clergyman. Pa pays him just like Thomas. And he can't ride the brown mare, and Thomas can. And he beats us, and—and—and——I *hate* him—so there!”

Catching Willie in one hand and Minnie in the other, the discomfited pedagogue, in a towering passion, marched back his prisoners to the library. Willie instantly received a merciless thrashing. The proud little fellow was sitting in a corner, almost choking himself in his attempts to swallow his sobs, when he heard Brown tell Minnie to hold out her hand. The flat ruler was just about to descend on the fair, frail little fingers, but up started Willie—

“Beat me again, Mr. Brown! You shan't beat Minnie. I took her.”

He *was* beaten again—till his cowardly torturer's arm ached. Minnie, however, was saved—and cried far more than her brother did.

My mother noticed their red eyes at dinner, and asked what had

happened. Brown said that both Willie and Minnie had been exceedingly naughty, and advised that they should be locked up, in separate rooms, for the rest of the day. Willie was my mother's pet; but she never suffered her affection to interfere with what she thought her duty, so she ordered him to leave the table, and go up into the dormitory. Then he *did* cry, for he loved his mother as dearly as I loved my father. He entreated her to kiss him, and promised never to offend Mr. Brown again; taking care to lay all the blame of the morning's escapade upon himself, by protesting that he had *made* Minnie go with him. My mother, however, refused to kiss him, and he was locked up with his dinner in the bedroom.

At tea time I was sent to let him out, but no Willie could I see. I looked under all the beds. I punched my sister's frocks, hanging in the closet, fancying that he might be hiding behind them. I took down the fire-board, and peeped up the chimney. But no,—he was certainly gone. I felt afraid for a moment, thinking that the devil had—according to a frequent prediction of Mr. Brown's—come and carried him away, for being naughty; but my child's sense of justice rose up indignantly at the suggestion, and told me that the prophet should rather have been kidnapped by the fiend, if wickedness provoked that punishment. The window was open. My brother had evidently made his escape by descending a pear-tree that grew close to the wall. I went down and told my story. The garden was searched, the “park,” the churchyard; but no trace of him could be found. The servants were sent in pursuit and the yachtsmen, and the men belonging to the collier, who had been, drinking at the Bull, sallied out and joined in the quest; and, as the alarm spread, numbers of the villagers, too, scattered themselves over the Burrows, whither it was thought my brother must have gone.

That was a dreary night. My mother could not leave my father, who was worse than usual, except for a few moments, when she would slip out of his room, come gliding along the dark passage—looking like a ghost, with her pale face and white dressing gown—go down to the front door, stand listening there awhile, and then return without *saying* a word, but with horror and anguish written on each frozen feature. She knew the proud spirit of her boy. Mr. Brown having ridden over to the next parish just before tea, there was no one to look after my sisters and myself, and we stayed up all night—Minnie crying as though her heart would break, dear, calm Marion striving to comfort her, brave little Janet running out every now and then to research some place about the premises; whilst I sat moping on a box beside my bed, a little grieved about my brother, but envying more the excitement that his loss had occasioned.

“They wouldn't have made such a fuss about *me*,” I said within myself.

Mastering my dread of the garden, now that so many people were out of doors, I crept down about midnight to the open hall door, and sat down upon the steps. The night was very dark, and still, and close. The scent of the seringas, in the shrubbery, was almost sickening. At long intervals I saw a faint flash of lightning, far away, and then, a long time after, heard a low growl of thunder. Sometimes, too, I heard the searchers shouting to each other, and could see their lanterns moving over the sand-hills like corpse-candles. I was awoke from a doze into which I had fallen, by something scrambling up the garden wall; there was a great rustling in the rose-bushes, feet came pattering along the gravel path, and Ponto pushed his cold nose against my face, and dropped something on the ground. He caught the skirt of my tunic in his teeth, and pulled me from the steps, wheeled round me, whining, once or twice, and then, with a snappish, disappointed yelp, darted off again into the darkness. Even Ponto knew very well that I was good for nothing. If Janet had been there, he wouldn't have gone without her.

I picked up what the dog had dropped, and went up stairs to shew it to my sisters. It was little Willie's shoe. The button had come off the ankle-band.

Daylight came at last. The red spots in the dappled east grew brighter and brighter, and soon were drowned in gold, as the sun arose in his glory, and shot his dazzling rays over wood and crag and sea. A cluster of sailors were examining the sand a short distance from our house; and presently they started off in a body, running as though they ran a race with Death. He's a hard runner to outstrip, is Death! By seven the bulk of the searchers came languidly back to the village. One of them walked (very unwillingly, I thought) up to the parsonage, and bade me tell my mother that they had seen no trace of Willie,—I knew from his eyes that he was lying—but that, as soon as they had got their breakfasts, they would start again to seek him. Neither the servants nor any of the sailors had returned, I noticed, but I saw both the yacht's boat and the collier's, pulling across the bay to the mouth of the Pwl.

Mr. Brown rode up, hung his bridle on the gate, and found his way into the pantry, whence he brought copious materials for his morning's meal. He had heard that Willie was missing, and looked rather anxious, or, perhaps, annoyed; but his feelings, whatever they were, did not interfere with his appetite. He was taking his solitary breakfast in the library,—Marion, Minnie, and myself conning the tasks to which he had set us as soon as he came home, when little Janet rushed in, shrieking, “Oh, here comes Silly Sally!”

Silly Sally was an idiot of whom we stood greatly in dread. She was

boarded by the parish with any cottager who would take her, but as she often became violent, her changes of residence were frequent. When in her ordinary state, she was suffered to wander about with handcuffs on, and my mother had won the poor thing's love by taking them off whenever she called at the parsonage, dressing her galled wrists, and giving her some little dainty. Sally was still fonder of Willie, for he had driven away a cur, set on her by the village boys, that had pulled her down, and bitten her. She would bring him wild flowers, and birds' eggs when she could get them. Any of the rest of us she greeted with horrid noises and grimaces, that nearly frightened us into fits.

"Where's Parson Brown? *Where's* Parson Brown? Where's Parson *Brown?* *I say!*" shouted Sally, as she stumped along the passage.

My mother entered the library by one door, as Sally came in by another, carrying something wrapped up in her whittle, as carefully as her manacled hands would permit her. Ponto, with slouching head and drooping tail, followed her.

She laid the bundle on the table, drew back the shawl with her teeth and hands, yelled out, with a voice harsh as the howl of a wild beast, "Ay, there's the beautiful boy as Parson Brown has killed! Why don't 'ee kill *him*, Madam Owen?" and ran out of the room, crying like a beaten child.

There lay Willie—dead; his clothes all wet, and shells and sand and seaweed in his matted hair. One shoeless foot was scratched and torn, and the wheals of yesterday's flogging stood up puffed and blue on his fair neck and arms. Clutched in his tiny hand, he held a gilt-edged story book, on the cover of which I read—the delicate pointed letters I used to admire so much, smeared and blotched and swollen—"William Owen. A little Birthday Present from his dear Mamma."

The sailors had tracked the footprints to the Pwl. Sally had found the corpse washed up on the beach, with Ponto standing over it, licking the face and hands. She held but a short inquest on the body, but I am convinced that her verdict was—virtually—a true one.

"Do kiss me, do kiss me, dear Mamma! Indeed, indeed, I will be good!" he had sobbed yesterday. There was little need to ask for kisses now. I thought my mother had gone mad. She seemed to think her clinging lips could give him life again; and her eye was like a live coal when it fell for a moment upon Brown. I wondered that it did not scorch his cheek. For I was not overwhelmed, but watched all that was going on with a strange mingled feeling of rage at *him*, and joy as for a deliverance from a weight that I had imagined would hang round me all my life. —Brown had driven Willie, in one of his proud passions, to drown himself —*that* I fully believed; and, therefore, had I dared, I would have stabbed the monster

where he stood. But Willie could never more be preferred to me—I saw the glance in my mother's eye, when it fell upon the token of *her* that her darling had carried with him to his cold, dark, rushing grave; and then I learnt that I had gained nothing—that Love can clasp, and Jealousy can dog, the dead.

Marion wept silently, and Janet was loud in her wailings; but Minnie, to my astonishment, did not cry at all. She started back when she first saw her brother's cold, calm face, but instantly a look almost as cold and calm came over hers. She went up to him, and lifted the curls from his forehead, and kissed him, and sat down by his side, taking his hand in here, just as though he had been sleeping, and she watching him. *She* was not afraid to go into the spare bedroom, when he lay there, stiff and clothed in white; but would spend the whole day sitting by the corpse, and pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to stay with “brother Willie, because it would be so unkind to leave him all alone up there,” that my mother suffered her to have her meals in the sad, shaded room. It was very little that she ate. She could hardly be persuaded to come to bed, and as soon as she was dressed in the morning, she returned to her quiet post.

On the evening before the day fixed for the funeral, she had taken tea with the rest of us, and sat very silent at my mother's knee for a little time afterwards. Suddenly she got up, and kissed us all; and then said, “Mamma, may I bid Papa good night?” I crept up behind them when they went up-stairs, and saw Minnie playing with my father's hair and patting his cheek, as he pressed her fondly to his breast. Fearing she might weary him, my mother lifted her off the bed, kissed her, and told her to go down to her sisters. I waited for her to come out, as I did not like to pass the room where Willie was lying by myself. When she came to the dreaded door, she said “Good night, dear Arthur! Kiss me a many times!” She hugged me in her tiny arms, and then went in; whilst I hurried down to the lights below. The servant went up at eight, to put her to bed; and found her with her arms round her brother's neck—in as sound a sleep as his!

The funeral was deferred for a day, and the Twins lie buried in one grave.

Chapter V.

THE autumn leaves were lying, thin and sere, upon that grave; my father, as wasted and as withered, still lingered, like them, on the earth. Only like them; a few more weeks, and the churchyard sods would cover both.

The physician who occasionally attended him had ceased to call, knowing that his visits were in vain, and not wishing to make useless inroads on my father's slender purse. The country “doctor,” who was, also,

the coroner for the district, rode over once or twice in the week, and went through the customary form of pulse-feeling and prescribing; talked gossip by way of consolation to my mother, bullied us children, and then rode away again.

He was a coarse, unfeeling, boastful man, who, on the strength of having been an Army Surgeon, gave himself great airs of gentility, and was always wanting to perform some operation. It was easy even for a child to discover that he *wasn't* a gentleman; he was so perpetually talking about being one. "On the honor of a soldier and a gentleman," "Sir, I have mingled with the aristocracy, I have been in the Dragoons," were favourite phrases of his; introducing, or fringing, every second sentence. He was constantly depreciating the surgical skill of other practitioners moreover, and magnifying his own; which, as I have said, he was in an everlasting fever of anxiety to display; eyeing every one with the glare of a butcher looking at a beast into which he longs to plunge his knife. I don't know of what country he was a native; but he talked very queerly, and had a strange habit of altering the pronunciation of a word that he had, by chance, pronounced properly into something that he supposed was more fashionably correct. "Vittles," he would say, and then add, "I *should* say, vic-tu-als— these vulgar boors corrupt one's accent!" He was very fond of arguing and meddling, and tried to convince my mother that Marion ought to learn Euclid. Brown had left the parsonage shortly after my brother's death, and taken lodgings some miles away; only visiting Pwldhi to do duty on the Sunday. We had, therefore, no regular lessons at this time, but Marion heard Janet and myself read, and repeat our poetry and Mangnall. Janet was saying the "Child's First Grief" one day, when my mother and the doctor came into the library. He snatched the book out of Marion's hand, exclaiming, "Tut! tut! what trash is this? 'Oh, call my brother back to me, I cannot play alone!' Now, really, Mrs. Owen, it is very absurd to let children learn such nonsense. Their brother *can't* come back, and they *can* play alone. What's the good of poetry? What *use* is it? You should exercise their minds—give them something they can't understand to learn, to invigorate their faculties. Anybody can understand poetry—understand, that is, that it's rubbish. Read a bit of *Paradise Lost*! What have you learnt from it? Absolutely nothing. Read a treatise on Trigonometry. You've got something solid there. Let your little girl begin Euclid to-morrow, ma'am. Of course, I learnt the classics. *Being* a gentleman, I had to be educated *as* one. But I think it was time wasted. Science is my idol now; and I've mastered all the sciences. I'm not like those ignoramuses at Porteynon and Oystermouth who *call* themselves surgeons and scientific men, and, ten to one, would open an artery if they attempted venesection; and don't know an

obtuse angle—*ob-tuse* I *should* say—from a semi-circle (extra-professionally, mathematics is my favorite study, or, rather, amusement). *I am* an operator and a *savant*. I have been in the Dragoons, ma'am, and have been called in by members of both Houses of Parliament. The Duke of Dawlish breathed his last in my arms. Had he lived, I should have held a high medical appointment at Court. 'We want *gentlemen*, you know, Foster!' his Grace observed, when he promised it. And I am a member of most of the learned societies. There's not a branch of Natural Science that I'm not a proficient in. In Natural History I'm looked up to as an authority; Zoology, Ornithology, Entomology, Conchology,."— Of course, in my record of this harangue, in order to give a faithful transcript of what I am sure it *was*, I have considerably expanded my actual recollections. The last words, however, are given verbatim, for I remember that they reminded me of the grammar, and when he came to Ornithology, and Entomology, I thought that he had made a mistake in the names, and would go on with Syntax and Prosody. Marion interrupted him when he mentioned Conchology. My father had taught her a little of this, and she had lately picked up a peculiar shell of which she wanted to know the name. She brought it out, and asked the doctor. He turned very red, and then made up some hard word or other. *I* could see that he *was* making it up. Children have keen eyes for shams, and read grown-up people far better than grown-up people read *them*. The doctor directly afterwards took out his watch, said it was time for him to be at the inquest, and went away to the Bull.

A few nights before there had been a fearful storm. The howling winds rushed in from the sea like a host of angels that had kept not their first estate, hurrying wailing to their doom. Trees were blown down, and the spray beat like rain against the parsonage windows. Off the Point, we had seen every now and then a pale blue light, and yellow flashes; and when the gale lulled, we could hear the dull boom of a gun. My sisters and I were standing at the bedroom window, in our night-clothes, shivering with fear and cold, watching, by the vivid gleams of the frequent lightning, the fishermen go past in pea-jackets and sou' westers,—bent almost double as they struggled down to the beach against the storm; when the sky seemed to be cracked like a pane of glass; white-hot light streamed out of the fissures, and ran in zigzags along the heavens; everything stood out clear in an unearthly, ghastly blaze; and on the top of a huge billow, just curling for its spring upon the rocks, we saw the black hull of a dismayed vessel. The prospect vanished, as though it had been *swallowed* by the darkness; and a peal of thunder, directly overhead, sounded like a comet-load of crushed planet, shot by devils for the foundation of a new Pandemonium.

Next morning the beach was strewed with planks, and spars, and barrel-

staves, gnawed by the waves as dogs gnaw bones. The sea was fringed with floating wreck, and a corpse lay on the sands; that of a man, black-haired and sunburnt, with golden ear-rings, and an ivory crucifix fastened to a coral chain.

It was on this body that the inquest was to be held. Part of a board with "San Ja—" in white letters on it had been washed ashore, and several hogsheads branded "Oviedo-Cadiz." It was inferred, therefore, that the cast-away was a Spanish sugar-ship. "Found drowned," was the verdict of the jury on the man, and he was buried in Pwldhi churchyard, in the part where the docks and nettles grow, next to Farmer Evans who cut his throat. The coroner "took charge" of the ornaments, and Auntie Bevan, who used to go up to his house to help when he had company, declared that she had seen his young housekeeper wearing them. I don't know that she hadn't as good a right to them as any one else; but the village people were horror-struck at the idea of robbing the dead man of his rings, and flaunting them about after that fashion. *They* would have taken the trinkets—and *sold* them.

As it was, they got very little except fire-wood from the wreck. The bulk of the cargo had sunk or been carried out to sea.

Old Uncle Syl. was more fortunate.

I hardly ever saw anything of my father now, for I had given up sitting at the bedroom door, because latterly he had never noticed me. He was in that awful state of languor, in which even to breathe appears a weariness—in which there is no strength left to spend in smiles. I made no allowance for this. I thought even my father had deserted me, and my heart grew cold and black towards him as the November sky above my head. I was walking on the sands one dull afternoon, looking, with as leaden an eye, upon the leaden waves, when I stumbled against a boat drawn up just above high-water mark. I got into it, covered myself up in some old nets and sails that were lying at the bottom, and fell asleep. When I woke, I pushed off my coverlet—half stifled by the smell of fish and tar—and was startled to see the moon shining full upon my face. I looked round. Instead of the Burrows, there were high cliffs before me, and on each side; some in deep shadow, and some silvered by the moonlight. The boat's head was on shore, but the waves as they rolled gently in, lazily lifted up her stern. An old man was kneeling by a box upon the sand. He turned round, and I saw it was old Syl. He had been abroad in his youth—*he* said in a man-of-war, other people said in a slaver, or a pirate, or something of that kind—and now lived in a lonely cottage, by himself; professedly a fisherman, but there were all kinds of queer stories about him. *He* never drew a pension, but old Tom Prhys, who *did*, had been found in a pond in the road that led

by old Syl's cottage, on the morning after quarter-day. There was no money in the dead man's pockets, and Syl. said Tom must have spent it all in Swansea, got drunk, and walked into the pond. The people who went to the fair a short time after, made inquiries at the house where Tom generally stopped. He had left *it* as sober as a judge. This, and many a tale like it, I had heard. I was, therefore, terribly frightened to find myself I didn't know where, with such a companion. The box, I suppose, was a relic of the wreck that he had found, and hidden to rifle at his leisure. There was a hole beside it, surrounded with sand, that seemed to have been just thrown up. Old Syl. having "prized" open the lid, pulled out the contents. Some clothes he threw upon the ground, and then I heard the rattle and saw the gleam of coin. I had never seen so much money before in my life. I thought he would never have done scooping it out by handfuls, and stowing it away in his pockets. Those in his canvas trousers bulged out like swollen cheeks. At last he had got it all. Then he put back the clothes, smashed in the lid of the chest, and sent it adrift. He came close to the boat to do this, and I cowered down, shaking like a jelly, beneath the nets again. I felt that he would murder me, if he found me there; but how to escape I knew not. He went back to the hole, and began digging up the ground beyond it. I soon heard the sand "swishing" down something smooth and glittering he held in his arms. It was a woman's silk dress. He had pulled out a corpse—*was* it a corpse when it came ashore? What did that gash upon the forehead mean? He snatched the chains and brooches from her neck and breast, and tore the rings from her ears. Very big and bright they were. They reminded me of the drops hanging from the lustres at the Hall. He tried to pull off the finger-rings, but the hands were puffed by the sea-water; so not being able to slip the rings along, he felt behind him for his knife, and cut five of the fingers off. Frightened as I was, I could not help counting them. The corpse's eyes were open, and seemed to dare him to do it, as they stared full at him in the moonlight. Having got the plunder, the despoiler dug a deep grave, into which he put the body. He was patting down the sand with the flat of his spade, when I dropped over the boat's side, and crawled on my hands and knees to a limestone boulder that was half buried in the beach. Under the lee of this I lay, until Syl. had finished his labour. Then he stepped into his boat again, and pulled out into the deep water. I now found that I was in a creek, walled in on three sides with crags; and that the tide was coming in. Farther and farther up the beach it crept, driving me before it. I thought I should soon be drowned, and yet I was glad when the water covered the grave. It seemed to protect me from the dead woman lying down there, with those wide, glaring eyes of hers. At length, at the very head of the creek, I found the sand loose and white, as though the sea never

came thither. I lay down and covered myself with sand, and some dry seaweed. The long nap that I had had, and my present fright, prevented me from going to sleep for hours. It was very, very dreary lying there, listening to the waves' monotonous wash, as they rolled in and broke in rings of creamy foam, each bubble bright in the moonlight. However, I dozed at last, and finally fell into deep slumber. When I woke, it was morning. The sun looked like a red ball through the raw mist that lay upon the waters. Gradually it broke—slowly gathered itself into bunches, like brailed up sails, and disappeared—and then I discovered that I was on the rocky side of the harbour, nearly opposite the church. After many slips and tumbles, I escaped from my prison, and got down, scratched and numb and aching, and very hungry, on to the open beach once more.

I reached home about noon. I had been missed, and some search had been made for me; but very little alarm had been excited, as I often hid myself, when in my sullen humours. I contrasted Jenny's quiet “Oh, there you are, Master Arthur!” with the raving way in which she ran about when Willie was lost; and loved neither her nor my brother the better for it. I told some lie about having missed my way, and sat down to a huge plateful of *gapra*, the Welsh porridge, that had been put aside for me.

My secret lay heavy on my heart. I was continually in fear lest I might inadvertently reveal it; and then I was convinced old Syl. would kill me.

I didn't see him about the village for some days after this. He soon, however, made his appearance again at his favourite haunt, the Bull; where the servants said he was “drinkin' like mad, and goin' on awful.” He had given Mrs. Davis an “outlandish coin,” by mistake, for a half-crown, too, they said; and they guessed, “if the truth was known, that he had plenty more where that came from. Some people *did* say, as he had lured the furrin ship ashore with a false light.” I used to tremble every time I heard the old villain's name; and if, by chance, I met him, and saw his snake's eye glancing sideways at me, over his wrinkled, parchment cheek, it seemed to look into my very heart, and say “you *know* you'd better hold your tongue, young shaver!” He haunted my dreams. So did the hidden creek; and by day I was always looking at the distant cliffs, and wondering whereabouts it was; and whether the woman heard the water rippling over her head, and there were any chance of her getting up, when the tide was down, and coming to make me appear as a witness against the robber. My nerves were so shaken, that I started at a shadow.

Meanwhile *the* Ghostly Shadow drew nearer and nearer to my father's room.

Chapter VI.

THE Romans stored the sacred vessels of the Capitol, when broken, in vaults beneath the fortress-temple. Cellars full of smashed crockery such vaults would seem to those who in after days, from East and North and South, surged like an ocean-flood upon the Imperial City. Perchance, the contents of my memory's *Favissoe* may appear but worthless sherds to those for whom they are not sanctified by the religion of personal association— but I cannot help it. I am writing not for fame, but to unburden my heart and while away the leaden leisure that suffocates me in this prison solitude where——The end of my story shall tell of *that*. There would be little wisdom in reopening before its time the most recent of my wounds, in anticipating the gloomy termination of a tale at best but dreary.

A dead slave is equal to Darius, says one of the bards of the Anthology. Even before death there is a state in which the Serf and the Czar are on a level, a realm, indeed, in which they may exchange conditions —the glorious Land of Dreams. I call it glorious, because in it I have gathered the only real unblighted joys I ever knew. As though to compensate, in some measure, for the miseries of my waking life, ninety-nine out of a hundred of my nightly visions are antepasts of heaven—Saturnalia for the slave of ugliness and cowardice and sin. Handsome and brave and pure, loving and loved, I walk in Paradise; and curse the dawn that makes me put on again my hideousness of face and form, and still more loathsome hideousness of heart. They seem to me like foul beggar's rags left—in the place of his own rich robes—for a robbed monarch stepping fresh and glowing from the bath. True, the hundredth dream sinks as low in hell as the others soar high in heaven; but after the petty mortifications of earth, there is a dignity in defying the eternal torments of Tophet; and, for the sake of the Elysian bliss, I gladly run the risk of the Tartarean torture. My prayer is the poet's—

Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-belovèd,—Night!

I had been dreaming of my brother. Together we had wandered through gardens bathed in that soft, silvery twilight which, I believe, is almost always seen, and only seen, in dreams. *I* was the protector now; holding back the branches to let my brother pass, and carrying him when he was tired. Golden birds' eggs, flowers bright and dewy as though stars just fallen from the sky, and fruits with bloomy, purple rinds through which the juice shone like liquid sunshine, I heaped within his lap; proud of my own profuse munificence and his grateful glance of pleasure. Suddenly he

started up, and stood listening for awhile. A smile spread over his face, like daybreak over the earth: "Papa is calling!" he cried, and ran away. And I awoke.

Chapter VII.

BY the dim light of the dull December morning, I saw my mother on her knees, beside my sisters' bed. Her face was hidden in her hands, and the room echoed her convulsive sobs. The Watcher had crept up in the darkness, and carried off his prey.

My first feeling was one of stubborn, indignant unbelief. My father *could* not thus have gone away for ever, without one farewell word or smile for me! And then that "for ever" clasped and strangled me. I choked and struggled as though a hand had clutched my throat, and a giant's knee had been pressed upon my breast. Next came the remembrance of how little *lately* I had loved the dead—and now he could never know how dearly I *had* loved him; how I had watched his looks, and hung upon his words! And who was there left to care for me as *he* had cared? I dashed my head upon the pillow, and prayed that I might die —might overtake him before he entered heaven, and entreat him to forgive me and take me with him.

Tears came, at length, as if they would never cease to flow. But before two days were over, the fountain was dried up; and I feared that people would think that I did not care for my father's death, because I *could* not cry. With an hypocrisy of grief that yet was only half hypocrisy, I would take out my handkerchief and force myself to sob, when those who had not seen me really weep came in.

How strange, how shocking, it appeared, that any one could do anything just as if he had been alive—talk about any one but him! I overheard the girl who came from the village to help make the mourning, chatting in the kitchen with Jenny about some coming wedding; and when I saw Jenny laugh, and then heard her scold the girl for making her let down a stitch in her knitting, I was horror-struck. For people out of doors to be thinking about merry-making, even to go on as usual with their daily work; for Jenny to knit in that unconcerned way and to *laugh*, with my father lying dead in the house,—seemed a kind of sacrilege. I didn't even like to see my mother writing those sad letters with the mournful news to distant friends. The black wax and the deep-bordered paper only half reconciled me to a task that I thought she ought to have been too sorry to perform. I kept a jealous watch over my sisters' every look and word. A robin that came every morning to the window of the breakfastroom for crumbs, had been neglected lately. Janet noticed its reproachful tapping at the pane, and ran

out with its long intermitted meal; and when she came back, began to tell us gaily how the robin had perched upon her shoulder, and eaten out of her hand. I told her that she cared more for her bird than she did for her father, and was glad to make her cry. I felt for the first time in my life *superior* to her. Pride, like a rock-plant, can grow in scanty soil, and clings all the more closely to it for its scantiness.

When my father had been placed in his coffin, we were taken in to see him. I had longed to see him, but I felt angry and defrauded when I *had* seen him. I was robbed of my memory of him as he was when alive by the sight of the unfamiliar-looking corpse. Those nipt features, those sealed and sunken eyes, with the long, black lashes streaking the white cheeks like ink, that cold, hard brow that made me shiver when I kissed it and turned my lips to stone, were so unlike the face I had expected—so void of any look of love or care for *me*—that then I experienced to the full my loss, felt that my father, *indeed*, was gone for ever.

The sickly scent of the burning lavender stifled me; the chilly sunbeams, stealing in through the diamond-holes of the closed shutters, had a ghostly look as they fell upon the coffin-lid standing upright against the wall, and lighted up the date of death upon the polished plate; the awful hush in the room made it appear as though there were watchers there in whose presence we did not dare even to whisper. I rushed out, and tried to forget what I had seen—to recall my father as he was when he used to take me on his knee.

But not even in fancy could I get near him now. He was severed from me, it seemed, by an immensity of space and time. The few days that had elapsed since his death were like a gulf of ages. And evermore the picture of the darkened room, with the strange inmate that Death had left in it when he took away my father, rose up before me. When the moon shone at midnight, I had to follow its light, through the shutter-holes, down to the shimmering plate, and the marble face, and the still, shadowy half-forms with which I had peopled the chamber. I *saw* them now keeping their silent sentry round the corpse. I knew that I was lying in my bed, and yet in spirit I was peering through the shutters, trembling lest one of the watchers should turn and fix me with its spectral eye. The agony of my terror often made me shriek. It was a waking nightmare.

My father had no surviving relatives. My mother's few friends lived in England; too far away to be present at the funeral. I was the only one of the family that was to follow my father to the grave; but, according to the custom in South Wales, all the parish, and scores from the villages around, flocked to the churchyard.

It was a bright frosty morning. The snow lay deep upon the hills. The red

shawls of the women, as they came down, stained it as with a trickling stream of blood. The waters of the bay, contrasted with its whitened shores, seemed doubly blue, and shone like polished steel.

The doctor, the undertaker, Mr. Brown, my mother and myself were in the library. Brown and the doctor sipping their wine, and munching with much enjoyment the rich funeral cake that always makes me think of the rank churchyard soil; the undertaker fitting on the hat-bands, and gliding about with the true undertaker's cat-like tread, heaving sighs to be paid for, although not recorded, in the bill ("To Sorrow, so much" would have a startling look!); my mother, pale in her widow's cap and glossy mourning, sternly quelling her grief as a keeper might hold down a struggling tiger—afraid for one moment to relax his hold, lest then the furious beast should master him.

There was a shuffling of feet in the room above stairs. Brown began to pick the paper from the buttons of his gloves, and to blow out the fingers; the doctor took up his hat and smoothed the crown; the undertaker, with more delicacy, slipped out to lessen the noise. Presently the heavy, uncertain tread of many feet was heard upon the stairs—a subdued rustling and bustle in the hall—and then the undertaker looked in and whispered "we are ready, gentlemen!" For those who have to stay in the death-robb'd house, *that* is the awful moment. A wild light flashed in my mother's eyes, as though she would stop the funeral, and still retain her own. They fell on me, and cut me to the heart; for, lurking in the love with which they filled—like a sea-monster deep down beneath the summer waves—I saw this thought: "Oh, why was not Willie left me?" It was not envy that I felt then, but a crushing sense of my worthlessness, a pang of anguish because I could be no support, no solace to one whom I loved next to my father, and whom he had loved the best. She clasped me to her breast as though to atone for the slight she saw I had discovered, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Brown then clutched me in his hateful hand, and led me away. We went out. The simple train was soon marshalled, and winding round the leafless rosebushes powdered with sparkling rime, passed through a silent throng of uncovered villagers along the churchyard path.

Sadly the psalm rose and fell as we moved slowly over the crunching snow. The waves had sorrow in their voices as they broke softly—hushed, as it were—upon the rocks beneath us. The faint twitter of the few birds, feebly springing from bough to bough in the cold wintry sunlight, and noiselessly sprinkling the dark pall with the glittering crystals they shook down, seemed fit for funeral song.

The psalm ceased when we reached the lych-gate, and a deep voice that I had never heard before, began to intone the solemn Burial Service. I was

glad that Brown was not to bury my father; but what business had Brown to be walking with *me*? What did *he* care for the dead?

We entered the church, the coffin was placed upon the trestles in the aisle, and the service went on. Everything had an unreal, unfamiliar, dream-like look. Pulpit and reading-desk were hung with black. The lustrous leaves and crimson berries of the holly in the pews reminded me for the first time that Christmas had come and gone. Most “merry” had been ours! Everywhere were there strange faces; but I cared not now for the eyes fastened on me. My grief was almost swallowed up in pride that so many should have come to see my father buried, and that I was the only one who belonged to him in all that solemn throng.

We came out again into the biting air, and circled the fresh-dug grave. The black gaping pit in the else unbroken snow brought back all the bitterness of grief. A few more minutes, and the last trace of my father would have vanished from the earth. Cruelly quick the clergyman seemed to read. My head swam as the cords were placed under the coffin, and when it had been lowered to its narrow bed, and the rattling soil had consigned “ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” and we leaned forward to take the last look of that which was to be covered up until the Archangel's trump shall summon all to judgment, I lost all further consciousness, and fell senseless on the ground.

When I came to myself, I was at home, lying on the sofa. My mother was bathing my forehead; the clergyman who had buried my father standing by. He had carried me from the churchyard, and now told me that my father had been his dearest friend, then kissed me, and went upon his way. I never saw him again, but I long associated his kind, calm, serious face, as he stood looking down upon me, with that of Him who stopped the bier outside the gates of Nain; and never forgot, either, to add, as a rider to the recollection—*that son was worth restoring to his mother!*

The blinds were up once more, and the house, after its week's gloom, looked most *unfeelingly* bright in the unwonted sunshine. But the weeks rolled on, and I soon remembered my father only as we remember a ship that we have passed at sea.

Chapter VIII.

BROWN was settled in the parsonage. We had removed to a little cottage. My mother remained in Wales for the sake of its cheapness. Her income, which would have been next to nothing in England, could just support us there. The tranquil village life flowed on again as usual; and still more quiet was the life in our tiny home. Now that our little band was so

sadly diminished, Marion did not care to ramble as of old, but Janet and I still kept up our wanderings; sometimes together, sometimes alone, for I did not fear now to go anywhere by myself—my black dress protected me from insult from the elder children, and ensured the punishment of any of the younger ones who ventured to deride me. Although very glad of this, I was not grateful for it. I felt that my deformity ought to have been itself a shield from unkindness.

It was late in spring; the May had begun to load the hedges—looking in the distance like streams of foaming cream, bubbling over on the long green grass that rose on each side up to a man's waist. I “knew of” scores of nests, with their white, and blue, and fawn, and faint-green spotted treasures.

I had been loitering in the castle ruins. Like Coleridge's hermit, I had there—

—a cushion plump—

It was the *turf* that *almost* hid

A rotted *alder* stump.

The tree that had fattened on decay, had bowed itself to Time, and the root was half covered by the Spring's gay velvet pall. It was a favourite haunt of mine. The sight of the jagged ugliness that Beauty was burying with such gentle care, soothed me, though I could not say why. Leaning on my yielding couch, my head supported by my hands, I had watched the distant English hills resting cloud-like on the sea, softly veiled, as they were, in a wood-smoke blue, pierced here and there by a long slanting line of ruddy gold from the westering sun; and had been wondering what the people were like who lived over there, and whether I should ever see them, and thinking how delightful it would be to get away from a place where every one knew that I was ugly, and yet that, perhaps, I should feel still more miserable amongst strangers, who would be always finding out my ugliness for the first time, and disliking me for it more than those who were accustomed to me. When the sun went down, the light lingered so long, and the air continued so balmy, that instead of returning home, I struck across the village green—marvelling to see no one on it—into the lanes beyond. The hawthorn's luscious fragrance, and the briar's more pungent sweetness—to the scent, what the pineapple is to the taste—mingled their perfumes like lovers' sighs; the bat wheeled round and round in its swift phantom-like gambols; and the blind beetle dashed itself ever and anon, with a startling, stinging thud, against my face, and then went booming on in the grey, dewy twilight. Besides its monotonous drone, and the twitter of

the birds settling themselves for the night in their snug nests, the only sound I heard was the occasional tinkle of a sheep-bell or deep-mouthed bay of a house dog—*miles* away they seemed.

I had rambled for about a mile, when music—human voices—suddenly fell upon my ear. It was a psalm tune. Solemnly the hymn rolled on in the gathering gloom, swelled into thunder, sank into a plaintive wail, and then broke out again in a wild chorus—unearthly, as a spirit-song. Half-frightened, I turned my steps in the direction of the sound, and soon reached a hollow—scooped out by pre-adamite waters—in the downs inclining to the sea. The valley was thronged with people, indistinctly seen in the uncertain light; clustered like swarming bees, both in the bottom of the basin, and on its gently-sloping sides. The hymn ceased as I gained the spot, and a man standing up in one of the high-backed cars of the district—placed on a mound that broke the smooth uniformity of the hollow—began to preach.

Almost all the inhabitants of the Principality are Methodists. Even those who go to their parish church in the morning, generally “attend chapel” in the afternoon and evening. The Celtic temperament craves after excitement, and is unconquerably superstitious. Wesley, with his energetic appeals to the *emotional* half of our being, and his implicit faith in ghosts, and visible, audible devils, was just the man to leave his mark in Wales. *This* was a Methodist gathering, assembled to listen to a famed “revivalist.”

“The wicked shall be turned into hell,” was the preacher's brief, emphatic text; and emphatically enough he expounded it. He painted the place of torment as though he saw it: the hills of burning brimstone wreathed with pale-blue flames, the blasted strand of smouldering ashes, the lake whose red waves broke in crests of white-hot foam, the damned springing like flying fish from its torture, and beaten back by myriad fiends that overshadowed it with dusky vampire-wings; the sullen, thunderous gloom of the brooding atmosphere; the opening in the floor of Heaven through which its glory streamed in tantalising sheen, the murky shaft down which the chorus of the everlasting song of praise came echoing: “For ever and for ever!”—to be reverberated, as words of doom, from shore to shore in hell! A shudder ran through the congregation when he came to this. I saw their heads moving like bulrushes shaken by a sudden sigh of wind. I *felt* the fear, too, passing through me electrically, as it were. The description itself was quite enough to horrify a child, but my terror was intensified by the sympathy of that great throng. Before the sermon was over, scores of women were in hysterics. Every five minutes or so, a maniacal cry—making my flesh creep as it rang through the darkness—announced that another soul was rendered mad by fear. Even strong men were moved, and

crowded together like sheep, with many a back-cast glance of dread at the outer circle of deepening gloom. One close by me fell upon the ground, and, like the demoniac, “wallowed, foaming.”

At length, the preacher sunk back exhausted in the car, and again a hymn was sung.

As the sweet, sad music went up to the peaceful stars now shining brightly overhead, the awful picture the ranter had conjured up faded from my mind. True, there was something like what he had said in the Bible, but my father never tried to *frighten* people to Heaven *that* way, like a savage sheep-dog barking at the sheep—he always talked about God's love. There was something wrong in this fierce doctrine, I felt sure. I could not make it tally with the lovely scenes through which I had been roaming,—the meadows flooded with sunset gold, the green leaves fluttering in the fragrant air, the wild flowers trailing from the hedges; nor with that calm, star-studded sky above. I determined to forget it all. But then I remembered how ugly I was, and how very miserable I had often been; and I thought of the wreck, and of death. It wasn't *all* beauty and happiness here. Perhaps there might be a place where there was *none*. My thoughts got into a tangle, and I gave up thinking.

After the service, there was what I believe is called a “Penitent Prayer Meeting.” Forms were placed in front of the car, and “all labouring under convictions of sin” were invited to come up to these benches, to be prayed over by the preacher and the elders of the congregation. Numbers went at first, and I heard loud sobbings and frequent bursts of singing. As the throng thinned, I edged my way up to the “penitent forms,” and the moon having risen, had a clear view of what was going on. What I saw, effectually removed the last trace of solemnity from my feelings.

The scene reminded me of a sheep shearing. The excitement having abated, very few penitents came forward voluntarily now; so that the elders were obliged to make raids amongst the bystanders, and literally to “compel them to come in.” The involuntary penitents when released, hurried back to their companions exactly like shorn sheep. There were other ludicrous circumstances. Two grades of holiness are recognised amongst these religionists—somewhat analogous to the degrees of bachelor and master of arts—“Justification” and “Sanctification.” Over a justified sinner the elders sang one verse of triumph, over a sanctified, two. By some mistake the paeon of sanctification was about to be raised over a young woman who had only reached the inferior status; whereupon the elder who—in the technical language of Methodism—had been “the means of her conversion,” shouted out at the top of his voice, “Hod yer noise, will yer? She be awnly *jostified!*” I heard one boy, too, say to another:

“Rachart, Rachart! I'll go, if thou'lt go,” and, when he came back: “I say, Rachart, I got converted quick. Folk scrowged so, I was a'mos' smawthered!” Like the boy, most of those who were induced to go up “got converted quick,” and—child as I was—I could not help seeing the blasphemous indecency of baking Christians in rows after this fashion, like a batch of buns. Amongst those who really did seem in earnest about the matter was a young woman of whom I had a mysterious dread, having heard that she was, emphatically, a “bad girl.” What the phrase exactly meant, of course, I did not know; but it separated her for me from the rest of her sex, as an abnormal woman, a monster of iniquity. I have since thought that she *must* have been very bad, for breaches of chastity in the lower order of Welsh women are anything but rare. Nevertheless, if she had sinned like a Magdalen, she repented like one at this prayer-meeting. It was frightful to hear her cries. Her sobs shook her bosom, as though the seven devils were struggling within, contesting their hold with their ejecter inch by inch.

When the assembly dispersed, I was thrown into the company of this girl, as our roads home lay for some distance the same way. I trembled when she first spoke to me, but there was something very winning in her voice, and, at length, I took her hand, and she helped me over the huge stone staircase stiles they have in Wales. She had just got over the last, and had turned round to take me in her arms, when old Syl. jumped up out of a ditch in which he had been lying, and caught her by the wrist.

“So *you've* been gettin' converted, have yer?” he said, with a sneer. “Come along, you fool!”

“Oh, not to-night, Syl.!” I heard her answer in a pleading tone; but he dragged her away, over the marsh behind the Burrows, in the direction of his cottage.

Next day, about noon, Foster galloped up to our house, and, without getting off his horse, cried out, “Where's Arthur? He must come along with me.” Both Syl. and the girl had been found dead in the cottage. The coroner had been sent for; and, learning that I had been seen returning with the girl from the prayer-meeting, had come to take me to the inquest.

The jury, and a crowd of villagers, were standing outside the garden gate, when we rode up to the cottage; not daring to enter a *second* time, until the doctor arrived. I did not wonder at their white lips and faces when I saw the sight the outer room contained.

It was a small chamber with a door, just opposite the front door, leading into a bed-room behind, and another door, belonging to a sort of lumber room, on one side. This door was wide open. On the ground lay Maggie Williams, with a broad green bruise upon her beautiful temple. Her long

black hair was clutched in the old villain's hand, as though he had been dragging her towards the bed-room. With the other hand extended, as if to ward off an approaching foe, he stood, as he had staggered back against the bed-room door-post, staring with bursting eyeballs at the doorway of the lumber room. The despairing horror of those eyes—still manifest beneath the glazing film of Death—will haunt me to my dying day. A stick was caught between him and the wall, evidently dropped when raised over his shoulder in act a second time to strike. The ground was strewn with broken glass: on a round claw-table stood a candlestick guttered with grease, a case-bottle of rum, almost empty, a water-jug and two tumblers, one still full of spirits. My evidence, of course, could throw no light upon the mystery of *his* end:—

Qualis vita,
Finis ita,—

a black riddle that must rest unsolved until the final Apocalypse of All Things!

Chapter IX.

THENCEFORTH, of course, Sylvester's house was haunted. The belated horseman galloped past it fearfully in the deepening dusk; and even by day none ventured within the wicket. The luscious bunches of white lilac, the golden chain of the laburnum, hung over the garden wall untouched. The wall-flowers, basking in the silent blaze of the summer sun, seemed to have meaning in their rusty red,—a bloody secret that the bee entreated them to tell, as it buzzed from blossom to blossom; settling now for a moment upon one, hushed as though listening for the disclosure, and then hurrying off with an impatient, disappointed murmur, to the next. The place had a strange fascination for me. I have stood for hours looking in upon the sweet-williams, the double daisies, the stocks, the cloves, and London-pride, that struggled to the light through the rank growth of weeds that overran the garden-beds. The same tell-tale tinge —so plain, and yet so reticent—was in them all. It affected me like a revelation in an unknown tongue. It blushed, too, in the roses clumped in chubby clusters about the weather-stained trellis-work tumbling from the cottage wall. As they swayed in the sluggish breeze, they appeared, in succession, to be peeping, through the chinks of the shuttered window into the awful room, whispering together of the sight that they had seen, and tremblingly creeping back again to take another view. When on the spot, I could never

divest myself of the idea that the murder was *then* committing, and saw in fancy the sideroom-door fly open—proclaiming that there *was* a witness there, and the hoary assassin rooted to the ground and blasted before the unknown Avenger.

I had been privy to one of the old man's crimes. I was the last who had seen him and the girl alive. I felt myself, in some shadowy way, *connected* with them, personally interested in unravelling the mystery of their doom. With a vague hope of reding the riddle, I used to linger, too, about their graves. They were buried in the neglected corner of the churchyard of which I have already spoken. The Suicide, the Castaway, the Murderer, and the Magdalen, lie side by side. A dark-boughed tree droops over them; the churchyard-wall just there is broken down—affording, over its mound of mossy mould and slug-slimed stones, a glimpse of a sullen, shaded pond, black as ink, and bristling with brown rushes. It is a dreary sepulchre. I remember plucking a blossom from one of the scores of white nettles that grew amongst the cold, glossy docks and flowerless stinging nettles, over that tomb of loneliness and sin, and inadvertently sucking its honey: a nausea seized me when I thought of what I had done—there was a taste of corpses in my mouth, a flavour of iniquity, so to speak, upon my tongue. I knew nothing then of the sweet chemistry by which Nature distils purity from corruption, and was, of course, as ignorant of Emerson's fanciful analogy: “The divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true.” I cannot say that I have much faith in the latter statement even now—the road appears a strange one.

Beyond the churchyard was another haunt of mine, “the Rocks.” The quarries make a red gap in the green wood on that side of the bay. The “Giant's Footstep” we called the chasm, from its resemblance to a monstrous foot-print on the sloping hill. Beneath the wood and the quarries are the Rocks, a platform bordering, and often covered by, the sea. On the land-side, they form a pavement that might have been laid down by Cyclopean hands; cracks, running almost regularly at right angles to each other, give the huge mass precisely the appearance of an old-world work of art—a quay fit for a fleet of Arks to moor at, for Titanic stevedores to tramp along. Farther out, the mass is more compact, with the fretted, rusty look of iron long exposed to wind and water. Boulders, quaintly carved by the ocean, in Mohammedan mood, into all kinds of nondescript formations; black with “honeycombs” in which you might expect to find soot or blasting-powder stored by negro-bees; white with oyster-shells as if they had been pilloried and pelted by the waves with molluscs; or plumply

round, neutral-tinted, and lazily unwieldy as hippopotami taking their siesta in the mud and sun,—are heaped upon the platform, and grouped in miniature archipelagoes in the sea beyond. The old women of the village frequent this wild spot at times in order to gather “lavabread,” an *alga* of a spinachy hue and taste, which they make into oval cakes and fry with oatmeal. *I* went to the Rocks, when they were deserted, for their feast of beauty, the unflagging amusement, the thrill of mysterious terror, fascinating awe, their marine sights and sounds afforded me. The moist, mottled crabs sporting their gay waistcoats—light buff with fancy sprigs of many colours—were play-fellows for me; sprawling everywhere in a countless swarm, scuttering away awkwardly, when approached, to fall with a flop into some sheltering crevice from which they instantly protruded hostile claws,—peering out over them like little apoplectic old men with their heads upon their arms. And then how lovely were the rock-pools!—The tiny ones, with their subaqueous encampments of tent-like limpet-shells, blue periwinkles with such a plum-like bloom upon them in the water, so dull when taken out, and those strange, soft, tenacious knobs like buttons of black, and green, and claret-coloured velvet: the broad, shallow pools, with their floors of golden sand, and stones as glittering, on which fell the dark shadows of scores of gliding fishkins—far more substantial-looking than their owners; the surface of the water—clear, and yet potentially-solid-seeming (prisoned saltwater always has that look) as molten crystal—chequered with long ribs of brilliance, blending in fantastic, Moresque lattices of light when the freshening breeze changed the steady ripple into a chopping, circling canter: and *the* deep, emerald pool, with its bigger fish, black, rakish, and solitary as pirate-schooners, lying motionless in midwater, or sullenly cruising round and round, putting in at many a fairy-harbour embosomed in tangle, and straightway, with a noiseless swing of their notched rudder-tails, 'bout ship, and out once more into their main of liquid gem. I think that I am morbidly inclined to suicide. I know that I could never look into that Lilliputian lake without fearfully longing to disturb its calm, to go plunging down—rustling its sea-weed tapestry, green, golden, dusky-brown, and bloody-red—and rest on the smooth silvery sand, dappled with patches of streaked and purple pebbles, that glimmered up at me from the bottom, mocking my hesitation, daring me to the leap. I can quite understand the feeling that peopled the sea with seductive Nereids and Sirens in olden times, and Mermaids in more modern; rivers with luring Lurleys, springs with Undines. There was something *eerie*, too, in the muffled murmur of the water gurgling up hidden crannies far down beneath my feet, as the surging waves rolled in, and in the tumultuous haste with which it ebbed from the darkness to the

light,—to be again forced back into its gloomy cells. And, on stormy days, it was grand to see the green, glassy billows, foam-crested long before they reached the land, galloping on, with their white manes flying behind them in the wind, to break in thunder and in boiling snow—doubly white from its contrast with the back ground of leaden sky on which it was embossed—upon the outlying crags. Buried for a moment, with what a sturdy pride they raise their black heads again—grey-tressed with countless cataracts—above the dazzling, dizzying chaos! “Firm as a rock” is, I imagine, the most hackneyed of similes, and yet it always presents itself with a *fresh* truth about it to one who watches the truceless war of cliff and sea.

I was standing by my Nereid-pool one day, gazing down into its clear depths as a lover looks into the false, fond, liquid eyes of the charmer he knows to be a traitress, when a voice, close at hand, said gently: “And what are you thinking of, my little boy?” I turned, and saw a lady with a lovely face losing its bloom, and a look of sadness and of shame overlying what seemed to have been its original expression, a bold haughtiness. I had seen her several times, but had never been near her before. She lived in the outskirts of the village, and was, in plain English, the discarded mistress of some great man, and had recently come to hide her head in our retired part of the country. No “respectable people”—how I hate the money-grubbing, Pharisaic phrase!—noticed her, and the poor, seeing that, despite her fine clothes, she was slighted by their “betters,” lost no opportunity of manifesting their coarse scorn. Vice—even when, perhaps, repented of—ought, no doubt, to bring the vicious into contempt: in this very virtuous world of ours, however, it is hard to refrain from laughing sometimes when one thinks of the contemners. A wite-beating London mob, emptying the vials of its wrath on Marshal Haynau, is a sight in which I find grim humour; and the Bankside brewers are only exaggerated types of their brother Britons when they take it into their wise heads to play censor. Whatever had been her former life, Mrs. FitzHerbert, as she called herself, led an existence now almost as unworldly as a nun's. Except with the little parish girl, who was her servant, I fancy she scarcely ever exchanged a word. She came regularly to church—often wept quietly beneath her veil, and subscribed liberally to his charities, Brown said: adding, with a sneer, “and so, of course, she ought.” (Brown, not being a sinner, was rather close with *his* spare cash—seeming to think his piety a very satisfactory set-off against all claims upon his purse.) On week days she generally remained within doors. If she came out, it was to look after her flowers, or to stroll with a book wherever there was least chance of meeting anybody. One of her solitary rambles had brought her to the Rocks.

Although I was too young to understand the *cause* of her disgrace, I could see very well that she was shunned by every one; and this excommunication had made me like her. It was my own lot, and I felt for her the regard—is it selfish, or is it not?—that springs from common suffering.

She sat down on the raised rim of the pool, and began to talk to me.

“Why don't people like you?” I asked after a few minutes, for I thought she looked very beautiful and kind as I watched the reflection of her noble face and shimmering silks in the still, green water.

“Did n't you say just now that they don't like *you*?”

“Ah, but I'm very ugly.”

“And I've been very——never mind the foolish people, Arthur! I want you to tell me something about Papa.”

“He's dead,—he died before you came.”

“Yes, I know, my poor boy; but tell me all you remember of him.”

And I did, and she listened as though she could never weary of the story.

At last she said:

“Let us go and see his grave, Arthur!”

We went. She stooped over the rich summer flowers that waved upon it, and gathered one, and put it in her bosom, and pressed my hand so hard that I looked up at her in astonishment—she was crying.

“I was afraid to come before,” she sobbed out to herself; and then, catching me in her arms, she told me not to forget her when I said my prayers, and talked of my father just as though she had known him long ago.

“Come and see Mamma.”

But she shook her head—the haughty look in her face leaping up through the sadness—and turned to my brother's and my sister's grave. She made me tell her all about them, too—especially what Willie was like.

“Oh, he was very pretty,” I answered. “You wouldn't have talked to me, if you could have talked to him. Ma loved him eversomuch better than me.”

“Indeed, but I would have talked to you, my poor little neglected fellow, and you must often come to my cottage and talk to me now.” Then she kissed me again, and gave me a picture-book and some sweet-meats that she had in her bag, done up in a little parcel with my name upon it. The outer paper was creased, as though she had carried the packet about with her for some time.

As we were leaving the churchyard, a quarry-woman, drunk and swearing at the horse that dragged the rough, primitive stone-sledge—two unbarked shafts with battens nailed across them—passed us. Taking her

pipe out of her mouth, and sticking it under the pack-saddle of straw and sacking on which she sat, with her head nodding to her knees, she beckoned to me when she had got a little in front; and, as I was in no haste to obey the summons, called out in the queer form of the imperative in use in Glamorganshire:

“Come he, come he!”

Her communication, when I did go to her, was a caution not to let my mammy see me with you hussy. Having stuttered out this piece of tipsy counsel, she replaced her pipe, patted down her brimless, battered, greasy old beaver hat upon her crown, jerked up the head of her horse, which was cropping the long grass by the roadside, hit him over his galled shoulder with the end of the halter, and looking back the very incarnation of gravity and consummate virtue, jogged on in the direction of the Bull.

My companion had heard the warning, and seemed pleased by the alacrity with which I ran back to her side. She walked with me up to the door of our house, and said to my mother, who happened to be coming out:

“I have brought back your little boy. It is hardly safe for him to wander about so much alone.”

My mother made her some cold answer, and when she was gone, I was forbidden ever to speak to that “bad woman” again.

“She's not bad,” I cried: “She's given me lots of nice things, and she——”

But a feeling that I could not fathom prevented me from adding that she had known Papa.

I meant to disobey, in this instance, my mother's orders; but I had no opportunity of doing so, as in a few days' time we left for England.

Chapter X.

MY mother returned to her native town to open a Ladies' School: I was left, upon the road, at a Free Grammar School in——shire.

It was a sultry evening in July when the fly that had carried my mother and myself from our temporary lodgings in a Bristol square, still black with the smoke of the Reform Riots—with what a ghastly grin the gutted houses regarded us as we rattled by in the purple twilight—rolled over a road of coal-dust, between hedges powdered with grime, and through crowds of black-faced, white-teethed, devilish-looking men, queerly dressed in coarse flannel, and with dagger-like tin candlesticks stuck in their hatbands; mixed with others resplendent in velveteen coats with mother-of-pearl buttons as big as small saucers, and Belcher handkerchiefs—all beer-drinking and blaspheming: up to the play-ground gates. The Midsummer

holidays were not yet over, and the great yard—its proportions made still more impressive to a matriculating youngster by the veil of gloom that hid its remote quarters—was silent as a tomb. Sombre elms thickly shaded it, and there was a sickly scent of flowering limes in the hot, heavy air. Past the headmaster's house, lurking in a dirty corner, with the spiteful, vigilant look of a spider; past the dark Chapel, feebly blinking its dull, drowsy windows; past the lofty Fives Wall, chalked with gigantic greetings of the vacation now almost at an end; past the prim offices surrounding a bald desert of paved court, sacred, in schooltime, as college grass-plot; on to the tall, many-windowed, desolate, old school-house, the vehicle creaked hearselike. Opposite stood the long low school-room: still, but grim, as a slumbering mastiff, with the Founder's name and date of the foundation in a brooch-like slab upon its forehead.

The Warden, a mountain of fat and broad cloth—it was a school joke to walk round him for an appetite—was ill in bed. I was, therefore, given in custody to his wife, a brisk, brown, business-like little woman, known in school parlance as “Dame.”

The brief colloquy in the dim, dusty, black-busted study was over. The bitter-sweet good-bye kiss had, at length, been snapped in two. The steps were slammed up. The fly drove off, and I stood in the hall sobbing, and loathing the sharp little lady who patted me on the head, as if she were boxing my ears, and told me so unconcernedly to cheer up. The first time we leave home to live amongst strangers, is a dismal time for all, and I was about as helpless a young bird as ever tumbled still callow from the nest.

The week that I spent in almost utter solitude before the boys came back, was like a dreary dream. All things were unfamiliar, but I took no interest in their novelty; each was a fresh stab to my homesick heart. And—again dream-like—as a ceaseless under-current beneath all my other feelings, flowed a vague dread of the boys' return. Still, though I dreaded it, I wished for it—to have it over, and know the worst. Everything kept them present in my mind: the lines of bare bedsteads stretching away in long vistas in the huge, low-pitched dormitory at the top of the house, the size of which, and its distance from any other occupied bed-room, nightly scared away my sleep; the forms piled on the lanky tables in the dining-hall, at the end of one of which I took my lonely meals, opposite a full-length portrait of the Founder, in canonicals, that made me feel uneasy as it watched my movements with ever-following eyes; the array of benches under one black oaken gallery in the chapel, into which I peeped through a side window; the pew-like desks of the school-room, up the aisle of which I peered—confronted by a fat-faced clock, over the head master's pulpit-throne, that seemed to wink and promise future floggings—when the cleaners had

hooked back the finger-rubbed swing-door; tenantless mouse-cages, stray tops and marbles, bats with the pack thread off the handles, and fragments of copy-books, strewed about the play ground; and deep-cut names—suggesting ferocious individualities that owned them—on gate and wall and tree. Oh, how I wished to get out of the hateful place—how I pined for a free ramble on the dear, far-away Welsh hills! I was afraid to go “out of bounds,” because of the fierce colliers, and their fiercer sons, who prowled in the neighbourhood. Sometimes the latter crept into the play-ground, as I sauntered moping in the dusk, and tried to cut me off before I could get up to the house; and if I took a stroll in the garden, there was nothing to be seen outside except a melancholy landscape blotched with the black mounds of coal-pits, like a face with boils, and a volley of stones from a collier ambush on the other side of the hedge, soon made me run back to the buildings for shelter. (Between our boys and the pit boys there was a feud of long standing. There had been many fair, and many unfair, fights between them. Each party considered it was only making just reprisals when it thrashed mercilessly a solitary member of the opposite faction. The colliers, young and old, did not scruple to rob us when they could: tennis-balls and cutlery being the spoils most coveted. “Gie oi zhut knoife,” was their form of “Stand and deliver,” and not a ball that went over the play-ground walls would ever have been recovered, had it not been for the headmaster—an athletic, gipsy-looking man, known, on both sides of the boundary, as the “Black Devil”—who would sally forth to the rescue, heedless of odds; knocking down hulking fellows like nine-pins, laying six-footers across his knee to be searched, like children to be spanked, and always, if unsuccessful in his search, bringing back an old-clo'-Babel-tower of hostage hats, which were retained until the missing missile was restored.)

At length the masters and the boys returned, “business” recommenced, and my Purgatory was exchanged for Hell.

It makes me sick to read Willis's rant about his “brave, free-hearted, noble boy.” Heaven may, perhaps, hang about us in our *infancy*, but every lingering trace of celestial origin has vanished from the bulk of school-boys. If the Boy were, indeed, Father to the Man, the world would be peopled with demons. Schoolboys are incarnate devils. The shameless imps revel in torture, in cowardly cruelty of all kinds. Most despicably base is the barbarity of the play-ground, fastening always on the weak and unresisting. Because I was feeble, because I was fearful, I was hourly beaten and bullied. The hump upon my back was a sufficient reason why I should “run the gauntlet.”

Long I loitered in the bed-room that bright August morning (my pocket-

money was now spent, so that I could no longer purchase forbearance), undoing buttons buttoned a moment before, hiding my handkerchief that I might consume time in pretending to hunt for it, awkwardly playing a thousand little tricks (my heart all the time thumping so that I could hear it) in order to defer my dreaded descent to torture; but my tormentors grew impatient, and two familiars were sent to summon me—I was lugged by the ears down the stone staircase—bumped against the iron balusters, if for a second I held back—scarcely allowed time to shuffle on my shoes—and then pitched headlong into the lane of boys (some fifty on each side) drawn up to receive me; who raised a yell of triumph such as I can fancy fiends greet a fresh damned soul with, and pounced upon me as the assembled dogs of a parish rush upon a vagrant cat. Fists, sticks, whips, and knotted handkerchiefs, some with stones in them, fell upon my head and back like hail. Being a novice at this kind of work, and bewildered by the sudden onset, I at first stood still, when I had staggered to my feet. This was prime sport for the gay gauntleteers. They had plenty of time for aim. It was a rare lark, too, when, after I *had* started, I fell down dead beat before I had got through half of my allotted round. Those whom my agony of terror had enabled me to outstrip, thus leisurely recovered their lost ground, and could aid in sending me in at last a breathless mass of blood and bruises,—the master “on play-ground duty” satisfactorily discharging it at his desk in practising “Rousseau's dream” upon the flute. The cool tune dribbled derisively into my burning brain, as I rushed under the open school-room windows up to the poplar appointed as the goal of my release; and, to this day, I can never hear the namby-pamby melody without breaking out into blasphemy.

This gauntlet affair was an exceptional case of cruelty, perhaps, but nightly was I knocked down, with fives-bats and Latin dictionaries slipped into pillow cases, in the “big fellows” bolstering raids on the “little fellows” bed-room—how I used to shake when I saw the bare-footed white bullies creeping along the corridor, barred with the still blue moonlight, that led from their room to ours! And by day, in addition to the miscellaneous cuffs and kicks that are the legitimate inheritance—gladly would he cut off the entail!—of the youngest boy of a hundred, a long-legged, dandified puppy whom all the women petted, and whom I have since heard preach a most pious, pathetic charity sermon, used regularly at halfpast twelve to send me to his locker for his “warming-strap”—a thick cord with nine knots in it—which I had to carry submissively to his lordship, standing with hand on hip, to display his fine figure to the sempstress at the “work-room” window—under “the limes,” and there receive, for nothing, two dozen lashes.

Yes, Mr. Willis, boys are, indeed, most noble creatures—well worth writing poetry about! The metamorphosis of the brutal British Boy into the humane British Man (in both instances I refer to average character) is to me a change far more marvellous than that of the grub into the butterfly.

Chapter XI.

MY musty old school—morally rank, as physically the most patriarchal ram, and butting at defenceless youngsters, in its corporate cruelty, full as viciously—has, I believe, been put into Chancery's Medea-cauldron, and come forth a most lamb-like institution; with new regulations, new buildings, even a new site—commanding a view of glittering crescents, instead of grimy coal-pits. God knows, a change was needed, but I wish that its very name had perished; that—once chopped up—the identity of the accursed gerund-mill had shared the fate of Pelias. I hate so everything that reminds me of the dismal, dingy hole wherein I flitted about, like a hunted bat, amongst barbarous tormenters, young and old, and soiled my soul by mean submission to their tyranny.

The fleshy Warden was not actively cruel. Indeed, except on very rare occasions, he was not actively anything. His offices were those of chaplain and general superintendent of the establishment; the last-named function procuring for him the title of “Daddy,” derisively corrupted into “Dodo,” in schoolboy satire on his puffy corpulence. Three times a day in the Hall (after each meal) he mumbled regulation-prayers, much as a toothless horse mumbles its unsatisfying fodder; rousing up from his sleepy and somniferous devotion, on some of the rare occasions I have hinted at, to drop his hand slyly to his heel, draw off his slipper, and hurl it with unerring aim and startling impetus at any youngsters whom he detected in the distance, either napping under the influence of his narcotic supplications or digging their penknives into the school forms as they played at Tit-tat-toe, for stakes of fragmentary, rusty-looking apple, with their kneeling neighbours. But even then he did not hurry himself. His indignation, as Carlyle says of Dante's, was “slow, equable, silent, like that of a god.” He flung his shoe, as Jupiter might have cast a thunderbolt—calmly stern; and relapsed unruffled into his snuffling drone, filling the chamber with a drowsy boom like the buzz of a mammoth bumble-bee. On Sundays, after hearing the bigger boys repeat their catechism, he preached to us, morning and afternoon, in the school chapel; to which the people of the neighbourhood were admitted. A comatose feeling comes over me as I think of our hot Sunday afternoon sessions under the low, black gallery, projecting with a frown, like the brow of a negro with water on the brain. I

seem once more to have gorged myself with cold plum pudding—the dainty of our Dominical dinner—mottled with broad blotches of white suet, thinly sprinkled with flat unstoned raisins—so far apart, that youthful waggery, to indicate the difficulty they would have felt in hailing each other, christened them “shouters”—the pips of which stuck between our teeth and tormented us all service-time; tough as leather, digestible as lead. I see the prim old women opposite nodding their bow-trimmed hats that look like oval trays set out with cups and saucers, the low crowns rising in the midst like spoutless tea-pots. A faint whiff of rosemary and fading wall-flowers floats across the pews as the somnolent worshippers shift the snowy kerchiefs in which they shroud their prayer-books. Overcome by pudding, heat, and perfume, I, too, begin to nod. I pull my own hair, and pinch the lobes of my ears until my nails almost meet. I bite my thumb until I can hardly bear, without screaming, the pressure of my teeth upon the whitened nail. I make my fingers rake like clippers' masts with backstays of pocket-handkerchief. I frantically twist them one over the other in the most fantastic of festoons. I run pins into my calves, and other fleshy places. All in vain, lower—lower—lower droops my head: until it springs back with a neck-cricking jerk, and I find a row of masters' eyes upon me, scintillating prophecies of cane and imposition. Ugh! and those dreary winter services, when teeth rattled like castanets, and every mouth sent out a column of breath white as cigar smoke; and the young bully on the bench behind (whose icy sheets I had to air at night with my personal caloric) made me sit upon his toes to keep them warm, spitefully scrunching my chilblained hands under his iron-shod heels, whenever I rashly attempted to appropriate any of my own fundamental heat for the solace of my tingling extremities. A double ugh! too, for the evening lecture in the ice-house of a school-room, and the banquet of stale bread, sapid as frozen deal, dilapidated cheese, and toothache water in tin cans, that constituted—by way of treat—our Sunday's supper! Neighbouring clergymen sometimes availed themselves of the Warden's pulpit eloquence; and an impressive sight it was to see the mountainous Massillon start from home, when about to give his friends his assistance. An old-fashioned sociable—called, I believe, a “Coburg”—drawn by a stalwart dray-horse, was the vehicle that bore him. Masters and men-servants buttressed the carriage, and propped up the horse; but the steed staggered, and the chariot swayed, when the great man hung *in transitu* upon the step.

Loud groaned the beechen axle with the weight,

and the springs collapsed, as if about to snap, when he mounted to the seat; taking care to plant himself exactly in the centre, or there would inevitably have been a capsize. The human “shores” having been removed,

the clumsy Coburg rumbled like a launched herring-buss down the inclined plane that led to the great gates; almost lifting “Monarch” off his legs, as with collar about his ears, slack traces, slipping hoofs, and resistant rump jammed close against the splash-board, he was carried along by the impetus communicated to the car by its ponderous cargo. But terribly had he to toil—for he was nearly as fat as his master—in dragging his load up the slight hill with which the outside road commenced. He generally made short stages of it, stopping at the end of every dozen yards; when, amidst the jeers of the congregated colliers, the groom who ran behind blocked the wheels with stones, and gave the old horse panting-time—Daddy, meanwhile, gravely perusing the MS. of his sermon. Carving was one of the Warden's principal secular duties. He performed it attired in a black glazed calico apron, which gave his portly person a very episcopal appearance; Dame assisting him, with one of her husband's old surplices over her dress to protect it from the gravy,—the voluminous folds of the dingy ephod almost smothering the little woman. A trifle of pocket-money was given to each boy, according to the terms of the endowment, but, as he was expected to subscribe this “voluntarily” to some propagation society or other, our only genuine funds were those allowed us by our friends,—called “white-book,” from a vellum-covered volume in which the payments were recorded. Daddy presided over both disbursements, re-pocketing the propagation money, and advising us to spend our white-book with Dame, rather than with an emissary from “Old Giles's”—a sweet-stuff shop hard by, kept by a collier, amicable for commercial reasons—who on pay-days pervaded the play-ground. Dame on such days attempted to do a rival trade, seating herself just inside the school-room door, before a little trunk, filled with parliament, bulls'-eyes, liquorice, peppermint-drops, etc., etc.,—all warranted “wholesome”—and was fabled to dispose of her goods at prime cost, merely for our convenience; but as Old Giles's were both cheaper and of better quality, we preferred, when we could, to purchase our confectionery from his establishment. It required some nerve, though, to endure the glare of Daddy's eye, when he saw us sneaking past the black box without buying, and Dame, indignant at the ingratitude that led us to disregard her maternal, disinterested anxiety for the welfare of our pockets and digestions, took care to *draw* his eye to such offenders, by clucking after them like a hen whose ducklings are about to take the water: so, generally speaking, the 'cute little matron managed to dispose of all her musty stock. To pelt the chestnut trees was another crime that hugely excited Daddy's wrath. We wanted the nuts for a local game called “conquerors,” played upon cap-crowns—previously sufficiently injured by the abstraction of the cane for smoking purposes. To be engaged in this

game, or preparing for it by knocking down chestnuts (I can see now the green balls, spined like hedgehogs, pattering down amid a shower of slowly-falling, fan-like leaves, and showing, through their cracks, their treasures of gleaming mahogany peeping out from their snowy coverings like so many Mulatto beauties from between the sheets) was a misdemeanour that Daddy, when he discovered it, always exerted himself personally to punish. Summoning the culprits, he delivered a long charge; and then, merging the judge in the executioner, suddenly aimed at them an open-handed blow, with the benevolent intention of bringing their heads forcibly together. His tactics, however, being understood, the delinquents kept a sharp look out, and ducked when they saw the plump paw approaching; whereupon its owner—unable to stop himself, when under anything like way, until the impulse had exhausted, itself—spun round and round like a sable humming-top; staggering like it, too, as his gyrations became less violent. He had a nasty trick, moreover, of posting himself in the shade beside the dormitory door, as we went up to bed, and of mowing down, in case of any noise, a swath of the first boys who reached the stair-head with one sweeping swing of his great arm. I remember rushing up one night, pursued by a pinching persecutor, and, in my eagerness to escape from him, unwittingly precipitating myself upon—or rather, *into*—the paternal paunch. Down into its dark depths I dived, like a pellet driven into dough, Empedocles leaping into Etna, or Poe's fisherman sucked down by the Maelstrom; but just as I was choking, the dough become elastic—the rumbling volcano heaved for an eruption—the back-swirl of the vortex began, and I was sent sprawling into the distance—projected, without any exaggeration, a good couple of yards. However, I have gossiped long enough about the fat old man. He let me off a flogging once, and twice gave me twopence. May he rest in peace!

Next to him I liked—or, perhaps, I should rather say, disliked the least—“Crane,” the fourth master, indebted, for his *sobriquet*, to his long legs and neck, and a proneness to pounce upon fleshy youngsters as his godbird pounces on a puffy frog. Whether it was my lack of fat, or a little lingering feeling in the breast of Crane, that procured me exemption from his torture, I know not; but certainly he scarcely ever laid a finger on me. Rhadamanthus, I trust, remembered this when he passed sentence on the otherwise ruthless scourger. My third negative favourite was “Black Devil,” the head master. True, it was no joke to be “laid across the desk” by him, for he had an awful knack of screwing up the seats of breeches, until their occupants stood out round and tight-rinded as plums just going to burst, before he began to flog; and his long fingers left their crimson marks upon one's ears for hours after the box had been inflicted. Still he

always seemed to have a *reason* for his canings, whilst the other masters laced our jackets, or made us hold out our hands, evidently merely to vent and relieve their own ill temper; and Black Devil had a gentlemanly-looking, Brown-Windsor-scented hand that somehow made it seem pleasanter to suffer under *it*, than to get a cuff from the podgy, yellow-soaped palms of his snobbish underlings. With the doubtful exception of Crane, they were a hateful set—with most appropriate nicknames: “Skinner”—sweet sucking evangelist—reading for the Church; “Bear,” supposed to have growled an offer to the Warden's daughter, and not to have had his natural amiability increased by a contemptuous refusal on the part of the damsel, and a threat of dismissal on that of the dada; “Dumpty,” the writing-master, a stunted, sturdy, consequential despot, whom, nathless, we heartily despised because he didn't know Latin; “Horse,” a blundering, black-maned blockhead, who flung out his fists right and left, as a vicious cart-horse lashes with his hoofs; and “Pig,” an execrable, pimply-faced, cowardly, greedy, little beast, who cottoned to the big fellows (having not long been elevated from their ranks himself), but smuggled kids into his bed-room, and beat them about the head with clothes-brushes—and then “made friends” again as soon as any of them received a hamper. This small fiend, I believe, was publicly hooted out of the play-ground, some time after I left the school, for a bit of barbarity too rank even for *its* digestion. I wish I could have joined in the *maledictory* hisses!

Punished half-hourly in schooltime by this noble staff of guides, philosophers, and friends, and pummelled momentarily in playtime by my equally detestable mates, I was as miserable a little devil as ever wandered out of hell. My only comforts were my letters from home, and they seemed to have had their bloom rubbed off by the Warden's previous perusal. I found no consolation in writing home—the monthly task, indeed, only increased my misery, for each epistle had to be crammed with mendacious assurances of my happiness and the kindness—*kindness!*—of my teachers. The big boys clandestinely posted unsupervised correspondence,—“breaking bounds” in the evening, and slipping up to the village Post-Office; but this was an infringement of school rules that I was not hardy enough to venture on.

Rendered desperate at last, however, I determined on a bolder deed. I made up my mind to throw off the school yoke entirely—to run away.

Beneath the great elms, with the leaves that fell in autumn, we made *al fresco* couches or divans, denominated “squats.” What was the good of them I do n't know, but to make them was the mode; followed, as in the case of many other fashions, none the less universally because

unintelligently. Those of the *Dii Majores* of the school were long and broad and deep, with cupboards scooped out beneath the tree roots, wherein provender was stored for the somewhat chilly picnics to which the proprietors of these damp beds of tarnished gold and rotting crimson invited each other. The youngsters getting only the leavings of the leaves, the fecal foliage that their superiors disdained, had to content themselves with humbler structures, and were too wise to make closets that they knew would soon have nothing to enclose, where so many potent pirates prowled around.

I was lying curled up on my scanty squat, like a dog upon his mat, one misty evening in November, when the thought of running away first struck me. Dim through the fog, I saw the red blaze of the school fire, as it flickered on the distant schoolroom windows. I could not help contrasting that inhospitable hearth (to which I was never admitted, save to be roasted, and then rubbed down until my hot clothes made me dance like a young bear with pain), with a fancy picture, sketched by memory, of a snug home fireside. I wondered what my mother and sisters, bending over such a fire, would say if they knew that I lay shivering in the cold; and the recollection of their gentle voices made the rough shouts and boisterous laughter, that rang out to me from the school through the raw air, seem doubly odious. Home I resolved to get.

The next day was Saturday, and on it I commenced my preparations for my journey. I had the audacity to discontinue my subscription to the propagation fund—for one week only, I tremblingly intimated to Daddy, who, supposing that I had got into debt, grimly permitted me to pocket for once the pence of which I had hitherto been robbed by some plague-some pagans somewhere—that was all I knew of the objects of my very reluctant charity. The sum, even when supplemented with my white book, did not constitute an overwhelming amount of capital—considering that I had a two-hundred miles' tramp before me. On Saturdays, moreover, the dining-hall being in the hands of the cleaners, we had a peripatetic dinner of bread-and-cheese. My prandial rations I carefully secreted in my locker, as I did, also, the solid portion of my tea, and as much as I could spare of my next day's meals, including the whole of its insipid supper. With this store of money and food, I resolved to start early on Monday morning; selecting that day because it would enable me to go away in my best clothes, our Sunday toggery not being locked up in the garret, which was its weekly receptacle, until after we had left our rooms on the Monday morning. The girl hired to look after our linen, etc., reserved all her wardrobe cares for the big fellows with whom she flirted, and had neglected me, amongst other youngsters, so shamefully, that my week-day clothes would have

formed a very creditable suit for a scarecrow; and though I did n't much mind how I looked within school bounds, I was too proud to make my first appearance in the world without—what vague notions, by the bye, I had of that same world!—in the character of a little tatterdemalion. A quasi-religious feeling, coupled with a fear of being more speedily missed, kept me from running away on the Sunday.

I had noticed a stone loose in the wall, near the great gates. Tilting the stone, I discovered a cavity behind it, and into this—to be handy when I wanted them—on the Sunday evening when the playground was deserted, I put my provisions and some books that I meant to sell when my funds were exhausted: a Valpy's *Delectus*, a Latin Grammar, Peter Parley's *Tales of Animals*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. I had selected the last two from my little library, as being the most attractive books that it contained, and, therefore, most likely to find purchasers; the thought of ever parting from them though cost me a bitter pang, and I determined not to dispose of them until absolutely compelled—meanwhile they would be a kind of company. I took the two school books, because I hated them for the tears that they had made me shed. I might be brought back, and put under the yoke of precisely similar successors to the desk, but *they*, at all events—who has not felt this detestation of particular schoolbooks, just as if they were sentient foes?—should never more have dominion over me. No, they should be sold into bondage for their insolence. I had heard that buttermen buy second-hand books, and I revelled in the fancy of a pat of Wiltshire being sent to the school wrapt up in *Fio*, or a pound of Double Gloucester in the *Garrula lingua nocet* page of the *Delectus*; Irregular Verbs and the Second Concord being just then my stones of stumbling and rocks of offence. I imagined that my tormentors would feel the degradation of returning as tradesmen's wrappages to the scene of their former triumphs, where their brother tyrants still held undisputed sway.

Having got everything ready for my departure, I went back to the school-room gayer than I had ever felt since I first saw it; and at the usual hour filed across the flags that separated it from the schoolhouse, hid my cap behind my boots in my shoe-hole, and went almost merrily up to bed.

Pig's voice woke me in the morning—calling up the boys. I had overslept myself. My Sunday clothes were carried away, and I resigned myself to captivity for another week,

But Pig behaved so brutally towards me in the course of the day, because (as many a puzzled young Latinist has done before) I confounded *Fierem* and *Ferrem*; and, when “turned down,” could give no satisfactory account of my missing grammar; I got such an extra allowance of kicks for getting in the way at football, and of cracks across the shins for a similar offence at

hockey; and my dandy despot leathered me so unmercifully at five, because, having been “kept in,” I could not go for my diurnal drubbing at half-past twelve; that I determined to creep up to the garret in the dark, taking the chance of its being left unlocked, and, if I could not get my clothes, to start, nevertheless, next morning in my weekday rags.

Martin Luther was not more haunted by the Devil than, according to tradition, was our clerical Founder when he lived in what was then the recently erected Schoolhouse. He certainly *deserved* to be haunted for instituting such a dismal den. No wonder Satan felt himself at home in it. Diabolical legends were told of every room; more especially of the garret and the Founder's study. This latter apartment appears to have been Apollyon's favorite lounge. He was almost always in it: singeing the horsehair of the fundatorial throne, by sitting down in it; setting the fundatorial wig on fire, as he patted its proprietor upon the head, in mocking approbation of his prayers; turning the fundatorial sermons into tinder, as he slyly abstracted the wet sheets with his hot fingers, whilst the writer nodded over his Bible and his pad; breaking the fundatorial nose by accelerating with a heavy hand those fundatorial nods. At other times he stole the fundatorial slippers, shuffled his cloven feet into them, and ran round and round the table, filling the room with a powerful perfume of scorched leather, as he playfully dodged behind the chairs, whilst the defrauded owner wrathfully pursued; and occasionally, alas! he victoriously tempted the fundatorial chastity, by assuming the forms of lovely damsels come to seek for pious consolation, spiritual advice,—who vanished, with derisive laughter and a smell of burning brimstone, just when the fundatorial arms had clasped to the fundatorial breast their pink and palpitating bosoms in an embrace too fond for ghostly father's. In the garret he was said to have appeared in the form of a white rabbit, with parson's bands and spectacles on, popping its head from behind a beam, and grinning at the Founder who had just caught and was hugging a buxom and by no means unwilling housemaid of the period. When shot at, the myth went on to say, the Devil reassumed his hoofs and horns, danced a hornpipe—beating time with his harpoon-tail—and then blazed like a sky-rocket through the roof. A hole in the roof and two black hoof-marks in the floor were shown to trembling youngsters in my time, as evidences of this “fact.” Although a few bold rationalists hinted that these “Devil's Footmarks” had been made by the monitors' pocket-knives and candles, their supernatural origin was, for the most part, devoutly believed in by the lower forms. It may be supposed, therefore, that a youngster did not consider the garret a very inviting chamber to visit after sun-down. With a beating heart I stole up the stairs. The door to my great joy *was* ajar, but

the room, lighted by one dingy skylight, looked so dreary in the November dusk, when I peeped in,—so full of mysterious brooding shadows, palpable gloom, that I scarcely liked to enter: more especially as my clothes were kept in the very last compartment of the long rack that stretched like a grim slumbering monster down the middle of the floor. What was my horror, when I reached it, to see two green, glowing eyes glaring out of the darkness directly above it! A spiteful spitting, and a scuttering run along the creaking deals hardly convinced me that my terrifier was merely a mortal cat. With a hasty hand I seized my bundle, and was out of the room almost as soon as the cat was—descending to the dormitory, where I hid the clothes between my mattress and the bedstead.

On the Tuesday morning I woke in excellent time. The bedroom was still as a churchyard, and the occupants of the swelling blanket-graves slept on whilst I hurriedly and noiselessly dressed. I believed in prayers in those days, and knelt down, before I left my room, to supplicate God's blessing on my truancy—more particularly His protection from “Mercury,” the truculent hero of the pit-boys,—a squinting, double-jointed, left-handed young collier who was the dread of all the school. He owed his name to a white gossamer which, in a recent scuffle with the elder boys, he had carried off as his share of the *spolia opima*. In the sides he had made slashes, for the sake of ventilation: and the flaps projecting, gave the castor very much the appearance of the Hermeän hat. Though grimy now, as if it had been hung up in a smoky chimney corner, like a ham to cure, this hat was an *oriflamme* as efficient as the snowy plume of Henry of Navarre. Friends gathered triumphant around it: foes fell back dismayed before it. Fervently I prayed that I might not fall into the hands of Mercury. I had been reading Bunyan's *Holy War*, and I identified the ferocious pit-boy with Diabolus. He used to mount a ruined cottage that commanded the playground, and hurl defiances and stones over the wall just as Diabolus did into the beleagured city. My orisons completed, I slipped off my pillow-case to serve as a knapsack for my stores, and glided, silent as a ghost, down the stone stairs. It made me *feel* almost like a ghost, to be the only one awake in all that great slumbering house. My heart very nearly failed me when I approached the huge lobby-door, for the purpose of unlocking it. The broad box of a lock seemed to frown frightfully at my audacity, and bid me go back to bed again, and not make a fool of myself. At length I summoned courage to seize the gigantic key. It was as much as both my straining hands could accomplish to force back the grating catch; but, at last, the door stood open, and the frosty morning breeze blew in fresh upon my brow with a cheering kiss of encouragement. Yonder hung the rusty school-bell that soon would summon my mates to their treadmill

tasks, but *me*—oh, nevermore! Glad of heart, I ran down to my cave, leaping over the shadow of the “Founder's Tree” that sprawled black and gaunt in the bright moonlight across my path, as though it were a night master on duty determined to cut me off. My books and prog were soon swallowed by my sack, and flung across my shoulder. Half through nervousness, and half in triumph, I slammed the gate behind me, and, plunged, at the top of my speed, into the dread collier country—my fears for the moment, all mastered by the ecstatic feeling of being once more FREE!

Chapter XII.

MY prayers were disregarded. About a quarter of a mile from the school I ran into the very arms of Mercury, who was wending his way to the pit. Seizing me by the collar with one hand, and brandishing his candlestick, daggerwise, in the other, he threatened to murder me, and then sell me to the doctors; to hide me in the mines, and make me work for him; to take me back to school; to do, in short, a variety of things that he thought would terrify me. Having succeeded in his benevolent attempt, he contented himself with stripping me of my prog, my money, my picture-books, and my pillow-case (seeing no cuts in the Latin books, he contemptuously restored them); and, finally, helped me on my way to Bristol with a shove and a tremendous kick.

Tingling with pain, half-choked with terror, and yet glad to have escaped with only the loss of my baggage (to send me to Bristol, naked, had been one of Mercury's menaces), I pattered panting along the frozen road; cowering in ditches, amongst the dead nettles and rime-powdered fallen leaves, when I saw any collier-bands in the distance, hurrying pitwards, like devils scared by the approach of dawn.

Ferunt vagantes daemonas,
Laetos tenebris noctium,
Gallo canente exterritos
Sparsim timere et cedere.

Oh, how my heart thumped as the tramp, and the laughter, and the blasphemy of my black foes drew nearer and nearer! How I held my breath when they were right abreast of me! How cautiously I peeped out when the sound of their feet and voices died gradually away! And with what a hare-like scamper I got over the ground when the coast was once more clear! Once, a dog belonging to one of them came running along the ditch in

which I was lying, and smelt at the heap of thorns behind which I was hid. His moist nose almost touched me. His hot breath puffed full in my face. I could see the look of uncertainty in his eye, when it fell upon me, as to whether he ought to bark or not. Fortunately, just then, his master whistled. The question of casuistry was settled, apparently to the satisfaction of the canine conscience, by a call to a more immediate duty than that of discovering my retreat. With a knowing look that seemed to say "I *could* have got you into trouble, if I'd liked," the dog wagged his tail, and trotted off; and I was left unmolested.

The moon had gone down when I reached St.——, half-way between the school and Bristol. The church towered dim and spectral in the dusk of the winter's morning. The tombstones looked over the churchyard-wall like ghosts. Nobody was stirring in the street. A few drowsy lights were blinking in the upper windows of the dark houses. The road beyond stretched black, silent, and dismal. I lingered for a time in a little patch of light that one of the candles threw down upon the path. There seemed warmth and company in the yellow spot on that cold, dreary morning. Remembering, however, that it was not safe to loiter so near my cage, and that I had nothing more to fear from the colliers (St.——being, as it were, a frontier-fortress of civilization, marking the termination of the realm of coal), I pushed on again, and reached Bristol without further adventure, by the not very promising entrance of squalid Templestreet.

As I advanced into the city of rum, sugar and dirt, shop-boys were taking down shutters, housemaids were banging door-mats against area-rails, and mechanics hastening to their work; the noses of all of them purple as plums with the biting cold. The tin-cans that the last carried reminded me of breakfast; excitement had, hitherto, stifled hunger, but now I found that my race in the keen air had made me ravenous. The books that Mercury had left me must at once be sold.

It was some time, however, before I could find a bookseller. In the course of wanderings in search of one, I passed the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe. Rosy-golden in the bright winter sunlight, the tower shot up into the clear, frosty air—undefiled as yet with smoke—with such a happy, holiday look about it, that I almost fancied the bells would break out presently of their own accord in a joy-peal. The sight cheered me for a moment, and then it threw a damp upon my enterprise, for Chatterton came into my head. My sister had told me his story, when we visited the church together, just before I went to school. I began to wonder how long the money that I might get for my books would keep me, how much poison cost, and which would be the more painful death—suicide or starvation.

Meditating thus moodily, I suddenly stumbled on what I was seeking. At

the corner of a little square court, I came upon an old house; each story projecting over the one beneath, as though it wanted to whisper to the house opposite; quaint faces carved on the projecting beams; and tiny lattices peeping out, with a sly, wicked leer, in all kinds of places where no one could expect to see a window. At the door stood two boxes, filled with battered, mildewed volumes; a paper label in a cleft stick—like those gardeners put into the ground to mark where seeds are sown—intimating the trade value of those on the left by the inscription, “These at 3d.,” a similar index emblazoned with “These at 6d.,” doing the same office for the rather more reputable-looking tomes upon the right. Bulkier books, ticketed with various prices, were arranged in shelves, and laid out flat, like flounders at a fishmonger's, on a sloping board, in the open shop front. Lurking like a spider in a dusty hole behind the counter, sat the proprietor of the establishment; a bleary-eyed, red-nosed, snuffy old man, swathed in a filthy flannel dressing-gown, with a huge pair of horn spectacles on his forehead, and smoking a short black pipe. Above him, in a wicker cage, hung a raven, with his head on one side, and eyes that one moment seemed stupid, half asleep, and the next flashed out a glance of devilish cunning, and impish fun. Beside the old man sat a black cat, decorated with a red morocco collar. Before him lay a big book, open, which I think must have been a black-letter Bible.

With a trembling hand I tendered the old man my classics, and was proceeding in a trembling voice to ask him what he would give for them, when suddenly he got up, puffed a whiff of tobacco down my throat, and whilst I was coughing the rank fume out, pinched his cat's tail, and shook the raven's cage; whereupon the former began to swear figuratively, and the latter, literally, gruffly ejaculating “Go to Hell!” Three times was this strange process gone through, the old wizard after each performance composedly squatting down again, and coolly inquiring what was my business.

When, at length, he condescended to understand what I wanted, he took the books from me, glanced at their titles, flung them on a pile of pamphlets near him, and then quietly went on smoking. Again and again I asked him to name his price. The only answer I received was from his feathered proxy, which, rendered more and more savage by each shake of his tenement, commanded me in a voice of *crescendo* ferocity to “Go to Hell!”

Presently, putting down his pipe, the old man took up the big book, muttered some gibberish, and slipped his finger at random between the leaves. Either reading, or pretending to read the passage on which it had fallen, he grunted out: “Thou shalt not steal, *Exodus, fifteenth, twentieth.*”

At this the raven, without any prompting, screamed petulantly: “Go to hell—go to hell—*can't* you go to hell?”

I was so frightened by this time, that I began to think I had come very near to the place whither the raven wanted to send me. I had no wish now to sell my books to that awful old man. My only desire was to get them back, and be off. When I applied for them, however, this was the response I got:

“The book hath spoken, and so has the bird: do you want to hear the cat?”

I really almost believed that the cat *would* speak if I asked for the books again, but hunger made me desperate, and I said, or rather sobbed:

“Oh, do, please, sir, give them to me! I've had no breakfast, and they're all I've got.”

The old man rose very gravely, planted his elbows on the counter, and his head upon his palms, and stared at me for full five minutes. Then having blown out a long puff of smoke (as before, directly in my face) and waited until it had cleared away, he replied:

“Give 'em to you indeed! No, Master Moucher, my intentions is to send them there two Latin books back to them as owns 'em, and you with 'em,” he added, making a feint at running round the counter to catch me, and flinging the cat, with all her claws out, and spitting like a fury, in my face. I waited to hear no more, but rushed from the shop, pursued by a laughing chorus of “go to hell—go to hell—ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha—gone to hell—gone to hell—ha—ha—HA!”

I was quite cast down by this second robbery, and thoroughly scared by the methodical old madman who had fleeced me with his *Sortes Biblicoe* and oracular familiars. I wished myself back again in the old hall, safe, at all events, from supernatural tormentors, and sure of a breakfast.

With a longing eye I lingered about a coffee-stall, feeding in fancy on the thick slices of bread and butter, and greedily sniffing the fragrant fumes of the steaming beverage. The woman who kept the stall noticed me, and asked whether she should serve me.

“I haven't got any money,” I said.

“Ah, well, I can't afford to treat young gentlemen,” was the woman's very natural answer.

A shoeless little girl was standing amongst the crowd of *al fresco* breakfasters, busy with her coffee-cup and second slice of bread and butter. She saw how woe-begone I looked, and brought both to me with a smile.

“Here, drink it up, little boy; I've only taken one bite out. Won't they give you breakfast at home? I've got a brother like you.”

Famished as I was, I couldn't take the proffered refreshment; but the

generosity of my kind, shivering little benefactress, made me cry. This touched the woman's heart, and she called me back and gave me free commons. When I had finished my breakfast, she made me tell her how I came to be wandering about; and when she found that I had run away from school, advised me to go back, and never mind the beatings—*I* should be a big boy some day. I thanked her, and slipped away. The coffee had so warmed and cheered me, that all hankerings after the dreary asylum of school had vanished; but having no money, and no means of getting any, I felt very puzzled as to how I was to reach home. As I hung upon the draw-bridge, I noticed “London” on a schooner's stern. London was only fifty miles from where my mother lived. I would offer myself as a cabin-boy, go to London in the schooner, and then pay my coach fare to Helensburgh with a portion of my wages, buying presents for my mother and sisters with the rest. The plan appeared quite feasible—what an extensive system of chances is childhood's theory of probabilities! It is a pity that we can't hoard a little of our superfluous early faith for use in after years; but! the heart has no Joseph to make provision for the time of famine.

My proffer of service was somewhat rudely rebuffed on board the schooner. The mate, with his trowsers tucked up to his knees, was superintending and personally assisting in the swabbing of the deck; and, having been rendered irritable by the cold water that frosty morning, dabbed his mop in my face, and merely repeated what I had already heard from the raven. I was similarly repulsed from a good many other vessels. My deformity, I scarcely need say, was made the butt of scores of cruel jokes; the most good natured of them being an intimation from a waggish master, that he had a monkey already.

I had strolled to the end of what, if I remember rightly, is called the Floating Harbour, when I saw a little man, in a white-seamed blue coat, with tarnished gilt buttons, hurrying down to a boat which was waiting to take him to his vessel, a West Indiaman that was just about to be towed into the river. The little skipper had such a pleasant smile upon his sun-burnt face, that, being anxious now to get some sort of settlement anywhere, I determined to ask him to let me be his cabin-boy, whithersoever the ship might be going. I stopt him as he was slipping down the grassy bank, and told him my tale and wishes.

“Go back to school, my little lad,” was his reply. “We are *all* of us at school, big and small. There's many a one beside you that don't like the tasks and beatings, and would run away if he could. But we must do our duty, my boy—work on like Britons, that, when breaking-up day comes, we may get a prize, and go home happy to our Father.”

I understood his simple sermon, but I did not act upon it, for my kind-

hearted mentor gave me half-a-crown as well as a homily; and with such an amount of wealth as *that* I thought I could get a long way on my road home, and when it was exhausted, no doubt I should find some means of getting more.

I watched and saw the boat push off and pull to the ship—saw my blue-coated friend run up the side like a cat, and then I wandered on, reviewing my position, and meditating my next move.

Chapter XIII.

BATH, I knew, was the first place for which I must make in my journey homewards. I had just received some rather vague instructions for finding the Bath road, when I saw in the distance the hateful form of Pig—no doubt, despatched to capture me. Fortunately I was in the neighbourhood of the Cumberland Basin, where a Swansea steamer lay, discharging her throng of pale-faced passengers. I dived into the cadaverous crowd, and managed to escape the porcine eye. Afraid, however, to go back into the city, whilst my foe was prowling there, I rambled along the river-side, determining to return and get more definite directions as to the route that I must follow, than I had yet obtained, when dusk should have driven Aper back into his den. He was fond of a little dismal dissipation on the sly. I, therefore, felt pretty sure that he would *remain* in Bristol during the day, mooning about from public-house to public-house; but that the dread of meeting colliers after dark would send the cruel coward home—maugre his crapulence—at the first approach of twilight—to give, of course, on his arrival, a doleful account of the weary miles he had walked, along highways and through bye-ways, after me.

Tawny as the Tiber, the Avon rolled its turbid flood; St. Vincent's Rocks blushed blood-red in the brightening sunlight; the woods on the other side of the river rained down their wealth of pallid gold; like a gigantic gossamer swayed and glistened the connecting cord between the piers of what, perhaps, by this time, is a suspension-bridge. The car—bucket—basket—or whatever else the machine used as an aerial ferry-boat might be called—was being hauled across as I stood beneath the rope; midway one of the passengers fired a gun, and multitudinous echoes converted the single report into a volley.

“The way of the world,” muttered a voice near me. “Say a thing boldly, and what a lot of folks will say it after you!” I turned, and saw an ancient gentleman, buttoned up in a black great-coat, stiff from the collar of which, and white as snow, stuck out a tiny pig-tail. This, and his intensely-starched cravat, and the golden head of the cane on which he leaned, were

the only light-colored things he had about him. His very face was bluish-black—the effect of mercurial medicines, most probably. He wore gaiters, carried his head on one side, glanced sharply out of the corners of his eyes, and looked altogether very like my recent acquaintance, the raven, considerably magnified. The greeting with which he favored me was not much more courteous than the welcome I had received from that atrocious bird.

“What the devil are you staring at boy?—God bless me! How *dare* you be so ugly?”

“Please, sir, I can't help it,” I stammered; and yet, somehow, the aspect in which he had placed my ugliness staggered me. I began to feel morally responsible for it—at all events, for sunning it. It seemed a sin to walk about a universal eyesore. I was trying to quiet my sense of guilt with the reflection that my censor shared largely in my iniquity, when he turned sharp upon me with a

“Ah! What's that you say? I'm no great beauty, an't I?”

“Indeed, sir, I didn't *say* so,” I replied; laying, unconsciously, a most tremendous stress upon the “say.”

“Child, your eye said it. Don't deny that you thought it. I hate lies worse than ugliness. I saw the speech peering out of your eye—by the bye, those blue eyes of yours a'n't so bad—I saw it peeping out, I say, like a saucy young scamp taking a sight at me from a window. I can't lug the young blackguard down and give him a drubbing; but, you see, I can catch your thoughts—so be careful what you think. It's nonsense standing here in the cold. Come and have a walk.”

He started off at a trot, dragging me along by his side. Not another word did he say, until we reached the Clifton Pump Room. Into this he took me, inviting me, as abruptly as before, to “come and have a drink.” A large tumblerful of the nauseous waters he compelled me to swallow, assuring me that it would warm me and do me good; grinning horribly meanwhile at the grimaces I made under the infliction. When I had gulped down the last, loathsome drop—he insisted on my leaving “no heeltaps”—I was asked what I thought of the “tipple.”

I forget what I said, but my answer tickled him, and put him into a better humor. When we came out of the Pump Room, he bought me a tart to take the chalybeate taste out of my mouth—first abusing the pisan for charging three-pence for, as the testy old fellow asserted, a twopenny one, and finally giving the man's child a shilling—and as we walked up and down the broad space before the Hot Wells, he informed me why he had drenched me with the detestable beverage.

“To take the sauce out of you, young man. I was as good-looking a

fellow once as ever lived. Liver went wrong on the Hooghly, love went wrong at home. I'm a broken, lonely old man now—forced to drink that horrid stuff; and I can't walk out without being badgered about my looks by a misshapen imp like you! Come and see my grandchild.”

We went to a handsome house in one of the Clifton crescents. “Back already, grandpapa! O, I *am* glad,” cried a little girl, as we stepped into a breakfast parlour where she sat at work. The work was instantly thrown aside, and springing up into the old man's opened arms as lightly as a fawn, she covered his indigo face with kisses. Very strange was the contrast between it and her sweet cheeks, of a shell-like pink-white; and between his rectilineal, hoary pigtail and her flood of golden hair.

“Bella do nt think me ugly,” said the original into whose company I had been so queerly pressed, at length setting her down, and stroking her bright locks with a fond yet dainty touch, as though he feared to dim their lustre with his sombre paw—looking, between its tropical tan and its superinduced dark blue, very much like a lump of ore. “What do you think, Bella? That young monkey—*is n't* he like a monkey?—had the audacity to call grandpapa ugly!”

She flashed just a glimpse of an indignant glance at me, but when she saw how embarrassed I appeared in my anxiety to vindicate myself from the charge which yet I could not quite deny, she waived the question of my guilt, and took my part against my taunting accuser.

“It would have served you right if he had. *You* called *him a monkey*, you naughty man!”

“Well, and what else is he? But he looks as if he wanted something to eat. *I* do. The greedy monkey drank up all my morning's draught—never left me a drop. So, thank heaven, I've got an appetite. Come, let's have tiffin. Ring the bell, Bella.”

The servant, when he made his appearance, was soundly rated for not having prepared luncheon an hour before the usual time. An impromptu repast having been laid out in great haste and trepidation by the startled domestics, who evidently regarded their master as a sort of two-legged Bengal tiger very partially tamed, we repaired to the dining-room.

His valetudinarian state compelled the old Indian to be very abstemious as far as edibles were concerned, but he drank freely of his Madeira, which in a short time visibly mellowed him. He ceased to swear at the footman, and became quite polite to me, loading my plate with luscious foreign preserves; which he seemed to enjoy by proxy on my palate—delighted at my appreciation of them, and yet only half-contented with such a vicarious gratification of his tastes. On Bella he waited as attentively as any lover, and when I saw how angel-like in temper, as well as face and form, she

was, I did not marvel that she should have been able to subjugate even his irascible nature.

I will not attempt to describe her——

The grave-damp is staining her beautiful brow.

Though, what right have *I* to mourn her? The benighted wanderer might as well claim property in his solitary star, and wear a weeper for its setting. Suffice it to say, that, at this time she was the worthy bud of the peerless blossom into which she opened—to tempt the ruthless fingers of a sudden Fate.

“Youngster, my name is Maurice—Evan Maurice,” my entertainer presently exclaimed. “What's yours? It's ridiculous to be talking to a boy without a name—just like drinking tea without a handle to your cup. Why don't you speak, you anonymous absurdity? You've *got* a name, haven't you?”

“Arthur Owen?” he echoed, when I had satisfied him on this point. “Why, you must be a countryman of mine—I'm a Welshman—as you may tell by my Cambrian cayenne. Calcutta don't improve that sort of thing. Curried Welsh Rabbit is a nice cool tit-bit, a'n't it? Bella there is going to start for school at a Mrs. Owen's to-morrow. Poor, dear little Bella—no, poor, lone old gaffer! What the devil shall I do without her? and what the devil are you staring at, sir?”

My eyes were fixed upon a portrait hanging opposite to me. Where had I seen those features? They were Mrs. Fitzherbert's. And now I could trace a resemblance between them and Mr. Maurice's, notwithstanding the chromatic disfigurement of the latter. They were repeated, too, but etherialized in Bella's seraphic face.

“Who uncovered that picture?” said Mr. Maurice, in a deep, stern voice, quite unlike his usual petulant tone; his blue face blanching until it looked awfully livid. He got upon a chair, and refastened to the frame the corner of the moth-eaten curtain, which, most probably, had given way and dropped when he banged the door in wrath on his entrance into the dining-room. (An intruding cat, which very nearly had its tail guillotined by the swiftly-swinging mahogany, had caused this explosion of temper.)

“It is poor, dead Aunt's,” whispered little Bella.

For a long time after this Mr. Maurice sat gloomily musing; Bella meanwhile showing me books and prints, and talking to me in a sweet, shy, pitying way. I have already said that I loathe the pity which, in some, my ugliness excites—I would far rather mark unmitigated disgust and scorn—injustice steels its victim. But pity beaming from *her* soft, deep eyes, and trembling in the tones of her low, silvery voice, was a balm to me at first. Suddenly a pang shot through my heart, and I hated her, too, for her

compassion. Our chairs were close together; her long curls fell upon my shoulder, her breath played warm on my cheek; when, all at once, a great gulf seemed to open between us. A vague prophecy of the Future swept across my soul, and the black, cold shadow that it cast remained. What had I to do with her? Her very dog was not so far off from her as I. It, in its own kind, had beauty, and graceful, fondling ways to win her love. As she pulled out its long, silken ears, and lifted its velvet head between her lily hands up to her rosy lips, calling it her “pretty, pretty Fido,” I became jealous of the poor, dumb beast, and felt as though I could have killed both spaniel and mistress. I grew sullen, and refused to talk. I pushed away my chair from hers, and presently retreated to a window-seat. She watched me for a little time in wonder, and, then, no doubt, setting me down as “a strange, unaccountable boy,” took a stool at her grandfather’s feet, and left me to my own devices.

Some little movement of hers made her grandfather start from his reverie.

“Why, where’s the boy?” he said.

“He won’t talk to me, grandpapa.”

“Not talk to *you*—the arrant little fool! Here, you young Owen, unworthy of the name of Welshman—disgrace to the name of amorous Arthur, most polite of princes—what have you to say to this, you illmannered whelp? Not talk to my Bella! What d’ye mean by it, sir?”

“I want to go,” I blurted out—ready to cry, but struggling to repress that sign of weakness in the presence of Bella, who once more looked at me with wide, wondering eyes.

“You want to go do you?” he answered, mimicking my tone. “And who, in the name of God, ever asked you to come? Oh, *I* did. Why *did* I? Who *are* you, Arthur Owen? Who gave you that name? Where do you come from? What —— stop, sir!”

But stop I wouldn’t. I rushed from the room, snatched my cap from the hall-table, and darted out by the front door, which the servant had just opened. Some one on the steps I almost upset; but whom, I waited not to see. Mr. Maurice’s “stop, stop, you young maniac, stop!” rang round the crescent, and a pair of feet—probably the footman’s—pattered along the pavement after me; but turning sharp round a corner, and dodging through some mews, I baffled my pursuer—pursy, no doubt, and careful of his spotless calves. A sulky stroll over Durdham Downs filled up the time until the early evening twilight; when, having first broken into my half-crown for the purchase of a light supper of two plum buns and a bottle of ginger-pop at a Clifton confectioner’s, I re-entered Bristol, and inquired, and soon found the road to Bath.

Chapter XIV.

THE moist cold of a thaw: the damp darkness of a misty December night. Splashed to the eyes, with sodden shoes in which my tired feet worked like force-pump pistons, with clammy hands gnawed raw by the clinging fog, starved to the marrow, utterly miserable, I was plodding through the slush, when a little way before me I descried a double line of flaring fires. As I drew nearer, I saw stalwart figures, arrayed in short smocks and long night-caps, plying the pick and spade on the sides of a ravine; others trundling barrows piled with clay, or dragging them back empty, along narrow, bending planks at such a giddy height above the ground that my head swam as I watched their careless traversers. A waggon rumbled through the gorge to the end of the bluff embankment which protruded from its jaws, stopped mysteriously when apparently just about to topple down the precipice, tilted—so it seemed—of its own accord, shot out a rattling avalanche of ballast, and then rolled back into the mist to fetch another load. It was the inchoate Great Western Railway that I had reached. The huge navvies looked almost fiend-like in the lurid glare of the cresset-fires, their bustle and blasphemy were doubly startling after the deep, solitary stillness through which I had travelled; and yet, after all, the sight of them was pleasant.

It is a dreary thing to follow alone the snake-like windings of a road by night; ebon blackness dogging your steps, ebon blackness again in front, some three-square feet of ground but dimly seen beneath your very nose; hedgerow trees shaping themselves into ambushed foot-pads, milestones masquerading as silent ghosts—standing sentry, perchance, over their foully-murdered bodies; hushed fields, brooded over by dreadful, ever-thickening shadow, stretching away on each side to what would be the skyline, if sky and earth were not blended in chaotic gloom. Any one who has taken such a journey will appreciate Coleridge's stanza:—

As one who on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once looked round, walks on,
And no more turns his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread!

The feeling so forcibly described in the last two lines—or something very like it—had gradually been stealing over me. Actual fiends from Lancashire appeared decidedly preferable to possible fiends from Hell.

Moreover, I was quite fagged out and foot-sore. I determined to test the hospitality of these industrious devils in white jumpers. If repulsed from their fires—a warm place to sleep in was all that I wanted—I should be no worse off than before, and must then, with what heart I could muster, once more face the ceriness and endure the weariness of the heavy, haunted highway.

I clambered over a gate, and stumbled through a plowed field up to the first fire on my side of the cutting I have mentioned. I raked together some straw for a bed, and lay down before the grateful blaze unchallenged, and in two minutes was fast asleep. My slumbers, however, were soon disturbed. The toe of a huge boot lifted me out of my couch, and a gruff voice demanded my business. Nathless, the owner of the boot and voice—a gigantic navvy—was a good-tempered fellow; and when he had heard my story, gave me a drink of “dog's nose” to comfort me from a gallon-can full of that mixture which he had just concocted, and told me that if I wanted a “snooze,” I might go and lie down in his hut—a clay cottage a few yards off. To this I repaired, and coiling myself up in a corner and covering myself with an old coat I found there, I very speedily resumed my interrupted nap.

I was awake next day by a great tumult in and around the cottage. My host was “wanted” by a band of Bristol police, who, afraid to attempt to take him when at work amongst his fellows, and knowing that he belonged to a “night-gang,” had stealthily crept up to his hut in the morning twilight, hoping to catch him in his first heavy sleep, and without the notice of his comrades. His “day-gang” mates, however, were mustered round the door, swearing that they would have the peelers' blood if they didn't instantly decamp. Contractors were striving to appease their men, and advising the “force” not to persist in effecting a capture. Some of the policemen were struggling in the doorway with the surging mob; others were endeavouring to burst open a trap-door which was the entrance to a loft that formed the delinquent's dormitory. This he had fastened down, I suppose, at the first alarm of invasion.

The lower room, as may easily be imagined, was very roughly ceiled. Its ceiling was, in fact, merely the floor of the loft, and in it there were many widely-gaping chinks. Through one of these the Inspector at the head of the constables thrust a pistol; vowing that he would shoot my stalwart friend if he did not instantly come down. Immediately afterwards the hut shook, and I heard a tremendous crash. I thought at first that the pistol had been fired, and that the man was killed; but a roar of laughter and a thundering cheer from the crowd outside undeceived me. I knew then that the navvy must have escaped. But how? He had literally jumped *through* the wall of his

house, its clay yielding to his strong shoulder like reeds before a rhinoceros. Those who had come to make a prisoner were themselves kept prisoners for some three hours. When, in the opinion of his friends, sufficient "law" had been given to the quarry, his hunters were liberated, to pursue, if they liked, the chase; but, quailing before the storm of hoots and the shower of stones with which they were greeted when they issued from the cottage, they set off at full speed back to Bristol. In the confusion I slipped away unnoticed, and recommenced my tramp in the opposite direction.

Chapter XV.

FREESTONE, beneath the weeping skies and in the carbonised atmosphere of England, assumes, in course of time, a very dingy hue—puts on, in old-fashioned phrase, "sad-coloured raiment." The buildings of Bath—save in the case of magnificent Queen-square where the tint is a pure and venerable grey, harmonising well with the ancient extinguishers, for linkboys' torches, still projecting from the walls—seem, on a close inspection, clad in not over clean mourning for the departed gaiety that once brightened the town as with a swarm of peacock-butterflies, flooded it with jocund music as though life had been but one long holiday—the dynasty of duties deposed for ever, and delight reigning with a rose-wreathed sceptre in their stead. The city that was full of merry-makers now sits solitary. Some of her streets—King-street for instance—are so silent that they remind you of Palmyra and Pompeii. For want of living traversers, you people them with ghosts. Patches and ruffles, hoops and swords, paint themselves on the empty air. The flirts and fribbles of the eighteenth century ascend from Hades, dumbly chattering, as they coquettishly tap their polished fans, or sapiently wag their powdered wigs. Beau Nash is King of Bath once more. His coach-and-six again parades the place—with wheels that rattle not, and horses velvet-shod; grandly his heralds puff their spectral cheeks, but noiseless are their horns.—"By leave," growls a gruff voice in your ear, and two tall chairmen—in long, blue, caped coats, corduroy small-clothes, and ribbed grey worsted stockings, just such as chairmen wore in the Beau's time—trot past with a seedy sedan in which, perhaps, the Beau has sat—it looks quite old enough. The vehicle and vehents that have dispelled your dream of by-gone Bath are the sole relics of its manners. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Bath, however, blackened limestone and deserted streets notwithstanding, is, when seen from a distance on a fine day, one of the most brilliantly beautiful of cities. Hills stand about her as they stand about

Jerusalem, but hills blooming beneath the blessing of God, not blasted by His curse. In the emerald basin that they form, crescent rises above crescent, terrace above terrace. Graceful churches dot the denser masonry, pointing with taper fingers to the skies; and in the centre of the clustered houses the Abbey towers sublime. Smoke-stains and weather-stains are washed out by the deluge of sunlight raining on window, roof, and wall; in lovely contrast with the verdant slopes around, and the azure heavens smiling overhead, Bath glitters like a jewelled queen. *Aquae Solis* was a name she bore in the old Roman times. She may not be indebted to the sun for her waters, but verily she is for her winsomeness. No matter what the season, she looks splendid in the sunshine. When an avalanche of fruit-blossom hangs on the side of Lyncombe Vale, and the glowing green of spring ends every vista opening from sombre but majestic Pulteney-street; when Prior Park decked in its summer robes basks in the dazzling glory of a cloudless mid-day, and summer grass waist high waves in the meadows by the winding Avon; when the Twerton valley gleams one tufted mass of gold and crimson in the pensive radiance of an autumn afternoon; and when the last clambering spray of the wild clematis has withered in the hedges, and Hampton cliffs stand bluff and bright in the cold, clear winter air, embossed on the pale-blue winter-sky,—the Queen of the West may proudly challenge comparison with the fairest of her sisterhood of cities,—any, the wide world over.

But very dreary did Bath look that muggy winter's day when I approached it, a little before noon, by the muddy lower Bristol Road. Dark clouds, almost touching the turrets of the abbey, hung over the city, stretching like a leaden-coloured canopy from Beechen Cliff to Lansdowne. The leafless trees upon the hill where the Leper Prince's pigs once crunched the abundant mast, were glossy with rain and dripping dismally. Beckford's Tower rose like a light-house above a sea of mist. Damp donkeys laden with coal from Radstock, and driven by women that looked like men, and men that looked like devils, came trudging down steep Holloway and the more level Wells Road, shaking the raindrops from their drooping ears, and wearing that expression of melancholy patience which is to be seen only in the faces of flogged asses, and flogged wives. The pavement on the bridge was caked inch-thick with mire, through which foot-passengers toiled like flies on a greasy plate. Below rushed the swollen river, of the colour of bad gingerbread. Bump, bump against the wharf went the black barges, as they rose and fell upon the bilious-looking stream. Drearily the smoke straggled from their rusty chimneys; drearily yelped their dogs; seeking in vain dry places to lie down in on the glistening tarpaulins; dreary was the monotonous creak of the straining

hawsers; dreary the flapping of the unfurled, wet-through sails.

My Clifton supper, and a frugal breakfast of bread-and-cheese at a roadside public-house, had not exhausted my half-crown. The part left, indeed, being in copper change, seemed to me, in spite of Euclid, greater than the original silver whole. Having lightened my pocket a little by the purchase of a pork-pie, I turned out of busy Southgate-street, and munched my peppery, unctuous dinner unmolested, as I dragged my weary feet over the puddle-sprinkled flags of the once fashionable St. James's Parade: now tenanted by tailors, stencillers, milk-sellers, and washer-women—portraits of cows that would make Landseer stare, and miniatures of mangles, decorating the doorpost or ground-floor window of almost every other house on both sides of the way. Roaming on by Westgate-buildings—fast sinking, through the intermediate stage of shabby gentility, into the base commercial condition of their fallen neighbour—I entered dingy Kingsmead-square. From this leads Avon-street, the Bathonian Alsatia, where—“the politest city in Europe” being cursed with the most blackguardly mob in the world—harlots and ruffians swarm, nearly as numerous and nasty as the vermin that share their quarters.

Having been cross-examined with rather uncomfortable closeness as to my movements by persons who had met and passed me in my morning's tramp to Bath, I had become very shy of asking directions, and was determined to find my way through the city into the London road by my own sagacity. Being, by this time, however, quite bewildered as to my whereabouts, I consciously doubled on my previous track, and wandered down this amiable Avon-street, almost to the river.

A very tall, stout woman, lounging at a half-open cottage-door, beckoned to me. I crossed the road, and was instantly dragged into the hovel. The door was banged-to, and I found myself in a small, foul, close room, where some seven or eight women, with bare breasts, and dirty, dishevelled hair hanging over their fat shoulders, were drinking, toying, and quarrelling with as many men. “What's up, Tom?” inquired one of the latter of my unceremonious introducer. “Where's the traps?” was Tom's counter-query, addressed, to my great astonishment, to me. When Tom's bonnet, however, was taken off, I found that Tom was no woman, but my navy host of the night before; and told him all I knew of the rout and route of his pursuers. Tom seemed very pleased, and offered me another drink of his favourite “dog's-nose.” I just wetted my lips, and was about to make my exit, when a big blackguard, with a head, neck, and legs like a bull-dog's, caught me by the collar, remarking, with a wink, to his companions that I had come just in the nick of time, for a kid would be wanted. “Take young Spriggs,” said the youngest and prettiest of the women, “and not this poor little thing.”

“Young Spriggs a'n't forthcoming, and Black Jim's too big, and Mother Jones's little chap is n't big enough,” growled the fellow in reply. “I tell yer this little cove is jist the kinchin for the job,” The girl still maintained that it was a shame to stop me, but a quart-pot, brought down upon her head with such a whack that a great dint was left in the pewter, soon silenced her. Tom, who also opposed my detention, was told to “shut up, if he did n't want to be blown on.”

The burly blackguard in whose clutch I was trembling, then forced a glassful of gin into my mouth, and pointing to a filthy mattress on the floor, bade me lie down there, and not get up till I was called.

The spirits—given me, I suppose, to make me go to sleep—I managed to spit out upon the sly; and, as I lay upon the bed, I listened shuddering to the conversation of my kidnappers. Being carried on chiefly in “thieves' Latin,” a great part of it was unintelligible to me; but, at last, in the midst of the quite mysterious slang, I caught several times the phrase “blue-faced old bloke,” and once or twice the name “Maurice.” After that, of course, I hearkened “with all my ears,” and contrived, by piecing what I did understand, and guessing as to what I didn't, to rede in this way the polyglot riddle: Mr. Maurice was going to leave home on this day with his little girl (I remembered that he had said he was about to send her to school—whither, however, I had forgotten); one of the men-servants travelling with his master, the male garrison of the house would be reduced to one—an infirm old butler; the scoundrels around me, being aware of these facts, had resolved to go over to Clifton in the dusk, and help themselves to the “blue-faced old bloke's” valuable plate at midnight; Tom, having come to this “ken” for asylum, had been pressed into the nefarious scheme; I was to be put through a window to open a back door.

This door I vowed inwardly I would never open. I would be shot first. Bella, I thought, would pity me when she heard that I had been killed in protecting her grandpapa's property. Oh, that I could escape and baffle the burglars! Now I pictured myself marching at the head of a posse of constables up to the den of thieves, and anon I was receiving Mr. Maurice's praises in the presence of my little goddess. The fancy made me tingle with delight.

Presently all the men, except Tom (who tumbled up stairs to get, as he said, “forty winks”) went out of the cottage. The bull-dog bully, who seemed to be at the head of the band, took a look at me before he swung his bandy legs over the threshold, but I saw him coming and “foxed” slumber. He merely, therefore, told one of the women to give me something to eat when I woke, and then followed his companions.

When the men were gone, the women began to drink furiously, and

yelling, laughing, crying, most of them in a short time took their departure also, either into the street or to their bed-rooms. The woman in whose charge I had been left, a bloated old monster whom the others—hideous profanation of the word—called “Mother,” and the girl who had got her head broken for taking my part, were the only ones that remained.

My custodian and “Mother” swore at each other, slapped each other's faces, and then embraced with maudlin affection over their beer and gin. Soon they began to nod, and spreading their red, brawny arms on the liquor-stained table, laid down their frowzy heads beside the pewter pots, and in a few minutes were fast asleep.

When their snores had become regular, the girl went to the door and looked up and down the street. Returning on tiptoe, she touched me with her foot, and whispered “Run for your life, you poor ugly little devil!” My ugliness, I noticed, appeared to make her grudge her compassion. Had I been good-looking, she would have felt, doubtless, far more pleasure in serving me. It was all the kinder of her, then, to incur the risk of a murderous thrashing for my sake. These thoughts passed through my mind as, feeling very grateful to the poor girl, I crept over the earthen floor. She stooped and gave me a kiss, as if to atone for her uncomplimentary adjective. A moment afterwards I was flying, rather than running, along the slushy roadway.

Chapter XVI.

I RAN—on—on—I knew not, and I know not, whither—until I met, at last, one of the green-coated guardians of Bathonian peace. To him I told my tale; but as, in my agitation, I made a very disconnected story of it, and as, moreover—like many another private in the police force, in all parts of the world blessed with that stiff-stocked British institution—he was a very thick-headed, brutal fellow; he thought I had been instigated by some wag to hoax him, and, boxing my ears, bade me go about my business.

Discouraged by this rebuff, I wandered disconsolately up and down the muddy, monotonous streets of pepper-and-salt houses, afraid again to approach a policeman, and yet feeling myself and accomplice in the Avon-street robbers' plotted crime so long as I kept their secret. After weary circuitous ramblings, I strolled into the abbey churchyard. Jacob's-ladders, with angels acrobatizing on them, are carved on the front of the cathedral. These angels being clad in what seem shabby black sacks, and having altogether a very dirty, battered, disreputable look, brought the burglars more vividly than ever to my mind. So, perhaps, would the scoundrels scale the Clifton House now that they had lost their door-opener, and enter

by an upper window. The gleaming salvers in the silversmith's at the corner reminded me of the expected spoil. The gilt Greek on the Pump room to me was merely suggestive of scholastic tasks and tortures. I did not feel inclined to loiter in a spot so thronged with disagreeable mementoes, but trotting over the damp flags on which a shower was once more pattering briskly, I passed under the colonnade, and found myself, of course, opposite the White Hart.

Just then a mud-splashed coach from Bristol pulled up at the inn, to change horses. The rain rattled on the umbrellas of the outside passengers, and one who had not the protection of a parapluie began to complain of the drippings from his neighbour's. The querulous voice seemed familiar to me. I looked up, and there was—Pig: a moist mass of misery and ill-temper. Beside him sat a footman whom I thought I had seen before. Through the breath-dimmed glasses, I caught a glimpse of two passengers, whom I was sure I had seen before. I could not be mistaken as to that blue face and that cataract of golden hair. I stood fascinated—fastened to the pavement, as it were—spell-bound by mingled pleasure, astonishment, and fear. I was soon observed. Down jumped Chawls, and running to the coach-window and pointing towards me, said,

“There's the boy, sir!”

“I see him,” answered Mr. Maurice, exploding from the vehicle.

“Don't hurt him,” cried little Bella, as her impetuous grandpapa's goloshes floundered in the mid-road mire.

“So I've caught you, have I?” grunted Pig, clutching me by the collar.

Whack—thwack—scrunch—ugh! Mr. Maurice's black stick had descended on my master's shoulders, bonneted him, and doubled him up by a thrust below the belt.

“Hands off!” shouted the fiery little man. “You're throttling the lad. Who asked *you* to stop him, I should like to know!”

“He's run away from school, sir,” gasped Pig, rubbing his stomach, and turning very pale.

“Please, sir, they're going to rob your house, sir, and the police won't mind me,” I sobbed out at the same time.

“Why, what the devil's the meaning of all this? Who's that man, you little mystery of a maniac?” was Mr. Maurice's rejoinder.

“Pig, sir,” said I, as bold as brass; for I saw that the old gentleman was on my side.

“And is Pig going to rob my house? I should like to see him at it! What on earth *do* you mean? But it's nonsense standing here in the rain, talking riddles like a parcel of fools. Come inside Mister—Mister—PIG!”

So saying, Mr. Maurice took my hand, and elbowing his way through the

crowd of idlers that this passage of arms had attracted, crossed the street, and entered the hotel; followed—very reluctantly—by my craven captor.

As soon as we were in the coffee-room, Pig repeated his accusation against me, and told how, having hunted for me fruitlessly in Bristol the day before, he had been directed by Daddy to take the London coach and travel some twenty or thirty miles along the London road in search of me. I, on the other hand, related as briefly as I could my Avon-street adventures, and entreated Mr. Maurice not to let Pig conduct me back to school.

“And where do you want to go?” asked Mr. Maurice.

“Home, sir (*a choking sob*)—to my mother's.

“And where *is* home?”

“Helensburgh, sir.”

“What!—does your mother keep a school there?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Oh, you little fool! Why didn't you tell me that yesterday? Ah! but then I should have had my house robbed. For a wonder, all's for the best. *We're* going to——”

“Now then, gen'l'men, if you please,” said the coachman, putting his mottled face into the room.

“Oh, yes, ah—here, James, send my man to me—what does the scoundrel mean by mounting before his maater? I'm not going on with you now, but I shall catch you before you've gone two stages. Give an eye to the luggage, and keep my place, and the little girl's, and the man's—and, by-the-bye, there's a vacant inside place—keep that, too.”

The jarvie touched his hat in acknowledgment of the gratuity that accompanied these instructions, and soon summoned Chawls from his perch. Mr. Maurice meanwhile had lifted Bella and Fido from the coach, and came into the coffee-room with them just as the coach-wheels fired their valedictory salute of mud against its windows.

“What are *you* stopping for?” was his unceremonious address to Pig. “Don't you see the coach is gone?”

“I'm not going any farther up, sir; I must return to Bristol with this young gentleman.”

“Oh, you must return to Bristol with this young gentleman, must you? Now, I tell you what it is, Mr. Pig, if you don't take that ugly face of yours out of this room in two twos, I'll make it uglier—if that's possible. This young gentleman is the son of an old friend of mine, and I'm not going to have him thrashed by a fellow like you. I *know* you have used him shamefully. How often has he flogged you, Arthur? Quick, boy, count, and I'll give him double.”

Pig waited to hear no more, but retreated with ignominious precipitancy.

Presently a police inspector, for whom Mr. Maurice had sent, made his appearance: a florid, sandy-whiskered man, with a cold, cruel, blue eye, that made me wince when he looked at me. I was so dirty that, no doubt, he considered me at first a little blackguard thief whom he would soon have to take into custody. We adjourned to a private room, and I once more told my tale, saying as little as I could about Tom—I felt grateful for his kindness, and wanted to screen him if possible. The inspector instantly recognised the house in which I had been kept, from my description of “Mother,” but thought that the thieves, alarmed by my escape, would not be likely to be found in it, and that, in all probability, they would not now attempt to carry out their scheme—at all events, at the time originally fixed. However, if Mr. Maurice would furnish him with credentials, he would go over to Clifton and garrison the house for the night with a band of the local police, and direct them to watch it sharply for the future. It would be well, he added, for Mr. Maurice to order his plate to be sent to his banker's until his return home, and to hire two or three men on whom he could rely to sleep in the house, as the women servants might feel nervous. A letter of introduction and commands was soon written to the housekeeper: and with this, and some of Mr. Maurice's gold, in his pocket, the inspector took his departure, promising that he would personally superintend the removal of the plate and secure trustworthy sentinels—he would be delighted, he was sure, to do anything for so liberal a gentleman. Chawls, then, to his infinite disgust, had to escort me to a clothier's, and procure me a ready-made outfit, complete from top to toe. Feeling civilised again with clean linen, clean face, sound shoes, and new clothes, I sat bodkin between Bella and Mr. Maurice in the post-chaise he had engaged—hurrying as fast as four galloping horses could drag it in pursuit of the London coach.

We went at such a rate that we overtook it at the end of the first stage, but meantime I had been able to tell of the cruelty that had driven me from school, and my manifold adventures since—moving the old man to alternate wrath and mirth, and Bella to tearful pity, not unmingled with admiration; and to learn how it was that she was going to school when the Christmas holidays were so close at hand.

Mr. Maurice, I found, had been suddenly summoned to Marseilles, and having known my father long ago, had determined to leave his little girl in the care of my mother during his absence from England.

He made very light of my truancy, said that *he* had run away from school, and that I had done perfectly right in leaving such a set of brute as he was sure my late mates and masters were, and promised to make my

peace at home. Although rough-rinded as a pomegranate, he had as soft a heart. In a short time I quite loved the crusty, kind, ungentle old gentleman.

My recollections of our journey to town are very dream-like. I was very, very happy—escaped for ever from that hateful school (Mr. Maurice had sworn that I should never go back to it), loaded with kindness, and seated by Bella, who seemed to think me an unprecedented little hero—but I was, also, very, very sleepy, for toil and excitement had completely tired me out.

I remember stopping to dine at the inn that has been converted into the Marlborough College, and peeping through the red window-curtains of the warm, bright dining-room into the damp dusk outside. The rain dimpled the face of the dimly-seen black oblong fishpond behind the house, and as I thought of the wet, weary walk, that I was taking at that time, on the day before, I luxuriated in the present comfort of the snug chamber, and the prospective comfort of the cosy coach which would carry me in a few hours, without any effort of my own, over the long, long miles that had seemed so drearily interminable when I counted the mile-stones, a wretched little foot-sore, frightened tramp.

I remember, too, waking as the coach rolled through Windsor Forest. A frost had set in. The musical jingle of the harness, the clear ring of the team's "tattling hoofs" as they struck the glassy ground, the sharp snap of the brittle twigs, and the crackling of the crisp leaves crushed beneath the wheels, and every now and then, a low, melancholy sigh of wind, like the sigh of a troubled dreamer, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the closing night, or rather, early morn. The stars, newly burnished as it were, flashed their blue light from the black sky. The moon was sinking behind a clump of leafless trees that "flecked" her pale, sad face "with bars;" solemn as the last look of a dying friend, her level beams streamed through the network of dark branches over the hushed and shadowy park. Just off the road, a herd of dappled deer lay couched in the withered, rime-betinselled fern. Through the right-hand window I indistinctly saw a colossal equestrian statue: the outlines both of steed and rider melting into the circumambient gloom—*gloaming* would be a better word—of silvery gray. On the left stretched the Long Walk, a hazy vista ending in a still hazier mass of huddled towers.

I woke again as we rattled into St. Martin's-le-Grand. The great city still wore its dressing-gown of orange—tawny cabs, carts, foot-passengers, seen through the raw, yellow fog, had the look of magic-lantern figures exhibited by a bungler who cannot find the proper focus for his light. The pillars of the Post Office, the huge dome of St. Paul's, loomed unsubstantial in the mist. Far up, seemingly without any support, the cross which a

straggling sunbeam had managed to reach, blazed like a motionless, meteor.

A sharp turn, deeper darkness, and a rumbling archway—and the coach, looking very shabby after its long journey—with a record of its route written on it in the soils of half-a-dozen shires, came to a standstill in the yard of the Bull-and-Mouth.

Chapter XVII.

MOST persons judge of Essex from the marshes that they see in passing up the Thames. They fancy it to be a county with a soil like moist sponge-cake, perpetually breathing forth miasma,—that all the inhabitants die of ague and typhus fever (solacing themselves, whilst still alive, under the burden of their dreary, fen-oppressed existence, by means of opium pills—sold regularly as Epsom salts in other places by the accommodating local druggists),—that the Purfleet quarries are the nearest approach to romantic scenery that the shire can boast,—that dismal South end, with its ramshackle wooden pier—running out into the muddy water like a seedy man who longs to drown his shabby sorrows, but is afraid to make the fatal plunge,—that this caricature of a watering place is quite a flattering specimen of Essex towns. Contrasting the melancholy flats and miserable buildings on the one hand, with the verdant, wood-sprinkled slopes and trim villas on the other, steam-boat passengers exaggerate the loveliness and healthiness of beauteous, balmy Kent, and, as I have said before, arrive at the conclusion that poor Essex is the doomed abode of ugliness, dilapidated architecture, blue devils, disease, and death. Tilbury Fort appears to them a most unnecessary stronghold, for what foe, they reason, although actuated by the most fanatical of anti-British frenzies, would dream of landing on that Stygian shore?

Such critics, as is generally the case with those who found their opinions on impressions produced by the outsides of things, are quite wrong in their conjectures.

Leaving their county's fenny fringe to supply *Campos Martios* to pugilists, and fattening grounds for cattle, the East Saxons manage to attain inside it man's destined three score years and ten, as frequently as the dwellers in more famously hygienic parts of England,—are not more low-spirited than Englishmen usually are,—seek excitement in British beer and gin, instead of Turkish poppy-juice,—possess as pretty, cleanly towns, picturesque hamlets, cosy farm houses, and handsome gentlemen's seats, as can be found anywhere, and in the northern portion of their district are blest with many a peaceful scene of rural beauty. The landscapes are by no

means grand, but to the mind in some moods they are not the less agreeable on that account. What are called “noble prospects”—“show” sublimities that *extort* admiration, often oppress the gazer. One turns from them to quiet little smiling “bits” of copsewood, cornfield, meadow, village church, and green and smithy, and mill with its great dripping wheel and willow-bordered stream,—as a man who has shuddered his applause, and felt his insignificance, before a Siddons or a Rachael, hastens, with a feeling of relief, to the *placens uxor*, the winsome wife, at home.

In North Essex stands the town that I call Helensburgh: an old, old place, rich in all kinds of ruin and relic—you may dig up Roman burialurns like potatoes in its neighbourhood. The Druid has cut mistletoe by moonlight in its woods, and British warriors, blue with woad, have trooped from its low huts to their scythed chariots. Agricola's legions have tramped along its High-street, with flashing armour, towering eagles, flaunting labarum, in all the majestic pomp of perfect discipline, and all the insufferable insolence of indomitable victors' pride. The dream-directed finder of the True Cross first saw sunlight here, and coming, on her return from foreign shores, to a heap of smouldering embers where she had left her flourishing native town, she caused it to rise, phoenix-like, from its ashes; laying out its streets in the form, again and again repeated, of the sacred tree that she had rescued from obscurity. The cross in the Town Arms is commemorative of her discovery and palingenetic performance; and though the borough be not actually named after her, as I have named it, holds a St. Helen's chapel and a St. Helen's-lane. The fierce Saxon and the fiercer Dane ruled the place by turns, according to the caprice of fickle fortune. That fragment of Abbey Wall has echoed the chants of Norman monks; and Norman knights have tilted yonder in the shadow of that massy pile,—the frowning castle, rent and crumbling, and bannered only with here and there a drooping tree, a rank patch of straggling weeds or waving grass, or a rich, fragrant tuft of blood-red, or rust-hued, or golden-yellow wall-flowers; but, nevertheless, a stout keep still. In cruel Mary's time bands of brave martyrs were driven, like sheep to the shambles, from the surrounding villages along the winding lanes, above whose hedges peered the wet, brown corn. quivering in the fresh autumn-morning breeze—the only thing, save following children about to be made motherless, that wept and trembled there, for fanaticism steeled the hearts of the butchers, and faith and hope breathed supernatural strength into the victims' souls—and then, at noon, were led, through a dense crowd of loathing faces, to be burnt upon St. John's green, within a stone's throw of the turreted gateway of the shrine of him whose latest word was love. Those three old elms upon the green have had their leaves prematurely withered by the hot blasts that

swept from the blazing faggots, on which Christians, by Christians, were being charred to death: a scene to be repeated in the next Protestant-trumpeted reign, with this slight difference—that the roasters were then roastees. “Behold, how these Christians love one another,” has been a bitter satire for a dreary while. In fate-blinded Charles's time, Helensburgh, contrary to the will of its burghers, was defended by a garrison of cavaliers against a Roundhead army under Fairfax. The ramparts from which his booming cannon pounded the old wall, and shivered the gates, and truncated the church-towers (hung round with woolsacks, and converted into forts), and smashed in the roofs and windows, and ploughed up the streets of Helensburgh, may yet be seen; but now they are green with grass, the buttercup grows where the blood of wounded bombardier dropped in a trickling stream, and in the meadows over which the horrid missiles flew, singing their sibilant song of death, like so many consciously malicious demons, school-boys drive hither and thither the harmless cricket-ball, and make the calm summer evenings merry with their ringing laughter and their friendly shouts. Two white stones in the turf of the Castle Bailey mark where the gallant chiefs of the royalists—after a siege almost rivalling in its horrors of famine and bloodshed, those awful ones we read of in the Old Testament and Josephus—were shot down like dogs by the order of the parvanimous Puritan they for so long a time had baffled.

The burghers have abjured their whiggism and puritanism, and are staunch tories and high-churchmen now, but, otherwise, the old town is little changed since those old times. Smart modern buildings have sprung up in its outskirts like funguses at the foot of an oak, but a dreamy antiquity still broods over the main body of the place. It is scarred with traces of the siege even now, like a veteran with cicatrices. The church-towers, as I have hinted, are in ruins, or repaired merely with makeshift weatherboard summits—jury steeples. St. Mary's was rebuilt, but the new masonry has not blended with the old; they touch without assimilating, like geological strata. The town wall is not much more dilapidated than it was upon that dismantling day when the victorious Roundheads wreaked their rage, with pick and spade and blasting powder, on the sturdy mass of flint and rubble ribbed with herring-bone seams of Roman brick, that for months had never flinched beneath their hailstorm of ever hurtling balls. In the timbers of quaint, gabled houses you find bullets that were lodged there in the seventeenth century. A pseudo-classical Town Hall with Caen stone front and pilasters has supplanted the grim Moot Hall of indistinguishable material, curiously composite architecture, and immemorial age; but the prim modern building gives no modern character to the slumbrous old place—it appears simply an unaccountable anachronism. The same may be

said of a silk-factory that lifts its tall chimney, like a giraffe's neck, beside the river, and with its Argus-eyes strives to stare out of countenance the sleepy watermill that has ground for ten generations. The mill looks back with a sly twinkle of contempt in its dusty, diamond-paned lattices. It was a grown-up mill, scores—hundreds—of years before that upstart factory was built or thought of, and it isn't going to be put upon by the impertinent young *parvenu*.

A tranquil place is Helensburgh; the sluggish current of its ordinary existence being ruffled only once a week by the market-day, once a quarter by a cattle fair, and once a year by the Mayor's oyster-feast. The mollusks, for which their river is proverbial, scarcely lead a less eventful life than the Helenburghers. A railway has reached the town, (after strong opposition on the part of the old-fashioned inhabitants to a direct line,) by accident, as it were, but has not done much to enliven it. An omnibus rumbles down to the station once or twice a day, hearse-like, carrying one passenger, and bringing back none; a cab or two plant themselves before the new Town Hall, (as being the most cockneyfied building in the borough,) and try to fancy themselves on a London stand; but omnibus and cab, like Town Hall and factory, are compelled to succumb to the old-world atmosphere of the place, and creep about with a disconsolate, apologetic air, as if they knew that they were uninvited aliens.

It was, however, in its pre-railway times that I first saw Helensburgh.

Chapter XVIII.

THE Defiance, that had rattled out of the archway of the Bull Inn, Aldgate, at two p.m., pulled up at the Helensburgh George at eight. The liberated horses stole limping and steaming into the stable-yard, looking sulky as school-boys who, after having been kept in and flogged for a whole afternoon, at length obtain their freedom when too depressed to enjoy it. Outside passengers, cramped and frozen, stumbled down the steps and ladders, and stumped up and down the slippery pavement, clapping their arms across their chests, and striving to recover a consciousness of legs. Inside passengers issued sleepy and ill-tempered from their covert. The coachman went round for his half-crowns and shillings, regulating the courtesy of his acknowledgment by the nature of the coin—jarvies never thought shillings worth touching hats for. Porters squabbled for luggage. A few idlers, whose curiosity was strong enough to stand the biting cold, regarded the dispersing travellers with the reluctant admiration—reluctant as implying a sense of inferiority on the part of the admirer—with which stay-at-home yokels in the old coaching times always regarded those who

possessed the marvellous advantage of having been that very day in big, black, busy London.

My companions and I were soon seated by my mother's fireside.

She was startled to see me, but Mr. Maurice stood my friend, and made out a much better case for me than I could have made for myself; for now that the oppressions of school were overpast, they did not appear heavy enough to justify my truancy. I felt as if I had committed a great sin in running away.

Notwithstanding Mr. Maurice's advocacy, I received (naturally enough, perhaps) but a cold welcome from my mother. My sisters, too, looked shyly on me. Home reached was not the cosy place of unclouded smiles I had longed for when moping far away in Gloucestershire. Is any haven gained as fair as it seemed when we gazed upon it from the troubled sea? I sometimes doubt whether those who get there will find even Heaven as happy as they fancy it.

But Bella was with me, and was to stay with me; and by this time we had become quite friends. So long as she cared for me, I thought I should not mind about the iciest of other people's looks—though those of my mother and my sisters.

As I sat nodding before the fire after tea, I heard Mr. Maurice and my mother talking—without actively heeding them, for I was almost asleep, but I remember nearly everything they said, and though I did not understand it all at the time, I may as well jot down the substance of it here—according to my present comprehension of it—to explain the connection between his family and ours.

Mr. Maurice had sent home his children, a son and daughter, from India to be educated.

The boy entered the army, married, had one child, the little Bella. His wife died; he became a reprobate, and was now lying sick at Marseilles, whither his father had been summoned.

The daughter, after leaving school, went to reside with a relative in Wales. My father at that time was the curate of the parish in which she lived. They met, became attached, and were about to be married, when a young nobleman came to the village, to read with a tutor during the Long Vacation. The sequel is a hackneyed story; one often told before, one often to be told again—for there will ever be vain women, and the breed of faithless men is destined never to die out so long as autumn breezes shake the sere leaves into the mire. The humble curate was discarded. *She*, too became a reprobate—sinned the sin for which, for her sex and on earth, there is no forgiveness.

When Mr. Maurice returned to his native land, a widowed, broken-down

old man; his son had defiled his name with one black stain; his daughter, had steeped it in a still deeper disgrace. The only one left for his lonely heart to love was his little grandchild. I need not say that the daughter was Mrs. Fitzherbert, or that my mother, with the unerring instinct that enables women to detect everything connected with those they love, had recognised her husband's first choice in the faded beauty, who, discarded in her turn, had come to haunt—the very ghost of her young self—the secluded hamlet that contained his dust.

Mr. Maurice having to go back to town by the night mail, was soon compelled to take his leave. He said good-bye to his darling, again and again, with kisses and with tears. She clung to him, as if he were the sole prop in the wide world round which her heart could twine. How I grudged him the right to give and to receive such love!

Chapter XIX.

THAT night I had three strange prophetic dreams—growing clearer just in proportion as there was the less of previous thought and feeling floating in my mind to engender them. The first vague one might have been suggested by what I had heard of Bella's father; the second, more distinct, by the parting I had witnessed—dimly foreshadowing, as all partings do, the final severance; but how can I account for the sharp-cut historical details of the third? I shudder even now to think how it came true to the last jot and tittle. Who *are* they that steal with noiseless footfall to the couch, and, in a voice that never woke an echo, whisper of the hidden future—disclose the things that lie beyond the dark, ever moving veil *their* eyes can pierce, not ours?

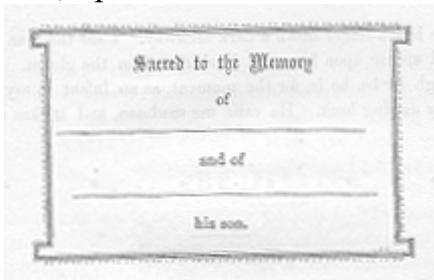
VISION THE FIRST.

Melancholy music came floating to me from far away as I rocked upon dim waters. I knew that I was on a shoreless sea, and that I might follow the sad sound for ever, and yet should never find its source. Fainter and fainter the dying notes fell upon my ear, until at last they ceased; and an awful stillness brooded over the dark main, that now no longer heaved.

Light that was, as it were, the moonlight of moonlight, a single ray from some pale orb that never saw the sun, but filled its urn at the fount of earth's pallid satellite in her sickliest phase, glimmered for a moment on the inky ocean. Slowly rising to its surface, slowly swaying as it came, I beheld a corpse—the corpse of a man—the corpse of the younger Maurice, as I was sure, when the ghostly shimmer revealed the features, and I marked a locket, the fellow of one with her mother's hair that I had seen Bella wear, hanging from the neck.

VISION THE SECOND.

A myriad golden dimples danced upon a purple sea. Round quay and mole rose masts gay with the flags of every land. Snow-white houses towered in the distance, glinting back the dazzling sunshine. Suddenly I stood within the quadrangular court of one, and saw an old man in black tottering along a paved walk arched with a trelliswork brown with leafless vine-branches. He entered the house. A funeral procession mustered, and two coffins were borne forth. A little girl, with long golden hair falling over her black mantle, followed them, sobbing as she went. I, too, followed them, and saw the place where they were laid, and a tablet, green with slime, upon the ivied wall above, with this inscription:



I well knew how to fill up the blanks.

VISION THE THIRD.

A playground, within eyeshot of my mother's windows, wherein I am being hunted as of old. Scornful faces peer from the panes upon the dwarf his schoolmates plague, but presently a pale sad little face looks out, and in a few minutes a slight figure stands between me and my tormentors. "What! do *you* care for him?" exclaims a handsome boy who has been idly watching the sport, "I'll see, then, that no one shall touch him." And I spurn his protection, and blush with bitter shame that *she* should have been my defender.

Scenes round Pwldhi, my old school, Bristol, Bath, what I had seen upon my road to London, to Helensburgh, the little that I had been able to make out of Helensburgh itself as I entered it on that dark winter evening, blend in the normal kaleidoscope like *fantasie* of dreams, and then a second picture stands out clear in summer sunlight.

Years have rolled by. Bella no longer wears her mourning garb, but, clad in white, hangs on *his* arm. They stand at the head of a cataract, gazing down into the sullen depth the falling water is churning into viscous foam. There is a scream, and the flutter of a snowy dress. The coward stands paralysed. It was by his carelessness she fell, and yet he makes no plunge—to save her, or with her enter the Unseen. But there *is* a second plunge. The trees that droop from the cliff-side fly upwards. There is a ringing in my ears, as the gurgling waters close above me. For a moment

there is blackness all around, and then there comes a blank.

I have wandered far and wide when I return to consciousness. My soul is weary. The slanting sunbeams are bathing Vauban's huge mounds in blood-red light, as I enter Lille. The red rays are flashing from the windows and burnishing the old Spanish-built houses of a square I cross. One points like a finger down a dark archway. I see the man at whom it points, and spring upon him, and haul him from the gloom. Handsome giant though he be, he is, for the moment, as an infant in my hands. I demand my darling back. He calls me madman, and strikes me to the ground.

* * * * *

Chapter XX.

I KNOW not how long I have been in this place, but I know that I have long been sane. I care for no one now. Why did I ever care? *Sane* did I say? Would that I had murdered myself in my madness, rather than sunk into this lethargy of heart.

I set out with the intention of chronicling my life's great grief. I have hinted it, but I have, also, talked of other matters in a careless tone. God proffered balm for my wound, but I pushed aside his hand, and preferred the devil's stanching-iron; and life is now one dreary drab—never darker, never brighter. To outlive sorrow is a blighting curse.

It is Sunday evening, and through my barred lattice I see the setting sun. The old Pagan deity seems to remember the day of his worship, and, in spite of usurping Christianity, floods it with a peculiar, and yet a plaintive glory. I somehow pity him when I see him raining his generous beams upon those proud cathedral towers. I fancy him to be thinking of by-gone times and desolated temples. Fain would I have that sweet sadness when I look back upon the past, and as serenely sink into my rest: but the fountain of my tears is dry, and what remains for *me* beyond the grave?

The fruit outside my window ripens in its wreath of withered leaves. Girt with withered hopes, my soul but rots.

Would that I could once more cry *Ai! ai!* The sharpest pang were better than this sluggish calm.

* No one can be more conscious than the writer, of the very inartistic structure of this story. I attempted to recast it, but found that to do so, I should have entirely to rewrite it—a task for which I have neither taste nor time. In preparing this reissue of the tale for the press, I have, therefore, contented myself with merely knocking off a few of the most prominent blemishes of style; as far as plot, or no plot, is concerned, the autobiographical fragment remains the same as when published in the *Month*,

THE PIRATES.*

WITH its foot in the blue sea—
Heaving, splashing, drowsily
O'er the camp-like colony
Of limpets clustered thickly there;
Playing with the tangle fair,
Emerald-green, and ruby-red,
Pink, and brown, and lavender,
And golden-yellow (by the stir
Of the clear, deep waters spread
Now as the cliff's tapestry,
Now afloat all tremblingly
In their poecil bravery),
Like a lover with the hair
Of his mistress—softly shed
O'er her shoulders carelessly—
Towers a veined and hoary rock,
Honeycombed by many a shock
Of wild billows hounded on
By the fierce Euroclydon;
But upon its furrowed brow
Summer twilight sleepeth now.

On the rock a Watcher stands,
Gazing on the dimpled sea,
Creeping up the silvery sands—
Spread on each hand dazzlingly—
In a line of foamy cream,
Fringing the bright purple's gleam.
Wrapt in purple robe as bright,
With his long, dark, silken tresses
Raying back the summer light,
As the breeze their curls caresses,—
Stands the Watcher. Who is he,
Gazing thus upon the sea?

White against yon headland's green
Sweeping down in velvet sheen,—
White and haughty as a swan,
A sunlit sail comes swiftly on.

They have seen the Watcher, then,—
Those stern, bearded, sunburnt men,
Straining at the bending oar,
Hurrying to the shingled shore?
On the shingle grates the keel,
And the proud ship, with a reel,

Rests her side upon the sand,
As THE PIRATES spring to land:
Fierce as hornets, forth they throng;
Fierce as wolves, they troop along!

Motionless the Watcher stands,
As they troop along the sands;
Still he gazeth on the sea,
Proud and silent. Who is he?

They have seized him, and away
Fast they hurry with their prey.
Silent still the Prisoner stands
When, with twining withy bands,
They would bind his feet and hands.
They essay it, but, like tow
Touched by flame, the bands are broken;
And his dark eyes flash and glow
With a smile of scorn unspoken.

When the pilot saw the token,
Thus he spake: "Fools that ye be,
Stand aside—no man is he!
'Tis a god,
Who, by his nod,
Straight will sink us in the sea!
Tremble, then, ye impious band,
Leave him here upon the strand!"
"God or man," the captain cries,
"I'll not yield so fair a prize.
God, forsooth—the richer ransom!
Shove off, men!" Each beam and transom
Groans as once again to ocean.
The Corsair, with wild rushing motion,
Over the blackening water flies!

Motionless the Prisoner stands,
With flashing eyes and folded hands,
Gazing on the blackening sea,
Proud and silent. Who is he?

Is it fact, or is it dream?
Bubbling from each opening seam,
Flowing in unending stream,
Gushes forth the sparkling wine;

Veiling the broad, white sail
Bellying in the rising gale,
With foliage fresh and clusters bright

Of golden and of purple light,
There droops a vine;
Around the cordage garlands twine,
Ambrosial fragrance fills the air,
And where
But now the mast stood straight and tall,—
Smooth and bare,—
Her graceful pall
The ivy weaves
Of yellow berries and dark-green leaves!

The pirates shudder at the sign,—
The gushing wine,
The trailing vine,
The garlands and the ivy-twine.

With ashy lips, and faces pale
As moon when sun is in the sky,
They all at once the pilot hail—
Some with voices choked by fear,
As knowing not what doom is near;
Some in accents wildly clear,
As though revealed to mortal eye,
The Shadow-King stood grimly by:—
“Man, we have sinned—to shore, to shore,
“Or we shall see the land no more!”

His purple robe is gone,
And, in its room,
The Prisoner puts on
A robe of gloom.
Swathed in a shroud
Of thunder-cloud,
He stands unseen.

Flashes the lightning's sheen,
And there comes forth a Form
More terrible than wildest storm!
Like withered leaf,
The impious chief
Is swept away,
To lands where never dawneth day,
And gods are deaf when mortals pray.

It turns its awful eyes
Upon the crew
Who would have bound their prize.
Scorched by the blasting blaze,
Seeking through death a milder hell,

One wild despairing cry they raise,
Then plunge beneath the billows blue.

And ere the foam-drops fell again
Upon the bosom of the main,
Long ere the last bright bead-like bell
Of bubbling breath came up to mark
The wave wherein they fell,—
Chased by the shark
To caverns dark,
They found that they were changed,
And now as dolphins finned and scaled
Through the dim waters ranged.

And what availed
The pilot's piety?
Like fruit from husk
Light from the dusk
Burst forth all goldenly.
That awful Form
Had vanished like a long-spent storm,
And now beside the pilot stood
A deity in gracious mood.
The man he blest
And promised rest,
And peace and wealth for ever,
Honouring, despite its fruitlessness,
His servant's pure endeavour.
“I bless, and will for ever bless,
Whene'er I hear thy call,”
The god exclaimed, “and now to thee
My title I declare;
Loud-sounding Bacchus claims thy prayer
Before we prostrate fall—
Son of Cadmean Semele,
And Zens who governs all!”

* Suggested by the Homeridian hymn to Dionysus.

A Trip up the Hunter.

Chapter I.

HOW I STARTED FOR MUSWELLBROOK AND ONLY GOT TO MAITLAND.

“Not there, not there, my child.”—

MRS. HEMANS.

UP and down the steep, dimly-lighted streets that lie between Wynyard-square and the water, my cab goes blundering like a huge humble,—or, as I would rather write it, *Bumble-bee*—that beadle amongst insects. Cabmen are generally supposed to be well acquainted with the ins and outs of Sydney—some of them, unfortunately, are *too* well acquainted with the *inns*, and my driver is one of this description. In a glorious state of topographical uncertainty, hither and thither he jerks and lashes his horses; not infrequently bumping his pole against dead walls in vain attempts to find previously undiscovered passages to the wharf through *culs-de-sac*.

I begin to fancy that I shall have to pass the night in wandering along rows of houses that seem as fast asleep as their owners (their closed shutters reminding one of eye-lids sealed),—in watching dissipated cats out upon the loose, and wearing the half stealthy and ashamed, half swaggering and independent air that marks their human congeners, young gentlemen with latch-keys; homeless dogs, hungry and fierce, foraging for garbage; hulking fellows as fierce and ravenous, without the dogs' excuse of homelessness and hunger; and the slow-footed Erinnyes in shiny hats, great coats, and oilskin capes, who have *not* their eyes upon these scoundrels,—when, suddenly inspired, my jarvie pulls up at a dark archway.

A lazzaroni-horde of ragged porterkins issue from the gloom, and squabble for my carpet-bag like a swarm of demons for the soul of a Don Juan who has craftily made a separate bargain with each individual imp. Guided by their howls, I follow the young devils through the darkness, reach the boat, and recover my baggage.

I like to leave Sydney at night, having a taste for the Dantesque. All cities, when viewed *en masse*, have then so *hellish* an aspect.

Rattle along the Greenwich Railway when the red-hot cinders light up the murky air and strew the road with smouldering *scorioe*, as they whiz from the funnel or fall from the ash-box; and when the gas-lit rails seem

glowing ploughshares on which, in horrible ordeal, the locomotives, with glaring eyes and shrieks of anguish, are doomed to rush along for ever. Look down upon the myriads of chimneys right and left, belching forth their hateful smoke into the already overburdened atmosphere—upon that wide-spread, gloom-canopied plain of brick-and-mortar: of what text does the whole scene remind you?

Sydney to-night looks scarcely less infernal. Its smoke goes up to heaven, the sprinkled lamps serve but to intensify the circumambient blackness, the Gas Works jet forth their sultry column of lurid light, dark figures flit, blaspheming, before the cresset-fires upon the wharf.

And yonder gloomy, silent bush seems a dreary Hades, peopled with ghosts condemned, awaiting, within sight of hell, *Dies iroë, dies illa*, when, in Mephistopheles's fiendishly graphic phrase, they shall come shuddering up to judgment!

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

The squalls of Sussex-street *pigs* in torment dispel these moody thoughts. It is on no *Inferno*, but merely a porcine purgatory, that I look.

Let me paint more minutely my surroundings.

The bull's eyes in the deck twinkle knowingly when I tread upon them, as if they saw that my boots, so swellish in their upper leathers, stand sadly in need of soleing, and chuckled over the discovery. The wheel— its brazen centre just revealed by the glow of these impertinently inquisitive little lights—gazes at the binnacle with its queer bell-crowned hat, like Polypheme ogling Mother Hubbard by mistake for Galatea, and—marvelling that Galatea should have all at once become so *passee*—*contenting* himself with gazing. The quarter boats creak lazily upon the davits. The funnels, with their cauliflower-heads of rising steam, look like gigantic pots of foaming beer.

Figure-heads of neighbouring vessels peer in upon me: bowsprits point at me, as if festered fingers extended from the noses of the said figure-heads in contemptuous “sight.” Like the very spectres of ships— craft such as that which crossed the Ancient Mariner's track on his wild, lonely voyage—lie the more distant vessels, with shadowy hulls and dimly

towering spars. Warehouses, commonplace enough by day, mere prosaic receptacles for “produce,” loom through the murk awful as haunted castles. The crane looks fearsome as the tenanted gibbet upon a “barren moor,” beneath which a benighted wayfarer suddenly finds himself—“drearily withering” around him.

———the undescribèd sounds
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds.

Here and there a glimmering lamp pries into the secrets of the black waters, with light all trembling as if it fell upon a corpse's face,—the putrefying features and stony-staring eyeballs of a murdered man.

A cable rattles, like a cart-load of cannon-balls, through the hawse-holes of yonder anchoring brig; and a voice cooeys, but cooeys long in vain, for a shore-boat. The watermen—choice spirits that they are—are in the public-house, and will not come until they have finished their grog, however loudly, my pea-jacketed Glendower, you may be pleased to call for them. At length, a boat shoves off, and, at each stroke of the oars, the the silent water gives forth a phosphorescent gleam, like the glance of anger from a dumb man's eye. A wake of golden-white foam marks the swift wherry's course. Far away sounds the “melancholy-merry song” of mariners pumping at the patent-windlass: *click—click—click* sobs the “camel of the sea,” as she pulls at her tether-pin. Ship-bells, in every key from deepest bass to shrillest treble, remind each other of the passing hours.

Presently a bell rings with impatient clamour, and all in a fret and fuss, with hissing steam, panting machinery, and splashing paddles—angry, as it were, at having been detained, and fearing that she will find no one up to welcome her—a belated Wollongong packet works her way up the harbour. Her red light turns its waters into wine, her flapping floats churn them into cream: thus mixing a beautiful syllabub—beautiful, but fit only for Barmecide banquets. With as much ado as the biggest mail-boat would make, the little vixen bustles into her berth, disembarks her draggletailed, cheese-complexioned passengers, and then snores herself off to dreamless slumber—i. e., blows off her steam.

The moon—long waited for by her patient handmaidens, the silvery stars—arises in full-faced beauty, paving the waters with a road of trembling gold. A less romantic arrival is contemporaneous with hers. Going below, I find that the mail-bags have just been brought on board,—the official who brings them looking very sulky when he beholds upon the

cabin-table the luggage of a fellow-clerk, who—he for the first time learns—has obtained a few days' leave of absence, which, I presume, will double grim official's duties. Grim official, however, solaces himself by demanding a cigar of the civil black sub-steward, for which, in his perturbation of spirit, grim official forgets to pay; but, lighting it at the wrong end, stalks stiffly up the companion-staircase, crushing his hat with an appalling smash—as men wrapped up in their own wrongs are apt to do, when passing through low archways—ere he emerges in indignant majesty upon the deck. Civil black sub-steward loses his civility; an inebriate consigner of cargo persisting in looking for it in the steward's pantry. The Ethiop, provoked beyond endurance, calls him a “half-gentleman,” and bids him hold his jaw. “Lucky for you that you're not in the States, my fine fellow,” I think within myself. At the same time I feel proud that here all men *are* “free and equal;” one can put up with a little free-and-easiness to be able to boast that blessing. The dapper obliging little steward— what a peculiar, pale-faced people, zealous (for a consideration) of good works, are the whole tribe of stewards—and the dainty obliging little stewardess flit about like Cock Robin and Jenny Wren amongst a lot of rooks; for gruff croaking is the dominant tone amongst the passengers who now are pouring in,—lost parcels and pre-occupied berths being the grounds of their complaints.

Attendant friends, having imbibed valedictory nobblers, rush on deck at the cry of “Who's for the shore?” and I follow them. The boat is cleared of all but crew and passengers, the moorings are cast off, the gangway is drawn back with a jerking pull upon the wharf, and away we go:—past huge, anchored ships, with lights blinking drowsily alow, and brighter lights aloft, making their gaffs seem Aaron's rods bursting forth in golden blossom,—past bobbing buoys that look, with their long streaming locks of dripping tangle, heads of sea-monsters (submerged during day), come up to dry their manes, and breathe the cool night-air,—past Dawes's Battery, stronghold of infantry and pretty nursemaids,—past Fort Macquarie, shimmering ghostly-white in the moonlight,—past Woolloomooloo's avalanche of hovels,—past villa-gardens, where the moonbeams glint from lustrous banana-leaves like love-glances from Spanish eyes, and make the pale-blue aloes doubly pale—the very ghosts of *Agavoe*, and shadow morning-hours upon the solitary lichen-spotted sundials, as old men are visited in dreams by memories of youth,—past Rose Bay's reach of milkwhite sand,—past the Lighthouse, winking to itself as if it knew a thing or two that the Ocean wanted to do in the wrecking line, but didn't mean to let him,—past the dazzling Lightship,—past the Heads, looking over at each other sadly stern, recalling Coleridge's sweet lines on Sundered

friends,—out into the black, white-crested, surging, hissing waves, coming on, on, on, for ever and ever, and swept over by that lonely, *homeless* sea-breeze—half mournful and half fierce—that always makes me think of the wasted girls with hopeless eyes one sees in London-streets at night, hurrying along wind-like—none knows whence, none cares whither.

Swaying from side to side like a sea-bird, the Illalong skims along the billows. From each funnel flutters a smoke-streamer spangled with glowing sparks. Far behind stretches a line of seething, creamy foam. Contrasted with the wild welter of the waters, how peaceful seems the pearly sky! And yet, in that calm heaven, a radiant rushing is really going on, that makes man's fastest, machinery-aided speed far, far less in comparison, than, beside *that*, appears the slowest snail's pace. Where we see only the fin-poised repose of sleeping goldfish, mighty masses are thundering through Space with more than a hurricane's impetus. So much for the “silent stars.”

The moonbeams fall upon a passing vessel's swelling sail. White as Alpine snow it glistens in their tranquil light, and carries my thoughts back to that far-off night upon a distant sea when we were boarded by the ruthless pirate, Death—who cometh without nail, selects his victim, and then, unmarked, goes over the side again, in quest of other prey on the wide ocean.

We were becalmed in the tropics. The reef-points pattered on the idle sails like rain, as the ship, frosted with silver by the gorgeous moonlight — deck, canvas, cordage, spars, one blaze of lovely light—lazily rose and fell upon the heaving billows. But in that beauteous sea, round and round the ship, like a sullen sentinel, a grim shark kept his watch. I went below to the “hospital berth.” A flickering lamp cast its sickly gleam on the sick man's pale and clammy brow, as he tossed in his narrow bunk; talking deliriously of scenes and faces far away, and petulantly asking why they should chain him there—when would the ship move on? A breeze sprang up a little after midnight; on went the ship, and the shark followed her. At sunrise, gasping forth some message to his mother—fated never to reach her, for none on board knew aught of her or him—the sick man died. Wrapt in the Union Jack, we laid him on the long-boat; and at evening, when the setting sun was tipping the foaming waves with crests of fire, the solemn words were read; the sails shivered as the ship was luffed up into the wind; there was a leaden plunge: a snowy sea-bird flew off to the horizon, like a liberated soul; the sails filled again; the ship went swiftly on, and far astern the moonbeams played above the stranger's lonely grave.

But it is time to turn in. A boisterous gentleman opposed my purpose, when I descend to carry it into execution; inviting me to partake of brandy

and water with him instead, and asserting with swaggering emphasis that he is "Ocean's child," and considers "the delightful motion of the boat to be the rocking of his natural cradle." I observe, however, that "Ocean's child" cannot eat the ham sandwiches he orders. He soon grows very white about the gills, and disinclined to talk; and, at length, makes a precipitate retreat to his berth, beside which the black steward (whom he has been chaffing), exulting at his discomfiture, hangs one of those queer little buckets like birdseed holders, and, grinning, leaves him to be lulled to sleep by the "rocking of his natural cradle."

Unfortunates, in various stages of the *mal de mer*, startle the night with moans and hideous uproar. Being pretty well sea-seasoned myself, of course, I am disgusted at their conduct. By-the-bye, is not this the way in which most of us treat a certain *moral* infirmity, also? Happening, from difference of temperament, to be proof against the particular temptation — perchance, preserved by strength of constitution from exhibiting the ordinary symptoms of having yielded to it—how we cry out against our peccant brother who has both eaten of the forbidden fruit, and manifestly has the stomach-ache in consequence! It costs many men nothing to be teetotallers, and yet they plume themselves upon their abstinence as though it were a sunbright virtue. Others again, who have each drunk as much in a night as the object of their scorn would drink in a fortnight, turn up their noses at a poor weak-headed fellow who succumbs to a glass or two, in most ethical disdain. It is edifying to listen to their lectures upon sottishness.

When I wake the next day—a cool and showery Sunday—we have passed Newcastle, and are steaming up the river. *This*, then, is the farfamed Hunter—muddy as the Thames, with banks as flat as Essex marshes! True, there are some pretty hills in the distance just before you come to Hexham, but, as a whole, the lower part of the Lower Hunter appears to me about as lovely as a plate of soup.

Apropos of hills—I am going to manufacture a parenthetical period, because really I can find nothing at present to describe, except those tall, white, leafless, barkless trees, looking, in the dim morning light, like bands of spectres that ought to have been back in Hades a good hour ago,—and those, you see, are described already—*apropos* of hills.

I know nothing inanimate more changeful in its expression, than a distant range. I say *inanimate*, because that

———varium et mutabile semper,
Foemina,———

Woman the fair, “but not so fair as fickle”—now sunny as Sicily with golden smiles, anon sombre as a pine-fringed tarn with frowns, and running from one extreme to the other through all intervening modulations of countenance with the speed of thought, or rather of her own quick feeling—stands, of course, unrivalled in nature in the copious phase, the rapid play of feature.

But it is of hills that we are talking now. How brilliantly beautiful—freshly beaming as though just born from Chaos—do they look when they blushingly waken into life again beneath the morning kiss of the summer sunlight; the silvery tissue of their veil of mist transmitted by their lovers's fingers, as he lifts it, into gauze of gold. Sweet lavender, or gorgeous purple, is their hue by day; those in what painters call the “second distance,” more and more cloud-like till they melt into the sky—a very *dream* of hills. The setting sun, with its westerling rays and lengthening shadows, plays strange masquerading pranks with my mountain-range, arraying it in motley garbs that alter as you gaze. It runs through the whole gamut of colours. Like a Titanic red-hot saw the sierra glows in the last light of day, embossed upon the heavens—cools into gloomy grey—and then its summits loom ghost-like in the uncertain twilight, speedily to rise again *beatified* in the hushed and holy radiance of the moon.

When Thor is abroad, with what solemn sternness, wrapt in their dusky robes, dark-blue as the leaden sky above, do the everlasting hills await his coming. He flings his white-hot hammer, cleaving through the murky air a track of blinding light. The awful rumble of his unseen chariotwheels is heard, and with a proud defiance the mountains echo back the roll. Down comes the rain in one thick, fibrous mass, and the clouds drop upon the hills, steal down their sides, and hide them from the view; but ever and anon the curtain shifts, and like the gods seen by the Trojan amid the tumult of that fearful night when “sacred Ilion” fell, huge masses, lofty peaks, look out for a moment on the rush and roar, and then as silently go back in the gloom.

The sun ascends, and with it rises “Ocean's child”—intensely nautical once more, now that his “natural cradle” no longer rocks him. Yonder sulks a youngster going back to school, and there lies a little girl fast going home, as her pale, sunken cheeks, pinched features, and violet veins too plainly show. That party of foul-mouthed old settlers might surely read in her a “lesson proper for the day”, but the sight affects them not. Within earshot of the dying child, they talk their loathsome smut.

However, I must not be censorious; for I shall soon need charity myself. It is well that I treated toppers so tenderly a while ago. Seductive Wine! Like Nereid in crystal cave thou smilest in the glass—who can refuse to

kiss that ruby lip? But alas! alas! for the “sermons and sodawater the day after.”

I land at Morpeth, and proceed to Maitland, intending to go on at once by the mail to Singleton. At the inn from which the machine starts, I fall in with a friend. The sinner enticeth me, and I consent.

I wake next morning to find that my friend is gone, my money, too: an inconvenient state of things, since I remember enough of my pridian experiences to be aware that latterly I imbibed on tick, that my friend was impecunious, and that, consequently, an hotel-bill remains unsettled.

Chapter II.

THERE AT LAST.

Forsitan haec olim meminisse juvabit.

TO SLOPE from the inn in which you have very unceremoniously taken your ease, without settling your account—even when you leave your luggage as security for ultimate payment,—is not the most gentlemanly mode of procedure in the world. It is, however, the course that I am compelled to adopt; for my wealth consists but of a shilling or two. I know no one in Maitland, and fear that if I disclose the state of my circumstances to my landlord, he may have me apprehended as a swindler who has obtained good liquor under false pretences.

Not belonging by any means to the *Pachydermata* of moralists in matters of this sort, I look so conscious of fugitive intentions when I descend the staircase of the “Northumberland” (an hotel, by-the-bye, that I can safely recommend to more immediately remunerating customers than myself), that I wonder the barmaid does not lay violent hands on me, and demand, on behalf of her master, the liquidation of my little bill. But she is flirting with an early nobbleriser, and suffers me to pass her yawning window unchallenged, and depart unheeded on my road to Singleton.

Travelling in Australia is sadly monotonous. The highways are all fashioned in one model. Everywhere you see the same grey or red railfences; the same ragged gum-trees, reminding you of men with dirty, tattered shirts; the same tall, bare, white boles, extending their arms like skeletons about to break forth in sepulchral oratory, or “set” in a “Dance of Death;” the same charred, prostrate trunks like blackfellows knocked down in a drunken squabble (felled trees in other countries look like heroes o'ermastered in Homeric strife); the same black, jagged stumps, like foul, decaying teeth; the same distant verdure—verdure *a non virendo*—like piles of dry mud and soot, the same scrub close at hand, with dingy foliage

that looks like Royal Mint-street clothing half hopelessly hung out for sale (even leaves in Australia possess “colonial experience,” and are anything but green); the same not grass, but graminaceous scurf, as if the earth had got the ringworm; the same bark-roofed slab-huts, not so respectable as English pigsties; the same ramshackle, rambling roadside inns, with canoe-like water-troughs; the same execrable road, in dry weather a field abominably ploughed, over whose furrows the mail-cart goes *bump-bump, lurch-lurch*, churning all milk of human kindness in the new chum, polishing his pants on cushionless seats or subjacent post-bags, into anything but butter for the constructors of the accursed tracks on which the stay-at-home writers of Australian Guide-books have bestowed such lying eulogies: in wet weather a Slough of Despond no modern Christian ought to be called upon to pass, a channel of mire dotted with bogged drays, with drivers seated on their loads, like sailors in the tops of wrecks and foundering ships, smoking with the grim resignation of despair. “The roads of Australia *proverbial!*” Verily, they *are* proverbial—but in no fundatory sense!

To resume my catalogue of identities:—Everywhere you are oppressed by the same long miles of loneliness, relieved only by the same bullockdrays, with barking dogs jingling bells, kegs slung beneath, and pots and pannekins swinging behind; by the same flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, mobs of horses (their drivers—straight and thin as ramrods, lank-haired as Indians, sallow as mummies—sitting stately in their saddles, now cracking their stockwhips like so many rifles, anon resting the handles sceptrefashion on their thighs, with the lashes looped in loose coil like tame serpents round their arms); by the same female equestrians, remarkable for short habits and substantial ankles, carrying all sorts of things, from a feather bed to a pumpkin-pie, dangling at their saddle-bows; and by the same Chinamen, with silken nets hanging veil-wise from their cabbagetrees, and balancing poles like milk-yokes on their shoulders, from the ends of which depend their blanket-bundles and umbrellas—whoever saw a vagrant Celestial without an umbrella?

Natives, when in the company of immigrants, are in the habit of trumpeting the beauty of their country about thirty times an hour. Now, for my own part, I always suspect everything, except a king or queen, that requires to be proclaimed; and remembering that most Australians, like the mouse in the fable, have had but scanty opportunities of comparison, and call their own land a fine one just simply because they have not seen any other, I make a point of never saying “Amen” to these fulsomely reiterated praises. I *don't* say it, because I *can't* say it. Of all the lands that ever *I* saw, Australia appears to me to be the ugliest, shrivelled and sulky-looking as

the most ancient and hopeless of old maids.

I have a dismally dull walk to Lochinvar. Its only incidents are the indignation of a colonial publican when I refuse to drink colonial ale (whatever Australians may think of themselves or their country, they certainly ought to think small beer of their “swipes”), and the acid anxiety of an old woman that keeps an “accommodation house,” who turns sour as her own lemon-syrup on my eagerly inquiring whether she doesn't sell grog upon the sly.

Lunch at Lochinvar, however, solaceth me. Talfourd, in his *Vacation Rambles*, fills a page and a-half with reminiscences of delicious drinks, for the purpose of extolling the super-excellence of some other (I forget what) that he drank when thirsty. My bibulous experience, of course, is neither so extensive nor so *recherche* as the learned judge's, but I have done a little in the imbibing line, and can, therefore, assert, with some degree of authority, that, on a hot day, after a weary tramp, no beverage is comparable to Bass's pale ale—a good two bottles of the malt-nectar, mind you—especially when a pretty and pale—“Oh, call it fair, not pale”—barmaid, or host's daughter, or whoever the ministrant maiden may be, of the Lochinvar “Red Lion” consents to be your Hebe.

Trudging on with strength renewed, I desire, after a time, a smoke. In search of a light, I pass through a well-stocked little garden, up to a hut literally buried beneath a pumpkin-vine; between the broad leaves of which the golden blossoms gleam forth like guineas shining through the meshes of a green silk purse. It is rather a mortifying simile to occur to one who can almost apostrophise *his* flaccid money-holder as Mr. Benjamin Bolt, of the “Salt Sea Wave,” is apostrophised by the gentleman who is so tiresomely inquisitive as to the extent of his friend's recollections:—

I feel in the core of my innermost heart
That there is no change in you.

I find the cottage tenanted by an old German (from Wittenberg), his wife, and his little daughter; the last—very proud of her little English— seated on an old sea-chest marked with the records of wide travel in cabalistic-looking characters. Having fished a glowing ember out of the fire for my cheroot, I fall into conversation with my temporary hosts; and, at length, with flashing eyes and trembling voice, the old man tells me the history of his son—how Johann Gottlieb was the pride of all Wittenberg, with hair like flax, and eyes as blue as its flower: how he was brave and generous, and skilful in his trade, and how his father's heart twined round him “like

that vine outside, Sir, round the stick.” How Johann set out on his “journeyman-wanderings;” how he came to Milan at the time of the rising against the Austrians; how, though his love of liberty, he heeded not his Teutonic blood, but joined the patriots against their oppressors; how he was taken prisoner, and by order of Radetzky scourged like a dog until he died. “ ‘Shall I not visit for these things?’; saith the Lord. Francis Joseph, crafty and cruel as a tiger, thou hast inherited a rich heritage of hates from that old fool Ferdinand: and thou seemest inclined to add to thy possession: wait awhile, Nemesis is on thy track— thy name goes up to heaven linked with curses instead of blessings. Italy yet shall have her revenge, and the rage* of a ravished virgin is fearful.” Somewhat in this strain does the old man talk, and then accepting a few cigars—“fer goot vrom Faterland”—as a parting token of goodwill from the crushed, kind-hearted old fellow, I go upon my way, meditating on what I have heard. There is something in the old German's *soeva indignatio*, unforgiving fury, that takes my fancy: for I must confess that I do not admire a superabundance of Christian resignation under man-inflicted suffering. Some people parade their patience like that self-complacently meek mammalian martyr, St. Agatha,—for ever offering you, with a simper of conceited mildness, her cut-off breast upon a waiter—just as if it were a mutton-chop or sweet-bread. In my opinion, such lily-livered folks *deserve* to be put upon.

I do not know a lovelier sight than a field of ripening wheat, sprinkled with scarlet poppies and the azure Cyane, canopied by a sky of glowing sapphire specked with snowy clouds, and shut in on all sides by hedge-row tangle dipping its long sprays into the lake of yellow light, and hedge-row trees clad in the thick, dusky foliage of summer. Whether the brown ears, dew-beaded and nodding, drowsily rustle in the wakening breath of morn, or, dewless and motionless, take their siesta in the blazing, breezeless noon, the picture feeds the eye and the heart with peaceful beauty. Maize, despite its pretty tassels, won't do after wheat. It is too stiff and lanky. A crop of it looks like a regiment of half-starved grenadiers. And oh, what a dismal substitute is an Australian four-rail fence for an English hedge, with its hawthorn, sweet-briar, dog-rose, sturdy oaks, and spreading elms.

Thus do I grumble as I mount a four-rail fence, and wind my way through a patch of maize (in quest of water) to a half-finished hut with canvas roof. In the cot I discover a nut-brown little countrywoman of mine—handsome and hospitable as all Welshwomen are—superintending the toilette of her son and heir; a rosy little rogue, floundering in a washing-tub, chubby-cheeked as a churchyard cherub, but with the full adipose development in other quarters that those very comical angelic infants lack: a fact of which he ever and anon gives ocular demonstration,

“showing” above water like a pink porpoise. The young mother starts like a young fawn when I first darken her doorway; but learning my wants, brings out, instead of the ὕδωρ, which is only ἄριστον, when you can get nothing better, a bowl of new milk, home-made bread hot from the oven, butter uncontaminated by any civic taint of lard, a bunch of luscious grapes, and a basket of delicious peaches: bidding me go in, and do my best—just *don't* I? How I revel in those glorious globes of succulent sunshine, fragrant as flowers, and sweet as Sicilian honey! I long to finish off my meal with a grateful peck at a pair of pouting cherries. I asked for water, and she gave me milk; she brought forth butter in a broken dish. Honour, however, forbids; and I depart,—hating her poor husband whom I have never seen, and wondering how long I am to remain a bachelor.

The Dutch measure their distances by pipes: Charles Lamb used to measure his by pints. In emulation of that great *public* benefactor, I make my milestones nobblers. The consequence is that in the bush my miles are often somewhat lengthy. Scotch miles with very big bittocks. It is evening, and I recal, with melancholy appreciation, a derivation of the word *Spes* on which I stumbled once upon a time, whilst turning over the leaves of a German Latin dictionary:— “SPES; Sanscrit *bhâs*, akin to the Greek φῶς, light,—a light in the distance towards which you look and long.” The light in the distance *for* which I look and long, is a public-house lamp, for I am footsore, fatigued, famished, and very thirsty; but none such can I discover. So, first drinking, or rather lapping up, and then bathing face, hands, and feet in, some water of the colour and consistency of coffee-grounds (using the gritty sand that circles it as soap—*very* Brown Windsor), I pick the grassiest spot I can find to camp out in, and lay me down to take my rest, with my paletot wrapped around me. The stars come out one by one, and look down on me like loving sisters' watchful eyes. Presently the moon rises over the dark trees. I don't relish her full light so much. I fancy that she is comparing me—not to my advantage—with Endymion.

She is “dropping down the sky all silently,” when, after a wretched mosquito-haunted night, I wake for good. A rich aroma—there is some good even in gum-trees—fills the fresh morning air, as I push on to the next inn for breakfast; and cheerfully curls the blue wood-smoke from the encampments of the bullock-drivers, preparing for their day's journey. After a *dejeuner* SANS *la fourchette*, of bread and cheese and my pet beer, at a wayside “public,” I descend upon Patrick's Plains, and hobble into Singleton—a town composed, apparently, of inns, mills, and tabernacles. In a small place the divisions of sect look almost ludicrous; it seems so strange that half-a-dozen people should want half-a-dozen different roads to heaven. Going to one of the mills to get a boat to cross the river, I

overhear a methodist expounding the peculiarities of his creed to his floury fellow-workmen. Instead of sneering, I somehow respect him for it. We southerners are such a set of Sadducees, or, if we have any religion, make it so exclusively a “thing of synagogues and Sundays”—locking it up, as it were, with what Sam Slick calls our “go-to-meetin, clothes,” that this weaving of it into the warp of common workday life seems to me to say the least an interesting phenomenon. It makes me think of the old Apostolic times, when those who pulled the oar and hauled the net were, also, fishers of men; of the old Puritan times, when, in Carlyle's phrase, the English squire wore his belief in God about him like his shot-belt.

Failing to obtain a boat, I return to the crossing-place; passing on the road a candidate for senatorial honours who is on a canvassing-tour. He folds his arms and knits his brow, striving, as he paces the verandah of his hotel—planting his little feet with all the ponderosity of which they are capable (and that isn't much—the lead lies in the opposite extremity) —to look the very Zeus of booksellers and statesmen, I need not say that he fails most deplorably in his attempt. It's no use trying, little Pid! Thou wast not meant to be majestic.—For want of a more dignified conveyance, I am constrained to mount a water-cart, and cross the river sitting, like a sign-painter's Bacchus, astride upon a tun.

A hot, dusty, tiring, thirst-provoking day—I meet an old pupil. He seems somewhat surprised to see his former “guide, philosopher, and friend,” plodding through the bush, in shirt-sleeves and with upturned trousers, like a tinker on the tramp; but nevertheless—young scoundrel that he is—he offereth me not a horse. I wander through a wilderness of trees springing from soil so sun-scorched that one marvels that even an Australian forest can grow there. As the road winds, I catch glimpses of gloomy hills, with solemn Dead Seas of sombre foliage in the intervening gullies. Towards evening I reach Glennie's Creek, and see, for a wonder, a little rural “bit” worthy of the pencil of a Gainsborough. The sun is low in the cooling sky. The grass gleams like burnished bronze. The leaves of the eucalypti are tipped with gold. A flock of bleating lambs are descending to the stream, followed by a bevy of barefooted children— just let out of school—as noisy and as gamesome. In front of an English-looking inn, stands an English-looking landlord, lazily watching a wooldray which has just been upset on the other side of the creek, within shadow of the pretty little white stone church. To right the overturned dray, a team has been borrowed from the dray behind. One of the bullocks shams faint, and is liberated from the yoke; whereupon Strawberry knowingly whisks his tail, and rushes into the water with a broad grin upon his bovine nose. After sundry remarkable displays of engineering—mechanical science in these parts appears

decidedly to be in its infancy—the wain is set upon its wheels once more, crosses the creek, together with its companion, and the drivers and their local allies celebrate their triumph with copious libations.

Another night of camping out. No sleep. The bull-frogs croak, like their human analogues, with a detestable tone of enjoyment. The parrots chatter like school-girls in their bed-room, when the governess on duty has gone down to supper. High up in the trees my little namesakes send forth their indescribable cry. Countless crickets hiss in chorus. Lukewarm rain falls ever and anon. Flies cluster on my face, making it look—if there were any one here to see it—a very liberally fruited currant-dumpling. Above all, those d—d mosquitoes—I can't help it, I *must* swear—jostle with the flies for the possession of my nose, and turn my hands into a pair of pink, perforated cards. I am a Pythagorean, and firmly believe that the souls of unpaid creditors migrate, on their decease, into mosquitoes, and in that form continue to torment their unfortunate debtors. That last dig came from a departed snip. This under which I at present wince, is the spiteful bite of a dead landlady. Would that I had bled honestly in metaphor, and thus avoided this vile literal phlebotomy!

Morning comes at last. A miserable breakfast, and a miserable day—spent in crawling along like a wounded snake, lying down in the Brummagem shade that Australian trees afford, and seeking for and drinking muddy water. Everyone, they say, must eat a peck of dirt in his life-time. I am sure that I have taken my quantum, diluted, a dozen times over, in this trip of mine. Now, however, I can find no water, however muddy. Every moment I am tantalised by the fancied sound, the fancied sight, of running streams. I might as well hope for them in Sahara. Dead beat, with a hundred pulses throbbing in my head, I drop upon the ground, muttering, *Hibernice*: “It's all up with me!” When, lo! suddenly the sunlight fades, the wind rushes moistly past, and in a few minutes the lightning writes its blinding zigzags on the blackened heavens, and the awful thunder crashes and rumbles through the gloom. Down comes the rain, in sheets, not drops; I drink at every pore, and freshen like a plant.

The sun is shining again, in a blue evening sky, when, splashed to the eyes, at last I enter Muswellbrook. The wet shingles flash back his dazzling rays, and every leaf is decked with quivering brilliants.

Clustered before the local “Royal,” I find a conclave of the *Dii Majores* of the township, to wit: the Doctor, on horseback, and in huge jackboots, overflowing, like a couple of *cornuacopioe*, or a pair of marketwomen's panniers, with melons, cucumbers, and pumpkins, potatoes, eggs, and poultry—fees in kind that he has just returned from foraging. Item, his brother magistrate, whose mission to this sublunary sphere appears to

consist in stroking a sable smooth moustache, and smoking a short pipe as black and glossy. Item, a third juridical grandee, *plenus superbioe et Bacchi*, full of bounce and beer, who walketh up and down, driving his thumb into the ribs, and his toe against the shin of any acquaintance less wealthy than himself, exclaiming therewithal, “Scrubber, Sir, scrubber—show us your bank-book—show us your bank-book!” Item, the clerk of the bench, that jolly son of Anak, whose ruby visage peers down benignant, as the sun just risen above a mountain-top, upon the little postmaster, who is exploding in spasmodic spirits, like those of bottled cider still forcing out the cork with which you strive to curb its liveliness, at some broad Petty Sessions' joke, ungratefully paying for his fun (for this official, likewise, is facetious) with the most execrable of puns—laughter-moving, notwithstanding, from its utter badness. Item, the swell “loafer” of the place, superintendent of some gold company somewhere, a knowing-looking Yorkshire gentleman; with hands planted in perpetuity upon his hips, coat-tail *ktemata es aei*, giving him somewhat of the appearance of a two-handled pipkin; in low-crowned hat, fox-head-buttoned shooting-jacket (afflicted with a rash of pockets), and pantaloons so tight as to suggest the idea that, by a freak of nature, he was born in breeches; of the turf, turfy, and no mistake about it; horseflesh in his eye and in his birds-eye tie, in his talk, his studs, his straddle. Item, in close confab with the last, an overgrown Cupid or undersized Bacchus, round and rubicund; with trace of hair upon the upper lip that makes one think at first that he has been eating marmalade, omitting afterwards to wipe his mouth; ready to back himself for any amount to do anything against anybody; riding buckjumpers that never bucked (or, if they did, have long since repented of the follies of their youth); beating Parker at single-stick, and able to spar, without the gloves, with Perry (at least, so he says); nathless, despite of brag, a rosily, pleasant little gentleman, much beloved, apparently, by the Hunter nymphs, who, maugre their topographical appellation, seem by no means votaresses of Diana. And finally, “Old Boshy,” ex-pugilist and present publican; host of whose sledge-hammer fist, and arm, thick, brown, and strong as a brig's bowsprit, customers stand in wholesome awe, and who, consequently, expresses his opinion of things and folks in general pretty freely, his category of characterisation running from the “deep damnation” of his “trash,” up to an original superlative of praise, “pickles!”—pronounced enjoyingly as though he ate them.

Haustus repetatur! I exclaim, after having emptied a tankard of my perpetual beer; and having followed the self-imposed prescription, sit down to a substantial supper. The meal is soon dispatched, and in a few minutes I am sound asleep; as dead to the world as if I were really dead;

shrouded in snowy sheets, buried in a grave of down. When you have not been in bed for two nights running, when your rest for forty-eight hours has consisted of mere feverish naps, repose paid in beggarly instalments, driblets of balm too small to soothe, how delicious it is to sink at last in the soft yielding feathers, forgetful of the past, heedless of the future, about to become in a moment unconscious of the present—the dreamless, unbroken slumber that you feel will instantly be yours, the sole blessing in life for which you care a single straw.

* See Errata

Confessions of an Australian Brandy Drinker.

And Peter * * * *, when he had been
With * * * * hell-fire warmed,
Grew serious—from his dress and mien
'Twas very plainly to be seen
Peter was quite reformed.

—SHELLEY.

“PASSING events” have been to me recently no more than the shadows of the dancing ivy-leaves outside the chancel-window to the marble effigy that lies within—would only that my sleep had been as stonily devoid of all subjective consciousness! But fearfully energetic—enough to convert the stoutest materialist to Fichteism—has been the activity of the Opossic *Ego*; spider-like, spinning from itself a circling web of horrors. Nature, mineralogists tell us, in her crystal-making, never quite attains the geometrical figure at which she aims—falls short of her physical ideal; what wonder, then, that a poor scribbler should fail to reach his ethical ideal? A sadder, and, I trust, a wiser man, with less confidence in myself, with far more charity for my fellows, shall I henceforth write. Peter must do penance in the broad sheet, with a burning brow by way of taper. He hath been drunk, very drunk. To make my penitence practical, to convert my own burning into a beacon-light for others, I will give a plain record of my folly and its fruits. Luther-like, though I spatter my own wall, I'll fling my inkstand at the Devil—for such, maugre his mythological Greek godship, is Dionysus really.

I start from Groggee Groggee.

First Day.—Get drunk, and walk into a lagoon.

Second Day.—Get drunker, and “walk into” a digger; digger retributively “walks into” me; mail drops me, like a letter-bag, at a roadside-inn.

Third Day.—Benighted barmaid don't know what I mean by “soda-water;” advises bitters. A wearisome warm walk. Dreamy recollection of dirty Maitland, basking like a pig in the sunlight; of an inebriated Irishman who calls me “a raal gintleman,” and to whom I give silver—I can't tell exactly why; of a 'bus, and of a boat.

Fourth Day.—I wake and find myself—not famous, but in Sydney, much marvelling how I got there: thoughts jostle one against another like chairs and tables in a flooded room; atmosphere all in a tremble, like the air over a lime-kiln; friends burst out laughing when I speak, imagining I'm joking;

but subsequently compassionately recommend me to lie down.

Sundry days not accurately distinguished. Ex uno disce omnes. Like De Candolle's sensitive plant, I change my nature, invert my habitudes; sleeping during the daytime and waking to drink in fiery dew at sunset. Click of billiard-balls, pictures, sofas, little marble-topped tables, magazines whereon buttery thumbs have left their unctuous autographs, podgy brass spring-bells, Etruscan water-jugs, cups of black coffee, with floating spoons, crowned with blue flickering flames—pigmy transports on fire in Lilliputian Black Seas, I fancy them; tumblers with various contents;—the Cafè, I suppose; literary friends talking transcendentalism—unsubstantial as the smoke of the cigars we puff—in Carlylese; *moimeme* listening with owlsh expression of countenance; dimly impressed, however, with the idea that all things are about to dissolve in the Inane. Proposeless visits to the playhouse, where—to borrow an image from Thackeray—the performances appear to me like dancing to a man who has stopped his ears to the music—I can't understand why the people laugh, and clap, and stamp—I remember that I once used to take an interest in these things, but now I have lost all appreciative sense—they are to me as the Greek he read at school so glibly, to him who has forgotten his Greek. Intrusive visits to the Green Room; yarns with histrionic houris—I see one (making up for an old woman's part) with yellow-ochre wrinkles, regularly parallel as telegraph-wires, upon her pretty brow, and, contrasting her with the laughing blushet I knew under her name half a year ago, remark seriously and sadly that she has aged very much within the last six months. Supper room: resounding with the strife of tongues and the rattle of knives, forks, spoons, tankards, plates, and dishes, where “fried brains,” whole hecatombs of oysters (their shells piled high in heaps like Celtic cairns), devilled kidneys, Welsh rabbit, and other post-theatrical delicacies are washed down with strong waters, porter, and pale ale—liquids and solids that afterwards figure in little French pencilled bills of parcels, the totals by no means justifying the fame for mathematical accuracy that the French enjoy; where the round, unshorn, indolently-benignant countenance of the blue-bloused proprietor, lazily lolling, with his hands in his pockets, against the wall, looms through the greasy steam, like the moon through London mist, waking up, however, into a look of magpie cautious cunning, should some 'cute commercial *habitué*, blending business with pleasure, endeavour to wheedle him, in moments of festivity, into a copious order for coals. Where, too, those who once were women, with their bold hungry eyes, and harsh, hoarse, hollow laugh, flit hither and thither, restlessly, black velvet-mantled sirens seeking whom they may destroy.

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

I sally forth, intending to “go home.” Vague wanderings. *Emeute* in the streets. Troopers charge madly up and down, valorously ordering mobs of three *instanter* to disperse. Foot traps, twiggling my alcoholic condition, mark me for their own; but by some good luck I escape the watch-house, and reach my lodgings—to find myself locked out. Having no latch-key, I knock up some neighbouring friend, who kindly makes me up a sofa-bed—*Da Capo*—I forget exactly how many times. A noble, manly life—quite worthy of a creature into whom God has breathed, from His own essence, as it were—a soul. The gift seemed somewhat superfluous, though, for him whose best type is a barrel. Daily to drown the intellectual life, as though it were some worthless kitten—an elevated labour, truly, a most exalted mission!

Confervae and liverworts may live in boiling springs, but brandy is a Pyriphlegethon, in which for a man to soak is madness; and mad I soon became. The delirium-demon had danced around me for some hours before he clutched me in his grasp. I strove to lay the spirit in a hot red sea, but nearer and nearer came he, grinning horribly a ghastly smile as I raised my head from each successive glass; and at length his blasting fingers seized me by the brow, and burnt inwards to my brain.

Believing that by some show of utter cowardice I had become the scorn, and by some deed of meanest baseness the detestation, of mankind, I rushed from the city, where every living being that I met hissed out the words, and pointed the finger of contempt at me—the very stones I trod upon as though indignant at the contamination of my touch, crying out against me; determined to destroy myself, or to die of starvation in the wilderness. I *should* have destroyed myself, could I for one moment have fancied myself alone; but the bush was peopled with hundreds of scoffing spectators, stinging my soul with their mosquito-taunts. Blacker and blacker grew the crimes imputed to me, and all of the most degrading infamy. I was cut off from the sympathies of my kind; solitary as Cain, and, worse than Cain, a coward. Every where the country people rose (I say not *seemed* to rise; the rising was so real—I *saw* and *heard* them) to drive me from their districts, and hunt me down like vilest vermin. At length I was captured, and was about to be De Witted, when I gave money (*really* threw it away, I find) to the leaders of the mob, in order that I might be shot instead. A pistol was levelled at my head, and glad to have an opportunity of wiping off, at least, the loathsome stain of poltroonery from my character, and eager to flee away from this troubled world, and be at rest, I bid them fire with a smile upon my lips. In some inscrutable way I

was saved, and, after renewed weary wanderings, fell down exhausted in the scrub, and slept. In the morning, all my terrors had returned, and a fresh mob was at my heels, headed by a ferocious Irishman, who wielded a huge battle-axe, with which he swore that he would cleave my skull. Flinging away my hat and boots, I made for Botany Bay, ran breathless along its fringe of silvery sand, and seeing a boat at the end of the jetty, bounded over its creaking planks (there is one wanting about the middle, I remember) intending to pull out to sea, and sink or swim as chance might please. I reached the boat: there were no oars. I turned once more to the land, gained it before my retreat was cut off, and tried to catch a horse that was grazing in the bush. "Stop the thief," shouted my pursuers, and came howling on like hounds. About ten feet from the beach I saw some stakes; taking off my belt for a weapon, I ran into the water, and stood at bay, with these for a breastwork. A parley ensued, and it was proposed that I should exchange shots with some one whose sister I had insulted, and who had joined in the chase after me in order to avenge the insult. If I fell, it would be a more honourable death than to be torn to pieces like a hare; if I escaped his fire, I was to be allowed to depart without further molestation. I gladly accepted the challenge, but when I reached the land, a blindness came over me; I could not find my way to my antagonist; and now, as the hot wind stirred their dull metallic leaves, the very gum trees called me "coward!" I was unconscious for awhile. When consciousness returned, I had committed a new crime—fouler than any before. The pack that had previously hounded me came thundering back like dogs, long at fault, that have at last recovered the scent. They vowed that they would burn out my eyes, disembowel me, chop me up piecemeal. I jumped into a pool, and tried to drown myself—I held my head beneath the water until I was almost suffocated, but I had not courage to complete the act. I implored my late antagonist to shoot me—to give me the death I longed for, and yet trembled to win by my own deed. He scoffed at my entreaties. There were women with him—women with pitiless eyes, flashing out scorn. It was more bitter to endure the loathing of those queenly faces than the fiercest fury blazing in the countenances of the men. The plague had come upon me. None liked to lay hands on me, but a rope was brought to drag me from my watery refuge. Afterwards, I was to be burnt to death. Logs were piled for my pyre, and turpentine sent for to cast on my drenched clothing. A magistrate interfered. I had persuaded him of my innocence, when a stranger arrived, overthrew all my statements, and I was given up to my persecutors. They now resolved to hang me, and whilst the gallows was erecting, I remained exposed to the gaze of the hundreds who came flocking to witness my execution. At length, the gibbet was prepared; the

crowd rushed to it; I was ordered to follow. For a time, I was delivered from the intolerable torment of hostile faces. There was the sound of feet and voices in the distance, but a hush, a solitude, around me. I stole away, and flying like the wind, for my hangmen grew impatient, and were coming back to seek me, I fell in with some one who kindly gave me shelter in a store. How strange it seemed to hear a friendly tone again! The mob surged round my hiding-place like a stormy sea—fierce as fiends at being disappointed of their prey. Often I was just on the point of being discovered, but, at last, another victim was found; he was hanged, and all was still. The store became a dark room in a public-house—a murderer's haunt. I overheard a whispered plot. I was to be beguiled into setting out for Sydney, lured to the Botany Heads, and tossed into the waves. A policeman came for me—him I believed to be an accomplice of my enemies, and resisted until he handcuffed me. Men that now I know to have been phantoms, but who then were full as real to me as he, walked with us into Sydney; striving to slip behind me, and fell me unawares. The huge iron pipes for the Water Works that lay beside the road, belched forth assassins hired to cudgel me to death. Whilst I was in the watch-house similar scenes were enacted over and over again. A young creature, beautiful and cruel as a leopardess, mounted a balcony, and, in a voice strangely silvery for the savage words it uttered, now denounced me to listening myriads as a coward and a traitor; and anon, as though to taunt me with a glimpse of a lost heaven, told how once they revered and loved me. I exhausted the catalogue of abominable crimes; mobs roared like hungry lions for my blood; Vigilance Committees, with solemn chants and muffled drums, led me forth to execution. I remember being brought before the magistrates upon a Monday morning. For a short time, the Police Court wore its ordinary, commonplace appearance: a joking Bench, chatting reporters, constables stiff as Dutch dolls, a crowd of curious idlers, and a dock full of drunkards, dirty and haggard as a pen of pigs. Suddenly shot through my mind that thrilling verse in the *Dies Iroë*—

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum,—

and all was changed. I saw the Great White Throne, and Him who sat thereon. It was the Final Judgment. I only heard my doom. I was hurried down a deep dark stream, looming beyond the mouth of which I beheld a sulphury sea, red-foamed, purple, sullen, boundless; with that look of suppressed hate, rage soon to revel at its own wild will, that the ocean

wears at sunset in the tropics on the eve of a thunderstorm. The liberated denizens of that dread sea passed me, as I swept onwards to its torments, with awful pity in their eyes. I was the one damned being in the universe, and the waves that broke against the boat that bore me murmured, “For ever!”

I came to myself in a strait-jacket in the “cranky-cell” in Darlinghurst; B. O., the broad arrow, and “Gaol” upon my blankets. Worse even than sheer madness is that transition state, when you are conscious of your folly, and yet not able to regulate your life, but have to give yourself up to the guidance of another's will—when you are neither mad nor sane— when you can neither breathe the upper air, nor enjoy the Lethe-draught beyond the Styx, but wander gibbering—an unburied ghost. How hateful are the pitying or despising eyes that fall upon you! The very convicts, with their narrow brows and faces, bestialised, as they came into church, from which we, “the silly men,” were taken out by our keepers, like a flock of sheep, seemed to say as they passed, “Stand by! I am more rational than thou!” And, oh! how horribly the animalism, in times of mental health, a dead Enceladus buried beneath graceful foliage of forest trees and vineyards, then rubs his eyes, shakes himself, and rises up a giant! A bulimy came on me. Like an Otomac, I could have eaten clay. Oh! those dreary, purposeless walks up and down that cold comfortless corridor, unflecked by any cheering light save the occasional visit of a friend (God's blessings on the dear Samaritans!), for the sunlight outside was a mocker, and that that fell upon the walls and floor, a misty, mournful captive, like ourselves! Oh! those long, hateful, locked-up hours of stench, and sleeplessness, and maniacal raving! Incipient toper, is brandy worth imbibing at such a price as this? Nay, my brother, let us drink to each other's reformation in a cup of fragrant coffee. With that aromatic moisture will I refresh my frame, and, lycopodium-like, once more take root in the soil of sanity. Another name for the lycopodium is the “resurrection plant”—*ego quoque resurgam*.

Free, and with a friend!

O joy extreme! is it indeed
The outer gate I see?
Is this the road? Is that a cab?
And has it come for me?

After my late life, “Peter 'Possum, *gentleman*,” seems an extravagantly flattering designation in my bail-bond; but *n'importe!* I grasp that precious liberty-giving document, thanks to thee, St—h—e,—most genial and generous of the sons of Themis, and delicate as kind!

And now, blowing the long-forbidden cloud, I sit in that friend's home, veiled round with verdure like a bird's nest. It is in the library that I sit; the walls are literally hidden by books—new and old, popular and rare, ponderous and sparkling—mental wine from every land, of the vintages of every age and soil. I sit and listen, delighted, to my host's “most musical” meandering flow of talk. Ripe scholarship, erudition singularly wide and deep, the most delicate sensibility to the Beautiful, glee at discovering it like that of a child who has come upon a hidden bank of forest flowers, personal recollections of the literary lights that glorified Edinburgh twenty years ago—the stars that stud the *Noctes Ambrosianae* and ambrosial, make it, indeed, a treat; whilst, ever and anon, my hospitable hostess, with her bright smile and warm Hibernian heart, glides in and out, beamingly beautiful as a sorrowless Madonna. Close by the open window a pear-tree waves its wealth of summer-snow: like it, my heart has blossomed in the sunshine, and droops beneath its load of gratitude and joy—

“Sweet is pleasure after pain.”

Johnson's Chambers.

ISLANDED between the roar of rumbling Fleet-street and the splash and splutter of the busy Thames, looking tranquilly down on silent, well-like courts, green leaves and grass and flowers, the tall, dim, antique houses of the Temple—more especially if it be vacation time—afford a sweet relief to the chance visitor who has strayed into the monastic calm they wall; deafened and sickened by the hiss of steam and smell of grease, or weary of the everlasting roll of cart and omnibus and cab. No cad's shrill hailing cry pierces that Sleepy Hollow atmosphere. The muddy river gazed on from a summer-house, suddenly assumes a rural aspect—merely look at the wherries shooting by with oar-blades gleaming like gold in the bright sunlight, and *not* at the crowded halfpenny boats and lumbering lighters, and you can fancy yourself at Henley.

And the Temple's peace is not a dull, dead peace. Memories are brooding in its hush. In solemn or fantastic march a mighty army issues from Hades, and files with noiseless step before the musing eye. The bygone tenants of the place rise from their scattered tombs, and muster again in the familiar grounds; warriors and wits, statesmen, jurists, gamblers, rakes—the last two classes trooping with spectral merriment from the neighbouring Alsatia, where Duke Hildebrod once more reigns. Rattling Reginald heads the motley train. Will Honeycomb—day-dreams despise chronology—accosts Master Lowestoffe as a congenial contemporary, and yonder in a flowing wig, Sir Roger paces the broad walk by the river, smiling with paternal gallantry on the smirking nursemaids airing their small charges, and talking benevolent nonsense to his silent friend. Substantial amongst the shadowy *eidola* of the Templars who once owned flesh and blood, stand forth those who in the Temple had never a habitation—the begotten of Genius, Templars of the essay and the novel.

Most life-like of the band are those that call our noblest novelist father. Thackeray, indeed, may be said to have “annexed” the Temple. When I saw his name—on a door-post in Crown-office Row, if I remember rightly, as plain as fresh black paint could make it amongst a crowd of clouded letters denoting learned nobodies, it seemed to have the prominence by right—as typical of Literature's superiority to Law in conferring fame even on Law's peculiar domain. The chambers that satirical Pen and George—most amiable of cynics—held in joint-tenancy, and the company they kept—chief amongst it, the glorious old Colonel, the gallant and the good (the finest character, I think, in English fiction)—will be remembered when the bricks of the Temple have shared the fate of those of Babylon. In

power, as in stature, William Makepeace certainly stands head and shoulders above all contemporary novelists; and ripens as he writes.

That his fame should have been of so slow a growth is a mystery to me. What other novelist possesses so keen an eye, and so delicate and yet so bold a hand for the portraiture of veritable human nature? What other novelist—English or foreign—*has ever* possessed them? He has more than Fielding's power, coupled with a purity which that "fast" idol of his most sadly lacks. Notwithstanding all the spiteful talk about Thackeray's cynical misanthropy, who has worshipped genuine goodness more warmly, or painted it so well? Most novelists' "good people" are snow images: the heart clings to Thackeray's. They are no moral monsters—ice-palaces wherein all the cardinal virtues have taken lodgings, but breathing men and women; of the same clay, often of the same weakness, as ourselves—not *too* good for our imitation. And then there is in his writings a peculiar, an almost unnamable charm. *Christian Horacism* I will call it, for want of a better phrase. A sense of the littleness, the transitoriness of life often makes him laugh at its pomps, and preach the grateful enjoyment of its pleasures, in a way that seems at first sight very like that of the genial Epicurean of the Sabine Farm. But though the thought of the inevitable tomb prompts Thackeray, like Horace, to pluck the flowers before they fade, to press the grapes before they fall—mellowing his mirth meanwhile, tinging its brightness with the melancholy of autumnal sunlight—it is not the Pluto *Illacrymabilis* of the Roman before whom the Englishman bows, in gloomy, grudging reverence. He looks forward to a nobler, purer, life than this; and though he scoffs at cant, trusts humbly in the christian's God.

But this is a digression.

Almost as clearly defined as those mere children of the brain—of whom I spoke before my Thackeray-worship ran away with me—the literary loiterer in the Temple—thanks to Talfourd, Forster, and Boswell—beholds three once living Templars: dear, stammering Elia, punning with Manning over his pipe, or meditating his essay on the Benchers; equally dear, blundering Oliver, complacently glancing, as he descends his staircase, at the "half dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin," and "pair of bloom-coloured breeches," for which poor Mr. William Filby never got paid, unless he sued the bard for the amount in Rhadamanthus's Small Debts' Court;* and grand old Samuel Johnson.

"That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place," says Carlyle. On the pillar beside which the pious scholar sat, the churchwardens, a few years ago, fixed a brass tablet, with the following inscription, from the pen of Dr. Croly:—

“In this pew, and beside this pillar, for many years attended divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time. Born, 1709; died, 1784. In the remembrance and honour of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes have placed this slight memorial, A.D. 1851.”

The intention of the memorialists was good, but the indication of the spot should, I think, have been left to tradition. The brass seems to me to diminish the charm of the locality by adding something to it which wasn't there when Johnson worshipped in it. Still less do I like the way in which the Benchers of the Inner Temple have recently honoured Johnson's memory—carefully treasuring his staircase, but carting it away from his chambers, which they have pulled down; robbing it thus of at least half its interest. A staircase leading to nothing, even though once trodden by Johnson, appears rather a ludicrous object. It ought to have been kept in its original position until it crumbled. Deprived of the identity of place, the relic will soon degenerate into lumber, and be broken up as old timber. My authority is the *Home News* for October, 16th. “A sale of considerable interest took place recently by direction of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, when the building materials of chambers, formerly occupied by Dr. Johnson, on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple-lane, were offered to public competition. The auctioneer announced at the commencement of the proceedings that the celebrated ‘Dr. Johnson's staircase’ was withdrawn from the sale; the Benchers having determined to retain possession of the staircase from the entrance to the first floor, the wainscoting, bannisters, &c., and the carved wood over the door, with pilasters, &c., forming the external door-way; and would keep them as long as the Temple existed, although they were obliged to be removed from their present position. The boarded and timber floor, on which the learned doctor and his literary friends had so often walked, with the windows, doors, moulded panel partition, &c., sold for £10 5s.” Ten pounds five shillings for the shell of such a shrine! But what matters price of spoil? It was sacrilege to sack that *sanctum sanctorum*, that inner temple of the Inner Temple. I cannot bear the thought of prim modern chambers displacing the snug room where Johnson sat enthroned, a slovenly Jupiter, sealing a reputation by his nod, or blasting it by his thunderous frown; and the hidden library above stairs, whither he slept when he wanted to escape from visitors, and yet was too chary of black Frank's morals to bid him tell them that his master was not at home. A flimsy nineteenth-century staircase, too, in the stead of that, down which, in a sudden access of politeness, the unwieldy gallant rushed roaring like a rhinoceros—unbuttoned, ungartered, unshod, unbrushed,

unwashed, unshorn—to escort Madame de Boufflers to her coach! May a phantom Hodge haunt the hearthrug, and a ghostly Mr. Levett sit beside the tea-board, of the tenants of the new No. 1.

Let us bring the old house once more vividly before our eyes, by picturing to ourselves the most amusing scene recorded in connection with it.

The many-caped Charlie has just raised his sleepy cry of “Pa-a-ast three-e-ee o'clock,” as he totters down Fleet-street, swinging his lantern, and leaning feebly on his staff, when a tavern door opens, and in the yellow stream of light that flashes out upon the rough, damp pavement and the miry road, two dashing bloods stagger forth, with hats cocked awry, limp wisps of cravats dangling like frayed haybands from their necks, dishevelled shirts, torn, wine-stained ruffles, stockings down at heel, and swords between their legs. The old man prudently steps into a dark archway, and hides his light behind his voluminous coat-skirt. As the vinous bucks reel past, one—rollicking Beauclerk—hiccups “Let's go and knock up old Johnson;” and gentlemanly Bennet Langton, abnormally frolicsome in his cups, consents. The Temple watchman, like his brother of the street, discreetly retreats into obscurity when he discovers what a pair of roystering blades he has admitted. They stumble up the stone steps before the door of No. 1, clatter up the creaking staircase dimly lighted by an oil-lamp with a sputtering, fungused wick, and begin to kick up “the devil's own row” with their sword-hilts on the “sported oak” of their venerable friend. He is tranquilly snoring the sleep of the just; but presently they hear a heavy footfall and an indignant grunting and puffing approaching the portal. The inner door is unlocked, the outer door is next thrown open; and before them stands the enraged Lexicographer—in his shirt. A little black wig is perched, like a bird of ill-omen, on the back of his head, his colossal legs are bare, and with his brawny arm he brandishes a poker—about to do battle, as he thinks, with burglars. “What! Is it you, you dogs?” he cries, “I'll have a frisk with you. (Fancy Johnson having a “frisk”—an elephant on the tight-rope). His toilette is soon completed, and the sage and his disciples sally forth: Socrates with Plato and Alcibiades out “upon the batter.” As they pass through Russell-street, Alcibiades wants to rattle Tom Davies's shutters, but Socrates remembers the fascinating little friend in whose presence he is compelled to mutter *sotto voce* supplications that he may not be led into temptation, and won't have her rest disturbed. The waggons are arriving as they enter Covent Garden, and Johnson is rather officious with his offers of services to the market people; wishing to assist them in unloading the turnips and piling the cabbages. The vendors not relishing what they consider “chaff,” bid him

mind his own business, and tell him that an old file like him ought to be ashamed to lead lads into mischief. Whereupon the “profound moralist” retreats to a tavern, and orders a bowl of Bishop, over which he gets jolly, bellying out, “in joyous contempt of the sleep from which he had been roused:”—

Short, O short, then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again.

Thence to the Thames, where the revellers take boat, and row to Billingsgate; not landing at the old Swan, like sober folks, but shooting the dangerous bridge—a plain proof of episcopal excitement. Safe once more on *terra firma*, Langton drinks copiously of small beer—the soda-water of the period—and suddenly remembers that he is engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. To them he departs, under a fire of sarcasm from Johnson on his bad taste “in leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a wretched set of *un-idea'd* girls.” Beauclerk and Johnson meanwhile resolve to make a day of it; and I greatly fear (although his biographer does not mention the circumstance) that the “profound moralist” went to bed drunk that night. Well may Garrick shake his head when he hears of this adventure, and think that the prediction that he made when he first heard of Johnson's alliance with Beauclerk draws near to its fulfilment—that he *will* soon have to bail his old friend out of the round-house. But Johnson contemptuously pooh-poohs his little fellowtownsman's strictures: “He durstn't do such a thing. His *wife* wouldn't *let* him.”

I must confess that there is no part of Boswell that I enjoy more than the spicy page that I have just expanded. The whole scene is so thoroughly natural. It reads like the record of a last night's spree; and yet the last of the “fast” trio has been in his grave these fifty years. Perhaps, moreover, the fact that even Johnson could be occasionally bibulous and boisterous rather comforts a penitent ashamed of the “days that are no more,” the unprofitable season when he sowed his wild oats.

* I find that I have cribbed from the writer I have been lauding—very much like praising the pattern of a man's waistcoat, and, under pretence of feeling it, picking his pocket:—“Perhaps the kind tailor and his debtor have met and settled the little account in Hades.”—Thackeray's *English Humourists*.

“Absent Friends.”

A Christmas Ballad.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

White the snow upon the graves, white the frost upon the steeple,
Ruddy doorways flush the road, as the chatty neighbours leave,
Going home to bed at ten: very late for quiet people
Like the villagers of Combe, but remember—*Christmas Eve!*

Johnny Cope who keeps the Crown, takes his “nightcap” and his candle,
As his gossips whistle gay o'er the frozen meadows bright;
Polly, beauty of the bar, stoopeth, blushing, o'er her sandal—
Romping 'neath the mistletoe gives her eyes that roguish light.

When the windows all are dark, come the little carol-singers,
Wreathing sleepers' lips with smiles, for the music soft and thin
Summons angels to their dreams: in the vestry sit the ringers,
Clustered round a can of flip—they've to ring Old Christmas in.

Hark! a whirring breaks the hush, to the belfry now they hurry,
Slip their feet beneath the straps, seize the frosty bellropes frayed—
Slow the deep notes clang and die—hearts all thumping in a flurry,
For the final stroke of TWELVE list they silent in the shade.

Still it echoes from the walls when the bells leap out in gladness,
Silv'ry through the startled night send their greeting far and wide:
Heav'nliest of earthly sounds, though its sweets are linked with sadness,
For the Present wakes the Past—merry—mournful—Christmas Tide!

In a tiny cot at Combe dwell a widow and her daughter,—
Teacher in the market-town, home awhile at times like this;
Pretty, pensive Fanny Payne! Weary, waiting years have taught her
Men forget, whilst girls love on, pining o'er their blighted bliss.

Through her lattice looks the moon, not so pale as weeping Fanny
Heark'ning to the Christmas bells, murm'ring, as her fancies stray:
“Once—but that was long ago—Harry loved me. Oh, how can he
Break his word and leave me thus? What care I for Christmas Day?”

“Soft he whispered, as we waltzèd at his father's on the hill,
This time five years, just before sailing for the Land of Gold:
‘Water cannot wash out love—*our* purse, pet, I go to fill,
Rich or poor, I'm back again ere two years have o'er us rolled!”

“Not one little loving line have I ever had from Harry,
Though Joe Jocelyn's letter brought tidings of his luck and health.

How I hate that New South Wales! It was *him* I longed to marry,
Handsome Harry, darling Hal—not a heap of dirty wealth!”

At the Grange upon the hill sleepless lies young Harry's mother,
Thinking of her laughing boy far away across the sea;
Of the many sons still left, gravely good, there's not another—
Naughty scapegrace though he was—close knit to her heart as he.

Therefore, last night came the note, bidding to a Christmas dinner
Mistress Payne and “dearest Fan,” from the Grange upon the hill;
Though but dull are now those feasts, lacking him, the witty sinner,
Who could make the sternest laugh, leaden brains with frolic fill!

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Brightly gleams the little Church. Faces, ruddy as the holly
Round them glowing, fills the pews, whilst the dear old Rector roars;
Harry's father, Farmer Fiske, jolliest of all the jolly,
In churchwarden majesty, anthem and responses leads.

Grandly, too, he leaves the church, all his clan around him crowded,—
Nephews, nieces, daughters, sons, come to spend their Christmas Day;
Proud he greets them, but his brow with a passing shade is clouded,
As he counts, and misses one, thinks of him that's far away.

Grace is said by Rector's lips. Pullets, ducks, with sav'ry dressing,
Alderman in sausage chains, baron brave of stall-fed beef,
Custard, pudding brandy-sauced, pies of mince, deserve a blessing;
And the carving Farmer finds solace for the Father's grief.

Much he marvels that poor Fan, chosen for his right-hand neighbour,
Cannot find in dainty food refuge from depressing fate;
Even “Pope's-nose” brings no peace—vain is all his honest labour
Heavy-laden heart to soothe with a heavy-laden plate.

Fruit and fresh wine now are brought; healths are drunk, and toasts are given,
“Queen,” “Prince Albert,” “Church and State,” “Army,” “Navy,” “Rise in Corn,”
Second Derby Cabinet”—long good Farmer Fiske has striven,
To defer, for Fanny's sake, one toast heavy to be borne.*

But its turn has come at last—to omit it would be treason
At a Christmas gathering: cries he, “I have one toast more,
One for brimming glass and eyes, sadly drunk in festive season:
Charge!—I give you “Absent Friends!”—open flies the oaken door!

Bearded like a patriarch—glossy-brown as any berry,
Rushes to his mother's arms—HARRY, as in days of old!
Bearlike was the way he hugged, fiercely loving, filial—very,
But the kiss he gives his Fan makes his other kiss seem cold!

Ere his tongue has told his tale, truant Hal receives his pardon,
For she reads unswerving truth flashing from his sunny eyes;
Angry that such darling duck she should ever have been hard on,
Marmaladish, bitter sweet finds she in the glad surprise.

When he tells how long his toil, fruitless, hopeless, made him doleful,
How he didn't like to write, thinking news like that no good;
How, as Joey Jocelyn said, suddenly he found a holeful,
How bushrangers bailed him up, hast'ning townwards through a wood;

How a fever laid him low, how for months he lay a-dying,
Thinking sadly of his home, of his precious little Fan;
How at length he made a pile, swag and self in clipper flying,
Shipped, and hurried o'er the sea, fully purposed, if he can,—

Christmas Day at Combe to spend (Diggings' Christmases are dreary);
How from Plymouth he came post, how he filled John Cope with fear,
Leaping out like Harlequin, how the postboy thought him beery,—
Laughing, crying, Fanny sobs: “*Could* I doubt of such a dear?”

Then he turns to Mistress Payne (winking slyly at the Rector),
Bids her straightway let her house, for he means to take a farm;
Circling, meanwhile, Fanny's waist; sisters' needle-eyes detect her
Squeezing Harry's freckled hand, nestling in his brawny arm.

Wasn't that a jolly dance, when they cleared away the tables?
Wasn't that a sweet walk home? Wasn't that a clinging kiss?—
When again the midnight moon silvered the low cottage gables,
Fanny Payne, methinks, no more murmured of her “*blighted* bliss.”

* ‘Well, *you're* a nice one to describe a dessert,’ emphatically exclaimed a fair critic who had been looking over my shoulder. ‘Why, the ladies would have retired long before that fearful amount of wine was drunk!’ Now, although, to her face, I always treat this young lady's strictures on my productions with the supreme contempt which they—the criticisms, mind you!—for the most part, richly merit; yet as, on reflection, I am of opinion that in this instance, perhaps, some of my other readers may be as captious as very impertinent Mrs. P. ‘P., that is to be, I beg to justify “my position” as allowable,— 1st, by Temporal License: Women of all ranks linger around the festive board at Christmas time. 2ndly, by Social License: Farmers' wives and their friends are not fine ladies. 3rdly, by Local License: Combe Grange may not have possessed a drawing-room. 4thly, and finally, by Poetical License: The position was indispensable.

“The Compliments of the Season.”

WHAT an impotent, impudent sham—what a dreary humbug—an Australian Christmas is! Mercury at eversomuch, pink bonnets and white jackets; red dust macadamising your throat, and tickling your nostrils like cayenne, when the wind blows; black leaves hanging grim and silent as undertaker's mutes in the scorching sunlight, when the breeze is dead; myriads of locusts rattling away like shipwrights' hammers on an iron steamer; indoor festivals at which the guests, in spite of open windows and illegitimate shirt sleeves, look brown and oleaginous as the uneatable roast beef; outdoor gatherings—*picnics*, forsooth—for the consumption of cold fowl, champagne, and strawberry ice. *That* Christmas! Bosh!

Oh, for a good old English Christmas Week, in rural places and pre-railway times! The “up” coaches feathered with game and turkeys; the “down” coaches bright as sunlit greenhouses with a broad smile of uncaged schoolboys, puffing out their cheeks like mischievous cherubs as they salute every one they pass with a hailstorm from their pea-shooters; the mellowed anticipatory mirth of Christmas Eve—to Christmas night what silver is to gold; the jubilant bells breaking out at midnight—sweet yet startling, like angel-voices long ago in Palestine—to herald Christmas in; the peep out on Christmas morning, through the arabesques of the frosted pane, upon the pure, peaceful hush of snow for many a mile: on cottage-roofs, ruffed round with icicles; in cottage-gardens, printed with the fanlike footmarks of the hunger-tamed, brown birds—black from their contrast with its spotless white; wrapping the old church-tower in its thousandth winter-robe, powdering its polished ivy-leaves, shrouding the swelling graves; gathered in deep drifts in ditches; burying the bending hedges; turning the sliced haystacks into monster twelfth-cakes; stretching far as the eye can reach over the now unfamiliar-looking fields.

The “merry, merry bells of Yule” peal through the little village over its circling meadows, and from the hamlet homes, and the outlying farms, men, women, and children troop merrily to church: grayheaded patriarchs, grandames in scarlet cloaks; stout yeomen in top boots, matrons with broad, sunny faces that typify their hearts; rustic belles, with cheeks redder than their ribbons; rustic beaux, sheepish, large-fisted, and sleek-haired; less pretentious ploughmen in Jim Crows, green smocks, and leather leggings; bullet-headed little boys, roguish and loud; curly-pated little girls, demure and silent.

And then the hearty greetings from young and old and rich and poor (once a year, at all events, brotherly and gay) as one walks briskly up the

churchyard path; the happy family-clusters in the crowded pews—scattered at other times, but households once again in this uniting season; the freshness of the service on this the birthday of its Founder; the pleasant sameness of the old vicar's old Christmas sermon—to his old parishioners, a thirty-years familiar friend; the joyous Christmas dinner, with its mountainous supply of *utile* and *dulce*, and their most business-like consumption (languid, beggarly picnics, indeed!); the country dances, forfeits, hunt-the-slipper; the kisses snatched from coy and yet not unwilling maidens beneath the mistletoe (which too soon, alas! hangs berryless); the roasted chestnuts, punch, and ghost-stories before the blazing fire; the closing frolic, crowning supper, and valedictory hot elderberry wine— that's what *I* call Christmas!

“A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!”—how the old greeting awakens memories of similar good wishes, from other lips, in other lands: from those lips, in the dear old familiar places, perchance, never to be heard again! *Heimweh* casts a sad shade on Christmas festivities in this part of the world. Their warmth to many a one is thermometrical alone. Watching family-gatherings—like Charles Lamb's friend at Mackerey End, the only one who had no cousin there—the stranger feels more than ever strange. *His* Christmas Tide is hardly “merry.”

And what of his New Year? as, on the last night of the old, he sits listening in his solitude to the ticking of the clock—solemn at such a time as the audible beating of a dying heart—in throngs

The Beloved, the True-hearted,
Come to visit him once more:

those from whom he is severed by the ocean, and those between whom and him there spreads that wider, sailless sea. Phantoms of vanished joys arise; old sorrows, too, long cherished sacredly in the soul's secret places; and bitterly he feels that now there is none to share with him his pleasure or his pain. “A Happy New Year”—however goodnaturedly uttered—seems but a mockery to a lonely heart.

But enough of this. Christmas, after all, everywhere teaches the same lesson of the charity that thinks no ill, of world-wide love. One Janus-glance backwards may be allowed in January; but the god had a second face, and, like it, we, too, ought to look bravely on the future.

As the household, forgetting the day's troubles and forgiving all its little wrongs, meet in the evening in a cheerful circle round the hearth of Home—Demophon-like, deriving purity and strength from its golden

blaze,—so should the whole Christian family close the year with a like sanctifying, animating glee—cleansed from the soils of the old year at its concluding festival—casting off old spites, and pettinesses, and impurities as a rescued beggar sloughs his squalid rags—we should step hopefully over the threshold of the new, and uncomplaining enter on its toils.

A Hot Wind.

A HOT WIND—hot as a blast from the abyss the road to which is morally macadamised, the gulf anonymous to ears polite: a Sirocco, a Samiel that owns not even a sunk cellar for a Bagdad. Everywhere the same stifling flow of arid air, in which panting lungs labour like dry pumps. The mercury at 120° in the shade—wherever that may be. Down from a sky glaring, like a maniac's eye, with feverish unrest, pours blighting brilliance, in mockery of the parched and pallid earth gasping with black, cracked lips for more refreshing rain—or rather the earth seems dead—choked, like the eastern despot's victim, with a flood of molten gold. No coolness in the ocean's blazing blue, from which the rebounding sunbeams glance like brazen spears from shield of polished steel. Wreaths of white smoke rise sluggishly from the burning bush. Dogs, with lolled-out tongues, lie heaving and puffing like steam-engines in every scanty fringe of shadow cast by wall or tree. One expects every moment to frizzle up like an overdone rasher, to blush vitreous-purple like an overbaked brick. The most succulent humanity seems turning into toast. The most decently disposed individuals feel inclined to concur in Mr. Squeers's opinion that it would be “a delightful thing to be in a state of nature;” and shoeless, stockingless, cravatless, and in shirt-sleeves, make the nearest approach to it that civilisation suffers. Exertion of any kind appears ridiculous—labour sheer lunacy. A creature yonder is loading a coal-cart: is it a man or a salamander?

I, as I have hinted, retreat to the cellar; where—seeking, Antaeus-like, relief from languor in the bosom of our common mother—I lay myself upon the bricks, smoke my pipe, and read my Horace; and as I listen to the tranquil dripping of the beer, I marvel at the folly of mankind who, in such weather, can do anything but—drink that or some equally mild beverage, with the accompaniments that I affect. A book, beer, and 'baccy enjoyed upon (comparatively) cool bricks, is my form of lotus-eating on a broiling Southern summer's day.

Picking out the aqueous and umbrageous passages in my favourite bard, I leave my kiln-dried body on the cellar-floor, and wander in spirit to the

—domus Albunae resonantis,
Et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

I rest beside the winding stream—

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitem consociare amant
Ramis,

and hearken to the ripple of its pebble-broken flow.
I look down into the—

—fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,

and see the oxen weary with the plough dipping their patient noses into the *frigus amabile* that even Dog-days cannot mull; gravely gazing meanwhile at their shadowed horns, and gratefully contrasting their ice-cold beverage with the brown, lukewarm puddle—brassy-bright in the hot sun—from which last they drank.

Knowing that the rogue of a poet-farmer is enjoying lady's society on the sly, I slip over to the Sabine Farm. I watch the milk-white goats speckling the dewy darkness of the grove as they stray hither and thither, cropping the arbutus, browsing on the thyme. I see the kids—fearless of prowling wolves, for Faunus guards them—frisking to the sound of the shepherd's pipe echoing from the smooth chalk-rocks of low-lying Ustica; and rambling on I discover squat, black-haired, dark-eyed, flop-eared Flaccus stretched on the grass beneath a drooping vine, and listening to the lovely Tyndaris as, with garland and garment safe from the rash hand of jealous Cyrus, and lips moistened ever and anon with harmless Lesbian —“not a head-ache in a gallon of it,”—she sings of Ulysses true to his chaste Penelope, despite the wiles of Circe, goddess of the glassy sea. A slave is making preparations for a pic-nic banquet, and as he pries between the bushes, seeking a lingering rose to grace his master's coronal, Horace leans over on his elbow, and trolls out his own sweet little song:

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexae philyra coronae;
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus, curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
Vite bibentem.

More and more *pococurante* each moment do I become as I watch the

blue wreaths of my cutty melting in the hot air, and drink in the cooling words of the graceful, genial Epicurean. And really in this short life of ours what *is* there worth putting one's self very much out of the way about? Instead of pulling like furies and swearing at each other on the voyage, why shouldn't we float down with music to the dim and shoreless sea?

Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet indomitqaeue morti.

House and lands and winsome wife must all be left. You may plant, but of all your trees the gloomy cypress only will follow its brief owner to the tomb. Your bibulous heir, more deserving of the boon than stingy you, will tap the yellow-sealed port, and stain your Kidderminster with a wine more generous even than is drunk at the dinner-table of a dean—*pontificum potiore coenis*. How easily the old, old thought, fits itself into this day's phrase.

Easter.

GOETHE makes Easter bells and anthems awaken memories of youth in Faust's world-weary heart, and save him from the suicide he meditated. It is a beautifully true conception. To a northern, at all events, whose Easter falls in spring—and southern experiences cannot obliterate old associations—what other festival is so suggestive of the spring of life? Easter Holidays! How the old words recall old times and feelings! When we entered the gloomy tunnel of the school “half” on a bleak January “Black Monday,” Midsummer glimmered far away at the other end almost a mythical vacation; but midway the bright shaft of Easter broke the blackness, and cheered us on our melancholy journey. Michaelmas was not nearly so trustworthy a resting-place as Easter. There was no inviolable sanctity in Michaelmas. School during Michaelmas did not appear a contradiction in terms, an absolute impossibility. A crusty master might take it into his crabbed old head to cheat us of our Michaelmas, but the sourest despot that ever flogged would never have dared to nobble Easter for gerund-grinding purposes. Mutiny would instantly have reared her Hydra-heads, laughed at the shaking of the rod, snapt the cane in sunder, and hurled the manifestly crack-brained tyrant from his leather-covered throne. If we spent Easter at home, what a glorious week of sight-seeing it was! There are no such pantomimes, learned pigs, and panoramas now! And the back of the half-year being fairly broken by the recess—Midsummer having emerged from the mists of mythology, and become a veritable *next* stage, we could go tearlessly, hopefully back to school. (How hard it is to believe—and yet so it was—that our papas and mammas thought life then as dull as we think it now!). Easter at school was scarcely a less pleasant time. How jolly we were when we “put away books” on the Thursday afternoon, with the consciousness that, for a whole week to come, Euripides and Euclid, Bland and Bonnycastle, Virgil and Walkinghame, should no more have dominion over us! What a row we kicked up in the bed-rooms that night! With what comically perplexed countenances the ushers came out of their rooms and regarded the said riot: scandalised by the tumult, and yet afraid to stop it—not being aware how far their authority extended in such a semi-Saturnalian season! How cheeky we were when they *advised* us to make a little less noise! Much we cared for their advice. What a queer, quiet, happy day Good Friday was—a Sunday with church, indeed, but no catechism, in the morning, and rounders instead of Greek Testament in the afternoon! What a magnificent scamper over the country we had on Easter Monday, at hare and hounds—

spring buds on the hedges, starlike primroses and pale anemones in cool clusters round the mossy tree-roots, birds singing merrily in the sunny air, and all our hearts in unison with the gushing joy, the rich yet pure and peaceful promise of the year! Ah, me! for the time when simple pleasures pleased, and we thought that each leaf of life would be more brightly emblazoned than the last we turned: not knowing that the preface only is illuminated. Where now is the boisterous band that made the old Fives Wall echo with its mirth? Some in the churchyard, some in the deep sea, and all who still survive have also outlived their buoyancy and innocence of heart. How the tints of character as well as canvas tone down—become, in course of time, what painters call absorbed. Remembering the glowing colours of his youth, haven't you often found it difficult to believe in the identity of a friend whom you meet, after long severance, a mud-hued mass of the prosy matter-of-fact of middle age? It is fortunate if he be not a blacker thing. And you yourself, counting your birthdays as a tramp weary of the dusty road counts milestones, don't you sometimes wonder whether the soul you've got be really that which animated the happy child called by your name long, long ago? Be not so anxious, my little man, to exchange Geometry for Grief—Latin Syntax, alas! for loathsome Sin. Schooltime was the real holiday, and now that we have sloughed the satchel we are or ever at school. Thank God! Breaking-up Day must come at last, and when we go home for *that* vacation, we “go home for good.”

My Pipe.

I DISCOVERED the other day—greatly to my delight—that in one respect I strikingly resemble the Poet Laureate. Alfred Tennyson is a tremendous smoker: so am I.

But what man is there fit for anything who is *not* a smoker? *Ex fumo dare lucem* is the rule for Genius—always excepting the fascinating but unfumigant Frank Fowler, who radiates the brilliancy without having previously blown the cloud.

Most moral, most intellectual, of agencies is Tobacco—soothing the ruffled spirit into Halcyon calm, stimulating the sluggish brain into Titanic vigour. How much of our Literature—especially of the manly and the metaphysical—do we owe to the Pipe! Many a noblest page in our noble English novels breathes forth its fragrance—delicious as the hawthorn's breath. Wrapt in its vapour, as in Delphic exhalations, the philosopher uttereth oracles!

I stumbled yesterday on an historian of Hispaniola, a *Vox ex Insula*, who, like our own *Vox e Deserto*, is wicked enough to abuse Tobacco—asserting that the West Indian Caciques were in the habit of smoking themselves stupid, and had then to be carried by their wives to bed.

The calumny bears its refutation on its face, and so ought its utterer to have borne his. The scoundrel should have been branded as a LIAR! Smoke one's self stupid, indeed! The very reason why the maligners of the “holy herb” *are* so stupid is because they *don't* smoke!

“Farewell to Tobacco!” Nay, nay, dear Elia! Anacreon-like, thou hadst to sing its praise, even whilst striving to stammer an unavailing *Vale* to its fascinations. The last request of a dying man has been “one little whiff— one parting draw!” Man was *born* to smoke (recent phrenologists have *proved* it—there is a craniological development that *craveth* Cavendish): then, wherefore struggle against so sweet a destiny? 'Tis, of all, the duty easiest to convert into a delight—and before I write another word, I'll light my Pipe.

Black but comely—swarthy and glossy as an aethiop belle! Ambrosial, my Hottentot Venus, as the perfume of the Greek Aphrodite's locks, is the aroma of the curls of thy most lustrous Negrohead. *Puff—puff—puff*—in curious convolutions ascend the fragrant fumes, evanishing like dreams. How exquisite a thrill—ecstatic as the shiver that followeth First Love's delirious first kiss—trembles along the nerves in waves of bliss! With such a theme, no wonder that I am poetical, and rhyme without premeditation. Io 'Baccy! Celestial Pipe, all hail!

Blow your cigars—or rather, *don't* blow them, I say. Pretenders to the art, mere boyish amateurs, smoke weeds—dallying with their Manilas, even as, puppy-like, they flirt with maidens. In neither case do they intend to link their fates—to share the chances and the changes of this mortal life—with those with whom they trifle. The true smoker, for better, for worse, weddeth his pipe, and never wearieth of her company; loving her all the better, indeed, when Time hath streaked her cheeks—once white as snow, spotless as Spring's first lilies! What departed wife leaveth a more disconsolate widower? No bride is oftener pressed to lips of faithful lord. That type most genuine of the genuine smoker, Herr Teufelsdröckh, in his high room in the Wahngasse, or in the *Grünen Gansse* coffee-house, of Weissnichtwo, would sit “*whole days* to think—and smoke tobacco.”

Some men, I know, are polypipists, and keep harems of meerschaums hookahs, chibouques, narguilès, Milo's cutties—no end of beauties foreign and domestic. *I*, am a strict monogamist. My wife is Dutch, a portly, dame, and hails from Gouda; where, as perchance, I need not tell my reader, the cows obese wear bed-tick petticoats. I fell in with her five years ago in Wapping. A Cape merchant, a kind friend of mine, “gave her away”—from a huge lot that he was about to ship for Cape Town. Since then, like Ulysses, I have seen the cities, and known the mind, of many men; but *my*. Penelope was ever with me. Over many a sea, in three out of the five quarters of the globe (as the Irish geography-books have it), have we travelled together. Let me summon up a few recollections of the places in which I have smoked the pipe that now I own.

Supinus in herba, in one of thy many rose-filled, strawberry-bearing gardens, dear old Colchester—town of the good oysters, bad pavements, and ugly women (but in that last clause the proverb lies—for lovely are thy daughters),—girt round with thine old wall of Roman brick, like veteran with tattered sash,—sprinkled with venerable ruin of castle, of priory, of abbey,—studded with churches new-spired or steepleless—still telling of the siege long, long ago!

And on thy river, bound for a picnic in the little Dart, freighted with a cargo of the unproverbial fair ones of whom I spake (all matrons now, I fear),—dropping down beneath the whispering wood of Wivenhoe, where first the Colne begins to put on swaggering, sea-going airs,—past Wivenhoe itself, with its grave old church, multiplicity of bow-windowed public-houses, oyster-pits, and amphibious population,—and the Abydos of that Sestos, Fingrinhoe, with its conical-roofed chapel towering over the fishy-fragrant hamlet like a huge Chinaman's *chapeau*;—past the black coalbrigs that seem to eye the tiny sprat-boats with disdain, as mere river-sailors, cockney-craft,—between the embankments of monotonous “sea-

wall,” on which stand bullocks of morosest aspect, that look as if they would like to toss us for enjoying ourselves, whilst they are fattening there for beef,—past the anchored guard-boat,—past the rolling buoy, reeling—naughty buoy!—as if it were drunk,—with many a musical scream from lips so rosy beneath the wind's fresh kiss, that one gets jealous of the wind,—out into the German Ocean, heaving in emerald set in seething foam!

In railway-carriage, on the sly, to the indignation of the guard, who puts his breeze-blowzed face and coaldust-powdered whiskers in through the window at every station, fruitlessly re-enunciating his very correct impression that “some gen'l'man 'as a-bin a-smokin'!”—between dripping cuttings, stern with outcropping rock,—along rampart-like embankments,—over heron-legged viaducts,—through mile-long tunnels, in which even the light that steals down the dismal shafts blanches as though in fear of the surrounding gloom, and shrinks from spreading; wherein the whistle shrieks, like a lost spirit, in reverberated anguish; a million mammoth drayhorses seem trotting, rough-shod, on the iron road; and, ever and anon, the train appears to be rushing backwards, terror-stricken by its own infernal clamour;—out into the sunny air again, beneath the arch over which peer specimens of “Young Rusticity,” half-stifled by the cloud of damp and sulphury vapour the engine puffs into their throats and nostrils;—*crash, bang*, through the bridges, whose blurred lines of mortar and dancing masonry make the head dizzy and the stomach sick;—racing the telegraph-wires that gallop along like greyhounds, and take the white posts with a flying leap;—past haymakers, or harvesters, or hop-pickers, in fields and meadows that seem running round; staring boors, perched, with drawn-up knees, on mossy gates; and startled cattle, contorting their tails most absurdly in their clumsy flight;—an hour ago far away in the country, disturbing for a moment the solitary silence of orchard-buried villages (their white-washed, honeysuckled cottages clustering around the old, gray, ivied churches like children nestling in their grandame's skirts,—security in all their happy faces),—now hurrying over suburban gardens, whose dreary, smoke-dried, shrubs and melancholy cabbages, the puffing engine appears to taunt with a monotonous “Veg-e-tate, veg-e-tate, if-you-can, if-you-can!”—next catching glimpses of attic toilettes and bed-room breakfasts as the train shoots along the parapetted arches, through a chaos of sooty roofs and tottering chimney-stacks, pigeon-traps, scarlet runners, brewers' boards resplendent in blue and gold, factory chimneys belching forth their coils caliginous, and warehouses built, like Babel, up to heaven. *Whe-e-e-e-e-ew! Whe-e-e-e-e-ew!* Tickets have been taken by bumptious, moustached gentlemen in uniform,

who seem to fancy themselves, in some vague manner, “in the Guards,”—so grandly condescending, so intensely military, is their demeanour,—bells ring,—telegraphs extend their arms, like tragedians, at our approach, dropping them languidly when we have passed,—green-coated officials wave flags insanely, or gravely shoulder the staves like muskets, and raise their right hands to their foreheads in soldier-like salute,—green-jacketed ditto porter at those mysterious “switches,” the function of which appears to be the knocking of each passenger's knees and head against those of his *vis-à-vis*,—“breaks” are screwed down, occasioning throughout the frame of second and third-class passengers, that peculiar sensation commonly called “pins and needles,”—the light dims suddenly as the rumbling train rolls under the iron-arched-and-girded roof of the long, wide Terminus,—a wave of porters, policemen, pickpockets, and waiting friends, dashes itself with a running ripple along the carriages,—yonder the omnibuses and cabs loom like dissolving views through the raw, yellow fog,—the carriage-doors fly open,—a buzzing mob clusters around the luggage-vans like flies round sugar-casks,—we are in London!

In “Coal-Hole,” or “Cider Cellars,” puffing away in self defence. In addition to the rich tobacco-reek, the air is redolent of brandy, rum, gin, potter, and the Cambrian coney Waiters, with fitful gleams of glass and pewter, flit spectral through the mist—dense almost as a washing-day's. Old men, with noses like masses of bruised mulberries and aspen hands—the hoary sinners!—middle-aged *roués*—fast young men—women in gaudy garments, who buy their blushes by the cake—here and there a wondering neophyte with country air and mother's kiss still fresh upon his cheek: these are the company—enjoying “Life,” as they are pleased to term it. Foul atmosphere and fouler entertainment—with what satisfaction must a “Cave of Harmony” *habitué* say VIXI!

In a London square, blending, in the soft summer air, the breath of Gouda with the fragrance of the lilacs. The moonlight silvers even grimy London house-fronts into beauty, and makes even grim knocker lion-heads look mild. On what myriads of tombstones, standing dim beside the graves like risen ghosts, that light pours down! The quarters peal out in the silence like the audible pulse of time! But Carlyle has written Night Thoughts in a Great City—and who shall attempt what he has touched? Read *Sartor Resartus*, book 1, chap. iii., my friend!

In the *Champs Elysesé*, blending the breath of Gouda with anything but that of lilacs—the odious odour of French cigars,—believed, not without reason, to be made of ditchwater congealed. But the lights twinkle through the trees upon a hundred merry shows, watched by many a hundred pair of merry eyes. Even the *limonadière*, toiling along with that remarkable

machine of hers, looks pleased—perhaps, because her toil will soon be over. Even the sulky little sunburnt soldier in those baggy pantaloons of his, evidently blushing at the badness of their cut, relaxes into a smile. Clearly ring from the white-and-gold orchestras the voices of the singers—I wish, *ma mignonne* in muslin—excuse My Pipe—I could hear more frequently a silvery tinkle in that box of yours, wherein you collect the offerings of your not very liberal *al fresco* auditory! But see, that worthy *bourgeois* is regaling his wife, her sister, and himself, with what *we* should call a nobbler of brandy. Two bites at a cherry! Three nips from a nobbler! How strong their grog must be! What can you expect from a people who indulge in potations of such potency?

At sea; in the maintop, with a bottle of Bass, looking down upon the motley morning scene on deck: flirtations and card-playing on the poop,—here and there a pair of quiet chess-players, or a languid student hardly keeping up even the sham of reading; boys larking, idlers lounging, on the booms;—a fair-haired, fair-cheeked child sitting beside a sailor with a face of tan, watching the process of sail-making, and curiously examining the “palm,” with a manifest impression that it is a portion of his companion's skin—a little blacker than the rest; under the awning, at noon, where the seams sweat tar, and the flying-fish flash like silver shafts as they shoot through the sunlight-saturated air, and one envies the bread-winged albatross when it folds those spreading vans, and cools its downy bosom in the sapphire waters;—beside the wheel, at night, when wanderers muse mournfully of Home, and the galley-fire blazes out in the sudden darkness, and the white-crested waves astern rush after the flying vessel like wolves hounding Mazeppa, or the moon arises in beauty, and turns barque and sea, and sky, into a sweet, sad dream-scape.

Among the red-lichened rocks of Table Mountain, on the oak-shaded Wynberg road, under the vines at Constantia, in dusty Cape Town, dustier Melbourne, dustiest Sydney.

In the lonely bush, where the air is almost as fragrant as my Gouda's breath at dawn, where, during the day, the solitary flowers smile so patiently in the sultry heat; where, at eve, a far-off cloud above the tree-tops tells of the returning flock; and, at night, the camped-out traveller's fire winks sullenly as eye of drowsy lion.

In these places, and in many a place beside, have I smoked my darling—alas! alas! I shall never smoke her more! She hath fallen from my lips, and lies in fragments on the floor. Peace to her ashes! Fondly shall I embalm her memory, and place it in the choicest chamber of my heart; but it is not good for man to be alone—I must take unto myself another wife!

Queer Dormitories.

I HAVE long left sack, and am now a young man of unimpeachable morals, but I have the misfortune to “number on my list of friends” a goodly, or rather shocking, array of gentlemen on whose characters, I am sorry to say, I cannot bestow a similar encomium. I keep up the acquaintance merely in the hope of benefiting them—visiting the sinners after their outbreaks, to deliver the sermon which, according to Lord Byron, is wine's proper sequel “the day after.”

Bound on such ethical mission, I called a morning or two ago upon my friend, Fred Fast; having observed Frederick the night before “steering wild,” as the sailors say, through the thoroughfares of Sydney, evidently laden—to keep up the figure—with a pretty heavy cargo of wines and spirits. Even if he had not been making boards in that remarkable manner, I could have inferred his freight from his face—a “manifest,” as it were, written in smudged red ink.

Just as I reached the landing, Fred's bed-room door was flung violently open, and forth rushed the slavey, hotly pursued by a Wellington boot, which I was unlucky enough to intercept. Bridget, it appears, had omitted to take up soda-, as well as shaving-water: *hinc illa caliga*.

My disgust at Mr. Frederick's dissipation, of course, was not lessened by the specimen of his politeness with which he had unintentionally favoured me. Growling out “boots were meant for their owner's feet, not other people's faces,” I entered the apartment; determined to make my lecture more than ordinarily trenchant. Remembering an old scrap of Latin that would serve my turn, I assumed an ultra-puritanic air, and thus in solemn tones addressed my friend:—*Ægrotare te, amice, vulgo dictum est. Ea profecto re multum doleo—mentior, you shied your boot at me, you blackguard—atqui hanc te (quod item ferunt) aegritudinem largius bibendo contraxisse, id vero mihi multo magis dolet. Vehementer te oro, ut ebrietatis te tuae poeniteat*—here I was interrupted by a graceless “You be blowed!” coupled with a command to go to blazes with my Latin. I sat down on the bed instead. The floor of the room was strewn with raiment; here a shirt, there a stocking, and underneath the unthrown boot a vest. The cravat was in the grate, and a white hat—*once* white, alas! now sorely stained and spattered, and battered into dire collapse—was cocked rakishly upon the head of a plaster bust of Milton.

Behind the mosquito-curtains (in which there was a terrific rent—*hiatus valde deflendus* by Frederic's hostess—occasioned, no doubt, by Fred's having returned home with theatrical associations in his head, and having

then attempted to retire to his couch *à la* Harlequin, or the man who jumps through the paper-hoops at the Circus) sat my friend, upright, in bed, examining the contents of his coat-pockets, with a view, probably, of constructing, by their suggestive aid, a history of his over-night adventures.

I subjoin a catalogue, a table of the said contents:—Sundry playbills, crumpled and blurred—half-a-dozen theatre “passes,” to all parts of the house—a bundle of cigars, suffering from spinal curvature—a corkscrew, a fragment of wired cork, and the neck of a bottle—a brickbat, a brass bell-handle, and a lump of dessiccated mud—a young lady's collar and ribbon—a gentleman's card with the name rubbed out—a mysterious document, in pencilled hieroglyphics, headed “No. 3”—discovered, after long inspection, to be a French supper-bill for six people—a party that Master Frederic had not the faintest recollection of having entertained—a salt-cellar—a stale roll—*no* handkerchief—one penny.

The tail of the coat, moreover, was almost severed from the body, and when, at his request, I handed Fred his breeches, they were discovered to be in the condition of the Irishman's sedan. Frederic was of opinion, on reflection, that the missing fragment might, probably, be found on the iron railings in Macquarie-street; having scaled them under the impression that the Assembly Chamber was the Royal, and having hung for some time suspended from their spikes after the fashion of the Bears, Blue Boars, and Lambs, that dangle above the portals of old-fashioned inns in England. Finding that he had spent the night *al fresco*, I subjected him to a searching cross-examination; in his replies to which he made a confession of his experiences in the line that gives its title to this paper:

“Wine and want, my dear fellow—to remodel an old proverb”—[Fred doesn't talk quite in this literary way,—especially when seedy; he having furnished the matter of these revelations, *I find the words*] “make a man acquainted with strange sleeping places. I've been in want, and then I hope I didn't whine; but as I'm almost always whining when I'm *not* in want, you see I've had excellent opportunities of becoming acquainted with queer dormitories.

“The bench of a bathing machine has been my couch; a raw-beef-fisted old bathing-woman my ‘rosy-fingered dawn’—routing me out in the morning, with much blasphemy on her part, and a little, and many blushes on mine, before a group of girls half laughing and half frightened at the usurping occupant of their dressing-room *in fore*.

“The bleating sheep and bellowing cattle woke me one market morning at Romford, from sweet slumber at the bottom of a cab; the jarvie solemnly assuring me that, when he picked me up in the Strand the night before, I had engaged him to drive me by easy stages down to Yarmouth.

“I once found myself lying, like a huge cod, on a fishmonger's stall.

“Another time I awoke in a little village church in Wales. Everything seemed so quiet and holy about me, that I really felt frightened and half ashamed. Half of the church was in deep shadow, but the moonlight streamed in through the chancel window, silvering the worn inscriptions on the flag-stones of the aisle, and making me think how long, long ago it was since human glances, as sad and loving had fallen there—of the old times when those dim letters were sharply cut, and their mournful records freshly carved on aching hearts, as well.” [Fred here was very sentimental. The effect would have been better, had he previously washed and shaved, and had he *not* been walking up and down his room with nothing on but a shirt somewhat remarkable for shortness.] “There were two marble effigies lying with me in the chancel, and as the moonbeams poured through the painted panes upon the lady's face, she seemed to blush; and when the shadows of the ivy leaves, just stirred by the night wind, played faintly over the brow of the cross-legged knight, the Crusader seemed to frown at my profane intrusion. I could just hear the murmur of the summer sea without—talking in its sleep, I fancied it. And then the clock struck TWO, making the silence tremble. I thought the jarring sound in the belfry, and the lingering echoes in the church, would never die away.

“Whilst on the spree in Paris, I got locked up in a church there, too, and discovered myself, in the morning, self-pilloried—head and arms thrust through one of those triangular stands for votive tapers. My hair was singed, and there were little kisses of white wax upon my nose. Even the grim old pictured saint before whom I was standing, seemed to be grinning, through his cake of grime and varnish, at the figure that I cut.

“Before bidding farewell to the shores of England, I paid a valedictory visit to its stage, as represented by the Plymouth Theatre. Smitten by the charms of a Kate-Warde-like houri, whom I had espied whilst sitting in the front, I found my way—past growling Cerberi, and along dark labyrinthine passages full of dirt, shirt-sleeves, pewter pots, and gas pipes—‘behind.’ I paid my footing in champagne, and assisted, to the best of my limited ability, in disposing of the fee. Consequently, after a brief misty vision of cotton-velvet cloaks, plumes, spangles, and buff boots; muslin skirts, blue ribbons, rouge, and saucy laughing eyes; I fell asleep upon the green-room sofa—to find myself next morning in a polka-jacket and pink bonnet (not improved in shape through having had nightcap duty to perform), and with a most ferocious pair of (corked) moustaches—to find, moreover, that the good ship Burra Burra, by which I had taken my passage to the land of gold, had sailed three hours ago.

“I did, however, get here at last—perhaps, as you *see* me here, it may

appear superfluous to assure you that I am not in England. *N'importe*. My normal luck in obtaining abnormal sleeping places attended me on my travels. On Christmas Eve, in 1852, I slept on Table Mountain, with the 'table cloth' for a counterpane. In Cape Town itself, a hayloft on one occasion was my bed-chamber; and, when I awoke, I found myself watched by a blackfellow unrolling himself from *his* curled slumbers like a sow-bug, his gash of a mouth grinning from ear to ear with its white sparkling teeth, as though 'a sable cloud turned out its silver lining on the night;' and by a stupid penguin (they eat penguin's eggs at Cape Town) fat, stolid and sturdy as a Dutchman—as it stood bolt upright, with its little wings close to its sides, and its most leaden eye, it looked uncommonly like a burgomaster, in the short cloak with which painters (but not, I think, his tailors, now-a-days) invest him.

“When I reached Melbourne, lodgings could not be procured for money, and, therefore, certainly not for love. Accordingly, my mates and I pitched our tent on Emerald Hill. It was agreed that one of us should keep watch during the first night, and I, like a spooney, thinking there was a touch of romance in the affair, volunteered my services. The Canvas-Town people on the other side of the valley blazed out their customary evening volley; the Emeralders echoed back their gunpowdery good night—here and there a deep-mouthed watch-dog kept up a monotonous baying like the measured puffs of a steamboat—and, pipe in mouth and revolver in pocket, 'the sentry paced his lonely round.' So lonely, indeed, did I find it, that I speedily adjourned to the neighbouring hotel; prostrate in the verandah of which, I believe, I was found in the morning, presenting a rum bottle at one of the posts with a solemn assurance that the weapon was loaded: in this, however, I was mistaken—I had long before drawn both cork and charge.

“I have had some very queer dormitories in and about Sydney. I have slept in a paddock on the Parramatta Road, in company with an old horse with something on his mind, and which, in consequence, moaned horribly in his dreams. I have spent the night on a bench of the Lover's Walk—not a bad place that, were it not for the deuced draught from Macquarie-street; and, when I slept there, the Racecourse—it was the time of the distemper—was covered with expiring dogs. I have found myself on the roof of a house in Elizabeth-street, against which bricklayers had left their ladder; startling the sleepy peeler when I peered over the parapet in the morning, and eliciting from him the witty observation, that he 's'posed as how I must have got pretty considerable *elewated* last night. I have awoke on a Sunday morning at the bottom of Market-street, sans hat, sans boots, sans coat, sans cash, sans almost everything; in which condition it wasn't very agreeable to walk home to Woollloomooloo, exposed to the criticism

of the early worshippers at St. Mary's. I have slept on the floor at supper-rooms, fondly imagining the table to be a four-poster, the table-cloth mosquito-curtains. I have—I blush to say—been an occasional visitor to the watch-house. I like that berth worst of all; the boards are so hard, and the blankets so scanty; and then it's so annoying to have your sleep broken every now and then by boisterous fresh arrivals. Besides, if your bail doesn't come in time, you're inserted, with other very comical articles, in Constable's Miscellany—marched down to the Central Police Court, handcuffed, very likely, to some old sailor who calls you 'skipper,' and exhorts you all the way—by no means *sotto voce*—‘to keep your pluck up.’ It an't pleasant by any means—that. I have—but law! when *will* that girl bring the soda-water?”

Fred, my boy, don't you think you spend a good deal of money *not* to get a bed?

Such was my sapient comment on my friend's insane confessions.

An Eclipse of the Sun.

BALMAIN, MARCH 26th, 1857.

“IF you're waking, call me early, call me early, Bridget dear,” was my poetical appeal last night to my Hibernian handmaiden; and Bridget, for a wonder, chancing to wake before seven, I was called in time to see—

“The sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid.”

Calling to mind how often *I* had been “in slumber laid” at the unsheathing of his light, I hardly liked to look the sun in the face before his obscuration. It seemed so ridiculous in me, so rude to him, to be getting up at that unseasonable hour *not* to see him. An eclipse of the sun is a rare phenomenon, but so to most of us is his rising. I am almost ashamed to say that, in the whole course of my life, I have only once witnessed his levee. I was sleeping on the deck of the little “Vivid”—darting through the calm summer waters, from Calais to Dover, swift and graceful as a mackerel—when I was roused by the gruff old steersman with a “Look at that, sir! It's a sight, I'm thinking, you don't often see.” The eastern sky was mottled with a mantling red, recalling the sweet old-world myth of the rose-sprinkling hours. The bridegroom was about to come forth from his chamber. A segment of the golden disc was just above the waves, and as it ascended in kingly stateliness, “unhasting, unresting” majesty, its dazzling glory, shooting horizontally along the sea, turned the water into blushing wine—as though in sacramental memory of the “beginning of miracles” wrought by the transmuter's sacred Antitype, the Sun of Righteousness—itself an emblem of the enriching change His mission was to work in the whole life of Man. The blush vanished, but myriad spangles glittered on the gently heaving waves; and the wheeling sea-bird's wing, and here and there a streak of cloud—left, white and lonely as a lingering snow-wreath, on the deep-blue sky—exchanged their spotless purity of hue for burnished brilliance. The cliffs on both sides of the channel—*waking*, as it seemed—drew back their veils of lavender mist, and smiled a sisterly “good morrow” to each other across the mirror that reflected their fair forms. And over all the sun glowed grandly beautiful, graciously sublime, as though it were the visible, all-seeing eye of God. Like a Persian, I could have fallen down and worshipped. And yet a sight like this we might see almost every morning if we chose. “The science of an untutored age,” says Ferrier, and

the indolence of every age, add I, “passes by unheeded the ordinary appearances of nature; but our interest is easily aroused, our attention is readily enchained, by such mysterious portents as the earthquake and the eclipse. She is blind to the common and familiar phenomena of light; she is deaf to the common and familiar phenomena of sound; she has eyes only for the lightning; ears only for the thunder. She asks with eager curiosity—

Quae fulminis esset origo,—
Jupiter, an venti, discussâ nube tonarent?

But she leaves unquestioned the normal or every day presentments of the senses and the universe; she pays the tribute of admiration to nature's exception far more promptly than to her majestic rule.” However, it is “nature's exception,” or rather widely revolving rule, with which we are now concerned.

The chimney-tops and gables are brightening in the sunlight, as I dress; its red beams bronze the foliage above which they peer, and window-panes flash out like laughing eyes. But when I reach my post of observation, a promontory towering high above the harbour,—the sky is muffled up in clouds. A patch of watery orange in the east, faintly flecked with distant spars, alone points out the position of the sun. A sickly shimmer, a fading memory of light—the very ghost of dawn—plays on the leaden waters; wherein dark ships float motionless, circled with shadow. The city on the opposite shore, as its coverlet of mist is slowly rolled aside, has a raw, dreary, half-awakened look. St. James's steeple, for a moment tipped with gold, points like a finger to the heavens; but a huge chimney belches forth its smoke, and blots the memento of supernal things, with an infernal eagerness, from the view—meet type of the influences of foul and busy city-life. Groups, silent and awe-struck, like those Defoe has painted in his *History of the Plague*, stand looking up into the sky. Suddenly a gloom spreads through the air like ink dropped into water. The out-cropping rocks beneath me put on a sterner frown. The forge-fire yonder blossoms into ruddy glow like a gigantic rhododendron flower. The church-bell ringing for morning prayers tolls dismal as a knell. The workman ceases from his labour, and stops his laugh and song. There is a wintry coldness in the whispering wind. And then—“at one stride comes the dark.” The sea turns livid—ghastly-blue as the face of a cholera-victim. Houses and trees discharge their colour, and crouch unseen beneath the pall of blackness, with lurid fringe of tawny dusk, that hangs over earth and hides the heaven. Gradually, like the look of life returning to the face of one who has fainted,

light steals again over land and sea; grows momentarily brighter, and yet more bright. Nature has recovered from her syncope, and scores of cocks with their shrill clarions trumpet the advent of the second dawn.

Sunday Afternoon.

I FEEL like a bird in a cage, left without groundsel, seed and water, when masonry forms my horizon on a Sunday afternoon.

In wet weather the damp streets, with their closed shops and towering walls, look like huge graving-docks; in fine, they are monotonous canals of stagnant sunshine. Their Pompeian stillness—unbroken, save by the rattle of an occasional omnibus, and the hoarse croaking of its driver and shrill treble of its cad, ejaculating in amoebian contest “Glebe! Glebe! Newtown! Newtown! Barwan Park!” “Wool'm'loo! 'm'loo!” “Paddington!”—oppresses me, congests my brain. The weariness of all the busy week, gathered into one overwhelming feeling of *ennui*, seems to be brooding in the atmosphere of dust; and when the bells begin to ring for church, you miss their morning's silvery sound of joy, their evening's softer sound of peace. *Ding-dong, ding-dong*, in dull, metallic tones, without a single touch of poetry, is all they say.

Disregarding their drowsy call to drowsy prayer—afternoon-service to me is always suggestive of undigested pudding on the part of both priest and people—I make a point of joining one of the many throngs that pour out from all sides of Sydney, like swarming bees, on Sunday afternoon. Let me sketch a few of my companions.

Look at those servant-girls with their year's wages on their backs—chaotic heaps of discordant colours—masses of jumbled rainbow; so that a tulip-bed in all its glory is not arrayed like one of these. Like red harvest-moons shining through cloud-wreaths, their round, ruddy faces literally blaze with robust, rude health out of their feathers, flowers and gauze. Their podgy hands seem bursting from their coverings, like overripe gooseberries. Delicate French gloves and glittering bracelets hardly harmonise with raw-beef wrists.

Contrast the little milliner—her pale face flushing into sea-shell pink in the fresh breeze. Her dress, probably, has not cost a tithe of the value of Bridget's; but which looks the more like a lady? Of course, I don't blame poor Bridget for her costly and yet clumsy splendour—she knows no better; but I read in the pretty little milliner a pretty little lesson on the benefit of taste.

There goes a shop-boy, smoking and gorgeously attired, and mounted on a hired or borrowed hack. He fondly imagines that he is the focus of hundreds of admiring eyes, and that all who gaze on him consider him a squatter. Alas! his seat bewrayeth him; squatters don't ride like that. The few who do look at him, take him for a tailor.

A pair of lovers: "She," as the old music-books say, with a face a perfect flower-garden of smiles; "He," all awkward and confused. Why on earth should *the man* always be ashamed of being in love? It is the poor woman that commits the folly.

A family group: *Paterfamilias*, a German baker of bland but spooney aspect; he smiles incessantly upon his little English wife, and punctuates her rapid flow of words with the assenting *Ja!* or the emphatic *Nein!* He nurses two of the children, moreover; and very curious it is to behold the bland and spooney aspect of the father's face repeated in the countenances of those young Teutons.

Suppose we embark in one of the crowded craft that wave their smoke-burgees, and scarcely less sooty flags, over holiday-makers bound for Parramatta, Cremorne, Watson's Bay, or Manly Beach. What comical collections of humanity the good folks are—intensely conscious, for the most part, of their "Sunday clothes," glossy and wrinkled silk and broad-cloth winking, as it were, in the unwonted blaze to which they are exposed—reminiscences of press and drawers suffusing with a bashful blush the immaculate purity of their hebdomodal resurrection. How solemnly the good people take their pleasure—in the orthodox, ponderous manner of Britons, on whatever shore their fate may cast them. Grave they look, as if going to a funeral. The very actors yonder, in abnormal hats—escaped, for a brief respite, from the week-long atmosphere of orange-peel and gas—succumb to the prevailing sentiment, take their key-note from the dominant tone of the circumambient lugubrious glee; and, cigar in mouth,—

With shorn cheeks pale against its ruddy glow,—they cluster around the funnel, as though they would keep themselves in countenance by its example, whilst doing anything so dissipated as smoking. A serious silence reigns from stem to stern, unbroken save when the steersman turns his quid, emitting its mahogany-hued juice upon the sun-scorched deck with a splash that sounds like that of "the first of a thunder-shower," in the awful hush.

Such mournful merrymakers become tiresome after a bit; so leaving them, as Elia says of the Egyptian hermits, to "enjoy one another's want of conversation," let us look around.

The flags of all nations flash like splendid meteors athwart the sapphire sky, and boats with snowy sails fly like sea-birds over the blue waters. Now we pass a huge emigrant-ship, alive with passengers, gazing anxiously over the bulwarks at their "promised land;" and anon a tiny, anchored yacht, that seems to be fretting for freedom, as it pulls at its tether like little Barbara Lewthwaite's lamb, and then, finding the effort vain,

swims round and round its buoy in a pretty little pet of impatient, impotent anger.

We may well be proud of our harbour. Lovely are its deep, indenting waters; covered with dancing dimples, swathed in sheets of gold; rolling in emerald green, heaving in violet blue; blushing beneath the parting gaze of the setting sun, or looking up to him pale and trembling in the morn, when all night long the thunder has pealed and echoed through the dark. Still, although a gem of the first *water*, Port Jackson would certainly be all the better for a brighter setting.

Like a mighty army of Huns in never-ending march, the gloomy trees sweep down from the far distance to the melancholy shore. Here and there, it is true, the sombre mass is enlivened by a break that beams in cultivated beauty and tells of the sweet charities of Home; but even on its enlivener the black bush casts a shadow from its superfluity of shade. The islands, too, that, clad in *verdure*—waving with the foliage of more favoured lands—*might* be so beautiful, remind one now, as they gaze drearily upon their doubles in the reflecting waters, of widows in old mourning, embrowned by the dust and heat of many a weary day, hanging over their mirrors in half-hopeless longing for the time when they may cast aside their rusty weeds. Pinchgut is free from the “sad-coloured” raiment; but Pinchgut decorated with a tower like a gigantic hat—a monstrously magnified drab Mountcastle—doth not add greatly to the harbour's picturesque.

Now let us land on the North Shore, and wander through the fragrant forest—not so ugly when one is in it, and can discriminate the hues that blend into a pall of gloom when seen from a distance; let us roam through its silent solitudes sprinkled with many a holy, happy nunnery of flowers, until we come to St. Leonard's churchyard. “Rejoice, Oh, young man, in thy youth!” has hitherto been the summer-breeze's song; the rest of the text it murmurs, like a solemn refrain, as it rustles in the waving grass above the graves.

In the “Deaths”—calmly chronicled in that little tablet above the programme of the day's bustle and merry-making—there is an appeal that catches every eye, and dims for a moment its kindling fires of revelry or greed. An other of Time's waves has dashed its spray upon the shore. We all of us take, perforce, an interest in Death, because it is our common doom. The *loneliness* of deaths out here adds a peculiar melancholy to these records. Far from the old familiar places, the old familiar faces, we drop unheeded as the yellow leaves silently falling in the quiet autumn air, and rot like them unnoticed in the ground. How many a one for whom Love across the sea has looked and longed in vain lies in our graveyards!

Those despairing mothers' and sisters' appeals for tidings of So-and-so, who sailed from such a place, in this ship or the other, "and has not since been heard of," make the third column of the *Herald* a very pathetic one to me. I am afraid the tidings are but seldom gained, or if gained, are very seldom glad. Disappointment, Dissipation, Desperation, Death, keep a firm grip upon their victims. Not once in a hundred times is the missing son or brother found: when found, perhaps, it would have been better for the peace of those who sought him, that he should have remained lost to them in knowledge as in life. A foul, festered heart, contrasted with the pure, bright spirit that those who seek the lost one loved, is but a dreary resurrection after long, weary years of brow-wrinkling, eye-dimming, heart-breaking, anxiety.

I ought, perhaps, to apologise for preaching: my excuse for my sermon must be that I have been writing on—SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

At Meeting.

STROLLING, on a bright August morning in 1857, along one of the two streets of Wollongong—that beautiful, bustling “Australian Brighton” (the bottom of a well, methinks, would be almost as handsome and lively a watering-place)—I came upon a little edifice of the Florid Haystack order of architecture, evidently fresh from the hands of the bricklayers.

An inscription in front informed me that this was the “Congregational Chapel;” a brace of bills intimated that the “Opening Services” of the said chapel were that day to take place, and a stream of entering worshippers indicated that this inaugural ceremony was just about to begin.

Partly influenced by the gregarious instinct that prompts men, as well as mutttons, to follow a flock of their fellows; partly because I found from the placards that Mr. Cuthbertson was going to preach, and had a desire to hear myself the clerical celebrity *of* whom I had heard so much; and partly—to tell the honest truth—because I saw some good-looking, amongst the grave-looking, faces of the inflowing throng, pretty Piety in flop hats mixed with the hirsute Holiness in bell-toppers, and corpulent Christianity in coalscuttles, demure damsels as well as grim deacons and solemn old Dorcases,—I starched my countenance up to the due degree of decorum, and went in, also.

The chapel was soon filled with young and old—with a superabundance, indeed, of the former; for children in arms squealing like pigs in an Irish packet, and somnolent two-year-olds falling off benches, in rapid succession, with resonant thuds and subsequent lamentation, are by no means aids to devotion (once, during the sermon, the preacher, after a vain attempt to drown the noise of a brazen-lunged brat, was compelled to retire from the amoebean contest, and sit down, dead beat, until the little nuisance—still lifting up its voice on high, hurling back a triumphant defiance—was ejected from the premises. Why *do* people take babies to church, chapel, and the play? *They* can derive no profit or pleasure from discourse or drama, and prevent grown-up folks from deriving any either—the plaguesome little puppies in the manger!)

Enter a triad of divines: First, the local pastor, a meek little man, ungowned, with a smirk of mild complacency upon his face at the sight of such a multitude in *his* meeting-house—reminding one, altogether, very much of Tiny Tim's papa, when presiding at his Christmas festivities. Secondly, Mr. Beazley, with a blanched and mournful brow, and a thoughtful eye at the bottom of which there lurks a very genuine look of love—far seemlier visage for a priest of the “Worship of Sorrow” than a

Spurgeon's coarse, conceited, unintellectual countenance, a-blaze with circus-clown grins at his own comicalities about—the Cross of Christ. Last, Mr. Cuthbertson, “in canonicals,” like his predecessor.

But that is almost the only point of outward resemblance between the two; for Mr. Cuthbertson is tall, portly, full-faced—bordering on the jolly. If a little rosier about the gills, and a dozen years older, he would make a capital old-fashioned, orthodox rector; one of those succulent successors of the Apostles with a weakness for plum-pudding and pluralities, possessors of first-rate port and professors of sober piety, knowing in horses, stern foes to heresy; dabs at whist, cribbage, and backgammon; and able, when occasion calls, not only to expound a knotty text, but also, to pound a saucy tinker.

Of course I merely mean that Mr. Cuthbertson *looks* like one of these ruddy religionists, in process of development. I acquit him of all things uncomplimentary in the above category of qualities and accomplishments; and, also, of one thing complimentary—to wit, horsemanship; for I never yet saw a nonconformist minister that didn't ride like a tailor. Dissenting colleges, no doubt, turn out men of excellent head and heart: so do the Universities, but *their* men know, also, how to use their feet and hands. Whilst the budding nonconformist divine is blearing his eyes over Baxter and Owen, the sucking episcopalian is doing his best to bump a rival boat, getting four runs for a hit, or galloping after the hounds—and yet, after all, manages to pass the “Voluntary” without discredit. I cannot help thinking that the latter system of training is the better—at all events, for clergymen who intend to come out hither, where you must know how to sit a horse, and saddle him, too. I once saw a worthy presbyterian preacher—not a hundred miles from Hinton—“divesting,” as he phrased it, “his steed of its paraphernalia” for the first time; and his initiatory proceeding was the unbuckling of the—bit, which he carefully deposited in the rack. He then unfastened the crupper, but left it dangling from the tail of his astonished charger, which, most certainly,

—never in that sort
Had handled been before.

Unfortunately, at this stage of the “divesting” operation, a grinning stable-boy made his appearance, and prevented the amiable but somewhat awkward evangelist—who evidently laboured under the impression that the position of halters was reversed at the Antipodes—from mooring his nag “stern on” to the manger by means of “this very singular piece of

leather—it isn't every one, my dear sir, that would have discovered its use.”

But no more of this nonsense, for the service has begun. (Why, by the way, do the congregationalists stand up to pray. Are they too independent to kneel even before their Maker?)

I love the Liturgy, and detest, as a rule, extemporaneous prayers. Nevertheless, although I try hard, I am unable to pick a hole in Mr. Beazley's. There is in what he says none of that irreverent *chatting* with the Supreme that too often makes such prayers—to my mind, at least—mere blasphemies. The Omniscient is not told every second minute that He knows this and that—just as we talk to a failing old gentleman whose memory we wish to refresh without flatly calling it in question. The Almighty is not treated like a good-tempered listener whom a bore seizes by the buttonhole to inflict his weariness upon: prosy preaching that would make mortals yawn if given in a sermon, is not economically converted into sham supplication, considered quite good enough for the ears of God.

I admire, too, the hearty way in which Mr. Beazley sings, instead of doing his praise by proxy, borrowing the larynxes of his congregation, whilst he sits mum and lazy in the pulpit; a fashion in vogue with most dissenting preachers. Perhaps, it would be better if he didn't wield his hymn-book *quite* so much like Winterbottom's *bâton*, but then, as he really *is* conducting, “setting the tunes” most vigorously, we'll waive the objection. However, this isn't intended for a sketch of Mr. Beazley; so just hinting to him that a gloved and an ungloved hand clasped high upon the breast look, to a distant spectator, ludicrously like the “Bashful Man's” inky shirt-front, I will pass on to Mr. Cuthbertson.

He has an excellent voice, when kept down to its natural key: deep, distinct, and mellow. When he raises it, along with the blast, we hear a little of the bray of the trumpet. I am not certain, but I fancy, that something like an almost-mastered Aberdonian accent bristles up occasionally in his utterances, like a ten-times cut-down Bathurst burr provokingly reappearing; but this, whatever it may be, is of very rare recurrence.

Mr. Cuthbertson punctuates his first few sentences with coughs—not springing, apparently, from the distressing, almost effeminate, tremor that characterises the exordiums of some eminent public speakers (James Parsons, of York, for instance) but introduced for the sake of emphasis, to call attention to the articulate speech that has gone before. The *heh-hem* reminds me somewhat of a pavier's pant—a weighty thought, instead of a heavy flagstone, having been just rammed down.

Some pastors must cost their congregations little fortunes for Biblebinding and pulpit-cushions; but Mr. Cuthbertson does not manifest

his love for the Word of God by pitching into it, and strives to impress the listeners, not the velvet, before him. He uses very little “action:” what he does use is graceful and appropriate. Years ago I heard the gentleman whom the Wesleyans, I believe, call the “celebrated Dr. Beaumont;” and, for the life of me, I could not help laughing. He trundled his head exactly like a mop, as if he could in *that* way scatter on all sides the truths of the Gospel. From vulgar eccentricities of this kind Mr. Cuthbertson is very happily free; remembering, perhaps, that Mr. Pecksniff’s horse, notwithstanding its high “action,” made very little progress.

So much for manner: now for matter. The sermon that I heard was a well-*articulated* discourse—a complete argumentative anatomy, incarnated in good, and often eloquent, English. There were no “harkings back” in the logic, and very few in the language. Only in three instances, I think, had the preacher to stop to take up a dropped verbal stitch. No unfortunate subject rushed frantically about in search of its predicate, popping into a dozen places where it had no business like a bewildered hotel-guest who has forgotten the number of his room. The greater portion of the sermon might have been reported word for word. (Not more than one sermon or speech in a thousand would bear, *throughout*, verbatim reproduction. The only speakers in this part of the world who ever appeared to me capable of standing that trying test were, I am proud to say, two friends of mine,—of very different *styles of oratory*, but each admirable in its kind:—Frank Fowler, who tells off his sparkling periods one by one, as if counting a rosary of brilliants; and the honourable member for Argyle, whose eloquence flows like the golden tide of Pactolus.)

The *doctrine* of the sermon, no doubt, was very orthodox; but with that I have nothing to do. Once or twice I thought the preacher waxed too philosophical, and shot above the heads of his audience: still he did not lose their attention. Gaping, they watched him go up into the darkness, as people gaze at a rocket. (It is good policy on the part of a pastor to give his congregation now and then something that they are unable to comprehend. They consider it a compliment somehow, and think much more highly of a man who can use such hard words, than they do of a poor, plain body who can only talk what any one can understand. If I remember rightly, it is De Quincey who relates how the ploughmen of Ottery St. Mary objected to the clergyman who succeeded Coleridge’s father as vicar of the parish, that he did not give them any of the “immediate language of the Holy Ghost” in his sermons: his predecessor having been in the habit of interlarding his discourses pretty thickly with Hebrew, under that appellation. I have myself witnessed an amusing instance of this love for unintelligible learning. A pulpit neophyte, holding forth for the first time in a country

Methodist chapel, suddenly found that his stock of ideas was exhausted. He paused, blushed, coughed—was about to rush. I thought, from the rostrum like that more celebrated “stickit” parson, Dominie Sampson. But no—this young gentleman knew a trick worth two of that. Pulling out a pocket Testament he gravely exclaimed: “Dearly beloved, I will now read you the chapter from which my text is taken, in the original Greek”—which, accordingly, he did, to the intense delight, if not remarkable edification, of his rustic hearers. They doubted of his capacity no longer. His defeat was converted into a triumph. We all know, too, what an enthusiastic burst of applause an untranslated scrap of Cannibalese invariably evokes at missionary meetings—I wonder whether the reverend and rattling linguists ever gammon us on those occasions: the gibberish they talk has often appeared to me somewhat monotonous in its sputter, to have such a variety of meanings as subsequently—considerably cooling the ardour of those who had admired it so warmly in its uninterpreted cacophony—are injudiciously attributed to it.)

Of the *spirit* of the sermon I may be permitted to speak, and it is a pleasant task to do so, because it was so Catholic. Mr. Cuthbertson evidently is not of opinion that what calls itself Christendom is, in fact, a great, gloomy, God-cursed Egypt, spangled with one solitary little Goshen, to wit, Independency. Notwithstanding his Calvinistic creed and anti-State-Church convictions, I don't think he believes that all deans must be damned—that he despairs even of the salvability of an Arminian beadle. Greatly to the disgust of a buckram Brownite who sat near me, and who shuddered at the episcopal title as a child shrinks from senna, Mr. Cuthbertson quoted, with high eulogy and hearty approval, from an Anglican bishop.

There was a “tea-meeting” after the service: commencing at *two*; but not being in the habit of taking my tea immediately after tiffin, I did not participate in that, perhaps, pleasing, but certainly premature festivity. Tea at *two* seems very much as if the day had put his toes in his pocket.

Friar Ben.

WHAT a vast amount of unread Literature there is! What hosts of dumpy, dusty duodecimos arrayed in melancholy ranks on topmost library-shelves, and stalwart folios, the Atlantics of the world of books above, that are nibbled at, indeed, by rats, and perused by veritable bookworms, but which no superficial reader has essayed to taste, no human *helluo librorum* has penetrated beyond the preface!

And yet when we do take down one of these ancient tomes, and plod through its rubbish in a faint hope of finding riches, how often are we startled by a noble thought that has lain *perdu* there whilst generation after generation has passed from the womb, to the font, to the altar, to the grave,—like the Apollo Belvidere slumbering for centuries amidst the ruins of Antium.

Sometimes, too, it is a good old joke that we rescue from the cobwebs, as an inquisitive new butler fishes up a bottle of good old port long buried at the bottom of a disused bin. How strange it seems to be drinking wine that was bought of a dead merchant for a dead consumer! How odd to be laughing at a jest concocted by a forgotten wit for mouldered readers!

In a queer old book, without a title-page, I stumbled on this quaint old song without a title:—

“Sack he drank, and played the sackbut—

Heigho, heigho!

A jolly man was Friar Ben,
There's not another one in ten
Jolly man like Friar Ben.

“Sack he drank, and played the sackbut—

Heigho, heigho!

A naughty man was Friar Ben,
Maid ne'er came within his ken
But was kissed by naughty Friar Ben.

“Sack he drank, and played the sackbut—

Heigho, heigho!

A dying man is Friar Ben,
Quinsy creeps from Ailsea Fen,
And chokes poor dying Friar Ben.

“Sack he drank, and played the sackbut—

Heigho, heigho!

In his grave lies Friar Ben,
Sack and sackbut ne'er agen
Shall cheer the cell of Friar Ben!"

Bibulous, musical, amorous old Friar! Can't you fancy the jolly old fellow, the "man of purple cheer," puffing away at his trombone, with swollen cheeks like an overgrown cherub's—making the cloisters ring with melody, dulcet as the roaring of a bison, as his brawny arm shoves down the slide to the very bottom of the tube—and stopping every now-and-then to wipe his bald, "empearled" crown, empty his brazen mouth-piece, and bury his flesh-and-blood nose in a beaker of the "liquid amber?" What could he do *but* drink sack in that damp, dreary Fen District of his, all bog and bulrushes, and pollard-willows fringing dykes of ink; where the very cattle, fetlock deep in mire, seem growing plant-like—*vegetable* beef; where the rank corn has an unhealthy, dropsical look as it drowsily bends before the sluggish, miasmal breeze that blows, fever-and-ague-laden, from the flooded marshes; and where, in *his* time, the black waters of the "mere" popped dismally against the slimy wall of the moist monastery, or sent up (as they do now)—embossed upon a leaden sky—bronze-white-and-purple flocks of flapping wild ducks, and gray flocks of shrilly-screaming geese, scared from their calm cruisings amid the island-tufts of dark-green polished rushes, when the fowler's punt pushed too boldly through its treacherous screen of tall, broad flags and spear-and-pennon reeds? Is it not, *rather*, wonderful that—notwithstanding his potations—he still had heart enough to play the sackbut, and kiss the maidens—that he didn't turn croaker like the frogs around him? It was a scurvy trick that crawling quinsy played him, stopping both notes and draughts—I am afraid that, on the day it seized him, he had not imbibed his due modicum of nepenthe! Poor old Friar Ben! Had it not been for that old song—not valueless, maugre contemptuous proverbs—thy memory would have sunk and rotted in the stream of Time, like a withered water-lily in the "mere" of whose muddy stagnancy thou wert too wise to drink—leaving it to fatten the carp that fed thee upon fast-days. But—

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori!

And why wert thou *laude dignus*? Because thou didst drink sack. Thy brethren might chant—

Simus perennes coelibes,

but, being water-drinkers, they have proved most transitory bachelors. Thou, on the other hand—though marsh-worms have devoured thy body, and eels devoured the worms, and those, in turn, been gathered to the eel-

pots of their ancestors—*thou* still abidest, embalmed in poesie—a portly monachic mummy—to testify of the soul-cheering influences of the *moderate* use of wine.

Memorials of Cockburn.

Memorials of his Time, by HENRY COCKBURN. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

“COCKBURN,” said Professor Wilson to a gifted literary friend of ours, long-buried in dusty law papers like bright gold hidden in a dirty napkin, “Cockburn is a man of no common calibre, but he can't write.” Aloe-like, however, he blossomed into authorship before he died. His genial biography of Lord Jeffrey published in his lifetime, and now these posthumously printed *Memorials*, prove that he *could* write—dear, eloquent, departed Kit—and write well, too. His style is always vigorous; and though occasionally coarse, even ungrammatical, in an access of slovenly colloquialism, it is far oftener epigrammatic in its witty conciseness; spirit-stirring by its pictorially graphic description; laughter-moving with its rich, sly, sometimes grotesquely-extravagant humour, autumnally mournful, “brightly sad,” with its passing shades of chastened, manly, pathos.

Lord Cockburn's *forte* appears to have been the portraiture of character. His *Memorials* are filled with photographs of his contemporaries. To these, in our notice of the book, we shall chiefly direct the reader's attention, introducing, however, his lordship's comments on the *remarkable* events of his time, and his curious sketches of the manners of the 'eras of his youth and early manhood; but omitting much discussion of legal matters as interesting only to professional readers, sundry revivifications of by-gone politics as a useless resuscitation of “extinct Satans,” mention of Edinburgh institutions and Edinburgh improvements as memorabilia to Edinburgh citizens merely. The *Memorials*, to tell the honest truth, are somewhat overloaded with these local records; but still their cosmopolitan element is large, as the following summary of the volume's contents, with its illustrative extracts (principally anecdotal), will show. This is simply a notice, not an analytic criticism; we, therefore, make no excuse for interspersing our abstract with desultory observations, instead of finishing off with a regular volley of reviewer's musketry after consigning our summary to paper.

On the 26th of October, 1779, either in one of the tall gloomy houses of the Parliament-close, or amid the rural sights and sounds of Cockpen, “a small estate about eight miles south of Edinburgh,” Henry Cockburn, son of the Sheriff of Midlothian and of Janet his wife, came out of mysterious darkness into the mysterious light of life.

He tells us that he was connected, by affinity and consanguinity, with the

“once powerful house of Arniston,” and that his father, “afterwards Judge Admiral,” became “finally a Baron of Exchequer;” but we care more to hear this mention of his mother: She “was the best woman I have ever known. If I were to survive her for a thousand years, I should still have a deep and grateful recollection of her kindness, her piety, her devotion to her family, and her earnest, gentle, and Christian anxiety, for their happiness in this life, and in the life to come.” When was it otherwise with the true mother, God's first revelation of His goodness, the Bible of the Babe?

Like the young David Copperfield, young Cockburn had an ornithological horror; an awe-inspiring peacock being his earliest reminiscence.

When eight years old he was sent to the High School, but of what Carlyle calls “express schooling” he speaks as slightly as Carlyle. His first master was a cruel despot and dull gerund-grinder, and even under Dr. Adam, “born to teach Latin, some Greek, and all virtue,” his progress does not appear to have been astounding. Amongst his school-fellows were Francis Horner and Henry Brougham, the latter known as “the fellow that had beat the master,” having, in spite of contemptuous pooh-poohs, and still more cutting “palmies,” convicted one Mr. Luke Frazer, a hypodidaskalos, of an error in Latinity. Comparing the figure that boys cut at school with their success in after-life, Cockburn quits “the yards” with this *naif* observation: “I have ever had a distrust of duxes, and thought boobies rather hopeful.” *Naif*, because this is a previous confession,—“I never got a single prize, and once sat *boobie* at the annual public examination.”

The amount of *poetry* in Lord Cockburn's mind has astonished us. His pages sparkle with simile, the metaphor through which his thought gleams forth, like a robin's eye through summer leaves, is often “beautiful exceedingly.” A single image proves him to have been a poet even when a boy. Rising, one brilliant morning, through fear of being too late for school, at two, he describes the city as it lay asleep in the golden sunlight.—“I came home awed, as if I had seen a *dead city*, and the impression of that hour has never been effaced.” There *is* something very solemn in the union of light and silence, in the interchange of glances between the glowing sun and his dumb bride, the hushed yet happy earth. No passage in *Sartor Resartus* is more striking than the picture of Herr Teufelsdröckh looking out from the North Cape, at midnight, on the silent sunny sea. Our modern Chrysostom in style, the English Opium-eater, produces a somewhat similar effect when he describes, with his musical majesty of words, the silent summer morn on which he fled from school.

In October, 1793, Cockburn commenced his collegiate studies. His “first-class was for more of that weary Latin; an excellent thing, if it had been got.” The Greek Professor in his day was Andrew Dalzel, of *collectanea* celebrity, a learned, innocent, affectionate, simple-minded man. Of him his pupil tells this pleasant story:—“He was trying to discharge a twopenny cannon for the amusement of his children; but his alarm and awkwardness only terrified them the more; till at last he got behind a washing-tub, and then, fastening the match to the end of a long stick, set the piece of ordnance off gloriously.” Charles the Second considered Presbyterianism a religion unfit for a gentleman: Dalzel seems to have thought it a faith unfit for a scholar; in some comical way associating English episcopacy with Greek and Latin prosody. “Sydney Smith asserted that he had overheard the professor muttering one dark night on the street to himself, ‘If it had not been for that confounded Solemn League and Covenant, we would have made as good longs and shorts as they.’ ”

The young student first learned that he “had a mind” whilst attending Professor Finlayson's logic lectures—Dugald Stewart he so devoutly idolised that he thought his “very spitting” eloquent: an apotheosis of expectoration in which we must confess we cannot sympathise. The Professor, when told by Macvey Napier of this extravagance of youthful enthusiasm, is said to have observed, “I am glad there is at least one thing in which I have no competitor!”

Whilst at college Cockburn became a member first of the Academical, and afterwards of the Speculative Society; at the meetings of the latter of which, Brougham already gave promise of his future in impetuous bursts of fervid declamation.

A few notes on society and manners at this time are worth jotting down. *Imprimis* of the ball-room. “Martinet dowagers and venerable beaux acted as masters and mistresses of the ceremonies, and made all the preliminary arrangements. No couple could dance unless each party was provided with a ticket prescribing the precise place in the precise dance. If there was no ticket, the gentleman or the lady was dealt with as an intruder, and turned out of the dance. If the ticket had marked upon it— say for a country dance—the figures 3, 5, this meant that the holder was to place himself in the 3rd dance, and 5th from the top; and if he was anywhere else, he was set right or excluded; the partner's ticket must correspond. Woe on the poor girl who, with ticket 2, 7, was found opposite a youth marked 5, 9! It was flirting without licence . . . ” 3.5, 2.7, 5.9!—don't it look like decimal fractions, or a time-table from the *Railway Guide*? Our ancestors were funny people. “Tea was sipped in side-rooms; and he was a careless beau who did not present his partner with an orange at the end of each dance.”

The dinner hour was two or three. The ladies marched from the drawing- to the dining-room “all in a row,” the gentlemen following in like order. “Taking wine” was a serious business.—“No nods, or grins, or indifference, but a direct look at the object, the audible uttering of the very words ‘your good health,’ accompanied by a respectful inclination of the head, a gentle attraction of the right hand towards the heart, and a gratified smile. And after all these detached pieces of attention during the feast were over, no sooner was the table cleared, and the after-dinner glasses set down, than it became necessary for each person, following the landlord, to drink the health of every other person present individually.” Then came “toasts” and “sentiments:” bugbears to modest spirits. Cockburn records a droll specimen of the latter. “There can scarcely be a better example of the emetical nature of the stuff that was swallowed than the sentiment elaborated by the poor dominie at Arndilly. He was called upon in his turn, before a large party, and having nothing to guide him in an exercise to which he was new, except what he saw was liked, after much writhing and groaning he came out with ‘The reflection of the moon in the cawm bosom of the lake.’” After dinner gentlemen were expected to get drunk, in which state they would rejoin the ladies; not scrupling to indulge in their presence in what Cockburn waggishly terms “solid commination.” A hearty supper, with a subsequent carouse, invariably wound up the day. Dress was supposed to indicate political bias; buckles and hair-powder manifesting the Tory, whilst trousers and gaiters were only seen on Jacobinical extremities. The ordinary topics of conversation are thus concisely summarised. “Grown up people at this time talked of nothing but the French Revolution, and its supposed consequences; younger men of good education were immersed in chemistry and political economy; the lower orders seemed to take no particular concern in anything.”

In December, 1800, Cockburn “entered the Faculty of Advocates; and, with a feeling of nothingness, paced the outer House.”

After an apparently faithful, *drearily* truthful, record of the reign of Toryism in Edinburgh at that period—like a rank Upas blighting all beneath its shade, buttressing every tottering abuse, stifling each noble aspiration; Lord Cockburn gives us a series of masterly sketches of the judges that then formed the Scottish Bench.

Having still more than 300 pages to get through, we must be chary and choice in our selections, but David Rae, Lord Eskgrove, is so richly ludicrous a character, that we cannot resist the temptation of dwelling at some length on his remarkable *dicta*.

But first, behold his portrait:

“He seemed, in his old age, to be about the average height; but as he then

stooped a good deal, he might have been taller in reality. His face, varied according to circumstances, from a scurfy red to a scurfy blue; the nose was prodigious; the under lip enormous, and supported on a huge clumsy chin, which moved like the jaw of an exaggerated Dutch toy. He walked with a slow stealthy step—something between a walk and a hirple, and helped himself on by short movements of his elbows, backwards and forwards, like fins. The voice was low and mumbling, and on the bench was generally inaudible for some time after the movement of the lips showed that he had begun speaking; after which the first word that was let fairly out was generally the loudest of the whole discourse.” “Whenever a name could be pronounced in more ways than one, he gave them all; and always put an accent on the last syllable.”

Lord Cockburn—to make use of a colonial phrase—has evidently “a down” on this worthy gentleman, as the following string of anecdotes will show:

“Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed with his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. ‘I declare,’ said the Justice, ‘that man Broom or Broug-ham, is the torment of my life!’ His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence, by calling it or him *the Harangue*. ‘Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why, it said this (mis-stating it); ‘but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill!’”

Now for a burst of Mr. Chadband eloquence:—

“As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus—‘And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereav-ed of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majes-ty's.’”

The Judge once gave the subjoined singular exhortation to a veiled witness:—

““Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil, throw off all modesty, and look me in the face!”

“A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this,—‘And so, gentle-men, having shown you that the pannell's argument is utterly impossibill, I shall now proceed for to show you that it is extremely improbabil.’”

Our next *ecloga*—an address to a prisoner condemned to death—is, we think, for polite piety, “a peerless gem:”—“Whatever your religious persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentle-men who will be most happy for to show you the way to yeternal life.”

We part with Lord Eskgrove passing sentence on certain burglars; and this is the climax of his peroration:—

“All this you did; and God preserve us! joost when they were sitten doon to their denner!”

Dickens latterly has dealt in ethical arabesque, in monsters, benevolent and otherwise, rather than in types of living men—*making* character rather than *depicting* it. To prove to him that flesh-and-blood originals are still undrawn, waiting, almost without need of exaggeration or idealisation, ready for reproduction by his magic pen, Lord Cockburn's sketch of Lord Hermand should be, we imagine, quite sufficient. We deeply regret that we cannot give it *in extenso*, but here are the most striking tints and touches:—

“Tall and thin, with grey lively eyes, and a long face, strongly expressive of whatever emotion he was under, his air and manner were distinctly those of a well-born and well-bred gentleman. His dress for society, the style of which he stuck to almost as firmly as he did to his principles, reminded us of the olden time, when trousers would have insulted any company and braces were deemed an impeachment of nature. Neither the disclosure of the long neck by the narrow bit of muslin stock, nor the outbreak of the linen between the upper and nether garments, nor the short coat sleeves, with the consequent length of bare wrist, could hide his being one of the aristocracy. And if they had, the thin and powdered grey hair, flowing down into a long thin gentleman-like pigtail, would have attested it. * * * He could not be indifferent. Repose, except in bed, where, however, he *slept zealously*, was unnatural and contemptible to him. It used to be said that if Hermand had made the heavens, he would have permitted *no fixed stars*. * * * * * Common-place toppers think drinking a pleasure, but with Hermand it was a virtue. * * * * * He had a sincere respect for drinking—indeed a high moral approbation; and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it; with due contempt of those who could, but did not. * * * * * The cordiality inspired by claret and punch was felt by him as so congenial to all right-thinking that he was confident that he could convert the Pope if he could only get him to sup with him.

And certainly his Holiness would have been hard to persuade, if he could have withstood Hermand about the middle of his second tumbler. * * * His eagerness made him froth and sputter so much in his argumentation, that there is a story to the effect, that when he was once pleading in the House of Lords, the Duke of Gloucester, who was about 50 feet from the bar, rose and said with pretended gravity, 'I shall be much obliged to the learned gentleman if he will be so good as to refrain from spitting in my face.' * * * Bacon advises Judges to draw their law 'out of their books, not out of their brain.' Hermand generally did neither. He was very apt to say, 'My Laards, I *feel* my law—*here*, my Laards,' striking his heart. Hence he sometimes made little ceremony in disdaining the authority of an Act of Parliament, when he and it happened to differ. He once got rid of one which Lord Meadowbank (the first), whom he did not particularly like, was for enforcing, because the Legislature had made it law, by saying, in his snorting, contemptuous way, and with an emphasis on every syllable. 'But then we're told that there's a statute against all this. A statute! What's a statute? Words. Mere Words! And am *I* to be tied down by words? No, my Laards; I go by the law of *right reason!*'" Taking his law from '*here*, my Laards'—the heart of a *bon vivant*, he thus commented on the conduct of a young gentleman who had stabbed a friend at the close of a carouse: 'We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him!—after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my laards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?'

We wish we had room for his lordship's admirable word-pictures of the notabilities of this age, but since we have not, we must content ourselves with marking here and there a characteristic trait. Principal Robertson "evidently fond of a good dinner, at which he sat with his chin near his plate, intent upon the real business of the occasion." Fur-clad Adam Furguson, "like a philosopher from Lapland—rioting over a boiled turnip," with Dr. Joseph Black. "His temperature was regulated by Fahrenheit, and often when sitting quite comfortably, he would start up, and put his wife and daughters into commotion, because his eye had fallen on the instrument, and discovered that he was a degree too hot or too cold." Dr. Black, dying, "seated with a bowl of milk on his knee, of which his ceasing to live did not cause him to spill a drop,"—etc., etc. The story of Dr. Henry, the historian, shamming a sleep on the very day of his death, in order to escape the infliction of a "wearisome body" of a minister, might, we think, have been omitted. A joke at such a time jars on one's feelings.

“The dying man peeping cautiously through the fringes of his eye-lids to see how his visitor was coming on” is a clause remarkable neither for good English nor good taste.

During Cockburn's student-days there dwelt at Edinburgh “a singular race of excellent Scotch old ladies. They were a delightful set, strong-headed, warm-hearted and high-spirited; the fire of their tempers not always latent; merry even in solitude; very resolute; indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world, and adhering to their own ways so as to stand out, like primitive rocks, above ordinary society.” Lector benevole, we must introduce you to these jolly sybils, give you a taste of the quality of these withered winter apples. “There sits a clergyman's widow, the mother of the first Sir David Dundas. * * * * I remember one of her grand-daughters stumbling, in the course of reading the newspapers to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up she of fourscore sat, and said, with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist and a keen voice—“The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell?” A fair friend, with eyes as keen as they are bright, suggests that conscience might have something to do with the old lady's indignation—

“A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.”

“Miss Menie Trotter, of the Mortonhall family, * * * generally sacrificed an ox to hospitality every autumn, which, according to a system of her own, she ate regularly from nose to tail; and as she indulged in him only on Sundays, and with a chosen few, he feasted her half through the winter. I remember her urging her neighbour, Sir Thomas Lauder, not long before her death, to dine with her next Sunday—‘For, eh! Sir Thammass, we're terrible near the tail noo.’” “On one of her friends asking her, not long before her death, how she was, she said, ‘Very weel—quite weel. But eh! I had a dismal dream last night! a fearfu' dream!’ ‘Aye! I'm sorry for that—what was it?’ ‘Ou! what d'ye think? Of a' places i' the world, I dreamed I was in heeven. And what d'ye think I saw there? Deil ha'et, but thousands upon thousands, and ten thousands upon ten thousands, o' stark naked weans? That wad be a dreadfu' thing! for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days!’”

Every one has heard the story of Sheridan, found drunk in the gutter, stuttering out, to the horrified astonishment of his interrogators, that he was Wee-il-berforce. Lord Cullen, when a young man, was guilty of an equally impudent piece of personation. “Dugald Stewart somewhere calls him ‘the most perfect of all mimics.’ He was particularly successful with his friend Principal Robertson, whose character he once endangered in a tavern by

indecorous toasts, songs, and speeches, given with such a resemblance of the original, that a party on the other side of the partition, suspecting no trick, went home believing that they had caught the reverend historian unawares." Principal Robertson talking *smut*, and bellowing out bacchanalian stanzas—conceive the profanation! The Memnonian head indulging in cider-cellar songs at sunrise seems scarcely a more blasphemously improbable contingency!

The Bench having been disposed of, the Scottish Bar is painted; indeed, as we have already hinted, the *Memorials* are one long picture-gallery, filled with the portraits of lawyers, literary men, *savans*, and divines; but we have only space for one more likeness, a miniature, which we insert as likely to correct a widely-prevalent false impression,—HENRY MACKENZIE.

"The title of 'The Man of Feeling' adhered to him ever after the publication of that novel; and it was a good example of the difference there sometimes is between a man and his work. Strangers used to fancy that he must be a pensive sentimental Harley; whereas he was far better—a hard-headed practical man, as full of worldly wisdom as most of his fictitious characters are devoid of it; and this without in the least impairing the affectionate softness of his heart. In person he was thin, shrivelled, and yellow, kiln-dried, with something, when seen in profile, of the clever wicked look of Voltaire.

From 1803 to 1814, Edinburgh was "a camp" of militia and volunteers. Everybody was a soldier. Like our local Tyrtæus, Mr. Henry Halloran, literary men wielded alternately the pen and the sword. "Brougham served the same gun in a company of artillery with Playfair. James Moncreiff, John Richardson, James Grahame, (the Sabbath), Thomas Thompson, and Charles Bell, were all in one company of riflemen. Francis Horner walked about the streets with a musket, being a private in the gentlemen-regiment. Dr. Gregory was a soldier, and Thomas Brown, the moralist, Jeffrey, and many another since famous in more intellectual warfare."

The following anecdote of Walter Scott—not mentioned by Lockhart, if we remember rightly—is very characteristic:—"He was the soul of the Edinburgh troop of Midlothian yeomanry cavalry. I do not know if it is usual, but his troop used to practise, individually, with the sabre at a turnip, which was stuck on the top of a staff, to represent a Frenchman, in front of the line. Every other trooper, when he set forward in his turn, was far less concerned about the success of his aim at the turnip, than about how he was to tumble. But Walter pricked forward gallantly, saying to himself, 'cut them down, the villains, cut them down!' and made his blow, which,

from his lameness, was often an awkward one, cordially muttering curses all the while at the detested enemy.”

In 1805, John Leslie succeeded Playfair as Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. There was strong opposition to the appointment on the part of the ‘Moderate’ clergy; ostensibly because Leslie looked with favour on Hume's theory of causation; really because they wished the vacant chair to be filled by one of their own body. A regular “Hampden controversy” ensued. Buried bigotry and greed, like other putrid corpses, are unpleasant things to dig up; we merely refer to the dispute to mention that Leslie was made, in a somewhat amusing manner, a criterion of orthodoxy for himself; Dr. Andrew Hunter, Professor of Divinity, quoting in the Assembly a note on Euler that Leslie had written in defence of Hume, as emanating from his namesake of unimpeachable piety, and presbyterianism, Dr. Henry Hunter, the translator of Euler's Letters. After concluding his pro-Lesliac, the Professor was told that the note was Condorcet's; a piece of information which—honourably, but still somewhat after the fashion of the proverbial cow that always kicked over the pailful of rich milk she had just given—he immediately communicated, amidst “inextinguishable laughter,” to his opponents. The fact that Leslie himself had written the note for an anonymous translation of Condorcet's works, from which, as Condorcet's, Dr. Henry Hunter had transferred it to his Euler, was only known to Mr. Macvey Napier, and in his breast the truth remained locked up, a sacred secret. The strife is only interesting now as having been the warm and dirty soil from which sundry cool metaphysical publications of permanent value were “raised,” like cucumbers from a hotbed.

We pass over the avatar of chivalric poesie in Scott, his literary career being familiar to every one “as household words. In reference to a political *escapade* of his, the “Tally-ho to the Fox!” song, Lord Cockburn makes these just and charitable observations: “If, as was said, Scott really intended this as a shout of triumph over the expiring orator, it was an indecency which no fair license of party-zeal can palliate: but I am inclined to believe that nothing was meant beyond one of the jocular, and not unnatural exultations over the defeated leaders of the impeachment [Lord Melville's] of which the song was composed. There were some important persons, however, whose good opinion by this indiscretion was lost to Scott for ever. Lockhart's explanation is, that Scott having (apparently) just accepted his Clerkship of Session from the Whigs, thought it necessary to show his independence by abusing them. It seems absurd to impute this to a sensible man; besides it does not hit the blot. It was not abuse of the Whigs that gave offence, but a supposed triumphant cheer over Fox's

approaching death.”

In 1806 an advocate-deputyship was offered to Cockburn by the Tories; it was accepted with “considerable misgiving as to the result.” In 1810 his lordship “had the honour of being dismissed by the Lord Advocate” from the office.

In 1809 died Dr. Adam; his last words being, “It grows dark, boys; we must put off the rest till to-morrow.” *His* to-morrow was spent in a world where grammars are unknown—perhaps less heavenly to the good old schoolmaster on that account. Like whimsical Charles Lamb, he might, perchance, regret the exchange of well-beloved books for “some awkward experiment of intuition.”

Speaking of the foundation of the Edinburgh Horticultural Society in 1810, Lord Cockburn says: “This Horticultural Society was one of the first buds of that extraordinary and delightful burst of floral taste which has since poured such botanical magnificence over our great places, and such varied and attainable beauty round our cottages. It is not in our public establishments, or in our great private collections, that its chief triumph is to be looked for; but in the moderate place, the villa, and especially in the poor man's garden; in the prevalence of little flower societies; its interest as a subject of common conversation; and the cheap, but beautiful and practical works that are to be found in the houses of the humblest of the people. I cannot doubt its proving a great civiliser. In innocence, purity, and simplicity, the florist—not the scientific botanist, but the florist of his own little borders, is the only rival of the angler. I wish we had a good Flowery Walton.” Like Dr. Arnold, who said that the wild flowers were his music, Lord Cockburn had “dead ears” for what is ordinarily so called. In both cases we imagine this insensibility must have arisen from some physical defect; there being so close an analogy between the pleasures of the eye and ear, that where the one class is keenly felt, we confidently expect, and almost always find, as keen an appreciation of the other. How could we give a blind man a better idea of the rainbow than by telling him it was a chord of colours?

In March, 1811, Lord Cockburn married, and set up his “rural household gods at Bonaly, in the parish of Colinton, close by the northern base of the Pentland Hills.” Of personal *Memorials* he is very parsimonious; here, however, is a peep into his peaceful solitude,—“One summer I read every word of Tacitus in the sheltered crevice of a rock (called ‘My Seat’) about 800 feet above the level of the sea, with the most magnificent of scenes stretched out before me.”

Having our author book in hand, we will next make him utter a few literary comments:—“I think it was to Mrs. Hamilton that Jeffrey said, in

allusion to the good taste of never losing the feminine in the literary character, that there was no objection to the blue stocking, provided the petticoat came low enough down. One wonders why Mrs. Hamilton, with her good Scotch eye, did not put more Scotch among her cotta gers than dirt, on which almost solely the book lives.”

Of Scott and his novels: “The change of line, at his age, was a striking proof of intellectual power and richness. But the truth is, that these novels were rather the outpourings of old thoughts than new inventions.”

De Noctibus Ambrosianis: “There is not [another] so curious and original work in the English or Scotch languages. It is a most singular and delightful outpouring of criticism, politics, and descriptions of feeling, character, and scenery, of verse and prose, and maudlin eloquence, and especially of wild fun. It breathes the very essence of the Bacchanalian revel of clever men. And its Scotch is the best Scotch that has been written in modern times. * * * The characters are all well drawn and well sustained, except that of the Opium Eater, who is heavy and prosy; but this is perhaps natural to opium.” In reference to the former portion of the last remark, we may observe, on the authority of one who knew both the imitator and imitated intimately—that De Quincey never had justice done him in the *Noctes*; Wilson, though able to mimic his physical peculiarities of voice, and look, and gesture to the very life, being incompetent to simulate his “deep-flowing Oceanus” of Thought, or marshall in magnificent array his triumphal pomp of words. In reference to the latter, let the English opium-eater speak himself: “Certainly opium is classed under the head of narcotics; and some such effect it may produce in the end; but the primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system. * * * Turkish opium-eaters, it seems, are absurd enough to sit, like so many equestrian statues, on logs of wood as stupid as themselves. * * * It will be seen that at least opium did not move *me* to seek solitude, and much less to seek inactivity, or the torpid state of self-involution ascribed to the Turks.”

In his introduction to an account of the “Sedition Trials,” Lord Cockburn forcibly observes:—“Demagogues are almost always effects—rarely causes; they are the froth that rises and bubbles on the surface, when the mass of the people ferments.”

When speaking of the Burke and Hare atrocities, his lordship, who acted as counsel for Helen Macdougall, expressly denies that he whispered, “Infernal hag!” “The gudgeons swallow it!”—in an interval of his address to the jury, according to the accusation of the *Quarterly*. On Burke he passes this slightly eccentric eulogy:—“*Except that he murdered*, Burke was a sensible, and what might be called a respectable man.” To ordinary

minds murder appears a rather more important drawback on a man's good qualities than Lord Cockburn seems to have considered it.

This summary is not complete, even according to the meagre ideal of completeness we indicated at its commencement, but, just referring to our author's description of the "Edinburgh great fires" as a specimen of his happy, but careless, historico-picturesque, we must hastily conclude our notice with an intimation that in 1823, principally through the exertions of Cockburn and Leonard Horner, the first stone of the Edinburgh Academy was laid; that, under the ministry of Earl Grey, Cockburn became Solicitor-General for Scotland, and that farther the deponent sayeth not.

We close the book, made memorable to us by the healing hush—unbroken save by still more soothing music—and the sweet society in which it has been read.

Farewell to the Koré.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The withered leaves are falling fast,
Like tears for an only child;
And deep is the wail of the rising blast
That comes from the ocean wild.
The golden ears no longer wave
Like a rippling sunlit sea;
Thou art gone from us to the gloomy grave—
Farewell, Persephone!

Since first the corn rose fresh and green,
With its drops of crystal dew,
How many a hope the light hath seen,
That never shall rise anew!
The dazzling dreams that round us shone,
We never again may see;
There are hearts that now must dwell alone,—
Farewell, Persephone!

Demeter wears her robe of gloom,
For her Holy One* she grieves,
For the autumn brings thy yearly doom,
With the sickle and the sheaves:
And since the weary year was young,
How oft, for the loved, like thee,
Hath the widowed heart with grief been wrung—
Farewell, Persephone!

But when the crocuses shall bloom,
Thou then wilt again appear,
Wilt burst the bands of the darksome tomb,
And bask in the sunlight clear;
The loved *we* mourn are gone for aye,
On earth they have ceased to be;
On our sorrow's night ne'er dawneth day—
Farewell, Persephone!

* ἁγνή is an epithet applied to Persephone in the Homeric poems.

Glaucus.

Down, down, down,
Deep down in the green sea,
Glaucus in the sluggish tide
From side to side
Sways wearily.

Shells are gleaming in his hair,
Tangle swathes each sodden limb,
With a stedfast, stony stare,
Corpse-like through the waters dim,
His eyeballs glare.
Hark! there comes a shuddering sigh—
“Woe, woe to him who may not die!

“Ariadne, where is she?
Scylla?—Scylla!—Woe is me
For the love that wrought her doom!
Gazing, far off, through the gloom,
When the waves were thick with storm,
I have seen her hideous form—
Direst monster of the sea!
Oh, misery,
Through love of mine that this should be!”

Then he riseth stern and slow,
Floateth, Fate-like, o'er the main,
With evermore the same sad strain—
“Woe, woe,
Woe unto all that breathe below!”
Where vine-clad isles
Dimple the ocean's face with smiles,
And by the mainland's sunny shore,
That boding voice sounds evermore—
“Woe, woe,
Woe unto all that breathe below!
Ye live and hope—despair and die—
Thus happier in your doom than I—
Woe, woe to him who *may* not die!

Rhoecus's Bee.

The baked bank cracks—down the red ruins rattle,
 Baring the cables of a sturdy oak
That long hath braved the fiercest blast to battle,
 And mocked, secure, the woodman's ringing stroke;
But now it bows its wealth of golden leaves
And golden acorns o'er the golden sheaves.

The Hamadryad for her life is trembling,
 But Rhoecus wanders in the harvest field,
And, swift from wain and shock his hinds assembling,
 Props up the tree before the roots can yield;
Then lays him down to rest beneath its shade,
When, lo! before him stands the Sylvan Maid:

An oak-leaf chaplet round her sunny tresses,
 A russet mantle o'er her breast of snow,—
The which the artful autumn breeze caresses,
 Hungry to kiss the twins that heave below;
A sea-shell blush her cheek and forehead dyes,
A dewy light is in her violet eyes.

“Saviour!” she murmurs, whilst her silken lashes
 Half veil the starry orbs that well beneath
With longing love that thrills and yet abashes,—
 Plucking meanwhile, confused, her drooping wreath:
“Receive my thanks, receive—what more you will!—
Life is a gift that leaves me debtor still.”

“Oh, might I wed thee!” is his brief petition—
 She clings like ivy to his lips and breast—
(Nymphs need not ask a cross papa's permission)—
 The field is empty—they retire to rest,—
On sward soon silvered by the moon's soft light,
Meet Hymen's torch for that sweet nuptial night!

Too soon for both the roguish sun arises,
 Silently smiling at their wakeful bliss;
They part, in fear of less discreet surprises,
 And thus she warns him with her farewell kiss:
“None other must he love who loveth me—
 Come, darling, when I send yon forest Bee.”

Full oft the gold-streaked bee its swift way wingeth
 To Rhoecus, waiting for its welcome hum;
And panting swain to glowing mistress bringeth
 Within the spreading forest, dim and dumb:

October leaves fall on them from above,
But who read omens when they're blind with love?

* * * * *

Before a roaring hearth, with pine-logs laden,
There sit at draughts a maiden and a youth;
Wicked young Zoe is the winsome maiden,
The youth is Rhoecus—where is lover's truth?
She twits him with the bee, the while they play:
“If you know *what* should come, *then* would you stay?

“Do tell me what it is, you crazy Rhoecus,
That binds you to the bidding of a bee?—
Why, when the maidens meet, you never seek us?
And look as grim as Hades e'en at me?
Ah! you smile now, but if the bee should come,
Poor Zoe's voice must hush before its hum!”

False Rhoecus answers—throwing on a splinter:
“Tut! nonsense! one likes walks when days are fine,
But not in knee-deep snow—fireside for winter—
And where are eyes that can compete with thine?”
His traitor hands with Zoe's tresses play—
The bee flies in—he brushes it away.

They kiss across the board,—when, hark! a groaning
Is heard without in the o'ershadowing trees;
A blind man clasps a corpse, as sternly moaning
A voice sweeps by upon the midnight breeze:
“None other may he love who loveth me—
To Rhoecus comes no more the forest bee!”

Soul Ferry.*

High and dry upon the shingle lies the fisher's boat to-night;
From his roof-beam dankly drooping, raying phosphorescent light,
Spectral in its pale blue splendour, hangs his heap of scaly nets,
And the fisher, lapt in slumber, surge and seine alike forgets.

Hark! there comes a sudden knocking, and the fisher starts from sleep,
As a hollow voice and ghostly bids him once more seek the deep:
Wearily across his shoulder flingeth he the ashen oar,
And upon the beach descending finds a skiff beside the shore.

'Tis not his, but he must enter—rocking on the waters dim,
Awful in their hidden presence, who are they that wait for him?
Who are they that sit so silent, as he pulleth from the land,—
Nothing heard save rumbling rowlock, wave soft-breaking on the sand?

Chill adown the tossing channel blows the wailing, wand'ring breeze,
Lonely in the murky midnight, mutt'ring mournful memories,—
Summer lands where once it brooded, wrecks that widows' hearts have wrung—
Swift the dreary boat flies onwards, spray, like rain, around it flung.

On a pebbled strand it grateth, ghastly cliffs around it loom,
Thin and melancholy voices faintly murmur through the gloom;
Voices only, lipless voices, and the fisherman turns pale,
As the mother greets her children, sisters landing brothers hail.

Lightened of its unseen burden, cork-like rides the rocking bark,
Fast the fisherman flies homewards o'er the billows deep and dark;
That boat needs no mortal's mooring—sad at heart he seeks his bed,
For his life henceforth is clouded—he hath piloted the Dead!

* Founded on a note by Tzetzes upon Lycophron, quoted in Keightley's *Mythology of Greece and Rome*.

The Spectre Coach.

AN ESSEX LEGEND.

Rattle, rattle, tramp and dash,
Winding horn and harness shaking—
Who that hears the fearsome clash
But like aspen-leaf is quaking?

See the leaders' eyes fire-flashing,
Dusk each horse as darkest coal,
Through the murky mist they're dashing,
Swift the rumbling coach-wheels roll.

On the seats dim forms are sitting,
Smouldering-red their curst eyes gleam;
Spectre guard is by thee flitting,
Spectre coachman driveth team!

Lo! he now his reins is tightening,
He would hail thee—but beware!
In the East the sky is brightening,
They must to their inn repair.

Ask not of that unknown hostel,
Answer not the driver's cry,
Let not leaf beside thee rustle,
When the spectre coach sweeps by!

Plunging, now the bog they enter—
Holy Mother! guard us well—
On yon gloomy panel's centre
Looms, in fiery letters, HELL!

A Song.

Aye, smile—as autumn sunlight smiles
On withered leaves:
Thy golden glance no more beguiles,
My withered heart no longer grieves
To watch its gleam grow cold and fade,
Though once such gloom seemed darkest shade.

Aye, weep,—as thunder-showers weep,
O'er blasted tree:
The wrong is done, and thou wouldst steep
In *tears* the wound I owe to thee!
The tree stands black beneath the rain:
Tears cannot give me hope again.

Aye, go,—as dreams of heaven go,
When breaks the dawn:
Though sternly frowns this world of woe
When sleep's gay veil aside is drawn;
To work is nobler than to dream,—
Traitor, I *hail* the wak'ning beam!

A Ballad.

I saw her, when her eyes were bright
 With girlish glee:
Their truthful, fondling, laughing light
 Fell trustfully on me;
She knew I loved her, and the thought
That blush upon her cheek had brought,
 Like morning sunlight on the sea.

I saw her, when a sudden shade
 Dimmed those bright eyes:
Knowing that she had been betrayed,
 Strengthless to rend the ties
That bound her to the traitor vile,
She smiled a sickly, withered smile,
 And pointed to the watching skies.

I saw her, when from face and form
 Her beauty's bloom
Had passed as summer rich and warm
 Fades into autumn's gloom:
'Twas long since we had met before—
Alas; I never saw her more:
 She died within that curtained room.

I saw a tombstone yesterday,
 Whilst wandering late:
Mottled with moss and lichens grey,
 Marked but with name and date.
Ghost-like, it stood before me there,
All that remains of one so fair—
 But shall not God avenge her fate?

Sepulchra Sepulta.

Yes, thy lady-love is kind;
Joy is laughing in her eye,
Welcome budding on her lip,
When thy footfall soundeth nigh.
But hast thou a jealous heart?
Canst thou mount another's throne?
Deem'st thou that fair smiling one—
Smiling now—is all thine own?
Hath she no sealed, solemn Past?
Hearts, like trees, have many springs:
Echo-like, despite her glee,
“Farewell” in her welcome rings.
Say, what means that sudden gloom?—
Thou art treading o'er a tomb.

Turning glass to amethyst,
Through the goblets gleams the wine;
'Neath the lustres' golden light
Clustered faces blithely shine:
Met for Bacchic sacrament,
Sons of festal pleasure sit,
Trolling forth the merry song,
Flashing back the ready wit.
What to them is either Then,
Whilst they lip the luscious Now?—
Look again, and read the lines
Carved on each sham-jocund brow:
Their smiles but like grave-flowers bloom—
Every heart there is a tomb.

“Would you magnate's lot were mine,”
Thou, perchance, hast often sighed,
“Resting, canopied with state,
Moving, calm in regal pride!
Life for him is paved with gold,
Roses blossom at his call;
Would that I could share his lot—”
Murmurer, wouldst thou share it all?
What do those strange glances mean,
Peering from his troubled eyes,
Like the window-sprites that haunt
House where blood for vengeance cries?
Hidden crime still dreads its doom—
God's eye floods the blackest tomb!

Let Us Be Merry—Just To-Night.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens —.

Nunc vino pellite curas!
Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.

Stir up the fire, push round the wine—
Let us be merry—just to-night:
The stars in silvery sadness shine,
And tell of sealed eyes once as bright—
But we'll be merry—just to-night!

Come, take your glass, draw in your chair—
Let us be merry—just to night:
Our brows all bear the brand of care,
Our souls are black with sorrow's blight—
But we'll be merry—just to-night!

Tick, tick—old Time is hurrying on—
Let us be merry—just to night!
Loved friends, like summer-clouds, are gone,
Dreams, like scared birds, have taken flight—
But we'll be merry—just to-night.

Flash forth the wit, troll out the glee—
Let us be merry—just to-night!
The morn may bring new misery,
Woe riseth with the rising light—
But we'll be merry—just to-night!

Pour on—the feast will soon be o'er—
Let us be merry—just to-night:
We all are bound for one dim shore,
Like autumn-leaves we pass from sight—
Then let's be merry—just to night!

The Angel of Life.

Life's Angel watched a happy child at play,
Wreathing the riches of the blushing May:
His eye was cloudless as the heavens above,
But there was pity in her look of love.

The flowers he gathered bloomed their brief bright hour,
Then rained their petals in a silent shower:
The boy looked up at her with strange surprise,
And sadder grew the pity in her eyes.

Superstites Rosae.

The grass is green upon her grave,
The west wind whispers low:
“The corn is changed, come forth, come forth,
Ere all the blossoms go!”

In vain. Her laughing eyes are sealed,
And cold her sunny brow;
Last year she smiled upon the flowers—
They smile above her now!

The Stars above the Cedar Tree.

The stars came forth above the cedar tree,
And, far away, I thought upon my love;
Tracing a memory of her calm, fond eyes
In the pure lustre smiling from above.

Again they rise, but sadly, sadly, now,
For those who aye would meet, may meet no more;
And severed hearts in loneliness must learn
Their brief, bright, dreamy hour of bliss is o'er.

And yet once more they smile, for patient trust
Hath triumphed, and my heart hath claimed its prize;
And gazing silent on the silent heaven,
I read glad greeting in those myriad eyes.

But now in calm, fixed pity, one by one,
They nightly rise above the dusky tree:
They still shine on, but my sweet star has set—
Ne'er more to shed her silvery light on me.

Ne'er more?—Not so: when they shall fall from heaven,
Like dewdrops shaken from a wind-tost spray,
She then shall rise again in purer sheen,
To be my own fond, cherished one for aye!

This Year's Honeysuckle.

The honeysuckle breathes again, as fragrant to the bee
E'en as it was in summers past, but, oh, how changed to me!
The memories it used to bring were joyous all and bright,
But now its every blossom tells of grief and faded light.

Its clusters once were linked with thoughts of mornings pure and mild,
Showering their sunshine on a grange in which a mother smiled:
The house seemed filled with music then, like that blessed home above,
Where all affections blend to form the harmony of love!

But she who bound its hearts in one no longer lingers here:
The autumn's last sere, rustling leaves fell sadly on her bier;
And now around that quiet spot there broods a settled gloom,
Gathered in deepest mournfulness within one shaded room.

Her children still are dwelling there, but like to unstrung beads,
Separate in pleasure and in pain, in thoughts, and words, and deeds;
Whilst o'er his silent hearth at night the father bends in woe,
Feeling the dreary loneliness that *left ones* only know.

Henceforth a cloud will dim they bloom, thou fair and fragrant flower;
Wherever I may see thee hang, on hedge-row, porch or bower:
Joining the many, many joys already past away,
Another dream of perfect bliss hath melted into day!

Don Francia.*

The locusts wasted Paraguay,
The Guachos sink in dumb despair;
But what are such poor souls as they?
Don Francia is there!

He bids them sow the earth again,
The earth obeys the double call;
Thenceforth *two* yearly crops of grain
Before the sickle fall.

Bow not, brave heart, beneath thy loss,
But boldly tread thy trouble down,
And that which first appeared a cross,
Shall prove at last a crown!

*See Carlyle's *Essays*.

The Dead.

“πλείων χρόνος
ὄν δεῖ μ' ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω, τῶν ἐνθάδε.
ἔκει γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσομαι.”

—*Soph. Antigone*, vv. 74–76.

How do the Dead arise before thy sight?—
Unbidden guests in the deep hush of night,
With fixed, reproachful eyes,
Full of a sad surprise
That now they come again, they meet no more
The glad, fond greeting that they found of yore—
Thus do they rise?

Or are they ever with thee on thy way,
In dreams by night, in visions of the day,
Growing so clear and full at quiet eve,
That for a time the heart forgets to grieve,
Deeming that still it hath its treasure here—
So present doth it seem, so *freshly* dear?

Do they go with thee through the city's din,
Like guardian angels, saving thee from sin,
When thy foot falls on paths thy soul would rue?
Calming thy fevered heart with heavenly dew,
When proudly fighting in this world's fierce strife,
It recks not of that other, *endless* life!

Oh, cherish thou the memory of thy dead!—
'Tis better to behold red sunlight shed
Upon the far-off hills so lavishly,
And then to mark that sailless, sundering sea:
But wouldst thou have the sweet, sad sunlight fade,
And yield yon green, bright hills to night's dull shade?

Hath it no whisper for thy weary heart?
No tale of worlds where love-links never part?
What thought like this the soul of grief beguiles,
When others seek their homes so rich in smiles—
Thy day is longer, but its eve will come:
Thou, too, hast welcomes waiting thee at home!

Translations.

EURIPIDES.

CHORUS.

(*Medea*, vv. 820–61.)

Ere Time grew old,
Life flowed for the Erechthean race
In sands of gold.

Sons of the gods for ever blest,
And banqueting on loftiest lore—
Fruit of the sacred shore
No victor's foot had ever pressed—
They wandered in ethereal grace
Through most pellucid air.*
'Tis there they tell, Harmonia bore—
She of the golden hair—
The Muses nine, in days of yore,
The chaste Pierides.†

And there, they say—
With lip still wet from thy fair stream,
Cephisus!—many a gentle breeze,
With fragrance laden, Cypris breathes
O'er all the land; and as she wreathes
Rose-garlands aye,
To shed their perfume on the gleam
Of sunbright hair,
The Loves she sends
To sit at Wisdom's side, as friends
Of all things good and fair.

How shall the City
Of Sacred Waters,
Welcoming only the harmless of men,
Number *thee*, then,
In the list of her daughters?—
Thee the unholy, whose red right hand runs
With blood of thy sons!

Whilst still there is time,
Oh, think of the crime
Thou art minded to do!

Spare them! Suppliantly we sue—
At thy knees we suppliant fall,
All ways suppliant, suppliant all!

Heart and hand will fail thee, sure—
Thou canst never do the deed!
Tearless, can thine eyes endure
To behold thy children bleed?

When before thy feet they lie,
When thou hear'st their pleading cry—
Mother! Canst thou *that* withstand?
Savage as thy heart may be,
In the blood that sprang from thee,
Thou *wilt* not dip thy murderous hand?

* Wilson beautifully describes the *lamprotatos aither* in his *Day at Windermere*, when he speaks of the air as being “clear and transparent as a fine eye lighted up by a good conscience.”

† Some translators reverse the process, and make Harmony the daughter of the Muses; but how on earth could a child have nine mammas? Elmsley supports my rendering.

Theocritus.

ADONIAZUSÆ: OR, THE SYRACUSAN GOSSIPS.* (*Idyl xv.*)

GORGO. Praxinoe, are you within?

PRAXINOE. Why, dear, how late you are!
I marvel much that even now you should have got so far!
Bring her a chair—quick, Eunoe! Look for a cushion, too.

G. Oh, thank you, it does very well.

P. Be seated, then, pray do!

G. I'm half distracted, I declare—the crowd's so great, and then
On all sides there are rattling cars, and booted, mounted men,
The road is such a weary one, and you live so far away,
I really thought, Praxinoe, I'd not get here to-day!

P. Just so—that idiot of mine must come to the world's end,
And take—that I—poor cooped-up thing!—might never see a friend—
A wild beast's den, instead of house—the spiteful, jealous spy!

G. Don't talk so of your husband, love, whilst your little one is by,—
See how he looks, the knowing imp! Tut, tut, pet, your mamma,

My own sweet little Zoppy, isn't talking of dada!

P. By'r Lady,* the child twigs us!

G. ——— *Pretty* papa!

P. Humph! That same pretty gentleman went lately, as we say,
To buy nitre and some ceruse[†] —'twas but the other day—
And what do you think he brought me?—The stupid blundering fool!
Why salt, just common bay-salt—but man was born to rule!

G. Ay, and my Diocleides is exactly such another,
For squandering money your good man might claim him as a brother;
Seven drachmae he spent yesterday for fleeces, I'll be sworn,
No sheep upon their backs as wool had ever worn—
Mere dogs' hair, wallet-pluckings, rubbish not worth the water
'Twould take to make them fit for use by any freeman's daughter.
But come, put on your cloak, and buckle-to your kirtle,
And we'll be off to our rich king's, Prince Ptolemy's, my turtle,
To see this year's Adonis[‡] —I understand the Queen
Intends to give us such an one as ne'er before was seen.

P. No thanks to her, with wealth like hers!

G. But when you've seen the sight,
You can tell others what you've seen. Come, don't stop here all night!

P. You idle folks can talk like that. A towel, Eunoe;
And mind don't put it where Miss Puss can loll so cosily,
You careless slut! Some water, quick! I want the water first.
Look how she brings the soap! With rage I'm like to burst
To see such dawdling; give it here; now, don't pour too much in!
You wasteful, wretched creature! I am wetted to the skin!
And my poor kirtle! Stop! I say. Well, now I think I'll do;
I'm clean enough, I'm certain, for e'en the gods to view.
Now, where's the key? The key, I mean, of the big linen press?
Go for it.

G. O Praxinoe, that *is* a lovely dress!
What did it cost you?

P. My good friend, more than I like to say,
More than two silver minae; but it is n't every day
You see such stuff. Ah, how I toiled in working at it, too!

G. 'Twas worth the pains.

P. I think it was. I say, you dawdler, you,
Bring me my parasol and cloak; put it on tastily.
Oh no, don't think it! You'll not go, my boy, along with me.
Black bogey'd get you—horses bite; ah, you may cry away,
But 't wouldn't do to have you lame. We shan't get off to-day;
Phrygian, amuse the little man—don't let him cry so loud;
Call in the dog, and shut the door.

Good gracious! what a crowd!
How shall we ever manage to get through such a throng?
Like ants upon an ant-hill the people swarm along.
Thanks to our good king Ptolemy, since his old father died,
No crafty villain, like a cat, behind one's back can glide,
As once the artful scoundrels whom nothing could ashame—
The worthless scamps! on travellers would play their knavish game.
O, dearest Gorgo, here's a fix for hapless me and you;
Here come the prince's chargers; what ever shall we do?
Don n't ride me down, my dear good man. See how the chesnut rears—
The fiery brute! Fly, Eunoe! How is't you have no fears?
He'll kill the groom!—oh, an't I glad I left my child at home?

G. Courage, my dear Praxinoe! No more they wildly roam,
And we are safe enough behind.

P. I thought I should have died;
Horses and snakes, e'en from a girl, I never could abide.
Let's hasten on, the crowds increase.

G. Come you from court, old dame?

OLD WOMAN. 'Twas from the court, my daughters, your humble servant
came,

G. Shall we be able to get in?

O. W. The Greeks, my pretty one,

Took Troy by trying. If you try, sure, all things can be done.

G. How like an oracle she talked!

P. Women know everything—
Even how Zeus obtained his wife.

G. Just look, love, how they cling
About the doors—oh, what a throng!

P. Gorgo, give me your hand;
You, Eunoe, hold Eutyichis; hold fast, you understand,
Or you'll be lost. And now we'll all force in our way together,—
Hold tight! O me! The only cloak I had for summer weather
Is torn in two—alas! alas! oh, what a heavy stroke!—
Good God, sir! As you hope for peace, I say keep off my cloak!

STRANGER. I'll try, though—

P. In his neighbour's ribs each man his elbows digs—
The vulgar varlets! How they crowd, and squeeze, and push like pigs!

S. Cheer up, dear madam, we are safe.

P. Be blest throughout life's span
For caring for us as you did—the tender, dear good man!
But there's poor Eunoe struggling yet! *Get in?* Of course you can.
Push through the crowd, you silly girl!—Well done! We're all inside—*
As the man says on his wedding night, when he shuts in his bride.

G. Praxinoe, this *is* tapestry—oh, how elegant and fine.
Come here and look! You'll surely say 'tis some goddess's design.

P. Pallas! The girls that worked it must noble spinsters be,
Artists right cunning at their trade to paint so splendidly!
The figures live—they breathe—they move—faith, man, indeed, *is* wise!
But see, beloved Adonis! On yon silver couch he lies,
With the first down sprouting silken his bloomy cheeks upon,
The beautiful Adonis—loved e'en in Acheron!

SECOND STRANGER. Wretched women! Do be quiet. With your

Ripest fruits are laid beside him,
And his silver baskets bear
Plants, like him, that spring and wither
Swiftly in the summer air!
Syrian oil in golden caskets,
Honey-cakes of curious mould;
Honey breathing forth the fragrance
Of the crushed flowers with it rolled,
Shaped like birds, and shaped like insects,
With no sparing hand is doled.

Verdant canopies hang o'er him,
Drooping with the tender dill;
Boy Loves flutter in the branches—
As, to try their new-born skill,
Fledgelings flit along the greenwood,
And the shade with twitterings fill.

Oh, the ebony! Oh, the gold!
Oh, the ivory eagles bold,
Bearing unto Cronus' son,
Zeus the mighty, Ganymede!
Sheep of finest, silkiest breed,
Such as the Milesians feed,
Or the Samian shepherds lead,
Gave the wool in purple dyed,
Laid in foldings thick and wide,
Softer than sleep by labour won,*
Where, lying by her husband's side,
Fair Cypris would her blushes hide.

Still in his teens,
A downy kiss
He gives with those
Sweet lips of his!

Leave them now to their delight;
Wish them both a sweet good night.

But ere the dew dries, at dawning we'll come,
And carry him out where the wild waters foam.
We will loose our long hair,
And the fresh morning air
Shall blow on our bosoms so rosy and fair;
For our robes we will slacken, and cheerily there,
As the cool yellow sands we wander along,
We will sing to Adonis this silvery song:
Alone of the demigods,
Demigod dear,

Thou now art in Acheron,
 Now thou art here!

 Agamemnon, nor Ajax
 The fierce and the brave,
 Nor Hector the noblest
 That Hecuba gave
 To his sire, nor Patroclus,
 Nor Pyrrhus who fought
 So bravely at Troy,
 Hath such privilege bought
 By the deeds that he did;
 And if farther we go,
 The Deucalions and Lapiths
 Are prisoners below;
 Pelops' sons, the Pelasgi,
 The eldest of Greece,
 Howe'er they may pray
 For their bondage to cease,
 From their dungeon may issue never, oh, never!
 But in darkness abide for ever and ever!
 Be propitious, Adonis, to us every year,
 For to us, when thou comest, thou always art dear!

G. Now, isn't that a lovely song, I say, Praxinoe?
 O happy girl—to know so much, and sing so prettily!
 But I must go—'tis dinner time—and, when he wants his dinner,
 My old man raves, at best of times a sour and sulky sinner!
 Farewell, Adonis best-beloved! Be joyful, for you come
 A cause of joy to those with whom you find your summer home.

* In translating this very amusing little drama (which shows that feminine nature was in the beginning as it is now, and probably ever shall be) I have followed the edition of C. Fr. Ameis. His distribution of the conversation appears to me a more natural one than that found in the ordinary editions, which give to good easy Gorgo same speeches which are manifestly the property of the shrewish Praxinoe.

* Persephone.

† Cosmetics much in request among the Greek ladies.

‡ The *Adonia* were annual festivals celebrating the death and return to life of Aphrodite's darling.

* A proverb.

* “Music that gentler on the spirit lies Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.—Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters*.

The Little Heracles.

(Idyl xxiv.)

Ten months have rolled o'er Heracles,
And, save a single night,
'Tis now as long since Iphiclus
First issued to the light.
Alcmena Mideatis
Hath held them to her breast,
Hath washed them, and hath laid them
Within a shield to rest;
A brazen shield, a noble shield,
That Pterelaüs bore;
But, smitten by Amphitryon's arm,
He bears that shield no more.

And the mother, smoothing gently
Her children's silken hair,
Spake thus: "Sleep, sleep, my little ones,
The sleep that knows no care!
Sleep, darlings, sleep, my treasures twin,
For ye are watched by me;
Sleep full of peace, and in the morn
Waken as peacefully!"
Then in the big shield-cradle
She rocked her treasures twin,
And Sleep, like noiseless dew, came down,
And softly entered in.

But when unto his setting
Circleth the weary Bear,
And broad Orion watcheth him
As he sinks into his lair:
At midnight, crafty Hera
Sent forth two monsters dire,
Two dragons rolling seablue folds
Bright-bristling in their ire;
Unto the chamber-threshold,
Where the door-posts grant them way,
She sent them, urging them with threats
Young Heracles to slay.

The ravenous pair uncoiling
Flowed swift along the ground,
Their hissing mouths spat poison,
Their eyes rained fire around;

But when, like flame, their forked tongues
Were flickering for the stroke,
Then (for Zeus knoweth all things)
Alcmena's babes awoke:
And a mysterious splendour
Flooded the silent room;
A splendour as of noonday
Had chased the midnight gloom.

When Iphiclus beheld the snakes
Above the hollow shield,
And saw the fangs so pitiless
Their gaping jaws revealed,
He shrieked, and with a hasty kick
Cast off the counterpane,
Striving to flee; but Heracles
Right-boldly grasped the twain,
Seizing each monster by the throat
His cradle arching o'er—
The throat, where venoms foul are brewed
That e'en the gods abhor.

Around the child, the baby-boy,
Born but within the year,
The suckling hero from whose eye
Had never dropt a tear,
They wound themselves in double coils—
Quickly *unwound* again,
For in his iron grip they writhed
With labour and with pain,
A cry rang in Alcmena's ear,
She started in her bed,
And waking in a wild, vague fear,
Unto her lord she said:

“Amphitryon, rise; arise, I say;
I tremble—dearest, rise!
Wait not to put your sandals on,
List to our infant's cries!
And see, the walls are all a-glow,
Though yet 'tis early night;
All things, though day is distant far,
Are bathed in ruddy light!
Something has happened passing strange
Within the house, I know;
Arise, arise, Amphitryon,,
My dearest husband, go!”

She spake, and from the cedar couch
Darted her willing lord,
Lifting his hand where on its peg
Hung aye his well-wrought sword;
His new-spun belt he strained to reach,
And in the other hand
Lifted his scabbard, gaping wide,
Twined of the lotus-band—
When suddenly deep darkness reigned
Throughout the spacious room;
The awful ruddy light gave place
To still more awful gloom!

Unto his slumbering servants
He shouted, “Instantly
Snatch from the hearth a blazing brand,
And bring it unto me!
The strong bolts force, swing back the doors
Against the chamber walls!
Arise, arise, wake up, my men!
It is your master calls!”
In breathless haste the servants came,
Each with a blazing light,
And crowding pell-mell in the room,
Once more drove back the night.

And when, I ween, they saw the babe,
The suckling Heracles,
And writhing in his tender hands,
The snakes in deadly squeeze;
Smitten with wonder at the sight,
They cheered with loud acclaim,
And clapping hands gave prophecy
Of the boy-hero's fame:
Who held his prey with child-like glee
Up to his marvelling sire—
Then leaping in a victor's dance,
Cast down the monsters dire.

All parched with fear, young Iphiclus,
In passionate distress,
Alcmena soothed upon her breast
With many a fond oarress;
But 'neath the coverlet of wool
He placed his other son
Once more, and straightway to his couch
Went back Amphitryon:
And when the cocks proclaimed the dawn,

Teiresias was called
To interpret the strange prodigy
That had the house appalled.

“And hide thou not,” Alcmena said,
“Whate'er of secret ill
It may portend, but faithfully
Thy prophet's task fulfil.
Wise as thou art, Eueris' son,
I tell thee, soon or late,
I know that man of woman born
Must bow before his fate;
So from no fond concern for me
The coming evil hide!”
Thus spake the queen, and unto her
Teiresias replied:

“Be of good courage, lady, mother of noblest progeny,*
Of Perseus' blood; for, by the light these eyes no more may see,
Many a Grecian woman, with yarn 'twixt hand and knee,
Spinning at eventide, shall sing, O queen, of thee—
Unto the Argive women a glory thou shalt be.

“Star-studded heaven shall be the home of thine heroic son.
O'er men and monsters through the world a victor he shall run;
On the Trachinian pyre consumed—thus is his fate-thread spun—
Amongst the gods he shall recline when his twelve works are done!
E'en she who set these reptiles on shall claim him as her son;
The day will come when from the wolf the kid no more need run.

“But, lady, 'neath the ashes let the red embers glow;
Paliurus, and Aspalathus, and the bramble pile in row,
And eke the brittle wild-pear boughs that the winds wave to and fro;
And at midnight, at the very hour they aimed their murderous blow,
These dragons twain on the blazing logs of the cleft wild-wood throw!

“In the morning let thy servant sweep the ashes of the fire,
And bear across the river of the dragons' funeral-pyre
The remnants grey—yea, every whit—gathered right carefully,
And cast them on the rugged rocks beyond the boundary,
And then return with eye ne'er bent on that it should not see!

“But, first with sulphur, then with salt melted in water pure,
And sprinkled with a fresh green branch, to cleanse thy house be sure!
And to guard its peace from foes henceforth for evermore,
To Zeus supreme straight sacrifice the fierce and bristly boar!”

Teiresias spake, and from his seat
Of gleaming ivory
Rose 'neath the burden of his years,

(An old, old man was he!)
And as the budding plant grows up
 Beneath the gardener's care,
So bloomed the life of Heracles,
 Watched by Alemena fair:
Thus tenderly from day to day
 She nursed her darling son,
Proudly acknowledged by her lord,
 Argive Amphitryon!

Old Linus brave, Apollo's son,
 Taught letters to the boy,
And found in sleepless guardianship
 A never-ending joy;
And Eurytus, of acres broad
 By long-descended right,
Taught him to bend the stubborn bow,
 And speed the arrow's flight;
Philammon's son, Eumolpus,
 Taught him the minstrel's skill,
And on a boxwood cithern
 Trained his young hands to trill.

And how the men of Argos
 Their wrestling rivals throw;
How with the loaded coestus
 To give the heaviest blow;
The crafty tricks that boxers use
 In falling as they fight;
He learnt from him of Phanote,
 The man of matchless might,
Harpalycus, Dan Hermes' son,
 Who e'en at distance awed—
So black a scowl, like thunder-cloud,
 Loomed o'er his visage broad!

To drive his steed along the course,
 Bent eager o'er the pole,
And, guarding still his axle box,
 To sweep around the goal;
All this, with fond, paternal pride,
 Amphitryon taught his son,
For oft in Argive chariot-race
 Amphitryon had won;
So skilfully he drove his cars,
 They still continued sound
E'en when the thongs that first they bore
 Lay mouldering on the ground.

Sword-cuts to scorn, and buckler-screened
To hurl the whizzing spear,
The band to form, the snare to spy,
The cavalry to cheer,
Castor, the exile horseman bold—
Wafted o'er ocean foam
To be his teacher—taught the boy;
From Argos forced to roam,
Whose vineclad realm King Tydeus held,
Deipyle's rich dower:
Castor, ere age had sapped his strength,
Of demigods the flower!

Thus with right manly training,
Mellowed by mother's care,
The boy grew up, a hero e'en
In his most manly fare;
Roast meat, and a huge Dorian loaf
(Such as the delvers deal)
He dined upon, and took at eve
A frugal uncooked meal;
Clad in scant homely garments,
He wandered through the day;
At night, on a loved lion-skin,
Beside his sire he lay.

* I have adopted a rather irregular metre for the prophecy of Teiresias, but I thought it in keeping with the character of the utterance;—*and no doubt found it easier thus to render it?*—Ahem, my dear, but importunately inquisitive, reader, it is a maxim of the English law that a man is not bound to criminate himself.

Greek Anthology.

DANAE.

Tossed on a black and troubled sea
The wind blew fiercely on the ark;*
Lone-drifting in her prison-barque,
Awe chilled the blood of Danaë.

Her pale cheek stained with trickling tears,
In closer clasp she pressed her son,
And said: "Alas! my darling one,
My heart is mastered by its fears.

"And yet thou slumberest sweetly there,
Because it is thy mother's breast;
In cheerless brass-bound dungeon blest
With sleep unshadowed by a care!

"Around us spreads the awful night,
Save when the silvery moonlight streams
Upon the waves in flickering gleams,
And sprinkles our sad cell with light.

"The seething water rushes by,
Hoarse o'er the sea the cold winds rave;
But what to thee are blast and wave?
Thy clustering ringlets still are dry!

"Wrapt in thy little purple cloak,
Thou sleepest with that calm, bright face!
Could sorrow in thy heart find place,
Thou to my moans hadst, sure, awoke!

"But sleep; I bid thee, sleep, my child;
And sleep thou, too, wide weltering sea!
Sleep, too, the woes of Danaë—
Boundless as ocean billows wild!

"O, Father Zeus! confound my foes,
And grant of thy great clemency
(Bold as thy servant's prayer may be)
My Perseus may avenge my woes?"

—*Simonides*.

* The brass-bound chest in which Acrisius confined his daughter and her son.

THE SWALLOW AND CICADA.

Chirping, thou hast seized the chirper,
Attic maiden,* honey-fed,
With the twittering cicada,
 Twittering, to thy nest hast fled;
Thou the winged, him the winged,
 Stranger he, and stranger thou,
Both glad children of the summer—
 Surely thou wilt loose him now!
For 'tis wrong, and most unseemly,
 That one little songster's cry,
By the beak of sister songstress
Sadly silenced, thus should die!

—*Evenus*.

* An allusion to the myth of Philomela and Procne.

PHILÆNIS.

Why so angry, my Philaenis? Wherefore rashly pull your hair?
How is this?—Your drooping eyelids trembling drops of crystal wear!
Surely, you've not seen your lover, faithless to your own sweet charms—
Perjured, infamous deceiver!—clasp a rival in his arms?
Tell me—I've a cure for sorrow—silent?—still with anguish wrung?
'Tis in vain you would dissemble—eyes speak louder than the tongue!

—*Moecius*.

THIS WORLD'S WEALTH.

Mortal itself is mortals' wealth,
 Our riches pass away;
Or we ourselves must pass from them,
 E'en if our treasures stay!

—*Lucillius*.

THE GARLAND.

Rhodoclea, I send you a garland of flowers,
The brightest yet dropped by the summer's bright hours;
My own hands wove in it the violet blue,
The rosebud, the wind-flower still wet with the dew,
The narcissus, the lily—that when they are tied
Around your dark locks, they may warn you of pride!
Like these fresh, sunny flow'rets, you now are in bloom,

But they fade—and *you*, also, must bow to their doom!

Rufinus.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Whilst wreathing fragrant posies,
I found love among the roses,
And I caught him by the wings, and I dipped him in the wine;
Then, taking it, I drank it,
So my folly I may thank it,
For the way in which he tickles this troubled heart of mine!

Julian, the Prefect.

THEODORIAS.

Her eyes, and her hair, and her glittering skin,
No pencil is able to trace;
When the bright-glancing sunbeams the artist can paint,
He may paint my sweet mistress's face!

Paulus Silentarius.

ON A STATUE OF VICTORY, AT ROME, THE WINGS OF WHICH HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING.

No eye, O queenly Rome, shall thy setting glory see,
For Victory has lost her wings and cannot fly from thee!

ON A STATUE OF NIOBE.

My life into a rigid stone
Did the Immortals freeze:
The rigid stone again to life
Thaweth Praxiteles!

HUMAN JOY.

Summer's darling, how briefly in beauty it blows!
You seek it—the thorn has supplanted the rose.

WORLD WEARY.

Hope and Fortune fare ye well!
No more I plough the sea;
Anchored, I leave you now to sport

With those who follow me.

“THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.”

Whether at Athens thou depart, or die at Meroë,
The downward road is straight and plain. Why should it trouble thee
To die in loneliness upon a foreign shore?
From every home of man, the wide world o'er,
To Hades one dread wind blows evermore!

“THE BETTER LAND.”

Protè, thou art not dead—but in a happier land!
In the Islands of the Blest thou hast joined the tearless band:
Celestial are their banquets, and flowers for ever blow
On the bright plains Elysian—unvisited by woe.
No winter mars thy year, no sultry noon thy day,
And thou shalt murmur “I am sick”—oh, never more for aye!
Thou hungerest not, thou thirstest not—with calm and guiltless breast,
In Olympus's pure splendour thou shalt for ever rest!*

Horace.

TO PYRRHA.

(*Carm.* I., 5.)

What slim youth, whose love-locks flow
Wet with unguents, courteth thee,
Pyrrha, where the roses blow,
And the rocks cool shadows throw
On the grotto floor below?

Tell me, tell me, who is he
For whom now thou bind'st thine hair—
Hair of gold, so witchingly
With that artful, careless care?

Ah, how oft he shall bewail
Broken vow and gods estranged!—
Unaccustomed to the gale
Blackening the erst sunny sea,—
Marvel that the sea is changed!—

He who now so trustingly
Finds in thee a golden joy,—
Ever lovely, ever free,—
From love of all save him for ever—
Poor silly boy!
Hopes that thou—that *thou*—wilt be;
And thinketh never
How soon arise
Fiercest storms in fairest skies!

Wretched they, to whom thou seemest
Bright for aye, as now thou gleamest!—
Thou no more hast power o'er me—
Votive slab on sacred wall

Tells how I most gratefully,
To the God who rules the sea,
Hung my dripping garments there;
For he listened to my call,
Ere I sank, he heard my prayer—
I no longer think thee fair!

TO CHLOE.

(*Carm.* I., 23.)

Like a fawn with silly terrors
Of the wood and of the wind,
Seeking o'er the lonely mountains
For its dam, the startled hind;—

When the breeze-tossed vine-leaves shudder,
When the bramble-bushes shake,
Rustled by the swift, green lizards,
Heart and knees are both a-quake;

Thus thou shunn'st me.—Tigers, Chloe,
Afric lions, aim at life;
I would take you from your mother—
Why?—'Tis time you were a wife?

HORACE AND LYDIA.

(*Carm.* III., 9.)

H.

As long as you loved me, and no arms but mine
Around your white neck might in ecstasy twine,
My heart felt as wealthy as wealthy could be—
E'en the King of the East seemed a pauper to me!

L.

As long as *you* loved with unflickering flame,
And no Chloe 'twixt you and your Lydia came,
My fame mounted far, far above every other—
I wouldn't have changed e'en with Remus's mother!

H.

Pretty Chloe of Crete, my bosom now sways—
Oh, how softly she sings, and how sweetly she plays!
If her bright, sunny life could be saved by my death,
For her I would willingly breathe my last breath!

L.

Son of Thurian Ornithus, Calais dear,
For thee—burning, also—my love burneth clear;
If the Fates would but spare the sweet, beautiful boy,
Two deaths for *my* darling I'd reckon a joy?

H.

But suppose that Love's Queen, by her son's cunning stroke,
Should bend our stiff necks once again to her yoke,—
What if golden-haired Chloe I eyed with disdain,
And my door were to open to Lydia again?

L.

Then, though he is more beautiful e'en than a star,
And you than a floating cork fickler by far,
Than Adria more fierce, when it mounts to the sky—
With you I would live, and with you I would die!

* The authors of the last six epigrams are unknown.

Prudentius.

AT COCKCROW.

The bird that heralds in the day
Proclaims the nearing morning light;
And Christ who wakeneth the soul
Bids us emerge from sin's deep night.

Ye sick, ye slothful, listless ones,
Shake your dull slumber from your eyes;
Watch henceforth, sober, upright, chaste,
For I am near, our Master cries.

Save when long toil hath robbed the night
Of time to soothe the drooping eye;
'Tis all too late to leave the couch
When the bright sun is in the sky.

That chant the clamorous birds uprear,
As on the roof-tree they rejoice,
Just ere the dawning glitters forth,
Is emblem of our Judge's voice.

Buried in bed of indolence
And curtained round with darkness drear,
It bids us leave our quiet rest,
For now, e'en now, the day draws near.

It promises to those who toil
That day again shall chase the night,
When morning's breath hath decked the east
Once more with ruddy, dappled light,

This sleep we take but for a time
Shadows the everlasting death;
Iniquity, like midnight gloom,
Gives to the soul sleep's laboured breath.

But Christ, with voice of warning love,
Calls from the roof-tree of the sky
For all to break the bonds of sloth,
Since His Redemption draweth nigh;—

That buried in the tomb of sin,
And heedless of its heavenly Friend,
Man's heart should slumber on no more—
E'en to his sluggish lifetime's end.

They say that fiends that love the night
And roam in its congenial gloom,
By cockcrow scared and scattered, flee
And seek once more the place of doom.

The hated presence of our God,
The world's salvation and its light,
Disperseth, when her veil is rent,
The prowling satellites of night.

They know full well the meaning sign,
That it recalls the promised hope
Through which we ever when we wake,
For Christ's dread advent still look up.

The power that dwells within this bird
The Saviour unto Peter showed,
Foretelling that he would deny
Thrice ere the morning cock had crowed.

Before the herald of the light
Proclaimed the next approaching sun,
And put an end to that day's sin,
The deed predicted had been done.

The false word fallen from his lips
Peter with bitter tears bewailed;
(Although his heart continued pure—
His inmost faith had never failed.)

Never again such treacherous word
Its way from tongue too free could win;
And when the cock's shrill crow was heard,
A saint once more, he ceased from sin.

Therefore (as all of us believe)
At that still time when overhead
The cock exulting greets the morn,
Christ rose triumphant from the dead.

'Twas then he plucked the sting from death,
Then he o'erthrew the throne of hell,
Then that before the stronger day
The power of night grew faint and fell.

Now, now let sins for ever rest,
Now black crime sink in slumbers deep,
Now deadly malice fade away
Consumed by its own wasting sleep.

But let the spirit watching stand,

And, as it watches, labour on
The little space that still remains,
Ere time and toil shall both be gone.

On Jesus let us ever call
With tears, with prayers, and free from sin;
'Tis fervent prayer forbiddeth sleep
The holy heart to enter in.

With lazy limbs coiled up in rest,
With head through which vain visions roll,
Oblivion deep hath long enough
Oppressed, obscured, o'erwhelmed the soul.

For false and frivolous is all
We did for worldly fame or fear—
Mere empty dreams—but let us wake,
For He whose name is Truth is here.

Gold, pleasure, joy, prosperity,
Wealth, honours, whatso'er we sought
To fill our hearts with noxious pride;
The morning comes,—and all are nought.

Do thou, O Christ, dispel our sleep,
And burst in twain the bonds of night;
Destroy the sin that still remains,
And flood our breasts with freshened light!

Hildebert.

A HYMN.

In David's city, Sion blest—
Calm Sion—I would find my rest—
Whose builder is the Lord of Light,
Whose gate once stood on Calv'ry's height,
Whose walls are piled of living stone,
Its guard the King all hearts must own;
Wherein there reigns undying day,
Eternal spring, and peace for aye.
Sweet fragrance fills the sunny air,
And music ever soundeth there!
Unchanging beauty greets the eye,
Defect hath never caused a sigh;
For all reflect their Master's grace,
His faultless form, his radiant face!
O! heavenly city, home of bliss,
Rock-founded world? I gaze from this,
Like seamen o'er the foaming bar,
And hail thy haven from afar:
To thee I look, for thee I long,
With ardent love, with yearning strong!
The triumph of the saints above,
The fulness of their feast of love,
The rapture thrilling ev'ry breast,
The gems with which thy walls are drest—
The jacinth and chalcedony,
They only know who dwell in thee!
Oh! may I join the spotless throng
Wand'ring thy golden streets along,
With Moses and Elias raise
The everlasting song of praise. Amen.

A. W. Schlegel,

ARION.

Proudly swept Arion's fingers o'er the lyre that owned him lord,
Answering to his touch in music trembling from each quickened chord;
All hearts bowed before the minstrel—harp for sceptre in his hand,
Kingly homage found he ever—welcome—home—in every land,
He hath sailed, with treasure laden, from Tarentum's sunny shore,
Gaily steering unto Hellas—to his own fair Greece once more.

For an old and quenchless longing draws him to his friend again:
Periander, Corinth's master, holds him by a silken chain.
Ere to foreign lands he wandered, risking peace for honour's sake,
Like unto a loving brother, thus his princely patron spake:—
“Rest thee still within my palace: what would'st have that I refuse?
In the fickle game of fortune, he who winneth much may lose!”

But to him Arion answered:—“Nay, my lord, I cannot rest,
For the wand'rer's ilfe of peril pleaseth the free poet's breast.
Shall I hide what God hath given thousand hearts with joy to fill?
I must spread abroad his bounty, sway the world by minstrel skill.
How, when I have won my guerdon, in the far-off future time,
Shall I feast upon my glory, bard-renowned in every clime!”

Lo! the second morn hath risen on his foaming homeward way,
Summer breezes, fragrance-freighted, soft and warm around him play.
“Periander,” he exclaimeth, “thou must own thy boding vain;
Though our parting was for ever, I shall clasp my friend again;
Rich shall be our altar-off' rings, thine for me, and mine for thee,
And, with guests around us crowding, we will hold high jubilee!”

Friendly still are breeze and billow, not a cloud is in the sky,
From a speckless vault of azure gleams the sun's broad golden eye.
Wisely to the waves he trusted—there was truth in their bright smile;
But the men, who smiled as brightly, veiled black villainy with guile;
For he hears the sailors whisper, coveting his hoarded gold.
Soon around the poet circling, thus they speak their treason bold:—

“Minstrel, thou may'st live no longer; would'st thou have on land a grave,
By thine own hand must thou perish: otherwise the yawning wave
Waiteth for thee;” But Arion offereth a pleading prayer:—
“Traitors, can ye thus deceive me—human hearts such rancour bear:—
Take my gold, I give it gladly, if such ransom ye demand.
Spare my life and keep my treasure; let me reach my native land!”

“Nay, the mercy were too costly: minstrel, plainly, thou must die—
Find a tomb beneath the billow, vaulted by the silent sky.

Who could quiet Periander, if we set thee on the shore,
When they tattling tongue had told him how we robbed thee of thy store?
What were e'en thy bursting caskets unto men without a home,
Doomed, with freight of useless treasure, still to wander through the foam?"

"If no compact can be stricken—if, indeed, my days are o'er—
Grant me, then, one last petition, ere I sink for evermore!
In my death, as in my lifetime, let me play the minstrel's part,
Hear once more my cherished harp strings, dear as children to my heart!
When the song no more resoundeth, when the strain hath ceased to trill,
'Tis my signal for the death-plunge—ye may work your ruthless will!"

Not a sigh of shame or sorrow answered to the minstrel's prayer;
On the wealth, their murder's wages, still with greedy eyes they glare;
But the respite that he asketh e'en their hearts cannot refuse.
Though the pirates slay the singer, song is gift too sweet to lose.
"Will you, then, in silence listen—whilst I robe me, cease to press?—
For Apollo's inspiration I must don my richest dress."

Bloomy robe of regal purple, streaked with streams of broidered gold,
Round his graceful form he flingeth, drooping in voluptuous fold;
On the sunny deck it traileth, flashing back the morning light;
Armlets, thick with clustered jewels, glance beneath it, fiercely bright.
As upon the swelling billow, sea-bird like, the galley rocks,
Over neck and cheek and forehead float his wreathed and scented locks;

In his right the iv'ry plectrum, in his left the darling lyre.
Eyeballs drinking in the sunshine, beaming back a brighter fire;
Whilst the gang of ruthless robbers circle him in awe-struck band,
Forth he steps, and by the bulwark, proud and fearless, takes his stand,
Watching the deep wine-faced ocean, ruffled by the zephyr's wings—
Hark! a chord runs down the harp-strings—melts in air—Arion sings:—

"Come, gentle sister of my song,
And with me seek the shades below!
What though before the Gate of Woe
Stand Cerberus to work us wrong?

"We need not fear the Hound of Hell,
If thou be faithful to my hand;
Even in Pluto's dreary land
The lyre retains its magic spell.

"Hail, heroes on the Elysian plain,
At peace beyond the gloomy stream!
Beneath the endless noontide's gleam
Ye soon shall hear my greeting strain!

"But *is* there joy with you for me?—
For, ah! I leave my friend behind,

Though Orpheus came to you to find
His ravished bride, Eurydice.

“But ah! she faded like a dream—
The hard-earned prize his song had won;
And he lived on to curse the sun
That mocked him with its flouting beam.

“Still, I must hence; I will not fear;
The gods are gazing from on high;
Full many a sternly silent eye
Beholds the foul crime acted here.

“Tremble ye men of savage breast,
Who thus an unarmed bard would slay!
There yet shall be a reck'ning day—
Sweet Nereids protect your guest!”

Then into the deep he plunges, and the waves roll o'er his head,
Whilst the pirate barque flies onwards, every inch of canvas spread.
But a dolphin-shoal had followed, listening to his witching song:
Ere he drowneth they surround him, in a friendly, glittering throng,
And, upon their monarch mounted, proud he rides the waters o'er,
Safely through the billows carried, hurrying to the distant shore.

Though the fish's only music be the hoarse voice of the brine,
Dolphins at the sound of harp-strings flock e'en round the fisher's line;
As the strain floats o'er the water, golden gleams the spangled spray—
'Tis the dolphins at their gambols, tumbling in fantastic play;
Nearer, with fond eyes of longing, nearer, nearer yet, they come,
Till the crafty traitor minstrel draws to land his audience dumb.

With a proud and loving rapture the good dolphin bears its load,
Like a warrior's steed curvetting o'er the long and liquid road.
On its arched back sits Arion, holding high his darling lyre,
Sprinkling music as he passeth, blended notes from voice and wire;
And the waves spring up around him, as he plays and as he sings,
Beating time unto his chanting, dancing to his echoing strings.

Where the dolphin laid its burden, safely on the shingled sand,
Molten fish and molten minstrel, telling of the deed, shall stand—
High upon the craggy headland, looking o'er the dimpled sea,
Bronzen chronicle eternal of that fond fidelity!
Now the faithful fish returneth to its ocean home once more,
And Arion's heart runs over thus in thanks upon the shore:—

“I must say farewell, my dolphin, true and trusty friend in need:
Would that I could recompense thee, worthily reward thy deed!
But out paths now lie asunder—thine upon the shining main,
Mine across the swelling mountain, o'er the olive-laden plain.

Fare thee well, sweet Galatea henceforth 'tis thy lot to bear:
She shall bridle thee and tend thee: go and seek thy mistress fair!”

Light of heart Arion wanders as he roamed in foreign lands,
Bearing still his life-long treasure, child-like, in his loving hands.
Soon the haughty towers of Corinth gleam upon him from afar:
O'er the plain with song he speedeth, yon proud fanes his guiding star.
Losses fade now life is given; joy shall yet his bosom thrill.
What although his gold hath vanished? Friend and lyre are left him still.

Straight before that friend appearing, cries he:—“I have come to rest
Henceforth, weary of my wand'ring, on this fond and faithful breast;
For the gift that God had given thousand hearts with joy to fill,
Like a god, my hands have lavished—swayed the world by minstrel skill.
Though false traitors filched my treasure, robbed me of my golden store,
Yet my fame no theft can ravish—bard renowned for evermore!”

Then he tells of his strange rescue when the waves above him rolled.
Periander listens breathless to the tale his lips unfold.
“Crime like this,” the prince exclaimeth, “shall it not be brought to light?
Should it rest without avenger, what were all my boasted might?
Thou must hide thee for a season, thy betrayers to betray,
Lest the rumour of thy coming guilty hearts from home affray.”

When again within the haven to her wharf the galley glides,
When like swan with folded pinions on the tranquil wave she rides,
Straightway all her crew are summoned: “Hail!—your news?—I fain would learn
Tidings of my friend Arion—much I mourn for his return!”
“We beheld him in Tarentum, flourishing in wealth and grace”—
Hark!—a footstep—and Arion stands before them face to face!

Bloomy robe of regal purple, streaked with streams of brodered gold,
Round his graceful form is gathered drooping in voluptuous fold;
On the marble floor it traileth, flashing back the morning light:
Armlets, thick with clustered jewels, glancing beneath it, fiercely bright:
Rich as when the rocking galley waded it in the sunny air,
Over neck and cheek and forehead, falls his wreathed and scented hair:

In his right the iv'ry plectrum, in his left the darling lyre—
At his feet the false band falleth, struck as by the levin's fire.
“Lo! the man whom we would murder, whom the waters bore away,
Stands before us, proudly smiling, clad as on that cursed day!
Minstrel, mortal man no longer—there he smileth like a god—
Would the earth would close above us, ere he blast us by his nod!”

“'Tis Arion stands before you; still the world-famed minstrel lives;
Phoebus to his faithful servant aid in direst danger gives;
And he calleth not for vengeance, scorns to shed your paltry blood,
Would not stain our lovely Hellas with so false and foul a flood;
But depart ye, villains! straightway unto some barbarian shore—

On the sights and sounds of Beauty ye shall feast your hearts no more?"

Tieck.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Into the fields a songster flew,
And, bathing in the sunny blue,
This was his blithe and wondrous song:
“Good-bye! for I have stayed too long—
 Away! away!
I'm off to-day.”

I listened to the meadow-strain,
And felt at once both bliss and pain;
Such pleasing sorrow, troubled glee,
Raised, sunk; my soul alternately;
 Heart! heart!
Didst break from joy or smart?

I saw the leaves fall slow and sere,
And then I cried: Oh! autumn's here;
The summer-guest, the swallow, flies,
Perchance, thus love and longing hies
 Away! away!
With life's short day.

But back the sunlight came again,
The songster sang a cheering strain;
He marked my tearful eyes, and said:
“No winter snows on love are shed—
 No! no!
Its spring-flowers ever blow.”

Uhland.

THE MINSTREL'S MALISON.

There stood in times long, long ago, a castle high and hoar:
Wide o'er the plain its walls were seen, e'en to the blue-rimmed shore;
And fragrant gardens wreathed it round with coronal of flowers,
'Mid which the crystal fountains played in rainbow-tinted showers.

'Twas there a haughty monarch sat—what warrior like to him?
Upon his throne he sat and frowned, as spectre pale and grim:
He thinks—men quake with terror; he looks—all hold their breath;
For what he speaks is torture, and what he writes is death!

To this proud keep drew near one day a noble minstrel pair,
One with long locks of gleaming gold, and one of snow-white hair;
The old man bore the cherished harp, mounted on gallant steed;
Beside him tripped a blooming boy, riv'ling the palfrey's speed.

The old man spake: "Prepare, my son, our saddest, sweetest song;
In fullest tone let every breath, soul-freighted, float along!
Glee's glowing glance, grief's downcast eye, paint with thy rarest art—
With us it rests to move to-day the stern king's stony heart."

Within the pillar'd hall of state the modest minstrels stand
Before the king upon his throne and queen at his right hand:
He direful in his majesty as blood-red Northern Light,
She sweet and mild as moon at full in breezeless autumn night.

The grey-haired harper struck the strings—they owned the master spell—
Richer, still richer on the ear the murm'ring music fell;
And heavenly-clear the youth's pure voice rang out in trumpet tone,
Blent with the old man's hollow bass that moaned as spirits moan.

Of blissful by-gone Golden Age, of Love, of leafy Spring,
Freedom, and Dignity, and Truth, and Holiness they sing;
They sing of all things beautiful, of all that men desire;
They sing of all things worshipful, of all that men admire.

The simpering, circling, courtier-band for once forgot to mock,
And ruffian hearts gushed out in prayer—the rod had struck the rock!
The queen, dissolved in tenderness, in sorrow sweetly sad,
Threw from her breast a blushing rose as guerdon for the lad.

"My court to lead, my wife to lure—is that your treach'rous game?"
The king exclaimed with quiv'ring limbs and awful eyes a-flame;
Then hurled his glittering blade that pierced before its mark could fly—
From breast whence erst welled golden song the blood-jet spouted high.

As storm-swept, all the listening throng fly off in wild alarm,
The youth—death's rattle in his throat—lies on his master's arm,
Who wraps him in his purple cloak, mounts him upon the horse,
And upright on the padded selle bears off the clay-cold corse.

He stops before the castle gates, with eye that sparkles fire,
He dashes on their marble posts his thrice-renowned lyre;
Then cries aloud, in stern calm voice, like destiny, that rings
Through that sweet pleasance for the fair, that palace home of kings:—

“Woe unto you, ye haughty halls! Music be heard no more
Within your walls, nor dancer trip upon the blood-stained floor!
No, sighs and groans be yours alone, the footfall of the slave,
Till the Avenger treads you down, and rank weeds o'er you wave!

“Woe unto you, ye gardens green, bright in the light of May,
This dead youth's pale, disfigured face hath blasted you to-day!
Blight wither every dewy flower, drought dry up every well,
And stones be heaped upon your lawns, of this foul deed to tell!

“Woe unto thee, thou dastard fiend! thou curse of minstrelsie!
Thy toils are vain, the crown of fame shall ne'er descend on thee!
Thy name shall rot in endless night, despite thy carking care,
Lost like a dying man's last breath, in empty, viewless air!”

The old man spake—avenging Heaven hath listened to his cry:
Those halls—where are they? E'en their walls in shapeless ruin lie.
One tell-tale column towers alone to mark th' accursed site;
And this, long tottering to its fall, may fall this very night.

For fragrant plots, a dreary waste where no tree casts its shade,
No silvery fountain gurgles up to gladden grassy glade.
The king's name finds no annals, gleams star-like in no verse,
It is sunken and forgotten!—Such was the Minstrel's Curse!

HARALD.

Before his troop Childe Harald rides,
Harald, the fierce and bold;
By the moon's shimmering light they cross
A lone and savage wold.

Full many a foeman's flag they bear
Loud flapping in the breeze;
Full oft the distant hills ring back
Their martial melodies.

What rustles, lurking, in the bush?
What swims, with fitful gleam,
Upon the boughs? and falls from heaven,

And rises from the stream?
Who scatter flowers upon their path?
Who sing that witching song?
Who dance between them, vault behind
And with them ride along?
Who clasp so soft, and kiss so sweet?
Who cling so to the breast?
Who take the sword, and steal the steed,
And leave nor peace nor rest?
The Elfins' light-heeled band are these—
Who can their might withstand?
The victors all are vanquished now—
Captives in Fairy-land.
Harald alone, the flower of knights,
The Elfins fail to harm;
In steel encased from head to foot,
He mocks their subtle charm.
Upon the turf lie sword and shield,
But where their wearers bold?
Curvetting chargers, riderless,
Rush neighing o'er the wold.
And sad at heart proud Harald spurs—
The night winds round him moan;
Through the moist moonlit forest glades
Childe Harold rides alone.
A clear stream trickles from a rock,
He springeth from the selle,
And making cup of pluméd casque,
Drinks of the cooling well.
His thirst is quenched, but foot and hand
No more his will obey;
Upon the stone he sits and nods,
And there must sleep for aye.
With hair and beard as white as snow,
Head drooped upon the breast,
Through countless years he slumbers on
In that mysterious rest.
When lightnings flash, when thunder rolls,
When storms roar through the wold,
Then in his dreams he grasps his sword—
Brave Harald as of old!

THE NUN.

In the still cloister garden
There roamed a blighted maid;
The moon shone sad above her,
Tears from her eyelids strayed
As she thought of her dead lover.

“ 'Tis well my faithful darling
Has gone away to rest,
For he in bliss abideth,
And we may love the blest—
My love no longer hideth.”

Where, silvered by the moonlight,
Stood Mary undefiled,
Drew near the trembling maiden:
As mother soothes her child,
She soothed the sorrow-laden;

Who at her feet fell gazing
Upwards in heavenly peace,
Till Death the calm eyes clouded,
The spirit found release—
Her veil the maiden shrouded.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Hast thou the castle seen,
The high keep by the sea?
Of rosy-golden sheen
The clouds that o'er it be.

'Twould stoop to a sweet drowning
In the glass-clear flood below;
'Twould climb to a proud crowning
With the evening sunlight's glow.

“I have the castle seen,
The high keep by the sea;
And the moon above it lean,
And mist spread drearily.”

The breeze and the billows bounding,
Were they blithe as they swept along?
Were the lofty halls resounding
With music and festal song?

“The waves no more rebounded,

The winds, as weary, slept;
With a wail the halls resounded,
I listened—and I wept.”

Didst see on their lieges loyal
The king and the queen look down,—
The wave of the purple royal,
The flash of the golden crown?

Proud led they forth no daughter,
No maiden passing fair
As sunlight on the water,—
Gleaming in golden hair?

“Parents twain—no crown adorning
Brow dark with sorrow's blot—
I beheld, in robes of mourning—
The maiden saw I not.

THE HOSTESS'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

It chanced that three Burschen went over the Rhine,
And talked with a hostess—“The Chequers” her sign.

“Frau hostess, hast thou good ale and good wine?
And where is that sweet little daughter of thine?”

“My ale and wine are fresh and clear—
My daughter—lies upon her bier.”

And when they entered the inner room,
There lay she—shrouded for the tomb.

The first drew back the veil with a sigh,
And viewed her with a mournful eye:

“Ah, wert thou living, my pretty dove,
Thee henceforth would I only love.”

The second covered up her face,
And turned aside and wept apace:

“Ah, me! that thou art on thy bier—
I've loved thee so for many a year!”

The third once more drew back the veil,
And kissed her on her mouth so pale:

“I loved thee ever, I love thee still
My love eternity shall fill.

Specimens of Persian Poetry:

RHYMED FROM THE PROSE RENDERINGS IN THE OXFORD ESSAYS FOR 1855.

I.

I sit beside the festal board,
Where once the wine we gaily poured,
 And sang the song again;
I sit, but ah! I sit alone,
I hear the mournful night breeze moan—
 No echo of the strain!
My friends have drunk their wine, and now
The grave-worm coils round many a brow
 Where roses used to twine;
The guests are gone, the revel's o'er,
The man I loved shall never more
 Proffer the pledging wine.

II.

The red rose is blooming the nightingale sings,
Drunk, mad, with the rapture her loveliness brings;
 'Tis the herald of gladness,
 Away with your sadness,
Ye who worship the wine till the tavern roof rings.
We repented—our penitence was but a mock;
Though our good resolutions seemed firm as a rock,
 Lo! how soon they are scattered,
 This wine-glass hath shattered,
All frail as it is, the proud pile by its shock.
Bring wine—in the life that now is our lot;
What is sultan or sentry, the sage or the sot?
 From this inn with two portals*
 We go—we are mortals;
What matters it, then, what roof it has got?
By tears and by toiling our peace must be won,
There is sorrow in all things under the sun;
 Cease then from your wailing,
 'Tis all unavailing,
For rest cometh only when labour is done.
But the pomp of proud Asaf, † his courser the wind,
And his host of bird-courtiers flying behind—
 Well, then, and what of it?

Pray, whom did it profit?
They have vanished for ever—no trace can you find.
Aspire not to honour; rest ye content;
The life that is humblest, calmest is spent;
 The arrow that flieth
 So proudly, soon lieth
Thick with rust on the earth, its feathers all rent.

III.

Amid the company
 Of frozen ones on earth,
There walked a living heart, and he,
 Dying beneath the dreary dearth
 Of world, where no high thought had birth,
 No loving word was said,
Went down to seek society
 Among the dead.

Weary of living homes
 Empty of living life,
 Their barren joy, their noisy strife,
He shunned, and lingered by the quiet tombs;
Reading the records that fond memory
 Had traced upon the stones,
 And hearing in their silent tones
Voices from the far-off Eternity.

He fled from the world's calumny,
 Like deer that seeks the shade and dew,
 When angry deep-mouthed hounds pursue;
 And sought that peaceful home and last,
 The covert where the shade is cast
By nearing immortality.

A man in this world's wisdom wise,
With sneering lip and scoffing eyes,
Drew near, and raised his drooping head,
And asked him wherefore thus he fled
 From life's rich glee,
And with the dead
 Dwelt drearily.

He answered: "Nature's noblest sons
 Are in their graves;
Over our mother's purest ones
 The long grass waves.
The dead! The dead are still on earth,

With hearts where no high thought hath birth,
Hearts which love for aye hath fled.
“Why should I live among the dead?”
E'en thou thyself but now hast said.
Life dieth, face to face with death;
The frozen freeze that nobler breath,
 The spirit's life;
 I leave the spectres to their strife:
 Earth's joy! I render them the whole,
And come and dwell among the just,
Not dead—though buried in the dust,—
 Alive in soul.
My heart *was* dead ere I came here;
 For every ‘How?’ and every “Why?”
Could rack my breast with doubt and fear;
 But here I ceased to die.

This solemn hush hath lulled to rest the sounds of earthly strife,
And that dead dust hath proved the soil of everlasting life!

* Birth and Death.

† Solomon's Vizier.

Specimens of Northern Poetry.

RHYMED FROM FRENCH PROSE RENDERINGS.

I. NORSE.

NATIONAL SONG.

Nurslings of our noble land,
Proudly sweep the solemn lyre,—
Gathered in heroic band,
Norway chant in words of fire!
At the name our sires arise,
At the name our hearts rebound,
Fiercely sparkle Norsemen's eyes
At that sweet and sacred sound!

When we think of days gone by,
Golden gleams our country's fame;
Forth, where Dovre meets the sky,
As to feast, the fighters came;
Fearless rovers crossed the seas,
Norse barks moored on foreign shores;
Home and heirloom liberties
Still had guards in countless scores.

Whilst the steel-clad warriors fought,
Whilst the martial clarion rung,
Hoary sage in silence thought,
Scald sublime in safety sung;
Clement monarchs, kings by right,
Ruled in wisdom, power, divine,—
Through the ages' murky night
Still their 'scutcheons stainless shine.

Time of glory—gone for aye!
But the Norsemen are the same;
In each brave heart burns to-day,
Pure as ever, freedom's flame;
When their fathers' deeds they sing,
Their hearts fill with joy and pride;
Nought seems sweetest southern spring,
By our icy Norway's side.

Freedom's temple proudly towers,
Built by Norway's stalwart breed;
Freest thought of all is ours,

Freest word and freest deed;
Wildest woodbird, wildest wave—
They are not more free than we;
We obey the laws we gave—
Honest is our loyalty!

Darling land, of cloudclapt height,
Fertile valley, swarming shore,
Faith and love to thee we plight,—
Fain for thee our blood would pour;
Ever be our well-loved home,
Free as is thy moaning sea—
Whilst the billows round thee foam,
Wax in might and majesty!

II.—SWEDISH.

NOSTALGIA.

Whither tends that troubled sigh?
What, my heart, thy suppliant cry?
Quenchless longing wasteth me
For a home beyond the sea;
Lonely on an alien strand,
I would find the unknown land.

Long enough my path has lain
Now in pleasure, now in pain;
Life is weary, for I know
How the days unvaried flow,
As the breaking billows moan
Evermore the same dull tone.

I have heard the laugh of glee,
And the wail of misery;
And of each I know the range—
Neither holdeth hope of change:
Modulate them as we may,
Sameness over both bears sway.

Earth, in summer crowned a bride,
Widow's weeds in winter hide!
In the fall she weepeth wild,
Smiles in spring like soothed child:
'Tis but what has been before—
What, too, shall be evermore.

Peace and war, like shadow cast,
O'er this trembling globe have passed;

Sages in set terms have told
Of the free, pure Age of Gold;
Kings, war-weary, wisdom learn,
Make, on parchment, peace eterne.

That which they said yesterday,
Lo! 'tis what again they say;
Swear they as before they swore—
Round the world rolls evermore;
Footing ne'er in that swift round
Peace and Golden Age have found.

Changing seasons, palled, I view—
'Neath the sun there's nothing new;
Though a hundred forms there be,
'Tis disguised identity;
Earth, though she may mask her face,
Ever runs the same dull race.

Well I know how here on earth
Death awaiteth ev'ry birth:
How like gnats that come and go
In the evening sunlight's glow,
So *we* flit and fuss, till night
Ends the friendship and the fight.

I'm not as my fathers were,
Still unfrosted is my hair;
But life's weariness I've seen,—
All that is, is what has been:
Unto this drear end I'm brought,—
This is all that life has taught!

Pilgrim's staff I now let fall,
Unto you for rest I call,
Star-sown ocean—peaceful isles
Raining down your golden smiles,—
Ye who guard the light of day
Long since passed from us away!

Let me follow your bright light,
Let me say to earth “good night!”
Nought again my soul can warm
In this world of dull, dark storm:
Lonely on an alien strand,
I would find mine unknown land.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

They are flying slowly, sadly, moaning softly as they fly,

As the outcast leaves the hearthstone, so they leave our northern sky;
Forth to foreign shores they wander, and their melancholy wail
Lends a tone of wilder pathos to the melancholy gale:
“Whither, O our God,” they murmur, “dost thou bid thy children roam?
On the bank of what strange river henceforth must we find a home?”

“We remember, and would linger still in Scandinavian land,
Here we first beheld the sunshine, here we grew, a happy band;
'Mid the blossom-laden lindens here we each have built a nest,
Here the summer breeze has lulled us on the fragrant boughs to rest;
But the homes that whilom knew us now shall know us nevermore,—
We have left them, sadly trooping to a distant, unknown shore.

“In the forests, oh! how lovely was the brief, calm, summer night,—
Roses in the thickets nodding, heavens raining golden light;
'Twas a night too fair for slumber—with a merry, twitt'ring song,
Each kept to his neighbour calling all the dewy night-time long;
Each with his own loving nestmate toyed in fond, fantastic play,
Till our sparkling eyes were dazzled by the glowing eye of day.

“Then the oak was thick with verdure, sprinkling in a fresh'ning shower
Pearls upon the spiky grass-tufts, brilliants on the blushing flower:
Now the wide oak standeth lonely, with bare branches round him spread,
Like the gaunt arms of a spectre; now the grass and flowers are dead;
Now the zephyr breathes no longer, now the bitter storm-winds blow—
Now the smiling May lies buried in a spotless shroud of snow.

What then lureth us to loiter in these kingdoms of the North?
Ev'ry day the sky-line narrows, dimmer the sad sun comes forth;
Song would sound more drear than wailing, echoing in this growing gloom;
Life is fading, Death is coming—lo! the land is but a tomb!
Therefore were our pinions given, far away through space to sail—
We salute thee, heaving ocean! Foaming billows, hail! all hail!”

Thus they sing, as forth they wander. Soon to softer clime they glide;
Vines are drooping from the elm-tops, crystal streams 'midst myrtles hide.
Then, my soul, when through thy life-tree autumn breezes roughly blow,
With'ring, scattering, thy pleasures, sink not 'neath thy load of woe:
If upon the bird of passage smiles a home beyond the sea,
Everlasting rest remaineth safe beyond the tomb for thee!

Odds and Ends.

Did you ever trace back a reverie, reach by reach, to its source—toilsomely ascend the stream, running now in sun and now in shade, with waters of ever-varying purity and depth, down which your mind had floated seemingly at its “own sweet will?” The links of such a Seiris are curiously conjoined. The logical *nexus* is of the airiest. And yet there *is* a *nexus*. Despite the wild caprice of Fancy roaming hither and thither, like a truant schoolboy or a mountain kid, it is possible to track the associations of thought and word that give the secret of the daydream's genesis. It often, however, requires a red man's eye to mark the trail; and only in the case of some Plato or Coleridge, I think, would the fruit of the toil be worth the trouble.

A translation, however faithful, when compared with the original, is but as sickly attar, contrasted with the dewy fragrance of the living rose.

Ferrier insinuates that the brutes are “incarnate absurdities, gazing on unredeemed contradiction.” The son-in-law of the owner of Brontë ought to be ashamed of himself for having even hinted such a slander. With what scorn would *Miss* Brontë—patting the bullet head of her sister's keeper—have scouted the libel. The dog, at all events, has an *ego* as self-conscious and creative as any man's. Watch a dog's eye—you will see *thoughts* floating, rising, flashing, and timidly hurrying back in it, like fishes in a clear, deep rock-pool.

The little that I have read of Goëthe has sadly tantalised me. Truth plays bo-peep with you throughout his pages. You can never catch *all* that he means to say. Most modern books, however, are such squeezed oranges when you have once perused them, that it is pleasant, after all, to have an author that you cannot exhaust—that you can milk daily like a cow.

I read Emerson as I eat a strawberry ice: I read Carlyle for the same reason that I drink brandy. The one, with his calm, unpractical transcendentalism, cools me when fevered by the flurry of the world; the other, with his fiery objurgations, stimulates me to work. Who ever got a rule of life from Emerson? Who ever got even a definite idea? Thoughts shimmer through the haze of his beautiful language half revealed, like snowy sails emerging for a moment, and but for a moment, from sunlit mist. Ask Emerson's most intelligent admirer *what* it is that he finds so admirable in his favourite author, and what kind of answer do you get? A Persian apologue aptly typifies my experiences in this line: “A holy man bowed his head on the bosom of contemplation, and was immersed in the ocean of mystic reverie. When he recovered from his vision, one of his

friends said to him, 'From that garden, where you have been, what gift have you brought for us?' He answered, 'I purposed in my heart, that, when I reached the rosebush, I would fill my lap with the flowers, and bring them as a present to my friends; but when I came there, the scent of the rose so intoxicated me, that my garment slipped from my hands.' ”

Fame, fame, thou art to me
But as a virgin in a eunuch's arms:
I fiercely long, but when I drink thy breath,
A cruel scorn forth flashes from thine eyes;
“Unhand me, impotent!” I hear thee cry,
And, sunk in shame, more fiercely long for death!

Love at first sight is lust! 'Tis only this
Should dare to deck it with that holy name:
The feeling that, like flower in forest nook,
Grows daily with a gentle, unseen growth;
Silently nourished by the dew of deeds,
The soft spring breezes of pure, playful words,
And smiles that are its sunshine, till, at length,
We marvel to behold the full-blown rose.

Certain barbarians smear their captive foes with honey, and then expose them to the torment of the creeping things the luscious unction has been laid on to lure. Extravagant eulogists—however kindly their praises may be meant—are guilty of a like cruelty to their friends.

Quiet people remind me of the tranquil waters that deposited the chalk group. Silently they showered down the impalpable powder that was to bury, without bruising, fragile shells for ages. Folks who go through the world like cats upon carpet, have a very similar knack of locking up frailties. You've forgotten all about the peccadilloes of your youth, but a kind friend has treasured them, and the due season for the apocalypse having arrived, the mnemosynal chalk tomb opens, and you see your misdeeds perfect to a spine. With my blackest hate do I detest these bland, unfussy busybodies; these amateur Recording Angels.

Old wine is the richest,
And old friends are best;
O'er a fresh heart we flutter,
The tried is our nest.

Some friends perform their function; then
Cry “off,” when trouble comes agen.
Give *me* the man whose love lives on,—
What e'er the chance, for ever ready
With arm for mate to lean upon,

Or stout or frail, so it be steady;

A friend like Myrtilus's shield
That screened him in the battle-field,
And when he fell into the sea,
Still bore him up triumphantly.

On a green mountain-top in Wales—propped upon splinters of lichen-spotted granite—stands Arthur's Stone. Beneath it lie the cool, clear waters of a well, of power to heal—no matter how dire their diseases—all who may dip therein. The sole physician's fee—gaily given by departing gratitude—is a pebble, to be dropt upon the ring of pebbles that, thickening generation after generation, circles the gray, solitary stone.

There are men as stern in outward seeming as that lonely rock, who have hearts as pure and beneficent as its spring. They, too, are generally lonely, but the sick and the sorrowful find them out, and ere the pilgrims take up their staves again, they gird their soothers and saviours with a cordon of grateful prayers.

The Fairy of the Flowers should use the Arum for her correspondence. The pure petal is an ivory tablet ready to her hand, and let her pluck the pistil for her golden style. Dew for her ink, and pollen for her pounce, the rhetoric of her periods must needs be appropriately florid.

Young Quakeresses, like iodine, when they become volatile, drop their grey and put on purple.

A gifted Tory is a *Cancer fulgens*.

Jeremy Taylor says that those who made gods of garlick and a quartan ague still never stooped so low as to deify money. We Christian English have made ample amends for their imperfect Paganism. How we bow down to Cash! There really is a dash of the sublime in the unselfish mammon-worship with which, though hopeless of obtaining any favour from the wealthy, still do we toady them. Speaking for myself, individually, I must confess that it is a feeling I cannot comprehend. I would as soon reverence a pig for getting fat as a man simply for getting rich. In the latter case, as well as in the former, it is often, I imagine, merely the “nature of the *beast*,” and my stock of admiration is too scanty for me to squander any of it on such meagre marvels.

No man can be a moral ambidexter. When you can use your ethical left hand as well as your right, you can use it a great deal better.

The hand grows hard with toil,
And foul with earthy soil:
The strife without works change within;
The soul, too, takes a thicker skin,

And stains defile its purity—
Ah me, that ever this should be!

Some memories are anaglyphic, others diagraphs. The cameo is carved
by Joy, the intaglio by Grief.

The Goldsmith's Little Daughter.

With pearl and precious stone around,
He stood beneath his sign:
“The richest treasure I have found,”
The goldsmith cried, “is Helen,
Dear little daughter mine!”

A brave knight bowed his pluméd head:
“Good morrow, maiden fair,
Good morrow, goldsmith, too,” he said,
“Make me a costly coronal
For my sweet bride's bright hair.”

And when the coronal was made
And flashed its dazzling sheen,
Helen its massy brilliance weighed,
When no eye saw her lift it,—
A mournful maid, I ween.

“Ah, wondrous happy is the bride
Whose this fine crown shall be!
Ah, would the dear knight give,” she sighed,
“To me a rose-wreath only,
How he would bless poor me!”

Again the brave knight bowed his head,
And viewed the glittering band:
“Oh, set me, goldsmith,” now he said,
A ring of richest diamonds
For my sweet bride's white hand.

And when the diamond ring was made
And flashed its dewy sheen,
A finger half within it strayed,
When no eye saw the trial,—
A mournful maid's I ween.

“Ah, wondrous happy is the bride
Whose this fine ring shall be!
Ah, would the dear knight give,” she sighed,
“To me a dark curl only,
How he would bless poor me!”

Again the brave knight bowed his head,
To viewed the ring he hied:
“Right well O goldsmith,” now he said,
“Thou'st made the ring and coronal

I mean for my sweet bride.

“Still that the bravery may be tried,
Upon thy hand and brow,
Fair maid, what's meant for my loved bride
I'll place for proof—step hither!
She is as fair as thou.”

The early Sunday sunlight shone;
Therefore, the maiden fair
Her Sunday raiment had put on
To go to church to Matins—
With an especial care.

With glowing blush, and eyes cast down,
She stepped and took her stand;
He placed on her the golden crown,
The ring of richest diamonds,
Then clasped her trembling hand.

“My Helen sweet, my Helen dear,
The jest is ended now;
The bride I talked of standeth here,—
'Tis thou must wear the diamonds,
The crown is for thy brow.

“Gold, pearls, and stones of precious sheen
Have ever gleamed round thee;
This must to thee a sign have been
That unto lordly honour
Thou would'st soar at last with me.”

Farewell.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, my love,
 This day our hearts must sever;
One more kiss, one more kiss, my love,
 I leave thee—and for ever.
Pluck a flower, pluck a flower, my love,
 From the dear old garden tree;
For no fruit, for no fruit, my love,
 Shall it bear again for me.

Errata

IN THE FIRST FIVE HUNDRED COPIES.

At page 91, line 10, for “transmitted” *read* “transmuted.”

At page 92, line 21, for “fundatory” *read* “laudatory.”

At page 95, line 14, for “range” *read* “rage.”

At page 172, first line of quotation from Horace, *insert* “ligna” before “super.”
