

morning, that required some consideration, and I found it almost impossible to work a bit; and when I told the doctor, he said he was delighted to hear it, for that he doesn't want any of us to be writing or studying here."

[To be continued.]

## HAUNTED LONDON.

### I.—LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

LINCOLN'S INN, that is to say, the old "inn" or mansion of the Earls of Lincoln (1312) on its grimy Chancery Lane side, is indeed, as Leigh Hunt well expressed it, "saturated with London smoke." That long row of black opaque windows, that even in hot bright June, sunshine never seems to visit; those mud-splashed spiders' nests of opaque glass, piled up with heaps of dead men's briefs, that are tied with red tape and spiced with dust black as pepper; can scarcely, by the liveliest imagination, be recognised as lighting the chambers where Cromwell spent his wild youth, afterwards to be so weepingly repented of; where Dr. Donne wrote quaint crabbed poetry; where the wise Lord Mansfield sipped his tea; and where, at the mature age of twenty, Sir Thomas More donned a hair shirt, to help him to meditate on law and philosophy, with that massy head one day to be held up in the bloody grip of an executioner.

It is healthy, in walking London streets, to fly the mind, as if it was a hawk, back at old times; it removes us from the selfishness of the present; it reads all our dreams and hopes a sharp sound lesson of the mutability of things, and teaches us what a great kaleidoscope this city (nay, the world itself) is in the hands of Time—that mighty conjuror, upon whose magic chess-board we men are but as the pawns of red and white.

It gives, too—this putting on, now and then, antiquarian spectacles—a charm to our walks, lifting off London roofs for us, as a carver lifts up the lid of a pie, and showing us under each, little fairy worlds of history and poetry; for behind every stucco shop-front even in this Babel Fleet Street are hid tragedies and comedies, more wonderful than playwright or novelist ever wrote: for fiction after all, is at the best but a poor apery of human life.

As I walk down Chancery Lane, observing this smoke-black wall of the legal fortress, so squalid in appearance, so splendid in memories, I can scarcely, though I have read it so often, imagine that this lawyers' inn was, hundreds of years ago, a solemn monastery of the *Black Friars*, till they removed near the bridge that still bears their name. Their cloisters faced on the Holborn side the palace of the Bishop of Chichester, built in Henry III's reign. When the monkish rooks flew, the Earl of Lincoln, by Edward I, his master's leave, built his house or "inn" here; and then, in Henry VII's time, the Bishop of Chichester, reserving lodgings to himself, leased the inn to students of law, and Sir Thomas Lovel, treasurer of the royal household to "Harry of Richmond," built the present pile out of the materials of the bishop's palace, the Earl of Lin-

coln's house, and what remained of the old monastery; so our new world goes on using up its old materials; our new books spring up like fungi from our old books; and the fossil bones of extinct animals go to pave our very London streets.

But let us pass under the Tudor brick arch, that Sir Thomas Lovel must have smiled at when it was completed, and wind through to meet our shadow-friends in Lincoln's Inn Fields, stopping only for a moment to wonder where the old garden wall "next to Chancery Lane" stood, at which that bitter-faced satirist, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare's friend, once worked with a diamond-shaped steel trowel in his hand, and Homer in his pocket.

Now we breathe freer; we are past the chapel, and all the chambers with doorways lettered like the backs of books, and are in the fields, that in Charles I's time, Inigo Jones, the great Welsh architect, Ben Jonson's sworn enemy, laid out just as they are now, making, with clever pedantry, the great inclosure the exact size of the base of the largest pyramid of Egypt. Gigantic puzzle! I can see it now, far away as when Moses saw it, braving the sun and cleaving the clouds. It may make the hard man laugh when I confess, without shame, that there is not a sooty lilac bush, nor a black wiry plane tree, in those gardens that the great Lord Bacon helped Jones to lay out, that I do not love, and indeed regard as a sort of poor relation. They gave me, a London-bred boy, my first ideas of country delights; there I first saw a real live butterfly; there I first leaped for joy, to see the buds break out; and there I first felt sad to see the beautiful green leaves, that spread out like birds' wings, and move and breathe and all but speak, turn to the death-yellow of autumn.

But I have greater people to talk about, and must forget myself. Inigo Jones's houses are in Arch Row, on the west side of the square. Here, in the Georgian times, lived all the stars of fashion, for this was then a sort of Belgrave Square to the rakes in wigs, and the card-playing ladies in hoops and sacques. The Dukes of Ancaster, Horace Walpole, the witty flippant memoir writer's friends, lived on this side, in a house now sliced into chambers; where, I am told, high up, once mused our great poet, Tennyson. His room is a cheery little room, Venetianized by a heavy stone balustrade facing the window. There is a certain look of faded grandeur, even now, about this house, that commands respect; the square black-red brick pillars at the gateway still forlornly balance their stone globes, as if they were disconsolate giant jugglers, doomed, without an audience, to go through their eternal performance; and in blue fog evenings I should not be astonished to see sweep into that grass-grown court-yard a huge gilded coach, the panels blazing with mythological subjects, but the coachman a skeleton, driving the ghost of a duke home from a Walpole "drum."

Not far from this haunted house come three mansions, once united into one, and called Powis House. When Popish James II fled to France, the Marquis of Powis left this new-built house, and fled too; the Lord Keeper had it then, and next the Prime Minister of George II—that ridiculous

Duke of Newcastle, whom Smollett the novelist laughed at so much. He it was who used to load men with the falsest and most extravagant promises, never to be fulfilled—whose very sincerity and grief were pantomimic—who, from sheer folly, would rush out from the barber, and covered with lather, to kiss and slaver some astonished and indignant rival. The house of this blind leader of the blind—of the minister who has made so many leave this very door, repeating with bitter emphasis the Psalmist's text, "Put not your trust in man, neither in any child of man"—stands at the corner of Great Queen Street: it may be known, also, by the passage driven through its walls; and it is now the central home of the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge; so that it is still tenanted by ministers, though more reliable ones.

The north side of this memory-haunted square is called Holborn Row; the western, Arch Row; the southern, Portugal Row, probably so named when Charles II married a Portuguese princess.

No wonder that, on blue fog nights, I meet in the haunted square so many Charles Second ghosts—fellows with no visible face, but a gallant tripping bearing, broad cloth of gold, sword-belts, short cloaks, and Spanish plumed hats. One of these, would he but speak, is, I have reasons for thinking, Mr. Povey, who once lived here, with whom that pleasant gossip Pepys dined, and was shown over the place, from the best room in the garret to the grotto cellar below. Here, too, his relation and patron, Lord Sandwich the admiral, lived—a vicious, unprincipled courtier of a bad age; and here on the Portugal Row (south) side, perhaps opposite, dwelt Sir Richard Fanshawe, the poet, our ambassador to Spain, who died from chagrin, it was said, at being superseded by Lord Sandwich, his neighbour. It makes me sad now, so many long years after, to read, after her husband's death, how his brave noble wife, who had stood at his side in a sea battle, made her way home with the brave man's body, a child in arms, and four young daughters her only companions, without help of guide, pass, government ship, or money. This stout-hearted Englishwoman must have looked down from her window, on her return, with bitter feelings on the scented lute-player, the Earl of Sandwich, as he rustled by, leaning on the arm of bustling, pompous, mean Mr. Pepys.

But, though long after this, in Queen Anne's time, Pope the poet, the little invalidish, querulous man, passed through the square, on his way to the Temple, to visit Lord Mansfield, then plain Mr. Murray; when that sprightly, handsome, young lawyer, imprudently plumped on his knees to drink the Pretender's health; and Gay, lean Pope's fat friend, dreaded "the field," because the sham cripple, who had all day been begging there "while the daylight shone," would sometimes at night fell you unawares with his heavy crutch, or share the booty in the safe dark with your linkman, who on purpose suddenly had extinguished his light and left you groping.

But all these lesser shadows we must dismiss, to bid arise that gaunt black-hung scaffold, which every blue fog night is reared again by

spectral hands in the centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields, as a sort of ghostly whig performance that never tires. It was in the black labyrinth centre of that garden, on that spot now shaded by late budding trees, that on a July morning, 1683, Lord Russell was led out to die, as innocent a martyr as ever bowed his head to a tyrant's axe. Good blood of England has been shed on Tower Hill, but never better than that whig nobleman's that watered the ground on that dull, showery, July morning. It was said that that cold cruel bigot, James II, (then Duke of York,) wanted to have had Russell executed before the very doors of his own house in Southampton Square, where his brave wife would have heard the very chop of the axe; but the wiser and kinder, but equally inflexible, king refused. Lincoln's Inn Fields were chosen for the murderous execution of the patriot, probably because they lay reasonably near to Newgate, and Bloomsbury, and Covent Garden, the Bedford property. The court party had fears of a rescue or of an insurrection, and so the king had refused Lady Russell even five days' reprieve.

It is the night before, and raining hard outside the bars of Newgate, and upon the stolid unpolitical carpenters putting up the scaffold in the Fields. Russell looks out of his cell and says to his friends, Burnet and Tillotson, great church dignitaries after, "Such a rain to-morrow, friends, will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day." He had just finished writing out his death-speech and signing four copies of it. He has written to the king and to his hard-hearted enemy, the Duke of York, denying all treason and praying merely to be shown his wife and children. He has received the sacrament from Tillotson, and has heard two short sermons from well-intentioned but pompous Burnet, whom Swift, the foul-tongued, used afterwards to so rail at. After being shut up till the evening, he suffered his young children and some few friends to take leave of him, though a very fond father, maintaining his "constancy of temper." Then, hardest pang of all, (ten o'clock,) he parted with his wife, (kissing her four or five times,) with a "composed silence," she refraining from visible tears, and as her shadow passes through the door he exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is past," for "he loved and esteemed her beyond expression." About midnight, Russell went into his sleeping chamber, Burnet staying all night in the outer room: not till two in the morning did the patriot retire to rest; and at four o'clock, when he was called at his own request, he was sleeping firm and happily. When awoke, he drank a little tea and some sherry, was quickly dressed, but would not be shaved, for he said "he was not concerned in his good looks that day;" he then wound up his watch, saying thoughtfully, yet cheerfully, that "now he had done with time, and was going to eternity"—one of the finest sayings of dying martyrs extant. When told the executioner's fee was ten guineas, he said with a smile that "it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have one's head cut off." Six or seven times in the morning he retired into his chamber to pray alone.

At ten o'clock the sheriffs called him. Lord

Cavendish, who was waiting below to take leave of him, tenderly embraced him; he was one of those friends who had offered to assist his escape. After parting, Russell turned back to entreat his friend to apply himself more to religion, telling him at that moment what support and consolation it gave him.

Then he mounted the coach, Burnet and Tillotson with him. In a low voice, as they passed through *the now weeping*, now mocking crowd, Russell sang to himself the beginning of the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, saying he hoped soon he should sing better; "soon," too, he said, looking at the banks of human beings the coach ploughed through, "I shall see a better assembly."

On reaching the Square, he walked four or five times round the black scaffold, eyeing the hushed people; then he turned to the sheriffs and read his paper. He then prayed with Tillotson and Burnet, and undressing himself, calmly laid down his head on the block. It fell after two strong strokes. Burnet, who watched him as the executioner touched his neck with the axe, in order to take surer aim, was sure the brave man did not tremble.

It was as a conspirator in "the Rye House Plot" that Russell was murdered. All that his enemies could prove was, that he had been duped by that intriguing villain and debauchee, Lord Shaftesbury, into attending a partisan meeting at the house of one Shepherd, a wine merchant.

With the after-plot, to intercept the king's coach on his return from Newmarket, and as it passed across a maltster's lonely farm in Hertfordshire, he had nothing to do.

But on the blue fog nights afore mentioned, this headless ghost of the portly, good-hearted, but not very strong-brained Whig patriot is not the only one I meet; for now it is Hogarth, the great satirical painter, going to paint "Paul before Felix," one of his great sacred failures, in Lincoln's Inn Hall; now it is that ingenious crotchety architect Sir John Soame, who collected pictures and nick-nacks all his life, and then left them to the nation, thinking everybody would then be forced to come and admire his stone puzzle of a house, with its "Hogarth's," its great sarcophagus, and its wonderful devices to make a small place seem large. Here he used to sit at the window, chatting about his own work opposite, the College of Surgeons, which he new-fronted, clapping on an Athenian portico to three old houses. And inside this great museum of death are all the terrible monstrosities that John Hunter, that patriarch of surgeons, spent all his life collecting. There is a hydrocephalic skull, so large that it balances on the puny skeleton like an ivory ball on a juggler's rod. There, too, is Napoleon's stomach, the mummy of a quack doctor's wife, and the sabre-toothed tiger, happily now extinct, and other ghastly curiosities. That blue fog of a December night, "punctuated" here and there with golden stars, will rise again this very evening in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and with it, to favoured eyes, will reappear all the ghosts of the haunted neighbourhood: the stout man without a head, the little shrewd bull-dog painter, the fashionable ghosts in skeleton coaches, the broken-hearted

ambassador, Pepys's sociable friend, the crotchety architect, the pompous minister; but if you rashly venture to put your hand through the blue fog and collar some supposed ghost, ten to one the stern indignant voice of unimaginative policeman X 104 will shout, half throttled,

"Now then, young man, no more of that, *if* you please."

#### "CARS AND STAGES" IN AMERICA.

IN America, though there are "busses," they are rarely called by that name. "Bus" is British, and, moreover, supposed to be indelicate; and "omnibus" is by far too long a word for such fast-going people. "Railroad" is also "slow," and labours under a similar objection. The word "car" is therefore the substitute for every species of conveyance by rail, and that of "stage" for every public carriage on the common road. "Waggon" is a term applied to all sorts of private vehicles, from a farmer's cart to the smart-going drosky in which the dashing citizen sports his pair of high-mettled bloods "2' 40";" that is to say, animals capable of getting over a mile in that space of time; and "sleighs" are modes of progression better known there than here, corresponding to the English sledges.

But in many respects the Americans are ahead of the British in travelling. Their omnibusses far surpass ours in point of elegance and comfort. Instead of entering a damp, straw-covered, ill-ventilated vehicle, as in London, you find a light, clean, wax-clothed or carpeted carriage, commodious and airy, with agreeable plush or velvet cushions, and handsome frescoes or paintings between the panels, in lieu of the hideous advertisements and placards that are to be found in London. The vehicle is also more simply managed: there are no bawling "cads" or conductors; the coachman alone, perched up on his small and solitary seat in front, manages all. At a signal you stop him on the street, and he relaxes a long leathern strap, which passes from his arm along the top of the interior of the vehicle to the door. So soon as you open and enter this, he again pulls it tight. The belt affords you useful support as you proceed to your seat, and it is still more serviceable to the driver, by keeping you in till you have paid. You pass your money through a small opening near him in front, and he deposits it or gives you change from a small box on his left. Being reckless as any of his London compeers, he takes the precaution of causing you to pay on entrance, lest what is termed a "spill" should occur; that is to say, lest a wheel is whisked off and you be all pitched on one side. By a pull on the strap, you also stop him when you want to descend; one or two applications of the hand causing him to draw up on the right or left side of the road as you may desire.

The "cars," drawn by horses on a sort of tramway, or rail, through the American towns, are not so agreeable. Properly conducted, they would be more so, as their movement is exceedingly smooth: but while the "stages" or omnibusses are rigidly confined to twelve inside, there seems no limit to

road, and he has just found his way home, mud-stained and lame, and scarcely able to stand. He's in the loose box; go and look at the poor brute. It's a shame of that Ike to be so careless—a positive shame! Diamond's half dead from fatigue and want of food. But I must go and do what I can for him."

I did as my host directed, and repaired to the stables. There was Diamond, sure enough, and just as certain was it that he was half dead. His master set to work; he carefully fomented the cuts and bruises with which his legs were covered, fed him slowly from his hand, and, having almost hidden him in the supply of straw that formed his bed, left him to rest in peace, whilst he occupied his time in bewailing the unfortunate occurrence, and working himself up by degrees into a most unamiable and unenviable frame of mind. This was about at its very height when the innocent cause of all this disquiet in my host walked coolly and calmly into the yard, as if nothing had happened, touching his hat as he approached.

"Well, sir!" quoth S—, barely able to contain his wrath, "so you delivered Diamond quite safely, I suppose?"

"Ees sur, I did, an' Muster H— wur very glad to see un, that he wor'. He telled me as I was to tell you—"

"Now, Master Ike, I've never had reason to doubt you before, and I warn you to take care what you're about."

"Whey, Measter, what be matter wi' me? I'm not a tellin' no lies as I knows on."

"When did you see the dog last, sir? Answer me that, before you say anything else."

"Well, let's zee," replied honest Ike; "I seed 'un this mornin' afore I comed away, an' I comed away half arter eight. I couldn't go for to leave the place eout sayin' so much as good-bye, like, to the old dog. Na, na! that I couldn't! So I went into t'stable, an' guv un a partin' pat afore startin' homewards."

"Why, you old—;" but I need not repeat the words: my friend S— was rather out of temper, you know. "Just come with me and look here, and then be good enough to repeat what you've said. Now, man, look at that dog lying there; and yet you want to delude me with your story. What dog's that?"

Ike's face would have been invaluable to David Wilkie at that moment.

"I wunt b'lieve it," he exclaimed. "'Tare wery like 'un, but I wunt b'lieve it. Let's look at t'other side, ole chap," he continued, as he turned the poor beast over. There was the white star. "Well, that ees a go. Never mind, tho'. I told 'ee afore, an' I tell 'ee again, Measter, if I wur to die fur it next minit, I patted that ere dog's 'ead this verry mornin' at Muster H—'s, as sartin as I stands ere now. Write an' ax 'un if I didn't, for he wur standin' by at the toime." And off went Ike, mumbling and grumbling to himself at his sorry welcome home.

S— did write that verry evening. He was anxious to have Ike's behaviour cleared up, though he could not credit his words. He might have

done, though, as it turned out, for the old trainer had spoken the truth. Mr. H— wrote to my friend by the same post; the letters actually crossed on the road, and the purport of his letter was regret for the loss of Diamond, who, on his opening the stable door where he had been shut up, had bounded out, rushed at once to the gate, and made off full speed. The letter concluded by saying: "This was at nine o'clock this morning. I have already sent in pursuit, and offered a reward for his recovery."

Now, when Diamond made his appearance at home that same day, and when I first saw him, I happened to be holding my watch in my hand; it was exactly two o'clock. He had travelled *fifty-four* miles in the almost incredibly short space of five hours, and that too over a road which he had only traversed once before in his life. Not one false step could have been taken; and, allowing that a quarter of an hour only was consumed in his stoppages for water, he had travelled at the rate of eleven miles an hour for five consecutive hours. The dog that performed this wonderful feat recovered in time, and is, I believe, alive and well at this moment, though he could not do the like now-a-days, poor fellow; he's getting old—that is, for a dog.

## HAUNTED LONDON.

### II.—LEICESTER FIELDS.

Is it possible that that square of the refugee—of blazing diamond gas stars—of a black exhibition globe—of a subterranean eating-house—of furniture warehouses—of booksellers—of jewellers' shops, where the windows are webbed with gold chains—was ever a broad tract of green fields, lined with bushy elm trees, where foot-pads swung the bludgeon and cocked the pistol? Yes, it was, though the great deluge of houses has now spread over it, and destroyed the old land-marks.

○ We need not go back to the middle ages, when steel men trampled over the spot, and little flowers lived their happy life, monarchs of the meadow; but we will go back to Charles I's reign, when Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, rented some parish lands, known as Lammass lands, because common lands after Lammass-tide, and reared a mansion in the north-east corner, somewhere, we suppose, near where the reading-room now is; where Napoleon is nightly denounced by strange bearded exiles, who talk revolutions. The house—once stately with glistening windows and ever open door, once proud with heraldic shields, once breathing through countless chimneys, once regarded by plumed and cloaked men who had seen Cromwell, and knew Milton as a sort of fossil ancestor, as a friend—has now passed away into "air, thin air," and it requires an effort of faith, almost, to believe in its very existence. Its honeysuckle gardens are now grimy courts; instead of lute and voice, you hear wife-beaters' curses and the clatter of pewter pots. Its scarfed earls have gone into dark vaults; its fair daughters, such as Vandyke painted, are gone, centuries ago, to sleep; the handsome striplings grew up, and passed into palsied men.

The house that seemed built for ever is sponged out, and Time has drawn other and meaner pictures on this section of his transparent slate. It seemed impossible, but it has come true, and the very site of the palace of the earls has to be groped for amid tobacco shops, and stationers and milliners, and party walls, labyrinthine and innumerable. Yet here the earl's children lived; Algernon, the stubborn patriot, the handsome Sydney of Charles II's bad court, and the fair Lady Dorothy, whom the poet Waller celebrated under the name of Sacharissa.

But this great house, adjoining the military wall, whatever that was, and the swan close, wherever that was, never throve. It was not a house of good fortune, built stoutly and lasting long. It was not the sheltering place of a great family for centuries, decaying solemnly and slowly, like an old oak that has long been the pride and monarch of a field. In 1677, we find it already turned into a sort of grand lodging, or general town-house for ambassadors and distinguished strangers. It was an hotel merely, without traditions. Those who lived in it loved it not, but dwelt there, passed away, and forgot it, as though it had never been. It was an unlucky and ill-omened house, and a sequence of misfortunes followed it from its building to its destruction. Evil begot evil, and the house could not escape from the dark cloud of influence that hung over it. It stands, in my memory, upon the map of Old London, like one of those dismal houses in Chancery, which you see here and there in back streets—the windows black as ink, or starred with gaping holes; the door defaced, nameless, and numberless; woe and desolation written upon every brick.

Well, the great earl's family, with their goods and chattels, the youth's sword, the maiden's pearl, the family pictures, the carved chairs, the plumed beds, passed away, and strangers trod the hallowed floors. The rooms where the earl had died, the sacred chambers of the once so carefully guarded house, became another's, and lords and ambassadors made it by turns their night's resting-place, and great banquets were given by each temporary occupant who in his turn spread the table and "ruled the roast."

Colbert, Louis XIV's great minister, dwelt here, and thought here of rebellious Protestants, and longed to be again at the helm in France. The Queen of Bohemia, the first of the great train of exiles that have filled the Square and discussed the news, died here, regretted by at least one true heart, and that was her lover, and, some think, secret husband, Lord Craven, who lived in a grand house where the Olympic Theatre now stands. In this house the exiled queen lived, till she came to die in the unlucky building in Leicester Fields, soon after the Restoration.

The poor queen's life was in itself a little romance, and we must repeat the oft-told tale. Early in life the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of that school-master-king, James I, married, much against her parents' consent, the Elector Palatine, whom the German Protestants had made King of Bohemia. Losing, in the terrible war between the two religions, both husband and kingdom, the lively de-

bonair lady, whom Pepys, the memoir-writer—a great authority on these matters—calls "plain," came to England with her children, and was pensioned and housed by the generous and chivalrous gratitude of Lord Craven, one of her husband's generals, who remained, as Butler says of the neglected cavaliers,

"True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shone upon."

She, who Dr. Donne had foolishly called "the sun," and witty Sir Henry Wotton "the eclipse and glory of her kind," left Lord Craven all her books, pictures, and papers. And a brave Dalgetty, a faithful true servant of the fallen queen, the old soldier-lover seems to have been—draper's son though he was: yes, Yorkshire Lord Mayor's son that he was. After his queen's death he became colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and like a brave old soldier of Gustavus Adolphus, and foe of Wallenstein and Tilly, he was always very busy with his soldiers at fires or in 'prentice riots. He was shelved by William III, who was afraid of his fidelity to the Stuarts, and spent his old age in gardening—Drury Lane, his domain, being at that time happily rural, and one half gardens—dreaming, as he grafted and pruned, of the "Queen of Hearts," and the immortal Gustavus, King of Sweden. The old captain's name still lives in that of some obscure row of houses, and the queen swings, here and there, upon country sign-boards.

Then, in Queen Anne's days, the imperial ambassador and Prince Eugene, the special enemy of France, lodged here, conning parchments and arranging sieges. But in 1718, the unlucky house shone out again, but only to fall into worse fortune than ever. The Prince of Wales (afterwards George II) came here to live as far as possible from his father; and, as if parental rancour and filial ingratitude were chronic in the family, he too, when on the throne, let his son, with whom he had quarrelled, go and sulk in the same house where he himself had lived; and here the wrong-headed, foolish prince died, not much missed by any one except his dancing-master and mean favourites. It was in this house that that great patron of prize-fighters, the Duke of Cumberland, by some called "the butcher," from his cruelties after Culloden, was born; and here that statuesque dull play of Addison's, "Cato," was performed; George III (then prince) acting the part of the philosophical young Roman, Portius, in full court suit, and that crown of all artificiality, the wig. He, too, was to have, like his father and his grandfather, an undutiful son, but not to dwell in that "pouting-place of princes," as the antiquarian writer Pemmant called it.

It was to this by-gone shadow house (that I sometimes now fancy I see black against the moon, as I stroll on haunted nights through ghostly London,) that the poor weeping wife of the Earl of Cromartie brought her children to petition the Princess of Wales for the life of her husband, who had been rebelling for the Stuart, and fighting with the hairy-legged Highlanders in Scotland. What stronger argument could a mother bring to plead for the life of her children's father? But she got nothing from that frivolous fop, or from his wife,

who was thought to have done just a classical and beautiful thing when she coldly and studiously went out of the room, and returned and silently placed her own children before those of the suppliant lady's—highly applauded, no doubt, by the gentlemen who carried fans and muffs, and put their hair in papers, and thought charming by the Lady Silvertongues, who went into raptures about Chinese toys, cracked cups, and divided their lives between cards and masquerades; but, to my mind, cruel, heartless, and undefendible.

But houses, like men, have the green spring-time of their youth, and the yellow autumn of their decline and of their age. The Duke of Gloucester next lived in the house, and there suffered his full share of courtly vexations; and then, with a jolt down-hill towards neglect and poverty, the house became a mere museum, with 26,000 articles collected by a Sir Ashton Lever, who in 1804 petitioned parliament for leave to sell it by lottery—40,000 tickets at a guinea each—asserting that from 1775 to 1784 he had gained by it £13,000. Its memory is associated with Leicester Fields, as the Soane Museum and the Hunterian Museum are with Lincoln's Inn Fields.

But here we break away from the shadow house, that still stands, though unseen, at the north-east corner of the Earl of Leicester's Square, and we come to those two great artists, Hogarth and Reynolds, whose memory is specially associated with this Square; for here, on the east side, lived the satirist, and on the west-end side, Reynolds, who received here all the great, and wise, and beautiful of the land, and preserved their faces from the grave, for our delight and for our children's. So, if our readers, passing straight through the Square, should meet a little bull-dog man, with a scar on the left temple, and an old gentleman in spectacles, with a pink healthy bloom on his cheeks, be sure, whatever the dress may be, these are the ghosts of William Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds, even though you see one go into Wyld's Reading Room, and the other give a penny to a street-crossing sweeper. Ghosts do those sort of things to keep up appearances; but it won't do—you know with us old folks it won't do. I see them give a wondering stare at the great gas star, and the smoky Globe, the Moorish towers, and the reading-room; and then fade away down that side street where Sir Isaac Newton used to live, and where he used to watch those stars we shall stare up at to-night, as at a book in illuminated letters, but an unknown language.

Our little acute friend Hogarth lived in the Fields in 1733, years before they put up the statue of George II in the centre. He liked the place, because he had been apprenticed when a boy to a metal-chaser and plate-engraver in a street close by, and used to have to walk in this very square, carrying his master's sickly son in his arms. Here he lived, with a gilt cork head over his door, close to where a well-known engraver of Dryden's time had lived. Here the Bishop of Bangor, his great friend, used to come and see him, and that kindly bear Hayman, the artist; and from here he sallied out to rusticate at his house in Chiswick, to watch

street groups, to think of Beer Street or Gin Lane, or to go and meet Wilkes and Churchill at his card club, or to go and laugh and quaff at old Slaughter's, the artist's great coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane. The square was a fashionable square ever since 1635, when it was built, and from 1671, when its south side was finished. The Earls of Aylesbury had left a tradition about the place, and the princes of Wales had made a sort of palace precinct of it. It was central; it was fashionable; it was near everything, and everything was what Hogarth wanted to observe. Here he gave the world the *Rake's Progress*, from the gambling-room to the madhouse. Here he swung his scourge, and drove his brand, till I almost wonder the fops and fools and silky brainless revellers of that day did not hedge his house some night with swords, and burn it to the ground, little satirist and all.

With the exception of a certain little unlucky trip to Calais, where he got arrested for venturing to draw the fortifications, Hogarth never went further from home than Puddle Dock, *en route* to Rochester, or Tottenham Road leading to Highgate. The faces he sought were to be found in Covent Garden, looking out of sedan chairs in St. James's Street. To-day he was at the cock-pit; to-morrow he will be at Southwark Fair; anywhere that he can place his hand on one human heart and feel its pulsations—mental physician that he is! Fools and knaves dread his lancet, as much as if it were a sword, for he detests folly and badness of all kinds.

It was here, to the square of the Elm-trees, that the dogged little painter brought his pretty loving wife, whom he had married clandestinely, braving the big-wig of her father, Sir James Thornhill, the great empty court painter, who decorated (as he called it) the dome of St. Paul's, and did his best to spoil that wonderful Wren's nest. Here his future enemy, squinting, foul-tongued, bitter Wilkes, probably visited him, with the degraded clergyman, Churchill the poet, perhaps as he appeared in Vauxhall Gardens under the strings of lamps, and among all the painted people and the ambling, lisping old fops, in blue coat edged with narrow gold lace, white silk stockings, and three-cornered hat—as great a dandy as that heartless genius Sterne himself.

Yes, here, just where Sablonier's Hotel rears its stuccoed hulk, stood Hogarth's home, where little Garrick came in of evenings, flushed with his tragic triumphs, arm-in-arm with Fielding, the king of English novelists. Here our little sturdy satirist fretted at his pictures not selling, railed at the "black old masters," and chiselled and grooved on his copper plates, an eternal record of the vices of his artificial age.

But now, leaving Hogarth, and stepping from under the shadow of the golden head which stands over his door, let us cross the fields and visit the great portrait painter, the Devonshire man, Sir Joshua Reynolds; where, in some back room, we shall find Dr. Johnson puffing over his twenty-third cup of tea, and discussing the beauty of the Duke of Richmond's eyes, or listening to one of Sir Joshua's lectures, to be delivered to-morrow

at the Royal Academy, at Somerset House. Observe how, when he is pleased, the doctor rolls about his whale-like body, and makes hideous faces of Polyphemus pleasure at that ugly man with the bumping full forehead and uneasy look, who tries in vain to get in a word. That is Goldsmith, the Irish poet, who has his great poem of "The Traveller" in his pocket, and burns to read it; but Boswell, who has taken too much claret at one of Reynolds's slovenly dinners, will take care he does not, for he is goading on the doctor in whispers, to a discussion upon art, directly Reynolds has finished.

Presently, when Miss Reynolds's duties at the silver tea-urn are ended, and the doctor's mighty appetite for that intellectual beverage—tea—is sated, there will be an adjournment, with a procession of golden glowing lamps, to the painter's show-room, where, perhaps, some delight of our own is throned on the easel, the carmines and pearl greys still luminous and wet. It may be some admiral, bluff and stately, in blue and gold; or some belle of the day, her powdered hair rising in a fragile mountain above her sparkling eyes and her peachy cheeks. It may be Sir Joshua himself, ruffling in his crimson doctor's gown, his sagaciously twinkling eyes peering through silvery spectacles, that scar on his upper lip showing still where he so nearly lost his life, (falling down the rocks at Majorca.) Quietly patriarchal Sir Joshua is here among his painted children—a very grand old bachelor indeed—one who has, by his cultivated mind and polished manners, done much to elevate the noble profession to which he belongs. He will quarrel with Gainsborough and Wilson, and be rather shy of Hogarth, who, however, soon passed from his orbit; but, say the worst, he is a true honest gentleman, whose name no meanness or baseness blackens, but who perhaps was not quite so fervid and chivalrous in his impulses as some men of more fiery temperament would desire.

We will not follow Reynolds's house into the possession of the Earl of Inchequin, because he was a nobody; but go on to mention that, in 1763, next door to Hogarth's old house, lived that great surgeon John Hunter, who here began to arrange his museum. Here, in winter, he gave his evening conversaciones to all the big-wig physicians, dividing his house into a lyceum for philosophical disputation, a lecture room, a snug dissecting room, a printing office, and a book shop where his medical works were sold.

And before we leave the square, so full of great shadows about night-fall, we may give a word to the statue of George II—a king who hated his father rather less than he hated his own son—which was put up in the square about 1754, by the Duke of Chandos, Handel's great patron, who had it brought from Cannons, ("Timon's villa,") his celebrated seat near Edgeware. It was for this Duke that Handel composed "Esther," and "Acis and Galatea." This duke, glorified by Pope, married for his third wife a poor servant girl of an inn, whom he saved from being beaten by her husband, a drunken groom. The great house, which cost £230,000, is gone to dust; its site is ploughed over, and the duke himself is forgotten on his own domain.

To a thoughtful man, every stone of London streets is a grave-stone, and beneath it lie buried memories and legends, yet with life in them for those who love them, preserved as you preserve flowers between the leaves of a book, so that, though dead, they may still retain something of the colour of their spring beauty, something of their old fragrance. It does us good sometimes, in this feverish race and wrestle of ours, to look back. It reminds us that others have passed on the road we traverse; that other hearts have felt our sorrows, as others yet unborn will groan and ache with them. We are but the tenants of the old inn, that we call the world; others have sat where we sit, others will rule in it for their little hour, as we are doing. Why go panting to Babylon, to moralize about fallen pride and the mutability of things, when there is food for a wise man's life in one London street?

#### FRUITS OF THE REVIVAL IN ULSTER.

THE "12th of July," an anniversary dreaded in Belfast for its scenes of bloodshed, drunkenness, and outrage, passed over in 1859 in quietness. In those districts which had been termed "disturbed," Orangemen and Romanists were seen peaceably conversing, and expressions of kindness were interchanged. In the districts of the "Maze," Broomhead, Dundrod, Ahoghill, etc., the "12th," instead of being celebrated by processions, noise and dissipation, was signalized by great meetings for prayer and praise. In several districts of the county of Antrim, to which it had been necessary on former anniversaries to draft bodies of military and police, several of the publicans voluntarily shut up their houses in order that no interruption should be given to the religious services which were held in their vicinity. It is devoutly to be wished that the feelings of rancorous hate which have existed between the Orangemen and Romanists of Ulster for 169 years may at least be checked by the religious movement to which this cessation of hostilities was owing.

These moral results have been attested by persons whose authority will not be questioned. At the last Ballymena quarter sessions there were only four cases, all of an ordinary description, in the calendar, and the chairman offered his congratulations on "the manifest decrease in public crime, and the high moral tone which now pervades the community of this populous district." He added, "that it was not for him to say to what cause the elevation of morals should be attributed, but there was an undoubted improvement in such matters, and he sincerely rejoiced to see it." Chief Baron Pigot, a Romanist, expressed to the grand jury of the county of Down his satisfaction with the results of the revival, and his hope that a heaven so socially purifying might penetrate everywhere. Dr. Outhbert, writing in the "Medical Times," asserts that drunkenness, blasphemy, lying, and malice have been banished from whole districts in Ulster. A head constable of police states that, in the extensive district with which he is acquainted, the great majority of family quarrels and other feuds for which it was

## HAUNTED LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

## III. WHITEHALL.

I LOVE to wander about London in the dusk, what time a thin veil of grey crape-like mist is drawn over the house fronts, just before the fire-buds of lamps have burst forth through the street's long lines, with the suddenness and beauty of flowers in spring. It is then I meet my ghostly friends of various centuries—the Lions of London streets in Dr. Johnson's days—celebrities of Wat Tyler's days, or even of the far-gone Saxon times of beard and hood, when the Danes were scarcely yet driven northward, and there were herds of wolves in Hornsey Wood. My ghosts will not speak, it is true, but they still masquerade round me in the dimness, making my imagination thoughtful and my fancy prolific in its harlequin promptings. Then can I, in no time, without any of your pompous architects, or your cumbrous network of scaffolds, rear up airy palaces where they once stood, place glittering beef-eaters at the door, pages at the stairs-foot, ladies at the windows, nobles at the table, kings under their canopies, and all this magnificence without costing me or anybody else one halfpenny.

Sometimes it is down in the Savoy I rear again my ephemeral palace; sometimes in Blackfriars; sometimes down by Paul's Wharf; sometimes—but *to-night*, this blue fog night, when the wet streets glimmer golden in the lamplight, and the paving-stones are here and there a wet crimson under the druggist's lamp, as if some bleeding street brawler (temp. Geo. II) had just been dragged in to have his sword wound dressed, I choose, in the waywardness of my fancy, to go to Whitehall, and raise there the cloud-capped pinnacles of my palace in the air.

London, like other cities, has its favoured spots. In this alley, thieves have struck and stabbed ever since the Conquest. On this river bank, just opposite the park of St. James, there has always been the home of the great. The roses of fashion and the lilies of royal maidenhood have always loved to grow in this special water-side plot of the great London garden. One can scarcely go back to the time when a palace did not delight the eyes that passed by Whitehall. There might have been a time when the wolf hunter, or the blue tattooed fisherman, reared his wattle hut here; but certainly as early as Henry III's troubled reign, Hubert de Burgh, the great Earl of Kent, the sword-smitten justiciary of England, dwelt here in proud state; and on leaving this world, through which he had cleft a way, he bequeathed it to the black friars of Chancery Lane, who, in one time, and probably for certain "considerations," handed it over, with its fair river prospect and all, to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, who put on and off his mitre here, as for some centuries did his successors, till Wolsey came and made the old house shine out as much brighter as a fire-fly is than a humble glow-worm.

Here in York House, close to the cross of Charing, and not far from Westminster Palace,

Wolsey, the son of the poor yeoman (butcher) of Ipswich, fed fat his intolerable and unchristian pride, not dreaming of the terrible vengeance all ready. Here the floor groaned under the weight of gold coin; here the tables bent under the mountain heaps of gold plate; here I meet him just opposite to the Admiralty Gate, where the dolphins are, in his crimson hat and tippet of sables, and the hollow orange in his fat hand filled with a sponge steeped in aromatic vinegar.

How can I describe to you the interior of that prelate's palace as I last night saw it in my walking dream? No wonder (between ourselves) that the king grew jealous. His house was full of running footmen, physicians, minstrels, armourers, yeomanry of the wardrobe, clerks, surveyors, and gentlemen ushers. Every day, in his river-side hall, three tablefuls of guests sit down to eat, presided over by a priestly steward, a knightly treasurer, and a comptroller who is an esquire. Why, bless your simple heart, even his master cook struts in red damask, with a gold chain round his gross neck. But oh, to see him go, as I did, to chapel, with a train of forty-one blazoned copes, and lighted by a forest of wax torches borne by the white-robed choristers—then the great crosses of silver, good lack!—then the silver pillars and the silver mace—then the scarlet footmen with the gilt poleaxes—then the gentlemen ushers, crying out in a fussy, irritating voice: "On before, my lords and masters; make way for my lord's grace." Then at last comes the great seal, in the rich velvet bag; then the broad red hat, borne on a stately cushion by a duke solemnly bareheaded; and last of all—the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes"—Wolsey, fat and stern, with the full cheek and the clenched mouth. Surely, such pride must have a fall—a fall like Lucifer's, who by his pride lost heaven.

A dreadful change from that great day that Cavendish, Wolsey's gentleman usher, tells us of, when, with roars of cannon and drums, Henry and his gentlemen masquers, hid in vizors, burst laughing into Wolsey's hall, to the time that the Judge Shelly went to drive out the broken-hearted man to die at Leicester. Here, then, with no sorrowful thoughts for this great-hearted and faithful servant, came the fat butcher, the English Blue Beard, the Ahab of Britain, to revile and to sign death warrants; and poor Anne Boleyn to pass out weeping to the Tower axe; and Henry the tyrant, the Caligula of our kings, erased the palace's old name, and from York House it came out of the mould of the royal will, bright and glittering, as the Whitehall. Here, in some secret closet, Henry was married to luckless Anne Boylen, four months only after the death of proud bigoted Spanish Catherine; and the morning after poor Anne's death to grave Jane Seymour; then to that uncomely Anne of Cleves; after that to unhappy Catherine Howard; and, lastly, to buxom Catherine Parr, who was happiest of all his wives, inasmuch as she survived him.

It was in this palace that Henry's favourite painter, Hans Holbein, bluff and outspoken as himself, dwelt in special apartments; and for this white hall of the anti-papal king, he designed an



embattled Tudor gateway, low in the arch and guarded with two square towers, such as Lincoln's Inn boasts of. It was built of dried brick, or stone and flint, and had four terra-cotta medallions, two of them above and two below the broad mullioned two-story windows. This gate was pulled down as late as 1750, and the Duke of Cumberland had the stones numbered, intending to rebuild it at the end of the Long Walk at Windsor; but Providence thought otherwise, and Holbein's Gate exists now only on copperplates, except on the blue fog nights, when I set it up in a moment, and walk backwards and forwards through it; and why should I not? for I rebuilt it.

The chief reason of Henry VIII's taking so eagerly to his fallen servant's fair house was, that his own royal palace of Westminster had lately been injured by fire. Indeed, all the kings lived in it from his time till the proud Tudor building was finally destroyed by fire in William of Orange's time. No scrap of the old Tudor palace, with its red brick and flint and white astler stone, and broad windows and low doorways, is now left; no, not a stone; for the Banqueting House is only the one rebuilt by Inigo Jones, the Welsh architect, the great rival of Ben Jonson, Shakspeare's friend and boon companion; the earlier one of Wolsey having been burned down in 1618. It has gone, with all its scenes of so many joys and crimes, so many hopes and fears; gone, with its Henry VIII's Gallery, its Matted Gallery, its Shield Gallery, its Stone Gallery, its Vane Gallery, its Adam and Eve Gallery, its tennis courts, tilt yard, cockpit, and orchard; gone, like the poor dwelling of Mat Roberts, the king's baker, or Will Ledger's, the clerk of the king's steward.

"For golden lads and girls all must  
Like chimney sweepers come to dust."

"CYMBELINE."

Yes; the palace that James I was always intending to rebuild, and Charles I also, till they led him through a certain Banqueting House window, as a warning to faithless monarchs, was never rebuilt, till fire, impetuous, strong-willed, and sudden, cleared it all off, in William's time, and said, "Now I have done my part—build what ye may;" and the men built nothing. But I pray you to reconstruct it in your own mind, reader, that you may follow me through my airy palace, and imagine it stretching on one side as far as Scotland Yard, on the other as far as Cannon Row. On the site of the present Horse Guards, with its two mounted heraldic supporters in scarlet and steel, stood the tilt yard. The gate of the palace was connected by a gallery running across the present open street, with this place of tournament; and it was when Henry got fat and ulcerous, and had to be lowered down stairs by machinery, that the dread of seeing the repeated black funerals passing to St. Margaret's, Westminster, almost through his palace, made him build the church of St. Martin for the suburban dead who so offended and shocked him.

In this bygone Tudor house, Queen Elizabeth, fair, thin, and twenty-five, petted her dogs, fed her birds, chid her parrots, beat her apes, rated her maids of honour, talked Latin to foreign am-

bassadors, danced, sang, took her summer siesta on her Indian couch, listened approvingly to Shakspeare's plays and his midsummer night compliment, wept for Essex; or, as fifty-six, wrinkled, with false red hair, hooked nose, thin lips, and black teeth, listened to the loathsome flattery of her beauty, as she watched the bull-baiting from her gallery, or saw the nimble Frenchman dance on the tight-rope in the Conduit Court. It was in the chapel of this palace that the great queen, with the true English and Protestant heart, listened to the sublime organ music of Tallis, or scolded the preacher for alluding to old age.

When that weak, bad, cowardly James I, the Scotchman, came to Whitehall, he found it ruinous and in bad taste, as kings generally do the habitations of their predecessors. He planned a new palace; but, being a man of weak resolution, and troubled by powder plots and other vexations, all he did was to pull down the old Banqueting Hall, and with Inigo Jones's help and £17,000, rear the present one, now a chapel, remarkable as a show-place for Rubens's ceiling, with the pearls in his ears, removed from his head after death. Charles I was led through a window of the Banquet House, built by his father, to his public death. Upon the roof of the Admiralty, then a nobleman's private house, stood Archbishop Usher, who swooned as the axe fell on his master's neck.

But, though so much is gone of the old palace, the two water gates, or traces of them, still exist, and from these descended all the royal processions of half-a-dozen reigns. In the Banqueting House many of the uncourtly scenes of the poor pedant James's reign must have taken place. Here, fresh from the fairy dreams of Ben Jonson's masques and Shakspeare's most tender and most thoughtful plays, (Ariel acting, while they and Caliban sat and nodded their brute approval,) King James and the King of Denmark got drunk together on strong Greek wine, or the royal schoolmaster laughed to see two jesters falling to blows before him. And here, in the Cabinet Room, remarkable for the venetian window, and on the St. James's Park side of Whitehall, was King Charles I's famous collection of pictures, unfortunately dispersed by the sober-minded Commonwealth, who wanted money.

Cromwell, at Whitehall, behaved like a king, and had there his solemn prayer meetings and his sedate entertainments, with church music, perhaps not unsurpassed by Mr. Secretary Milton. And in due time, to do no great good to England, comes the quondam Black Prince—the swarthy Charles II, restored, after a hard life of it in France, to have a lazy life of it in England. And here, quartered all over St. James's Park and Whitehall, were the infamous companions of his pleasures, unscared by plagues or fires of London, forgetting the one over royal wine, outshining the other with ball-room lamps.

Then, late in the day, came gloomy James—the Black Prince's brother—to erect the smiling Gibbon's statue where it now stands in the Priory Garden, where Latimer used to preach to King Edward VI, listening from the Tudor windows. Then passes through our ear a burst of Dutch

drums, and, last of all, swallowing up our airy palace at one swoop, comes a rolling wave of fire, and Whitehall shrivels into a legendary name, painted up black and white at the corner of the Strand.

#### GOVERNOR SIR GEORGE GREY.

It is a rare occurrence for a colonial governor to be recalled by the Home Administration, and, after quitting the dependency he has ruled, to be invited to return to the same post by the powers that be, yielding to the unanimous request of the colonists themselves, sustained by the representations of influential men, mercantile and religious, in the mother country. This distinction has just fallen to the lot of the Sir George Grey who returned last year from the Cape, in obedience to the summons of Sir Bulwer Lytton, then at the head of the colonial department, and has been reappointed by his successor in office, the Duke of Newcastle. Estimable alike in private and public life, joyfully will his landing again on the southern shores of Africa be hailed by all classes of the people, among whom he won golden opinions by enlightened views of their moral and material interests, which were carried into effect with the energy which conquers difficulties, the patience and kindness which disarm opposition and win affectionate respect.

The correspondent of one of the London papers, after describing the prosperous condition of the colony, thus wrote on the day of Sir George Grey's departure for England (August 20, 1859):—

"For no small portion of this prosperity we have to thank Sir George Grey, whom the Derby Government, in their wisdom, thought it proper to recall. Sir George embarked to-day on board the mail steamer 'Celt,' after a five years' career of great, and, as respects this colony, unparalleled usefulness. The intelligence of his recall was received here about a month ago, and as soon as it became known, the act was denounced by men of all parties as uncalled for. The inhabitants of Cape Town met and voted an address, and appointed a committee to take steps for presenting to his Excellency a testimonial. At a subsequent meeting, however, it was intimated that Sir George would not accept of any testimonial from the colonists which could be appropriated to his own use; and thereupon it was resolved to erect a marble statue of his Excellency in some conspicuous place in Cape Town. Towards this object the sum of £600 has up to this day been subscribed. No Governor of any colony has ever received such an ovation as Sir George Grey during the past month. Addresses have been voted to him by every public body, and by every village and town to which the news has penetrated. By all he is lauded as a Christian, a statesman, and a gentleman, and characterized as 'the best Governor the colony has ever had.' We dare say that, until now, he himself little dreamt of his universal popularity. Even those few who at one time objected to some points in his policy, are foremost in expressing their sympathy, respect, and admiration, and in condemn-

ing the recall. Wherever he has appeared, he has been lionized, and the inhabitants have by this mail forwarded to the Queen a memorial for his reinstatement. The population turned out *en masse* to-day to bid him farewell as he embarked on board the 'Celt.' Volunteers lined the streets along the route from Government House, the members of the Exchange occupied the jetty at the landing-stairs, a triumphal arch decorated the wharf, his carriage was drawn down Adderley Street by a body of gentlemen, and altogether the demonstration was of such a sincere and universal character as has seldom been witnessed in this colony.

"I have said that the career of Sir George Grey here has been of a highly useful character. Everybody admits it. He arrived shortly after Sir George Cathcart had subdued the Kaffir war, and when affairs were in a very unsettled state. By a course of wise administration he has disarmed the hostile tribes, and brought them, to no small extent, under civilizing influences. To every enterprise of a good, humane, and noble character he has lent the seal of his sanction, the power of his influence, and the aid of his pecuniary resources."

Joyfully, too, would his return be greeted to a more distant region, formerly under his government—New Zealand—especially by the natives, who watched with tearful eyes his departure from them, and lingered on the tops of the hills, after the ship that bore him away was out of sight, in the hope of catching again a glimpse of its sails. He was commemorated, to use their own words employed in valedictory addresses and songs, as the "Great one, the Peacemaker, the Honourable, the Friendly one, the Loving one, the Kind one, the Director, the Protector, the Far-famed one, the Lifter-up, the Pride of the people, and the Father." The views under which he occupied an onerous and important station will be best gathered from his reply to a farewell address from the bishop and clergy. "I have long thought," he remarked, "that if, as an empire spread to almost boundless limits, Great Britain rested its control over the nations successively adopted into it, upon their fears or compelled obedience, it became but weaker and weaker as it spread, and that before long a time must arrive when from its very vastness it must fall into fragments; while, on the other hand, I believed that if, as it spread its dominion, it spread also equal laws, the Christian faith, Christian knowledge, and Christian virtues, it would link firmly to itself by the ties of love and gratitude, each nation it adopted, thus strengthening as it spread, and rendering its dominion an object rather sought for than impatiently submitted to."

The writer of this paragraph, which is worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold upon every government house in the world, tried the experiment among the Maori, the proper name of the New Zealand natives; and he left its shores under a perfect shower of complimentary epithets and affectionate effusions, in poetry and prose, evidently the language of the heart.

Thus sung Te Ao, a young chief, upon the occasion. The translator has thrown the original

him no speak," said the boy, whom we now perceived to be Ker's servant.

We looked up quickly at the motionless figure in the gig. It was Ker; and there he still sat, bolt upright, his eyes wide open, and the reins in his hand: he seemed to be staring stedfastly at us; but it was a glassy, fixed, unnatural stare. We were at his side instantly; we spoke to him, we touched him, we shook him; but he neither answered nor stirred. Was it a fit? or was he suddenly paralyzed?—*That* could not be death—a dead man could not sit upright.

We lifted him from the gig, and laid him gently on the ground; Harry felt his pulse, I tore open his waistcoat, and put my hand on his heart.

"Harry, his heart is still," I whispered, for I was subdued by a confused feeling of doubt and terror.

"So is his pulse; and yet surely, surely he cannot be—hark! there is some one coming." A horse's feet were distinctly heard advancing rapidly along the Kingston road.

In a few minutes M'Mull appeared; he pulled up sharp when he came alongside the gig. "What's to do here?" he asked, in his usual grumpy tone.

"Jump off, doctor, there's a good man: Ker is in a swoon, or a fit, or something; he neither speaks nor stirs," cried Harry eagerly.

"In a swoon, or a fit, or something," repeated M'Mull, as he deliberately dismounted.

"Look sharp, doctor; it's a case of life and death, I can tell you," exclaimed Harry, exasperated at M'Mull's methodical slowness.

The doctor made no reply, but walked quietly up to the spot where Ker was lying. He put his hand on his wrist, kept it there for nearly a minute, then thrust it under his shirt upon his heart.

"You're wrong again, Harry Holt," he said, as he withdrew his hand; "it's no 'a case of life and death,' but just a case of death; the man's as dead as Julius Cæsar."

Although, in our secret thoughts, both Harry and I had feared this, yet the sudden announcement of the fact, made in such an apparently unfeeling manner, shocked us inexpressibly. Harry explained that he was sitting upright in the gig till we removed him; how could he retain his position if he were indeed dead?

"I dinna ken," said M'Mull; "but I ken he's dead; and more than that, I ken that I am wet to the skin, and shall catch my death o' cold gin I stay to answer all your questions: put him in the gig and bring him to camp."

So saying, he mounted his horse and rode off.

"Right or wrong, I could horsewhip that fellow till he hadn't a sound bone in his body, with all the pleasure in life," said Harry, in high wrath.

The body was placed in the gig, the dead horse was left where he fell, and we proceeded towards camp sad and sorrowful; for, though we neither of us liked Ker, his awfully sudden death had completely overwhelmed us.

"You and I," said Harry, as we walked our horses by the side of the gig—"you and I were out in a thunderstorm yesterday, when we saw not

one, but a thousand flashes of lightning, and yet we are here to tell the tale. Do you think we are sufficiently thankful to God for having so mercifully spared us, Brook?"

"I am afraid I never thought about it, Harry," I replied timidly, for in truth I felt ashamed of myself.

"Nor I either; at least, not so much as I ought: courage in the midst of danger is right and proper; but the highest courage would avail us nothing were not His arm stretched over us to protect and shield us from harm. Let us never forget that *fact*, Brook."

"I feel it now," I answered; "this fearfully sudden death has brought it home to me. How strange that there should have been only that one solitary flash, and one solitary clap of thunder; is it not?"

"Yes, it *is* strange, or at least seems so to us; but 'God's ways are not our ways,' you know, Brook."

The rain still descended heavily as our mournful procession splashed slowly and sadly along the flooded road and across the soaked and sloppy barrack-yard of Up Park Camp.

## HAUNTED LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

IV.—SOHO SQUARE.

AN old gentleman, who died about 1810, used to say that he remembered shooting a woodcock in open fields where Lambs' Conduit Street now stands. As late, too, as 1760, Oxford Street was but a deep hollow road, full of sloughs, with here and there only a ragged house—a lurking-place for cut-throats; and the night traveller shook in his hackney-coach as he passed along it, expecting every minute to see a goggling black mask staring in at the window.

When we remember that Hanover and Cavendish Squares were only built about 1718, can we wonder that, on looking at a map of Queen Elizabeth's London, for Soho, we find only broad green squared-out fields, bounded by roads leading to Reading and Uxbridge, where now the dingy square of Soho stands? Yes, all the pleasant small phenomena of everyday nature were then quietly and unsmokily going on in this area, now crushed so flat with four rows of solid houses. At that time, Bacon and Raleigh were living in the Strand, and the city was still the dwelling-place of noblemen; Hatton House stood at the end of Hatton Garden, and Drury Lane was a centre of fashion. There grew white-frilled daisies, dandelion's globes of down, and white cauliflower-heads of mayflower; children played and looked on distant London, and the thin smoke of ten thousand dinners cooked on wood fires went up at noon into the blue unsullied sky. There was Kemp's Field, and Bunche's Close, and Coleman Hedge, and Dog House Fields, and Brown's Close, all green and fresh, where now Greek Street, and Frith Street, and Charles Street, and Dean Street stand, shoulder to shoulder, in stolid vapid ugliness, yet not without memories to irradiate them, and throw

enchantment over twilight London at the ghost-walking hours, when day dies amid the bloodshed of the west.

During the Civil Wars there were brick kilns smoking blackly near Soho, and here, perhaps, as a quiet spot, sword thrusts were exchanged, or footpads skulked about watching travellers. After the Restoration, cottages began to increase about this country quarter; then it was half intended to stop, by parliamentary decree, the building of houses in Soho, as it choked up the air in the king's parks and palaces, and led away the water from the conduits which supplied Whitehall. The king was a great walker, and fond of the mall and his park, where he could lead about his spaniels and feed his ducks; so he wanted room to breathe, and remembered that old Cromwell had tried to stop the rage for house-building in London, but it was no use. Houses were wanted—houses brought in more money than pasture land, and houses were built. The windmill and the Dog Fields went, Soho Square began to shape itself (1681), when the Duke of Monmouth, the bad king's gay Absalom of an illegitimate son, took the centre house on the south side, facing the statue of his father; and round him established themselves, Colonel Rumsay, Sir H. Inglesby, the Earl of Stamford, and Messrs. Tilder and Broughton. It was called Monmouth Square then: gold pieces, I have no doubt, were raked about the green tables in that Square, gilded coaches rolled in and out incessantly, and the silly revelling rake, looping on his lace cravat every morning at one of those foggy windows, little thought of what would one day come to those scented locks that he ran his diamonded fingers through. Dining, drinking, lute-playing—now at Whitehall, now at the Duke's Theatre—little thought that foolish Absalom of a certain Dorsetshire heath, where he would one day be pounced on by the soldiers, or of the deep ditch under the ash tree, where he lay three dreary nights; then, dressed as a countryman, dropped his gold snuff-box, full of gold pieces, in a tangled pea-field, and was led to London to die on the scaffold (1685). No wonder in ghostly evenings I meet a tall, black, dejected man in Soho Square; it is the Duke, I know, but I do not like to speak first. Lord Bateman next purchased the unlucky house, giving, no doubt, revels in his turn, nor thinking much of headless Monmouth. Then (1791) Count de Guerchy, the French ambassador, had it, and thought even less of Monmouth, for now the Square was called King Square, or Soho Square; and Monmouth's fate was becoming a legend. As to how the Square got its present name of Soho, antiquarians differ, as those wise men are sometimes in the habit of doing. But some blue fog night I will stop the Duke's ghost and ask him, and so settle the question, for good ink enough has been shed upon it. The word *soho* was a word used in the old riding school to encourage a horse; perhaps it was once given to one of the fields upon which the once fashionable Square was built, to indicate that horses were trained there. It is a tradition, but a false one, that the Square derived its name from "Soho," being the watchword of the Duke's men at Sedgemoor.

Time went on; the Square, once a windmill field, and belonging first to Pringer, then to the unlucky Duke, then to the widowed Duchess, in 1700, became the Earl of Portland's just as all the surrounding streets were springing up in files of houses to guard the Square. There all sorts of inmates came to the house of the headless man: Bishop Burnet, the friend of William and good Queen Mary, Burnet, the pompous friend of the martyr, Lord Russell; it was for a time an auction-room; then that brave admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, lived here, talked of French frigates and smashing broadsides, and in his long laced waistcoat and cocked hat left here for that unhappy voyage when he was wrecked off Cornwall, and his body, saved from the sea, was brought to lie in state till it could be borne solemnly to Westminster Abbey; then Lord Chancellor Macclesfield lived and died here, but quietly, neither at sea nor on the scaffold, giving the old unlucky house a better name; and the sub-president of the Royal Society lived here, and after him that boisterous antagonist of the court, the Earl of Chatham's friend, Lord Mayor Beckford, who, to torment the great people, had the word *Liberty* in staring white letters painted across the front of the house; and what could not a man who left a million of ready money and £100,000 a year to his bad son, afford to do?

I meet such a crowd of dim ghosts at night, outside Mr. Rogers' the wood-carvers, and D'Almaine's the music-sellers, that I can scarcely get my poor brain to remember who is who, and what celebrated people really did live in this Square of Soho. Some of them do not know the place when I call it Soho; others ignore King Square, and some will style it Monmouth. The dead miller wants his windmill, and the ghost children of Elizabeth's time ask "the way, if you please, to Dog House Fields." Here, tells me a lady who I take to be Oliver Cromwell's wife, that Mistress Mary Cromwell once dwelt in that great pickle-shop; a Dutch Jew shows me where, in 1726, lived the exile Rippereda, a Dutch adventurer, who had been Prime Minister of Spain; and a smiling ghost tells me that in the left-hand corner of Bateman's Buildings, George Coleman the humourist cracked many a joke; and on the Greek Street side, too, Horace Walpole's bosom friend and correspondent, Field-Marshal Conway, whom he idolized.

But the house at whose door ghosts congregate about midnight, so thick that it looks like Death's door, is a great faded house on the east side of the Square—the Sutton Street side. It was once the mansion of the Earls of Carlisle, but it was taken in 1762-3 by a German singer, a Mrs. Teresa Cornelys (or Cornelius). With subtle tact, Mrs. Cornelys took advantage of the cliques and rivalries of a frivolous powder-and-patch age; and when the singer Guadagni left the Haymarket Opera, she set him up at private concerts established in her splendidly-furnished house, which she had turned into a fairy palace for balls, concerts, operas, harmonic meetings, and masquerades.

The whole silly town of fashion-mongers, of wigged beaux and powdered belles, were in a buzz about the vast new rooms, hung with blue and yel-

low satin. Every one chattered about the taste and invention of Mrs. Cornelys, and the town called her the "dictatress of pleasure." Her tact was great, and she did all she could to ruin the Opera House, sell her purple tickets, enlarge her rooms, and win the people of fashion by expressions of duty and gratitude. She improved the ventilation of her rooms, and spent £1000 in one year in their decoration. She had to have another entrance made to her house, to admit the grand people. She was threatened with information and prosecution, but her spells seemed daily to increase in power. Mrs. Cornelys believing this little dream perpetual, invented more tricks than a tired fox to baffle her angry enemies. She gave balls to the servants of persons of fashion, when 220 assembled in the earl's desecrated mansion; she gave the profits of an harmonic meeting to the poor of the parish, and pamphlets were written to show that her vicious masquerades were beneficial to commerce. Four hundred twinkling wax-lights lit her house on such nights as these, and a hundred musicians set the foolish feet dancing. Footmen filled the passages, chairs and carriages blockaded the entrance to the Square; great sultanas, with £30,000 worth of diamonds, shook hands with happy Mrs. Cornelys. The Duchess of Hamilton and beautiful Mrs. Crew, the Whig toast, gleamed through the blue and yellow rooms; 800 Highlanders, Wilkites, Druids, chimney-sweeps, etc., decanted out of carriages into the rooms of Carlisle House. Thousands of people lined the streets to see the parti-coloured masqueraders in their black masks and gay dominoes, with the visitors in the carriages, windows being down and the torches placed so that they could see. But "society nights," and entertainments to noblemen's insolent servants, and concerts by Bach and Abel, and inventions of taste and tact, no, not even the blue and yellow satin hangings, delayed Mrs. Cornelys' fall. Fortune is fickle, and fashion still more so. Almack, a Scotch butler or valet, set up his rooms (now Willis's) in King Street, St. James's, where subscription balls and suppers were given, that soon outshone those of Carlisle House; his room ninety feet long swallowed, allegorically speaking, the blue and yellow ones of Mrs. Teresa. The Pantheon, too, started its masquerades, and drew away the silly gold and silver fish of fashion, who always swim in shoals. The ex-singer was finally tried at Bow Street before Sir John Fielding, and fined £50 for allowing in her house riotous assemblages of "persons in masks."

Down she fell at once; no one would go to a house indicted as a nuisance; in vain "lotteries," and efforts of lady patronesses. Her expenses continued, her profits declined; in vain the desponding dictatress of fashion attempted to win back the deaf crowd.

In November, 1772, Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, of Carlisle House, St. Ann's, Soho, dealer, went into the "Gazette," and the Temple of Festivity was advertised to be sold. Again she struggled on; but, still failing, the ex-opera singer started as "vender of asses' milk," and keeper of breakfast-rooms at Knightsbridge. Poor woman, even the asses would

not come to drink. The taste of the age had changed, and Mrs. Cornelys' had not adapted itself to the variations. In August, 1797, the old, forlorn, scheming woman died in the Fleet Prison. To the last she was planning to win back the fashionable crowds to her rule. Exiled monarchs are the most hopeful of human beings; she left a son, who was tutor to Lord Somebody, and a daughter, who taught music in Lady Cowper's family, both of whom had settled annuities on their mother.

After this bright season of folly, Carlisle House fell into sad decay. Low masquerades, conducted by enterprising confectioners, were held there; a debating society foamed at the mouth within its old walls; then Polish dwarfs and unsuccessful scientific lecturers strutted their little hours, and it again sank into decent privacy. That old ghost that I see at midnight looking wistfully up at the windows, is no doubt Mrs. Cornelys', dying to see if the blue and yellow hangings are taken down yet. Oh, long ago, Mrs. Cornelys, long ago; but there is Charles II's pigmy statue still in the dingy garden, which must be a comforting remembrance to thee of old times.

It was at No. 30 in this Square that Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist, whom Peter Pindar so unfairly laughed at, lived: here he gave his pompous public breakfasts and his Sunday evening receptions; and if Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, the Worcestershire baronet, were a reality, I should meet him too in the ghostly soirées round Carlisle House; for the "Spectator" (No. 2) tells us he lived here, where Mr. Evelyn, the good Surrey cavalier gentleman, once wintered, long before children came in bands to buy toys at the bazaar which Mr. Trotter, imitating Eastern customs, established here, on the west side, in 1815.

Now, from earls and baronets the Square has come to shops and working trades twice as honest and respectable as infamous masquerades. Let us take one more stroll round the Square before we leave it, with its flavour of fashion and pleasant old-world memories, good and humbling for the young and new world to think over. Now in this fog haze of twilight, the houses are mere blue blocks of fog: no windows, no doors, no detail visible, they might be, for all I see, fairy palaces in an enchanted country; or rather, palaces deserted by the fairies, unlucky, ill-fated palaces, their enchanted spell run out and no longer retaining any power.

And now come the ghosts, trooping down the side streets: here is Mr. Evelyn, and the Duke of Monmouth, his French footman carrying his head behind him on a velvet cushion, for convenience. Next Sir Joseph Banks, and two or three Earls of Carlisle, some unknown gentlemen of Charles II's time, and poor Mrs. Cornelys, wondering Carlisle House is not lit up as it used to be; she forgets her retirement in the Fleet, and thinks only of her short-lived grandeur; and here are George Coleman, and Rippereda the adventurer, and Alderman Beckford, and a host of other people who once lived in the Square, from Charles II's time downwards, some in Spanish hats and feathers, others wearing solitaires and bag-wigs.

Yet perhaps, after all, these ghosts are all shadows

of my own hazy imagination; for when the moon breaks forth, and lights up Charles II in the garden, and silvers the front of Carlisle House, I look round and see nothing: the shadows have all slunk off to dark corners, dreading the moon's dazzle and hating the light, and all I see is over one door the name of D'Almaine,\* and on another the word "pickles," brought into prominent relief. We forget Mary Cromwell, as a late cab dashes up Greek Street, and the measured sentinel tramp of a policeman's heavy feet drives away our last glimpse of ghosts as we leave regretfully Soho Square.

### THE MOFUSSIL MAGISTRATE.

THE rural districts of British India are comprised in the general term "The Mofussil." We believe the word is derived from the Persian, but are not sufficiently learned in oriental lore to describe exactly how. We only know that directly you set foot beyond the precincts of either of the three presidency cities of India, you were in the *Mofussil*, and, comparatively speaking, without the pale of civilization.

We write of the time when India was ruled by the East India Company, when the presidency cities themselves were subject to the laws of England, administered by judges of the crown, and while the rest of the country submitted to the judicial system of "Honorable John," as the council of Leadenhall Street was facetiously called. There was a vast deal of difference in the way in which justice was dispensed within the jurisdictions of her Majesty's supreme courts of judicature, and that by which natives had to seek it in the courts which acknowledged the control of the Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut Adaulut, which those who had the opportunity of distinguishing between the operations of the several systems could not fail to appreciate. Baboo Chatterjee and Curreem Bux, as peaceably disposed, intelligent, and wealthy subjects, if called on for an opinion as to where person and property were best protected by the laws, would have had little difficulty in electing between Calcutta and the Twenty-four Pergunnahs.

The Company's dominions consisted of regulation and non-regulation provinces; the former comprising all those territories which gradually and in the ordinary course of things merged under their paternal sway, and relative to whose government certain specific laws were established and incorporated into a general system of administration; the latter consisting of territories recently annexed by conquest or cession, being ruled by "commissions" appointed to ascertain the requirements of the people, and to administer the laws amongst them in such manner as might be considered most equitable in regard to their past and present position; the Northern Sirdars, the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, Patna, Benares, etc. were included in the former category. The Punjab, Scinde, Mysore, Pegu, and the Tenasserim were amongst the non-regulation provinces. The officers who administered in the regu-

lation provinces were the collector of revenue and his deputies, the district judge, the Sudder Ameen and the Moonsiffs in civil proceedings; the sessions judge, magistrates and their assistants, in criminal: the collectors, judges, and magistrates being selected from the covenanted branch of the civil services, and their subordinate officers frequently from the "uncovenanted." The "covenanted" were the "highly educated," who had passed preliminary examinations at the East India Company's college at Haileybury, who, on their arrival in the country, were supposed to be capable of everything, but who, before being appointed to any responsible situation, were allowed a twelvemonth's grace to pass finally in the vernaculars, when they were considered forthwith eligible for judgeships, magistracies, state secretaryships, collectorships, and to conduct political missions. Very fat appointments indeed were available for these favoured *protégés* of Leadenhall, who, to do them justice, generally contrived to perform their functions respectably, and amongst whose ranks have risen from time to time many of the world's greatest men. So far as the regulation provinces were concerned, generally, the defects in their administration may be attributed more to the inefficiency of the system under which they were governed, than to the incompetency of the officers appointed over them, who had to contend against all the evils of the most obstinate "red-tapeism," and who were, for the most part, provided with very inadequate means for the satisfactory execution of their charges. The native police were weak in numbers, and notoriously corrupt, and the Sheristadars and Tahsildars (native officers employed under collectors of districts) were, as a body, the most extortionate and unconscionable rogues in all creation. Still, in the administration of the regulation provinces, there was a recognised routine, cumbrous and imperfect, yet pretty well understood, and people were reconciled to it, for want of better.

In the non-regulation provinces, the case was different. Military officers were generally appointed commissioners over large districts, and their assistants were also, for the most part, chosen from the army. Some of the most important civil offices were held by young subalterns, (lieutenants and even ensigns of native infantry,) who possessed no qualifications for such appointments beyond family or proprietary interest, and whose proceedings were not infrequently characterised by the grossest tyranny and oppression. The power for benefit or mischief vested in the hands of these officials was always considerable, and it may be imagined how calamitous might be the effect of such authority, when conferred on one incapable of exercising it judiciously or indisposed to exert it conscientiously. It is unnecessary for us to remark that, as a rule, military officers are not adapted for the conduct of the duties appertaining to purely civil appointments. The most exemplary colonel of a regiment would be utterly out of place on a judicial bench investigating questions of inheritance, land tenure, and actions in assumpsit, and the smartest officer in the service would make at best but an indifferent magistrate.

We submit, this week, another engraving from a drawing by the late Captain Atkinson, representing

\* Since removed, and the premises absorbed in the neighbouring pickle factory. See "Leisure Hour," No. 426.

thoughts which agitated the mind of the unhappy young man. "False! fickle! faithless!" he repeated, and he crushed the fatal writing in his hand; "False! fickle! faithless!"

It was late when Frank reached his lodgings in G—, and retired to his chamber; and, after a night of broken, restless slumber—if slumber it could be called, which seemed a hideous nightmare—he rose to a full sense of his misery.

### HAUNTED LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

V.—CROMWELL'S LONDON HOUSES.

THE dark massy ghost of Cromwell haunts more than one locality of London. It has been seen a pillar of mist in Long Acre and Brompton, Bermondsey and Westminster, in all which places the great Protector alternately lived.

Of all the London ghosts, except Dr. Johnson's, Cromwell's is, perhaps, the most corporeal and sturdy. Black suit and cloak it wears, and long boots; and the hat, such as he wore the day he was proclaimed Lord Protector, has a broad gold band, in fashion not unlike a crown, girdling it round.

Where shall we follow the stately ghost first? To the far Bermondsey; to the old house now the Jamaica Tavern, that is embalmed by the horrible fumes of the glue-makers and the tanners, whose steeping-pits, filled with a dark liquid the colour of spiced ale, has a dust floating on the top of them that (following the simile) looks very much like grated nutmeg. All green then, I dare say, with bushy clms, when Cromwell perhaps brought his bride here from St. Giles's, Cripplegate, or mounted at the door for Naseby or Dunbar, where the godless cavaliers and the rebellious plaids fled before the battle-psalms of Oliver's troopers. Only a slice of the old building now remains; the other half has gone to the winds years ago; but on the half still left there are staircase beams stamped with carved quatrefoils and flowers; and there are old bolts that the mighty Protector of England may have stopped and loosed; a long and high table, larger than those of these degenerate times, old black settles that the Ironsides may have slept or watched on; and oak wainscoting that Oliver's breast-plate may have shone upon and his sword have clashed against.

No wonder the ghost rarely visits Old Brompton, for Cromwell House is gone to the ground years ago, and the old green lanes are now streets. Besides, ghosts lead and point and shake their heads, but they will not enter into discussions with you; and I do not find much evidence that Cromwell ever did live at Hale House, Brompton, the seat of the Methwolds, though Henry Cromwell perhaps did so before he went the second time to Ireland, and not improbably even married here. As it is a bygone house, we will speak no evil of it; but we may just say that it was a mere square brick chest, with a room in it lined with Dutch tiles. Nor are we, indeed, lucky with our Cromwell residences; for our next trip is to the present

Privy Council Office in Whitehall, where once the Cock-pit stood, in which locality dwelt the great country gentleman who governed England so well, and made her the terror and admiration of the world. It was to his wife, living at the Cock-pit, that Cromwell wrote the news of "the crowning victory" at Dunbar. Thousands of omnibuses rolling past to and from Westminster have, however, long erased all footsteps of our great Cromwell.

But the greatest portion of Cromwell's career, before he became Protector, was spent in King Street, Westminster, in an old wooden house lying between the Blue Boar's Head Yard (to be exact) and Ram's Mews. The street then ran straight from Charing Cross, past Whitehall, to Westminster, and had a gate standing across it. It was a well-to-do street; for though poor Spenser the poet had died of starvation in it, Queen Elizabeth's Lord High Admiral had held Privy Councils there—councils so disastrous to the Spaniard. Through this narrow street the halberdiers brought King Charles in a close chair to Whitehall, after his trial at Westminster, and from its latticed windows Cromwell may have looked with stern sorrow at the sedan that bore the faithless king.

But I never meet Cromwell so often, even a dim shadow, in the sunshine, (for it is all nonsense about your ghosts walking only by moonlight: the mind's eye, to which alone they are visible, can conjure them up by day or night,) as in Long Acre, that quiet street of coach-builders. I specially love to track my sober ghost hither, because I know, from a dull, industrious book-grubber of my acquaintance, that my friend Oliver lived here quietly from 1637 to 1643, (eventful years for him, as for others,) where he was rated for the large sum, for those days, of ten shillings and pence. My date-grubber is even kind enough to inform me that the same not unknown Captain Cromwell lived on the south side, the Strand side, two doors from one Nicholas Stone, a sculptor.

And here I shall refuse to go any further with my ghost, or he will keep me half the night leading me about—to the Star Tavern, in Coleman Street, where he used, before the king's fall, in the dangerous and troublous times, to meet his adherents; or to the Blue Boar Inn, High Holborn, where he intercepted the treacherous letter of the king; so here I must stop him, for even a ghost may be troublesome. It was not in Long Acre, in the quiet Captain's house, that Cromwell kept his seven tables spread, as he afterwards did at Whitehall, nor his twelve footmen in grey jackets laced with silver and black. It was not here he saw his famous "Coffin Mare," with his favourite groom Dick Pace on her back, fly over the green turf; nor from this house did he ride to waken the echoes of Hampton Park, or to shake down the white chestnut bloom with the sounding feet of his Flemish hunters.

How often, as I walk in the sunshine through that busy coach-builder's street, do I fancy I see coming towards me a form of massive stature, with leonine head, which, by the wart on the right eyebrow, which marks his frown so dreadfully, I know to be Cromwell, whose early life was spent in this neighbourhood. I know well his heavy eyelids

and his full aquiline nose, his broad lower jaw, his strong chin, and his long, soft, curlless hair streaming down over his plain doublet collar and steel breastplate. There is a natural majesty about the Huntingdon country gentleman, such as kings rarely possess.

How unlike this Long Acre, with its black still houses, to that great yellow brick mansion at Huntingdon, where Cromwell was born! that house, not far from the dark Ouse, that passes sullenly to the Fen country through rows of dull alders and drooping willows; or the stately ancestral house where Oliver's grandfather entertained James I with almost regal splendour. Nor can we here help stopping for a moment to remind our readers that Cromwell was of no mean family, if to be of a mean family is a *disgrace* in the estimation of any but a mean mind. Cromwell was sprung of noble Welsh blood, especially from a certain Dick of the Diamond, whom Henry VIII knighted for his unrivalled prowess in a Court tournament. On both father's and mother's side, by descent as well as by various intermarriages, Cromwell's family was deeply connected with that brave middle class which has produced England's best and bravest men. He was educated at Cambridge, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn.

He returned home, to become a careless roysterer, fond of cards, quarter-staff, and rough country sports, till a great darkness fell on him, and slowly through that darkness broke the light from heaven that brought joy and peace. In country quiet and peace he lived, "nursing his great soul in silence," as his friend Milton said afterwards of him. It was no adventurer of restless ambition who became really King of England, but a brave, pious, industrious country gentleman, who, at the mature age of forty-one—more than half life over—took his seat in the Long Parliament as member for Cambridge, resolved to throw himself into the front rank as a buckler for his suffering country.

Still, through the pallor of ghostliness, (it is a long way to walk from Connaught Place, where, under Tyburn gallows, base hands threw the great man's corpse,) I can still see the bluff Oliver's tanned dyspeptic face, that Hudibras and the other cavalier wits thought it not disgraceful to mock at; the heavy red nose, too, the result of fen agues, I am not insensible to. But I forget it all in that glance of blended love and majesty that Dryden mentions so beautifully. I bow, therefore, with reverence when I meet the ghost of that good and truly great man. The ribald cavaliers—such men as Rochester and Buckingham—talk of him as the moody Puritan; but I know that he loves music, and will listen for hours to voice and instrument, with Milton his friend dreaming at his elbow. They call him the red-handed murderer; I know that he loves children, and is the tenderest of fathers. They think him a melancholy madman; I know that he loves an honest jest, and roared with laughter once at seeing a soldier jam his head inextricably in a Scotch churn. They call him niggard; I know that he feasted all the Parliament House, every Monday dined all his officers, and

every day kept all but open table, though in his own diet he was spare and costless. They call him an ignorant brewer; but Milton tells me that, had he chosen, Cromwell's natural capacity was so great that he might have equalled the greatest masters. They call him a hypocrite; but I know he begins and ends every work with prayer.

I see him in Long Acre—this great, good man—walking with that dear stripling son Oliver, the news of whose death went like a dagger to his father's heart, with lazy careless Richard, or his dear Dorothy (his daughter-in-law). That hooded graceful old lady, with the pure simple pearl necklace, must be the dear mother he loved so much; she of whom he always wrote with such respect and love; she who, in parting from him, gave him her blessing in these fond but broken words: "The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and bless you, and comfort you in all your adversities; and make you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto his people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee; good night."

Surely, when we reckon up the mothers to whom great men have been indebted for their greatness and their goodness, we must not forget Cromwell's. I love the dear old mother that never heard a gun shot off at Hampton or Whitehall, but she trembled for the life of her dear Oliver. When I meet her now, she wears a plain white satin hood, fastened with decent gravity under the chin; her broad lace handkerchief, drawn closely round her neck, is tied with a black string; and over all this there comes a green satin cardinal, fastened with one simple jewel. Indeed, I meet all the fine Puritan family in Long Acre—for ghosts love the home of their youth. Here I meet his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, who had the unfortunate Royalist bias; the more austere Lady Ireton; and Frances, whom Oliver's chaplain courted, but a Gloucestershire gentleman married.

I often think, when I see the stalwart ghost, that I respect him more as the kind father and firm friend, than even as the conqueror of Dunbar or Naseby—more as the retiring country gentleman, who would have been glad to live under his "woodside shade and have kept a flock of sheep," than as the kingly Protector, trampling down the cavaliers at Marston Moor. I love and venerate the man who, amid the cares of state, found time to console a bereaved father, and to recommend a dead officer's children to the consideration of Parliament.

I remember him as the most tolerant of men. He protected our universities and preserved the dead king's scattered works of art. Sectarians of all sorts, and even Roman Catholics, met at his table. To Ussher the prelate he gave a pension; Baxter he sought to make a military chaplain of the Ironsides; Milton, the ideal republican, was his secretary.

I venerate him as the armed apostle of reformation, as the sworded advocate of liberty of conscience, as the Gustavus of England, as the warrior of Protestantism. He saved the bleeding Vaudois, he encouraged the Swiss, he threatened Turin, he scared the Pope, he humbled the Spaniards, he



defied France. In all treaties he stipulated for a toleration of Protestantism. He planned a great armed alliance of the Protestant powers. He projected a society that was to correspond with all parts of the world, to encourage, aid, and defend Protestantism. Universal toleration, evangelical alliance, and all our grandest missionary work, were foreshadowed by this great man. It was not in Parliament or in power that this ghost of ours spent the best part of his life; no, but in grass farming on the flat banks of the Ouse among dank willows, in prayer, in preaching, and in the tranquil pleasures of home.

I gaze at the aguish ghost of the Protector, which I follow afar off, as children do a street show, with respect, yet with awe, whether he go towards Drury House or towards Whitehall, where the bad king lost head and crown at one blow.

But I must part from thy great shadow, as I have had to part from so many others. Oliver Cromwell! I see thy stern eyes and grave large features melt into vague sunshine as I still address thee. Now thy sword is gone; now thy grey stockings; now half thy mirror of a breastplate; now thy falling bands; yet it is a radiant brightness that enwraps thee. Blessed spirit, may thy doom be mine. Glorious shadow of immortality, may I one day be as thou art, though my life shall have been to thine but as of a pigmy to a giant. Illustrious among the crowned angels, may I learn more to venerate thy memory—a true king among men, a true saint before God.

#### INDIAN TABLE ATTENDANTS.

If there are anomalies and extravagancies which characterize the peculiarities of oriental "caste," the "English in Bengal display them notably" at their Presidency, especially in the matter of their household domestics. To have one's dinner dressed by a professional cook, one's wardrobe and toilette attended to by an express valet, one's offspring nurtured and tended by sable guardians matured in the art of "handling the baby," and with life devoted to the good cause, are benefits which speak for themselves, and are peculiar to Northern India; for in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies the domestic servant can and does most significantly apply his hand to every department, but, with what concomitant results, we will lightly illustrate.

A well-organized establishment in the north numbers on its muster-roll some twenty servants, to each man severally being appointed his respective duty, for which he is ever present, and at which, however inexperienced at first, he becomes an adept. Thus the household machinery goes on without let or hindrance, and at all times, and in the event of a march especially, when numbers for incessant packing are desirable, all the more available hands are ready for "general service;" for although theoretically engaged for special services, they one and all prove practically that they are ever willing to assist each other. This multiplicity of domestics by no means necessitates a corresponding expense, for the actual cost of twenty servants in the north will not

exceed the cost of a quarter of the number in Bombay or Madras.

The "table attendant" is of course a Mussulman, and, like all Bengalee servants, his scale of remuneration is small indeed; the head man receiving usually seven or eight rupees a month, equivalent to about £5 per annum, with which he supplies all his personal wants, save a hut, which is provided for him adjoining the kitchens. But if this functionary, commonly called "khitmutgar," is gifted with high skill of culinary composition, and is superexcellent in jellies, cream puddings, raised pies, and the mysteries of savoury meats; or if, in the rotundity of his person, he exhibits the inherent quality of appreciating what is good in gustatory matters, he may obtain double or even three times that sum; and then he drops the insignificant title of "khitmutgar" and is called a "khansamah." In Bombay and Madras this individual is equally his master's valet; but the Bengalee scorns the toilet table, and is alone monarch of the pantry and kitchen; which necessitates a regular valet or bearer being established, of whom we have spoken in a former paper. The official who combines the double duties at Bombay and Madras is called "butler" or "boy," and is the happy recipient of a monthly salary that the Bengalee khansamah and bearer would be covetous to possess between them. The paucity of servants creates quite a different aspect in the compounds or inclosures of a bungalow, when the occupants come from the sister Presidencies, as is frequently the case when quartered at the same stations. The verandah of the Bengalee is resonant with bustle and animation; while that of his neighbour from Bombay or Madras is still and quiet. So it must be when "boy" is solus, and is alike qualified and appropriated to be despatched on some distant errand for a dozen of beer, or consigned to the inner verandah corner, to entrance by his endearing epithets the uproarious bleatings of the latest-born.

In the latter case, how is the advent of a visitor to be made known and duly signified to the delighted matron within? How are the ears of the solitary domestic to be wrought upon, when the crushing of the buggy-wheels on the loose stony road fails to supplant the dulcet querelings of the babe? We have tried it again and again. Let us call now on Jones and his spouse, who are "Mulls," or Madrasses. So we drive our buggy with unwonted clatter; our syce, or horse keeper, attunes his bronchial powers, and develops them forcibly but unsuccessfully. He harks away, and gives a "vieu halloo," scouring the garden in quest of life, and penetrating to the distant stable, where a lonely neighing greets his listening ear. He returns disconsolate, but his look is appealing; he grows bold and intrusive; he invades the domicile, and leaves us grilling in the sun for an unlimited period, and then returns baffled: but he despairs not; he has picked up a ray of light on his exploration; he flies round to the rear of the house, and brings the welcome intelligence that assistance is at hand. Nor is he wrong; for, emerging from the front door curtain appears a black shining countenance, evidently

Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round."

However stern at times the features of the season, it often gives a glorious aspect to nature, and clothes the landscape with a garb of incomparable beauty, as when the snow shower has hung its fleecy locks thickly upon the woodlands, or a night of hoarfrost has given a silver fringe to every twig of the forest. Sometimes, in the depth of the Canadian winter, a brief thaw occurs, when a very extraordinary effect is produced upon the bare trees. The moisture formed on the bark during the day is frozen the next night; the trees are covered with an incrustation of pure ice from the trunk to the extremities of the minutest branches; the sun rising in the cloudless sky shines brilliantly upon the scene; and we are reminded by it of the inspired description of the place resplendent with the glory of God: "Her light was like unto a stone most precious, clear as crystal, as it were transparent glass."

### HAUNTED LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHARLES THE SECOND'S LONDON.

GHOSTS of Charles the Second's London, from all dens and nooks and forgotten graves, from Pudding Lane to Pie Corner, rise and gather round me, prompting me as I write. Pepys and Clarendon, Sedley and Evelyn, Boyle and Killigrew—ye who shuddered to see the red plague-cross on the doors, or the yellow flames leaping from house to house—come to my elbow and guide my errant pen; whether ye come from Major Foubert's Riding School, out of Regent Street, or from the first coffee-house near Temple Bar—whether from far Kensington, where Newton died, or from Bow Street, where fashionable taverns once were.

These Charles the Second's ghosts, poor creatures! lose their way desperately in our modern London. Those who died before the fire, wonder at the huge column Wren "ran up" on Fish Street Hill. They look for the mad-house in Moorfields, for the green fields about Soho, for the gardens across the water, for old haunts long since vanished. They get so confused about the new St. Paul's, with a dome, of all things in the world. They miss the country lanes about Marylebone and St. Pancras, and the lovely quiet cottages at Clerkenwell and Islington, where people used to go to take the air, as we now go to Devonshire seaside places.

Men of the plumed hats and cloth of gold sword-belts—of the tossing black wigs and laced boots—of the satin cloak and rapier—of the bunches of flapping ribbons—come, and I will lead you round your favourite haunts. Turn out of Fleet Street, gentlemen ghosts, and follow me.

Here is Whitefriars, your old sanctuary, where your penniless vagabond debtors had such clashing frays with your neighbours the Templars—now a quiet congregation of printing-offices and gas-

works. Further up the alley, near Temple Bar, to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where poor Lord William Russell, oh, my whig ghosts, lost his head, and where your nobles and courtiers lived, now a dusty square of chambers, with here a museum, and there a religious association. Now, down the Strand to Whitehall, you miss all but the banqueting-house, and in the Strand the May-pole is down, and a church built over it. What was then the Mall is now a string of club-houses; and it is no use taking you to the West End squares, for you know none of them.

Oh, gentlemen ghosts, England has not been idle since 1660. She has been busy working with her million hands—delving, piling, tugging at ropes—piercing earth for her metal bones. She no longer fills her palaces with wantons, and basset tables, and French pages, and negro boys, and every form that vice and slavery can assume. Go to. Our Quakers now no longer howl over the land, but are decent, portly, quiet merchandizers. The thumb-screw no longer squeezes out Scotch blood; dragoons no longer hound pious, prayerful men over the mountains and through the bogs. "Nous avons changé tout cela," gentlemen friends of Molière.

But, dismissing the ghosts, Charles the Second's London is too large a space for me to review in this narrow limit. I must therefore restrict myself to a rapid summary of the places of amusement in that bad reign, showing how differently distributed they are now to what they were then; for in the Carolan age, Regent's Park was a mass of daisy fields, and all beyond Clarendon House (Albemarle Street) open country. Holiday keepers then went to Foxhall, across the water—or to the Spring Gardens at Charing Cross; to the neat houses at Chelsea or to Islington—as a distant village—to drink sillabub and knap cakes. There was the old Exchange to shop in, and all sorts of City festivals to witness. Vauxhall—that charnel-house of old festivity, that haunted spot of bygone revelry, on the Surrey side of the Thames—was a merry laughter-ringing garden in Charles the Second's time. That graveyard of bricks and mortar, over against Millbank Penitentiary—once the baronial seat of King John's follower, Fulke, the Norman—was then called the New Spring Gardens, where citizens repaired on sunny holiday afternoons to eat cheese-cakes and spoon up delicious indigestion in the shape of white cream.

In the days when it was fashionable to go to suburban theatres, and to attend wrestling in Moorfields, and when rich merchants lived in Lombard Street and the lanes about the unpolluted river, the labyrinth gardens that the Black Prince gave to some favourite, and which the unlucky desperadoes afterwards rented, were visited by a rich bourgeoisie. The cits, in fact, over-dressed, pompous, and respectable, palpably well to do, with equally fair and well-to-do wives, and maids, and boys (for, after all, it was a simple hearty age), would repair to Fox Hall and the New Spring Gardens, to walk and show their silks and sword belts, and wigs, and ribbons, and paduasoes, gathering pinks and gillyflowers; and here, one eighth of May—the

king's birthday—the night of which was reddened by bonfires, our friend Mr. Samuel Pepys, that crafty and vain public servant, came also, with wife and girls, and finding nothing to eat but what was very dear and very long in coming, prudently tip-toed away again, without any notice.

And, encouraged by Mr. Pepys the prudent, they did the same at the New Spring Gardens, where the boy "crept through a hedge and gathered abundance of roses, and passed off without paying likewise; and at last for refreshment, went to an ordinary, partaking of cakes, and powdered beef and ale, at the house by the water, with much pleasure."

Also to the old Spring Gardens, near Charing Cross, or the Mulberry Gardens, situated where Buckingham Palace now stands, came citizens in those plague days, in June, 1665, when the houses in Drury Lane began to be chalked with the dreadful cross, and the terror-striking "Lord have mercy upon us!" and when the fleet was in special danger from Admiral Van Tromp—anxious men came with sad faces to talk about the sickness and the seas, and the vessels in the Channel.

Oh! those dreadful days, when men's hearts failed them for fear, and the terrors of the last day seemed all but at hand—when great thriving citizens, coming in hackney coaches down Holborn, would sometimes find the pace slacken, slacken, slacken; till at last, the horses stopping outright, the citizen thrusts his head out between the heavy leather curtains, to see his coachman alight, and stagger to the window suddenly struck sick of the plague. With a heavy heart the frightened citizen alights, and enters another coach, but with scarcely much heart to enjoy that night, at Fox Hall, the humours of the Cocknies pulling off cherries and tossing off yellow wine.

A month more of the red crosses and burying of the dead in the open Tothill Fields, and now people with pale faces talk of nothing but medicines, and best friends make each other presents of plague water. There will not be a soul in the Spring Gardens when Mr. Pepys strolls in there, in dreary lack of amusement. "Lord, how everybody looks!" he says, "and the concourse in the street is of death and nothing else; and so few people going up and down that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken." And where, under the trees, there used to be laughing, quaffing, and glass-emptying, and sometimes sword-crossing, and oaths, and comedy songs, and all the wilful, wicked, godless people of that corrupt age danced and talked folly—there was now only a poor woman come to scold about a kinswoman dead of the plague and buried in the common pit, while her rank palpably demanded the churchyard.

There was, doubtless, at this time much the same ghastly talk going on in Cooper's Gardens, near the Bankside, over in Lambeth, where ruthlessly the Waterloo Bridge now runs—those pleasure gardens that Cooper, a Scotch gardener of the Earl of Arundel, had opened, when Arundel House opposite was taken down. The fragments of the Arundel marbles lay gathering green mould in the low dry walks opposite Somerset House in those hot plague days, unheeded among the thriving laurels and the

tall seeding grass—those days when no cry was heard in the quiet streets but the dismal "Bring out your dead!"

"When things began to return to their own channel," writes Defoe, embodying the traditions of the time, "wonderful it was to see how populous the city was again all on a sudden; so that a stranger could not miss the numbers that were lost, neither was there any miss of the inhabitants as to their dwellings. Few or no empty houses were to be seen; or if there were some, there was no want of tenants for them. I wish I could say that, as the city had a new face, so the manners of the people had a new appearance. I doubt not but there were many that retained a sincere sense of their deliverance, and that were heartily thankful to that Sovereign Hand that had protected them in so dangerous a time; it would be very uncharitable to judge otherwise in a city so populous, and where the people were so devout as they were in the time of the visitation itself; but except what of this was to be found in particular families and faces, it must be acknowledged that the general practice of the people was just as it was before, and very little difference was to be seen.

"Some, indeed, said things were worse—that the morals of the people declined from this time; that the people, hardened by the danger they had been in, like seamen after a storm is over, were more wicked and more stupid, more bold and hardened, in their vices and immoralities than they were before; but I will not carry it so far either. If ten lepers were healed," adds the pious chronicler, "and but one returned to give thanks, I desire to be as that one, and to be thankful for myself."

London before the great Plague and great Fire was not divided into rigid city and west-end, as it is now. Prince Rupert carried on his chemical experiments, and had his audiences of discontented old cavaliers, and scraped his mezzotintos at his quiet house in the Barbican. Shifty Shaftesbury, the plotter and trickster, intrigued in Aldersgate Street, close to the quiet garden-house where Milton prayed and sang, conspicuous by the eight pilasters, and the work of Inigo Jones; it has seen many reverses—has been in its day a tavern, an inn, a hospital, and lastly a dispensary.

The stately Duke of Newcastle, the great tamer of horses, lived with his sublime dame in Clerkenwell. In Aldersgate Street also lived the Duke of Lauderdale and the Bishop of London; the city was fashionable then, and the Strand was the centre of French civilization.

The present Temple Bar, that so many ghosts nightly defile through, is not the one that was there when the fire shone towards it. The old bar was of timber, with only one entrance for foot passengers, and that on the Surrey (south) side. The present is from Wren's design, and is built of his favourite Portland stone; those black east-side statues that look towards St. Paul's, the work of one John Bushnell, are Queen Elizabeth and King James, and those on the west side Charles I and Charles II. Where the rain has fallen, and the figures look as if they had stretched out their hands to see if

it still rained, the stones are white and clean from sooty and fuliginous defilement. For all future great fires they are perpetually on the look-out.

The time when a gibbet stood in Connaught Place, when well-to-do men lived in alleys out of Fetter Lane, was wondrously different from ours. In those days London was fortified; the city had gates; a stone bridge ran over the Fleet, and joined it with Ludgate Hill. That dreadful fire mowed down 89 churches, 400 streets, and 13,200 houses in its four days' fury.

London is no more the London of before the Fire than it is the London of Cæsar. The one lies buried yards deep under the Mansion House and Exchange, and under the busy feet of Lombard Street money-makers; the other, palaces and hovels, all alike pressed down into a thin layer of charcoal dust under the huge weight of miles of streets—where once hedges of may-thorn thrived, trees grew and waved their plumes, and where birds sang and made merry.

### CANADA.

NEVER, in the annals of the realm, did the ocean separate a Prince of Wales from the land of his birth, till the recent passage of the Atlantic by Albert Edward, though many princes of the blood, and some heirs-apparent, have gone over the narrow seas to the adjoining continent. The voyages of the latter description have had various and very different objects in view. The first Charles Stuart crossed the Channel on an errand which the nation thoroughly abhorred—that of looking out for himself a Spanish bride—and returned, to the joy of the people, from the impolitic expedition, a disappointed suitor, meeting with no sympathy at humiliation having been added to failure. The second of the same name, while a mere youth, fled to an opposite coast in a time of political convulsion, to avoid sharing the calamities of his father, and came back, having learned no wisdom from years of exile, adversity, and dependence upon a precarious foreign hospitality. Centuries farther back, Edward the Black Prince, warlike son of a martial sire, went abroad as soldier and governor, to make his name a terror among those with whom neighbourly relations should have been cultivated. At a date still more remote, history tells a most mournful tale of a royal seafarer. Our Henry I parted from his son and heir at a Norman port, anticipating a speedy meeting with him again in England. The king crossed the sea, and landed safely at Southampton. Prince William, with a train of gay young courtiers, the flower of the nobility, followed in the "White Ship," a new vessel, manned by fifty able seamen, under the command of a mariner whose father had piloted the king's father, the Conqueror, in the same waters. But hours were spent on the deck in feasting and revelry before they set sail. Three barrels of wine were distributed to the crew, who abandoned themselves to riot and intoxication. Alas for the revellers! Owing to the helm being neglected, the ship was carried by the current against a rock, and became a wreck within sight of

land. None escaped to shore, with the solitary exception of a butcher of Rouen.

Considering the ordinary dangers of the seas, which no foresight can elude or prudence baffle, we are thankful to record the safe passage of the Prince of Wales over the great waters to and from Canada. With unmingled satisfaction the voyage may be regarded; enforced by no adversity, impelled by no warlike ambition, but intended to gratify the wishes of a right loyal people, and cement their union to the throne of the mother-country by the personal interchange of courtesies between them and the sovereign's first-born son—a visit, too, calculated to store the mind of the illustrious visitor with useful information respecting a magnificent portion of the great empire, which (though far distant be the time) he may be called upon to govern. The occasion invites a notice of the region, chiefly retrospective.

A century has just elapsed since the whole of Canada became British ground, by a capitulation which included the country from the fishing stations on the coast to the unknown western wilderness. It had been previously for a longer period in the possession of the French. They were the first Europeans who appeared on the waters of the St. Lawrence, and gave that name to the great river, from the discovery of its embouchure on the festival day of the saint and martyr. This was effected by the enterprise of Jacques Cartier, an experienced Bréton navigator, who reached the shore of Gaspé Bay in the year 1534, and erected a cross thirty feet high, with a shield bearing the *fleurs-de-lys* of France, thus taking possession of it for his king, according to the fashion of the time. During a second voyage, in the following year, he pushed his way up the stream to a bold headland frowning over it, part of a rocky wall three hundred feet high, and moored his vessel hard by in a convenient haven. With the exception of his three small barks and a little Indian village, the country seemed as if freshly come from the hand of the Creator. No other trace of man or of his works appeared. From the top of the highest eminences to the distant horizon, in every direction, down to the water's edge, the eye wandered over the dense forest; and hill and valley, mountain and plain, were covered with the deep green mantle of the summer's foliage. At this very spot there are now verdant pastures and cultivated fields, ships of war and merchandise, with a large and opulent capital—Quebec.

Leaving two vessels and their crews at the station intended for winter quarters, the adventurer proceeded up the river, anxious to make further discoveries. He reached the native town of Hochelaga, ascended a lofty hill in its neighbourhood, overlooking a prospect of singular beauty, and called the eminence Mont Royal. The name has since been corrupted into Montreal, and extended to the fine modern city on the site of the old wigwams, and to the island on which it stands. On a subsequent occasion he attempted to advance more to the westward, but was baffled by the difficult navigation, and only heard of a great lake in the distance—the fine expanse of Lake Ontario. Euro-