

laughing eye, a fall of loose brown curls round his gracelessly graceful brow—gay, roystering, reckless, generous. Another figure, somewhat more close to nature and the books, is that of a dark old man, bald and bewigged, eyes black with debauchery, face sallow, saturnine and pinched—a man hobbling to the grave in the midst of a rout of gamblers and courtezans, who wrangle with each other and play false to him—a king ready to sell his country to its enemies, and give up his religion for a bribe—a prince to whom no man was ever attached, and no woman ever true. So, in a less startling fashion, is it with the Merrie Monarch's illustrious Chancellor. There is the Clarendon that Mr. Ward has painted. An aged cavalier, in rich but sober garb, with a bearing singularly sweet and dignified, is seen in the act of passing from the palace-steps towards a dark, soft alley of evergreens—passing from storm into repose, from statesmanship to letters, from the rivalry of Buckingham to the rivalry of Raleigh—passing from the heights of power amidst the jeers of Castlemaine and of the harlots, mountebanks, and pages, all the riffraff of a court in which to be honest was to be undone. The aged Chancellor in the Whitehall Gardens, the pensive author in his Jersey exile, is one figure that starts up when the name of Clarendon is heard—a figure which, in its surroundings of lasciviousness and shame, stands out as eminently gracious, and indeed as eminently noble. Yet this is no more the true Clarendon than the theatrical Charles is the true Charles. It is an incident, not a character; it is a costume, not a man. A less attractive Clarendon makes his bow to us in the guise of sharp, shrewd lawyer Hyde; able, oratorical, unscrupulous; eager to do right when it serves his turn; willing to do wrong when that course serves him better; a patriot from conviction while the crown is blind to his great merits; a royalist more kingly than the king when his convictions are bought with place; a man bent on achieving a great success in life; thankful, as the more modern patriot was, but in ampler style, as behoves his ampler gifts and opportunities, that he has a cause, a country, and a conscience to vend; a man capable of virtue, but under every seduction to go right, free to make the best bargain in his power for himself and for his family; disposed for a consideration to do many things which he has not the courage to defend, to take pudding where he cannot accept praise; capable also, when he ceases to act and begins to write, of boldly mis-stating facts and words, of traducing character, of suppressing truth; in short, a man who, for his private gain, can propose to himself systematically and on deliberate calculation to live a lie and to write a lie.—*Athenæum*.

#### MY INDIAN BEDROOM AND VALET.

If any reader should harbour in his imagination the idea that in India we are accustomed to woo balmy slumber in a chamber in any way approximating to an English bedroom, let me at once divest him of the pleasing hallucination. Truly

charming and delightful is a well-favoured snuggery of that kind, with its thick carpet, with its gigantic Arabian or four-post bedstead, and its mountains of grateful bedding, perpetually under a "snowy range" of the whitest counterpane; its luxurious curtains, with their ample folds to ward off the intrusive admission of chilling blasts; then the windows carefully closed from obnoxious night air, and robed in with a superabundance of dimity. The mahogany wash-hand-stand, too, with marbled top, and its glittering array of classically designed porcelain; the toilet table with its stately mirror, and the incrustation of richly-tinted bottles, ivory-backed brushes, and other apparatus for the efficient administration of the *chevelure*; not to forget the snug fireplace, the easy chairs, and other ceteras for comfort. Charming, indeed, in old England are all these; but for India, such luxurious indulgences conduce rather to apoplexy and are suggestive of many horrors.

Our *chambres à coucher* are singularly devoid of any "figurative and ornamental furniture." Dire necessity, unless we would range with the native domestics, who slumber on the bare floor, compels a cot, which exhibits rare simplicity in its composition—four legs, four sides, on which are stretched broad tape to support the toughest and the thinnest of mattresses, filled with cocoa-nut fibres, most unfavourable to the human anatomy, save in its property of coolness. Sheets are banished, or rather, are covered with a fine thin smooth matting, on which we throw our wearied frames to court repose. A basket-chair, a tripod, and a small table, together with a mat on the floor, complete the furniture of our bedroom.

There, on that cot, we love to gaze upwards on the waving punkah as it floats to and fro. Its ample founce, generally supplemented by an auxiliary reef, which would touch the bed were it not kept in motion, engenders a pleasant breeze, and acts effectually as police against the molestations of mosquitoes. But oh! ugh! phew! and with other such startling exclamations, I awake. I find the founce quiescent on my face. I am boiling—simmering—with a legion of mosquitoes revelling on my emaciated frame, and singing in joyful harmony at my melting state. Ha, ha! the lazy punkah-puller, heedless of his duty, has resigned himself to sleep, and left me to simmer in utter helplessness. The careless cause of my ills lies in the verandah, and a thick wall (through an aperture in which the rope passes) renders him secure from the projection of any missile. A sally into the verandah, with the prospect of immolating a few cockroaches with my bare feet, or having my legs made climbing poles for ambulative scorpions and itinerant centipedes, is made in utter desperation, and the punkah-puller is resuscitated by external applications of a varied but most effective nature. This temporary adjournment having frequently to be repeated, forms a pleasing episode in an Indian night's entertainment.

At times we may rejoice in less somnolent punkah-pullers; but with all the waving of the founce, the heat is so intense, and nothing but a hot blast is poured upon one, that we are forced to cry, "Hold,



enough!" and then, migrating to the verandah, bid the coolie arouse our valet or bearer, who, shrouded in his sheet, lies stretched like a corpse in the verandah, snoring vehemently. From him we obtain our easy chair, a bottle of soda water, the tepidness of which is mollified by the infusion of a few drops of champagne brandy; he obtains a live bit of charcoal, placidly letting it play on the palm of his hand. I light my cheroot, sit and simmer and melt, and so wait for the dawn; when, the temperature falling, sleep becomes a matter of possibility.

Then, after a brief repose, the valet becomes my ogre, his imperative calls announcing that the gun has fired. My ear is tortured with his expostulations, in every tone of oburgation and entreaty. At last I yield to his solicitations; and a faithful old bearer he is. Ay, Ram Sing Sirdar, you have served me well; and if you have increased your store when in my service, I know that native custom allows you a per-centage on all I have purchased, and that alone must have profited you to a vast extent. As usual, you receive my in-

comings, which are so grateful, on the first of every month, in glittering silver, and how carefully is it put away by you; and though doled out most reluctantly, I fear you will confess that many a time and oft has the moon not set her horns before you have announced the saddening intelligence that the tide of wealth has ebbed, and that, if no resources are at your disposal till the ensuing month, there will be a monetary crisis.

Nor must I omit your skill in the duties of the valet. With what art and delicacy you can all but dress me as I lie slumbering on my couch; how dexterously apply the clothes, which you alike so carefully tend, and even repair when the difficulty ranges within the scope of your darning and hemming abilities; and with what a connoisseur's eye you detect any vagrant string or uncongenial hole in my garment, and stay my egress until it is rectified!

Then, how well you bring up the younger assistant, your mate, in all the minor duties of his profession; what brilliancy he imparts to my boots, and renders glittering my military appointments!

To you I owe the regularity of my sunrise cup of coffee, as you have stirred up the sleepy khitmutgars. Through you is my horse brought punctually to my door: in fact, thou indispensable domestic—most useful, most honest and zealous, though not brilliant—what would the Anglo-Indian do without his invaluable “sirdar bearer?”

#### A VISIT TO MONTENEGRO.

I was sitting some few evenings since, cosily chatting with a friend on things in general, when, amongst other topics, our conversation turned upon the troubled state of Europe, and the complications arising out of secret treaties, foreign protectorates, and so forth. We talked of Austria, Russia, and Turkey, with the various provinces nominally or actually under their “protection” or influence, and of the strangely diversified nationalities which go to make up the three vast empires; Moldavia and Wallachia, with their native hospodars, their Turkish sovereign, and their Russian protector; Servia and the recent revolution there; its native parliament or skouptschina (a name which, in spite of all my attempts at regarding it in the dignified light of a great legislative body, would suggest the soup-kitchen), and its foreign suzerain. These, and other similar topics, led me to remark how difficult it was to get at anything like a correct notion of the real mode of government in these numerous semi-independent provinces; to find out what power amongst all the different interests at work was, in fact, the ruling one in each case, or how much of the mighty expanse of territory set down on the map as forming portions of the three empires in question, was actually incorporated with them.

Dr. F— (I suppress the name of my companion) found much less difficulty in comprehending the real state of things in these localities than I did. He had spent the greater portion of his life in Austria, where he was formerly a well-known *littérateur*, and had, moreover, taken an active part in European politics; so that he was enabled, from personal experience, to explain “who’s who,” with a degree of precision which could never be acquired from the study of maps, histories, or treaties.

In speaking of these various half-independent and half-subject provinces, so little understood, although so often forced into a temporary notoriety, I chanced to instance Montenegro as an odd, out-of-the-way little spot, which had made much noise in the world from time to time, and yet was almost entirely unknown, so far as its constitution, manners, and customs, were concerned.

“You are right,” said the doctor; “often as Montenegro has been forced upon the public notice, there are not many persons who know what the place is like. It is a long time since I visited it; but Montenegro is not much addicted to social changes, and I expect, were I to return now, I should find little alteration from what it was some eighteen years ago.”

“What!” I exclaimed, “you have been to Montenegro, then?”

“I had the honour of being presented at the court of the Vladika himself,” he answered.

“And what’s a Vladika?” I asked, in my supreme ignorance of Montenegrin matters.

“The prince, the bishop, the judge, the commander-in-chief, the all-in-all of the province,” replied the doctor. “Come, we have time before us, and if you think the account of my visit will interest you, draw your chair to the fire and listen.”

I did think the account would interest me, so I obeyed, and the doctor commenced his narrative. As I believe also that the details of the visit may interest my readers as well as myself, I now proceed to give, as nearly as I can in a translation, the story in the doctor’s own words.

Nearly eighteen years ago (he commenced) a literary friend called on me in Vienna and said to me: “My dear fellow, you want change of air—take my advice—be off!” At the moment I was puzzled what to make of this strange counsel. The affair, however, was extremely simple. The first copies of a book which I had just published at Leipzig had arrived in Vienna and had created a most unpleasant impression upon the sensitive nerves of the high literary police of the Austrian capital. So, to escape the annoyances to which I should doubtless have been exposed if I remained in Vienna, I resolved on following my friend’s advice, and starting off somewhere—no matter where.

Six o’clock the next morning found me comfortably seated in the *coupé* of the diligence for Trieste. This town, of which I knew every stone by heart, had no attractions for me. My intention was to set sail at the earliest possible moment, to revisit Dalmatia and Albania, lands in which the grotesque and picturesque are found in rare combination. I will not stop to tell you my adventures by the way, nor to describe the thousand little ports along the coast, snug little hiding-places for the pirates or smugglers that infest the Adriatic; nor need I speak to you of Zara, of Ragusa, of the Gulf of Cattaro, nor of those interesting tribes who still preserve the habits and even the costume of the ancient Romans. I have simply to tell you of the visit I paid to the Vladika of Montenegro.

At the period of which I am speaking, Montenegro was in every sense of the word a *terra incognita*. It was, possibly, the only country in Europe which had neither history, statistics, nor geography; and this fact it was that induced me to undertake a voyage of discovery into its interior. The task was not an easy one, and was, moreover, dangerous, for it was well known that the Montenegrins were neither more nor less than brigands. Several Austrian deserters who had sought shelter in the country had returned thence in a state of starvation and almost of nudity, the Montenegrins having stripped them of everything that they possessed, without offering them the slightest hospitality in exchange. Fortunately, however, for me, I made the acquaintance of a Croatian captain, who had frequently visited Montenegro, and was on terms of friendship with the Vladika. This gentleman consented, after a considerable amount of persuasion, to furnish me with a letter of introduction,