

the aged visitor. How could years of pain—mental pain—be cancelled? How could reparation be made? If Grace Draper wished now to retract, how could that wish be fulfilled? Even if in health, and desirous to renew the broken contract, Mr. Vivian knew, or believed he knew, enough of Frank Eveleigh to feel assured that such a suggestion would fall dead upon his heart: but now—

Such were some of the thoughts which darted like lightning through the mind of Mr. Vivian in the single minute which succeeded the disclosure, by herself, of the invalid lady's name: and it seemed that she read his thoughts in his expressive countenance.

"I see," she said, in tones which indicated regret and sorrow, rather than irritation, "that I cannot, and perhaps I ought not, to look for sympathy and advice from you, sir."

"For sympathy—yes, Miss Draper," said Mr. Vivian, "I do indeed, I trust I do, sympathize; and I would that I could lessen your present remorse—"

"Stay, Mr. Vivian," interposed Grace, and her voice trembled a little as she spoke, "I did not say remorse, sir; I said that I was unhappy—unhappy in thinking of Mr. Eveleigh—but I did not speak of remorse."

"I stand corrected, madam," said the rector, more coldly; "I would, then, that I could lessen your unhappiness by the assurance that my friend Mr. Eveleigh has ceased to regret the—the circumstance—the occurrence—which has made him what he is—"

"Poor Frank!" murmured the invalid; but as the soft exclamation seemed involuntary, and was not addressed to Mr. Vivian, he did not notice it.

"Which has made him what he is," Mr. Vivian repeated: "but I cannot say this; nor can I—at least I do not at present—see how I can advise, save by intreating you to turn your thoughts more constantly to matters of far higher moment. Yet," he continued, "if it be any satisfaction, any relief, to your mind to know that my friend Eveleigh has as freely forgiven you—"

"You need not hesitate for a word, sir," said Grace: "you would say my cruelty, my folly, my inconstancy, my unfaithfulness, my want of honour. I furnish you with epithets, Mr. Vivian; take one, take all, and I will not complain. Cruel, foolish, inconstant, faithless, dishonourable! All this and more I must seem to you—must have seemed to Mr. Eveleigh." She said this firmly, but still softly.

"Why, then, dwell upon the past, which cannot be recalled?" asked Mr. Vivian, utterly at a loss how to reply to one who seemed at one time ready to condemn herself in terms of strong, and, as he conceived, just severity; and anon, to vindicate herself from his implied censure. "It is surely the effect of disease," he said to himself; "the mind is unstrung: and this is not the time to revert to the past;" and therefore it was that he said, "Why dwell upon it?"

"Because when I remember Mr. Eveleigh's generous and unselfish disposition," said his once betrothed, "I feel that if I could—if he could be

persuaded—if he could know and believe that I was not so culpable—was made the victim of—"

It was painful to witness the struggles of mind which impeded the utterance of these broken words, and which at length found or sought relief in sobs and tears. "This is foolish," she said, when these had ceased; "but I did not know how weak I had become."

"I think I partly understand you, Miss Draper," said the visitor soothingly: "and I shall be rejoiced indeed to bear to my friend any assurance which will—. But you are weak, madam; and I have been imprudent, I fear, to hold you thus long in conversation."

There was reason for his saying this; for the invalid appeared exhausted: her countenance became very pale.

"You are kind," she whispered; "and I fear I must—I find I miscalculated my strength; and yet we must meet again; promise me *that*," she said as Mr. Vivian rose to depart.

"I will see you again certainly, if I may be permitted," he replied.

"Thanks, thanks," she said, hurriedly: "I will send, I will let you know when I am able—when I can bear another interview;" and with a few more hurried words spoken, Mr. Vivian departed, pained at heart, and dissatisfied with the result and sudden termination of his visit. "To what does all this tend?" he asked himself, as he slowly bent his way to his solitary home; "and how have I fulfilled my duty as a Christian pastor? And yet," he added, "the subject was forced upon me, and I was taken by surprise. Another day I shall be better prepared. I must think about it; I must pray about it—pray for wisdom to direct my speech aright and to give wise counsel.

"Poor Frank!" he added. "I do not wonder that he loved; and loving, I do not wonder that his love even yet survives the cruel injustice of which he was the subject; but I must not say—must not hint at this. No.

"Well, I shall see her again; and then—" but we need not repeat any more of this soliloquy.

EARTHQUAKE IN LONDON.

THE beginning of the year 1750 abounded in portents to the inhabitants of the metropolis, which at that time presented a scene of vice, demoralization, and sensuality of which the citizens of the present day can form but an inadequate idea. When we open our portfolios and look over the incomparable pictures of Hogarth, we are apt to miss half the information they contain and are calculated to impart to us in relation to the moral condition of the capital, owing to the false notion that that great painter of life and manners was given to indulge in caricature. Nothing can be further from the truth than this notion. Hogarth, in all his delineations of London life, was the stern recorder of fact: what ability he possessed as a caricaturist—and it was not very much—he employed mostly in his fictitious or imaginary compositions, or, late in life, against his personal adversaries and detractors. The London which he painted was emphatically the London

of his day: the profligacy which then obtained among all classes was enormous, and the most revolting corruption prevailed among all ranks of men intrusted with the responsibilities of office. The peace which followed on the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle had filled London and its purlieus with discharged sailors, disbanded soldiers, and vagabond camp-followers, brutalized by the savage practices of war as it was then carried on, and who, when suddenly dismissed, had no other resource but mendicancy or violence. Thousands of them infested the streets and suburbs of the city, and as sturdy beggars exacted alms or enforced contributions by threats; and thousands more took up with the professions of foot-pads or highwaymen, scouring all the approaches to the metropolis, and preying upon travellers, whom they made small scruple of putting to death in case of resistance.

As one consequence of this wretched state of things, the gaols became full to overflowing; and as, for want of room, no classification of prisoners could be carried out, the vilest felons and murderers were often thrust, together with persons innocent of everything but debt and misfortune, into cells and dungeons devoid of the means of ventilation, and reeking with filth and uncleanness. The only way of escape from these horrors was by bribing the keepers for better accommodation; and, lacking the money for this purpose, multitudes of miserable creatures perished before they could be brought to trial, while the gaol officers, as they increased in wealth by their barbarous traffic, grew the more hardened in oppression. The miseries of the poor prisoners were in some sort avenged in this very year 1750, by the memorable gaol fever, which, being brought into the court of the Old Bailey by some of the malefactors taken there for trial, struck down the Lord Mayor, one alderman, two of the judges, several of the lawyers, the greatest part of the jury, and a considerable number of the spectators—and all who took it died of the terrible disease. The administration which was thus neglectful of the rights of prisoners, was not a whit more careful of those of the honest citizen or of the public morality. Strange as the assertion may appear, it is a fact that there were no efficient laws against highwaymen, and the enactment of such laws was opposed in the House of Commons on the preposterous ground that if enforced they would militate against the liberty of the subject. What is almost as strange to record is the practice of the gin-sellers, who in those days invited the poor not merely to drink, but to "get dead drunk," for a few pence, and tempted them by placards offering them "straw to lie upon" until they had recovered their senses. No one appears to have conceived that this was anything more than a legitimate exercise of commerce, nor did the municipal authorities interfere by word or deed. Hogarth alone publicly rebuked the enormity by the publication of his "Gin Lane."

Such were some of the phases of London society at the commencement of 1750, the year of the earthquake (and temporary heart-quake) in London. The year had been ushered in by what were then esteemed prodigies and portents of the heavens—the northern lights, or aurora borealis,

having appeared with astounding magnificence in January, the coruscations shooting far beyond the zenith, and stretching over the starry vault to the southward. Soon afterwards, on the 1st of February, came the long-remembered storm at Bristol—a tempest of thunder, hail, rain, and wind, which overwhelmed the whole neighbourhood in consternation. It was on the 8th day of the same month, a little after twelve at noon, that the inhabitants of London were thrown into alarm and terror by the first shock of earthquake. Every house was shaken with such violence as to dislodge the furniture on the floors, which rocked and rolled about, while the contents of drawers and shelves rattled and clattered, the bells above and below were set ringing, the walls and foundations seemed to start and stagger, and this dreadful commotion was all the time accompanied with loud rumbling noises alternating with heavy booming sounds, compared to distant explosions, or the fall of ponderous masses. The shock was felt from Westminster through the whole of the city, and on both sides of the river as far as Greenwich, though it does not appear to have extended to any considerable distance beyond either of these limits. The terror produced by it was universal, and in proportion to the rarity of such fearful natural convulsions in our northern latitudes; and many days elapsed before the people had recovered from their consternation, or could divest themselves of the apprehension of its immediate and fatal recurrence.

The popular alarm had not long subsided, when, on the same day of the very next month, the 8th of March, between five and six in the morning, while the whole city was in the wintry gloom of darkness, a second shock occurred, still more violent and more prolonged than the first. By it the whole population were aroused in terror from their beds, and numbers were seen running naked to their windows, or abandoning the shelter of their dwellings, in fear lest they should fall and bury them alive. This time the shocks were repeated in a succession of vibrations, which, according to the reports of those who endured them, seemed to forebode the destruction of the very globe itself. The accompaniments were the same as had attended the former shock; the furniture of the houses was displaced, loose articles clattered and fell, and not only did the house-bells ring, but many of the city clocks were heard to strike and the church bells to jangle. The heavy explosive noises seemed louder than before, and much nearer, and they were preceded and partly accompanied by rapidly recurring flashes of lightning, and a continuous rumbling sound. Every one looked to see the houses collapse, and the public buildings overthrown; but happily no house fell, and not a single life was lost, though some persons were well nigh maddened by the terrible visitation.

The circumstance of the second shock happening exactly a month after the first, acting upon the imaginations of the timid and superstitious, gave rise to the idea, which soon began to be widely entertained, that the visitation was periodical, and would therefore again return on the 8th of the following month. Considering the alarm and terror

which the people had been subjected to, it is not surprising that this notion should have gained ground among the ignorant and uneducated. It became more widely diffused, however, by the agency of a self-styled prophet, said to have been a disbanded soldier, who traversed the streets night and day, preaching repentance, and boldly announcing that the third shock of earthquake, which would infallibly take place on the 8th of April, would utterly destroy the cities of London and Westminster. It is on record that this man's vaticinations, absurd and presumptuous as they were, produced such an effect as London had never before witnessed. While they augmented the general terror to a distressing degree, they compelled whole multitudes to at least the outward signs of repentance and reformation. The streets, formerly so riotous with the outbreaks of lawlessness, drunkenness, and profligacy, were all at once orderly and quiet; the doors of all places of worship were crowded with penitents apprehensive of immediate judgment; and the poor and needy were sought out and relieved by those who, but a short time before, were spending their substance in riot and licentiousness. The alarm and fear increased day by day, and as the time for the fulfilment of the prophecy drew near, numbers of the upper classes who had the means of doing so, withdrew from the city, carrying their property along with them. Their example, though derided at first by the better informed, at length operated as a contagion even upon them, and drew so many to follow it, that as the day of probation approached, all the highways leading from London were so thronged and encumbered with lumber-laden carriages of every description that the means of communication were almost blocked. As might reasonably be expected, so general an exodus only increased the panic, and before the evening of the fateful day it had spread to such an extent that a good part of the city was deserted by the inhabitants, vast swarms of whom had taken up their position in the open fields, where they supposed themselves out of reach of the calamity that was about to happen. "An incredible number of people," says Smollett, who was a witness to the scene, "assembled in chairs and coaches, as well as on foot, who waited in the most fearful suspense until morning and the return of day disproved the truth of the dreadful prophecy. Then their fears vanished: they returned to their respective habitations in a transport of joy, and were soon reconciled to their abandoned vices, which they seemed to resume with redoubled affection, and once more bade defiance to the vengeance of heaven."

The above, although an event long lost sight of, forms an interesting episode in the history of the great metropolis. Perhaps, among the lessons which may be derived from it, not the least valuable is involved in the evidence it affords that the repentance and reformation brought about solely by the influence of terror and alarm, however remarkable they may appear, are little likely to endure.

The following account is extracted from Dr. Belcher's "Life of Whitefield":—

"These signal judgments of Jehovah were pre-

ceded by great profligacy of manners, and its fruitful parent, licentiousness of principle. Dr. Horne, afterwards Dean of Canterbury and Bishop of Bristol, in a sermon preached at the time, says, 'As to faith, is not the doctrine of the Trinity, and that of the divinity of our Lord and Saviour—without which our redemption is absolutely void, and we are yet in our sins, lying under the intolerable burden of the wrath of God—blasphemed and ridiculed openly in conversation and in print? And as to righteousness of life, are not the people of this land dead in trespasses and sins? Idleness, drunkenness, luxury, extravagance, and debauchery; for these things cometh the wrath of God, and disordered nature proclaims the impending distress and perplexity of nations. And Oh, may we of this nation never read a handwriting upon the wall of heaven, in illuminated capitals of the Almighty, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN—God hath numbered the kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances of heaven, and found wanting the merits of a rejected Redeemer, and therefore the kingdom is divided and given away.'

"The shocks felt in London in February and March, 1750, were far more violent than any remembered for a long series of years. The earth moved throughout the whole cities of London and Westminster. It was a strong and jarring motion, attended with a rumbling noise like that of thunder. Multitudes of persons of every class fled from these cities with the utmost haste, and others repaired to the fields and open places in the neighbourhood. Towerhill, Moorfields, and Hyde Park were crowded with men, women, and children, who remained a whole night under the most fearful apprehensions. Places of worship were filled with persons in the utmost state of alarm. Especially was this the case with those attached to Methodist congregations, where multitudes came all night, knocking at the doors, and for God's sake begging admittance. As convulsions of nature are usually regarded by enthusiasts and fanatics as the sure harbinger of its dissolution, a soldier 'had a revelation,' that a great part of London and Westminster would be destroyed by an earthquake on a certain night, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock. Believing his assertion, thousands fled from the city for fear of being suddenly overwhelmed, and repaired to the fields, where they continued all night, in momentary expectation of seeing the prophecy fulfilled; while thousands of others ran about the streets in the most wild and frantic state of consternation, apparently quite certain that the day of judgment was about to commence. The whole scene was truly awful.

"Under these circumstances, the ministers of Christ preached almost incessantly, and many were awakened to a sense of their awful condition before God, and to rest their hopes of eternal salvation on the Rock of ages. Mr. Whitefield, animated with that burning charity which shone so conspicuously in him, ventured out at midnight to Hyde Park, where he proclaimed to the affrighted and astonished multitudes that there is a Saviour, Christ the Lord. The darkness of the night, and the awful apprehensions of an approaching earth-

quake, added much to the solemnity of the scene. The sermon was truly sublime, and to the ungodly sinner, the self-righteous pharisee, and the artful hypocrite, strikingly terrific. With a pathos which showed the fervour of his soul, and with a grand majestic voice that commanded attention, he took occasion, from the circumstances of the assembly, to call their attention to that most important event in which every one will be interested—the final consummation of all things, the universal wreck of nature, the dissolution of earth, and the eternal sentence of every son and daughter of Adam. The whole scene was one of a most memorable character. Mr. Charles Wesley, Mr. Romaine, and others preached in a similar manner, and with like happy results."

THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

TO MELROSE.

TAKING the train at the North Bridge Station, we plunge immediately into a tunnel beneath the heart of Edinburgh; whence emerging, we find Holyrood Palace moving away to the right, and the lonely, ruined chapel of St. Anthony under the furrowed slope of Arthur's Seat. Three miles—and we pause at Portobello, on a ridge overlooking the streets of neat houses bordering acres of sands, whereon the German Ocean beats, through the wide Frith of Forth. Eight miles take us to the Eskbank Station (how musical are most Scottish names, both in sense and sound!), where our carriage is emptied of tourists for Dalkeith, to visit the palace built by Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, widow of the unfortunate duke who was routed at Sedgemoor. The pause affords us a pleasant glimpse of wooded glen, with a river in its depths. A mile further, and we skirt the park of Dalhousie, purple Pentlands in the background; we pass the Gorebridge Station, entering a valley where winds a small stream among grassy knolls and copsewood; it surrounds a hillock on which stands a massive tower, bastioned at the angles. This is Borthwick Castle, whose feudal strength dates back to 1430. Hence Queen Mary fled one summer evening in the disguise of a page, to escape the confederated nobles marching against herself and Bothwell. On the east side are various honourable scars in the freestone facing, received from Cromwell's cannon-balls. A much humbler building near by, the parish manse, is deserving of note, as the birth-place of Robertson the historian.

Crichton Castle stands a little to the left of the line, equally rugged and sturdy-looking with its neighbour Borthwick, to which it bears a strong family resemblance. It also is moated by a river, the new-born Tyne, which flows away among hazel, birch, and bracken to its rest in the German Ocean yonder. "Marmion" depicts the castle in primal splendour. Once it was the residence of the mightiest man in the realm, Sir William Crichton, Chancellor of Scotland, during James II's minority, who pitted himself against the whole power of the dominant Douglases, and won the day.

Our railway embankment is but an unsightly

intruder in this wooded dell; yet the stream seems fascinated by its neighbourhood, and wreaths about in many a serpentine meander until we reach Tynehead. Shortly the Gala-water takes up the same rôle, and disports itself alongside till it grows sober in the vicinity of Galashiels, where it has grave work to do: work, in fact, to which the little river is unequal, and the agency of water in another shape has to be called in; for the few cloth-mills which the Gala turned have grown into great factories requiring plenty of steam-power. The few weavers living here half a century since, and making coarse "Galashiels gray" for ploughmen's wear, have multiplied into an extensive manufacturing population, which imports wool from Van Diemen's Land, and sends it forth again metamorphosed into soft tweeds and tartans fit for a duchess.

The next station, thirty-seven miles from Edinburgh, is Melrose itself, where most of the occupants of the train alight, being pilgrims to the Abbey and to Abbotsford; they exchange remarks as they stand on the broad platform, with the customary masonic fellowship of tourists. A whole posse of guides and drivers waits for us at the steps.

"Carriage for Abbotsford, sir?" The pleasant invitation was accepted, after a moment's thought; for, as the weather threatened rain, it was deemed expedient to make the distant excursion first. Raising my eyes when this point was settled, I saw in the midst of the neat village, rising above the houses, the celebrated ruin we had come so far to visit. Mrs. Stowe's regret was mine, that it should be so close to the haunts of men, and not away in some sequestered valley by the Tweed: it appeared so incongruous with the lives of the present generation—among them, but in no wise of them. Nothing could be a stronger contrast than the trim, modern houses of the little town, which looked new—as if built last week—with the brown, dilapidated abbey, worn by the weather of five hundred years.

As Abbotsford and its beauties have been described in a previous number of this serial (No. 123), I shall not detail our visit. Few things are more enjoyable than a summer day's drive through the country of the Tweed, where every dell and tower has its legend, or association with the memory of one of the most gifted of Scotsmen; at the same time that there is a certain mournfulness inseparable from the contemplation of the home and daily haunts of departed genius. Does not one feel, with almost a pang, the nothingness of earthly fame, the transiency of the honour which cometh from men? "Vanitas vanitatum" is inscribed on all such rewards.

Later in the afternoon we walked to the gate of Melrose Abbey—an entrance unworthy of Scotland's noblest ruin. Sounds of trowel and chisel reached us from within. When the keeper came, we found the cause to be that masons were repairing the extremity of the nave, endeavouring to stop the course of dilapidation by fresh stonework—an enterprise always to be carried out with reverent hand, lest the venerable "loops of time" should be too much amended.