

The Lahore and Peshawar Railway Company. This line has been surveyed, and will be a most important link with all the great railways in India and Peshawar, at the entrance of the Kyber Pass. It has to cross three rivers—the Ravee, the Chenab, and the Jhelum. The country from Lahore (its southern terminus) for eighty miles is flat, so that there will be no engineering difficulties. The northern terminus will be at Peshawar, the north-west boundary of British India, and near to the Kyber Pass. I saw the traffic locally on the Grand Trunk Road by day and by night. It is proposed to make a branch to the salt range, the mines of which the Government have the monopoly, and they are inexhaustible. There will be a tunnel in the salt range about a mile and a half long. Mr. Lee Smith, civil engineer, who was in charge of the survey of the line, kindly showed me all his plans, which he was preparing for the Indian Government. The subject of a railway to Peshawar I found to be the engrossing topic among all classes along that part of India, which is the only apology I can offer for the length of my remarks on it.

During my journey through the cotton districts in India, I observed immense piles of cotton and other goods at the railway-stations, waiting the arrival of waggons to convey the traffic to seaport towns to be shipped to England. It was found perfectly impossible to meet the demand for rolling stock; in reference to which Mr. Danvers, the Government director of the Indian railways, in his report of 1865-66 to the Secretary of State for India in council, says: "At some of the stations on the East Indian Railway such was the demand for trucks, that it is supposed bribes were given to secure a preference, and it was proposed by a committee appointed to apply a remedy, that the trucks should be put up to auction, ignoring altogether the established rates. This would not have been a proper arrangement, and it was accordingly decided to fix higher charges generally. The rolling stock is inadequate for the present traffic. Orders have been given for 418 engines, delivery of which will, however, be spread over three or four years."

Since then the companies have made great exertions to get the necessary supply of engines and waggons, and in the Government official report of 1866-67, I find that most of the railways have increased their rolling stock. The number of locomotives added in 1866 was 70. The number of passenger carriages in 1866 was 250. The number of trucks and waggons in 1866 was 1,273, which, added to the rolling stock on hand, made a gross total on all the railways on the 31st December, 1866, of 19,280 vehicles.

"The length of line open for traffic had, during the year 1866, been increased from 3,331 miles to 3,638 miles, and the extent now sanctioned (including the Indian Branch Railway) is 5,641, instead of 4,924 miles. One-third of the whole will probably have to be made with a double line within the next five or six years.

"On the 1st January last, the total amount of goods which had been provided for the railways from this country was 3,195,862 tons, which cost about £20,200,000."

In 1864-65 the number of passengers was about 12,500,000. In 1865-66, they amounted to about 12,867,000, and 10,120,920 train miles were run.

It appears that 94 per cent. travel in third, 4.78 travel in the second, and 1.12 in the first class, from which it will be seen that "cheap fares are stronger than caste."

It is fully expected that by the beginning of 1869 continuous railway communication between Calcutta, Madras,

Bombay, and the Punjab will be established. The clearing-house system of this country will soon be applied to India, and the most satisfactory arrangements will be made for the interchange of traffic, which must be advantageous both for the companies and the public. There will also be a thorough audit of accounts by well qualified persons.

The railway system in India is a great boon to the English soldier. Nothing so tends to swell the sick list of a corps as the ordinary march through the country, owing to the men being exposed to varieties of temperature, dew, and chill, and to bad water, fertile sources of dysentery and other fatal diseases.

Those who have travelled much through the north-west provinces and parts of the Punjab must frequently have remarked the numerous rude pieces of tin bearing a name, probably half obliterated, nailed to trees and posts in the vicinity of encamping grounds, these homely mementoes being placed there to denote the last resting-place of a comrade or friend.

Such scenes are of course rarer now than formerly. The large number of deaths constantly occurring on the line of march must naturally diminish on the completion of railway communication.

There are many men now in India who will recollect being on the march during the Sutlej and Punjab campaign from five to six months, and after all they did not arrive at the scene of conflict in sufficient time to participate in what they reckoned the honour of an engagement with the enemy.

When the Presidencies are joined by the railway system each with the other, the Commander-in-Chief can, in the event of mutiny, invasion, or war, telegraph to all the military stations, and order, if necessary, from Bombay, Madras, and Bengal, simultaneously, by the various railways, an army of 100,000 soldiers, including every arm of the service. This army can be landed in one week at the Khyber Pass, or in any part of India to which the railway system will be extended.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

WHY should a man "*be dead a hundred years*"—by which time nobody cares much about him—before it is reckoned quite timely to illustrate his character by publishing any of his correspondence? Assuredly there are very many letters of the recently lost, and even of the living, which may be laid before the world, not only to the profit of the readers but to the honour of the writers. Her Majesty has afforded us a most admirable example of this in the publication of the Memoirs of her lamented Consort. And it must have occurred to every thoughtful mind, that a single letter, or a single expression in a letter, has often marked a striking trait in the character of the writer, which might furnish a key to the right interpretation of much of his outward life and action.

My present object, however, is far from discussing the general question, and simply refers to the first of these propositions, and a desire to submit some characteristic examples from a few letters which may possess peculiar individuality, and sometimes throw a light upon points of public interest. They are taken from a mass of papers accumulated during a long period, in correspondence with many of the memorable men of the times; and I trust that not a line has escaped me which could hurt a feeling of the living or violate a sanctuary of the dead. I regret that the necessity for conveying

the complete sense of the letters should have forced me to allow passages complimentary to myself to pass, but the dilemma could not be avoided; and it would be easy (without claiming personal desert) to show the reason why such liberal praise was bestowed upon the conductor of a periodical (the "Literary Gazette") which had the merit of originating a new and popular form of intellectual intercommunication, opening hitherto sealed sources of information, and supplying a more frequent channel for letting the world know what was doing by the working men in science, literature, and the fine arts. They were pleased with this ready means, and during many years contributed to the success of their medium, till numbers divided attention, and it passed away, leaving the enlarged and important sphere to be enlightened by the great amount of talent now illuminating the periodical press with every succeeding week. And I trust that small apology may be deemed necessary for an editor who could not regret that his holding the candle was recompensed by so much laudation.*

So, without further preface, I begin my series with one estimable friend, lately lost to the science he so especially adorned—

MICHAEL FARADAY.

His simplicity of manner, genial character, and scientific attainments, have been so unanimously dwelt upon by the public press, that I will confine my introductory remarks to a very few words. Without a trace of assumption or self-assertion, the great philosophical unfold of the hidden phenomena of Nature resembled in society a fine ingenuous boy, quick and "all-alive" to whatever was going forward, with a merry laugh on occasion, and never a dogmatic brow. He was truly a delightful companion, and a wonderfully clear instructor when drawn upon for the latest discovered secrets, of which he held the master-key. The annexed, relating to an important epoch in the Royal Institution, is, in my humble judgment, purely characteristic of the writer:—

Royal Institution, January 23rd, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—So soon as I was allowed I hasten to tell you of what I am sure will, in your public and private capacity, give you great pleasure—Mr. Fuller's splendid patronage of science at our Institution. He has communicated to the managers his intention of founding a Professorship of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, with a salary of £100 per annum. He is now engaged in securing trustees of the highest national character, in whose name he may invest the large sum necessary to produce this income; and in a week or two you will hear of the act being completed.

I need not tell you what pleasure and encouragement it gives us, at this commencement of a new season, to find that our exertions at the Institution are not in vain, but that, besides the award of high praise as to scientific character, both abroad and at home, we are also securing a continued existence by obtaining support.

I cannot resist telling you that Mr. Fuller makes it a condition that I should be the first to fill the new chair. You may be sure that I will endeavour to fill it honorably, and, if possible, make the Fullerman Professorship high in character from its very commencement.

I am allowed to tell you these things as matter of conversation; but, if you think right to use the knowledge, you must not refer to me as the source: it would look too like quackery. Whether you care about noticing Mr. Fuller's generous intentions or not, I am sure you will be glad to know them.

I am, dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

M. FARADAY.

I am tempted to add an extract from a much later letter, to show how prompt he was to acknowledge the

merit and spread abroad the fame of his contemporary labourers.

Royal Institution, 11 January, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write this note principally for the purpose of stating the subject of the opening ceremony, which I must give. I thought that perhaps you would like to mention it in the next Gazette, as being new to English men of science. Mossotti, who is, I believe, appointed a Professor at Corfu, has, by recent clever and deep investigation, shown that it is probable the phenomena of *electric* attraction and repulsion, with the attraction of *aggregation* and the attraction of *gravitation*, may be reduced to one simple law, as much more universal than gravitation as these three sets of effects exceed those of gravity alone. It will, of course, be my business to give this as popular a form as I can at the meeting in question.

Ever, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

M. FARADAY.

It was with great gratification that I have observed Her Majesty's spontaneous command to the Earl of Derby, as Prime Minister, to take into consideration the claim of Mr. Faraday's widow to national consideration. For our quiet philosopher was not only most worthy of honour for his splendid achievements in the highest walks of science, but eminently deserving of reward for the application of his researches to public services of general utility. In 1842 I was one of the witnesses of the experiments on his admirable invention for carrying off the heat and products of combustion from artificial light (an invention worthy to compete with his predecessor Davy's safety-lamp); but this was only one of many of the beneficial improvements in the general requirements of civilised society, which he was always suggesting or bringing forward. His portrait, engraved by C. Turner in 1838, ought now to be revived and published.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

On selecting a foreign subject for my next illustration, a brief explanatory introduction may serve to give it more point. In October 1846, noticing in the "Literary Gazette" the author's "Poets' Bazaar," I expressed a hope that he would fulfil "his intentions of coming to visit us in London." A letter from Copenhagen, to his friend Mr. Lahmeyer in London, and courteously communicated to me, informed us of, at any rate, merely the postponement of this hope, as Andersen had returned from Naples, broken down in health, though shielded by three royal orders, and was forced to discontinue his projected travels through Spain and Portugal to England. He, however, soon after made out the journey direct, and, expressing a wish to be introduced to me, I met him with most cordial feelings, and had my admiration of the poet exalted by an equal esteem for the man. To me his genius seemed to revel within a sphere of perfect purity. He was simplicity itself—the child of nature. I had great delight in doing what I could to render his stay amongst us agreeable to his wishes.

I can imagine no other human being expressing more frankly the genuine feelings of the heart, with the utmost sincerity and without the least reserve, than Hans C. Andersen. The following note, brief as it is, may be reckoned a fair specimen of his enthusiastic and poetic spirit* :—

Lexmount, Trinity, near Edinburgh.

16 August, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am in Scotland, in the town of Walter Scott, in the mountains of Burns; it is beautiful sunshine, and I am in a hospitable Danish home: it cannot be better. Next

* The needful introductory matter is as brief as possible, and if a brief anecdote is here and there thrown in, it will, it is hoped, be found in harmony with the design.

* The names of places, it will be seen, are not correctly spelled; but I have given the writer liberality, and the localities will be readily recognised not only by Scottish but English readers. Andersen's mastery of our language is far beyond the ordinary foreign mark.

Thursday I intend going to the Highland, and, if health and strength permit, to Loch Lagan, where Prince Albert will see me; but first of all, my dear friend, I must send you my kind regards and sincere thanks for all your friendly attentions. In ten or twelve days I shall return to London, where I only remain two days; time will not permit a longer stay, as I must be in Lipsic on the first of September. Do you think I could have the pleasure of meeting Bulwer and Dickens—my dear Dickens—in these two days? I shall previously inform you of the day of my arrival. Pray present my kind regards to your home, and remember me to Lady Blessington.

Yours truly,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

I have only to explain that his compliment to Lady Blessington was due to her hospitality in having invited him the first on his arrival, under my charge, to Gore House, where, to his unfeigned and never-forgotten astonishment, he dined with the present Emperor of the French and the Duke of Wellington, (then Prince Napoleon and Marquis of Douro), at the head of the table. The bewildered author could by no means reconcile himself to the fact that the nephew of the mighty Napoleon, and the son of the conquering hero, could sit down, even with a lady between them, without fighting à l'outrance.

In the way of illustrating by characteristic letters, I may here introduce another tribute to the Danish Knight (of Danneburg), an invitation at once cordial and flattering, but amusing from the contrast, and the "base use" of being one of the attractions in a Lord Mayor's fête. The note is from the celebrated civic magnate, Sir Peter Laurie:—

7, Park Square, 29 June, 1847.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have this moment received a note from Mr. Andersen, saying he is engaged for to-morrow. Now I have told the Lord Mayor, &c., &c., and they are coming to see him, and Haynes is coming to report his speech. Can you see him? and, as we dine at five, he can get to a fashionable dinner at half-past seven. Pray see him; he says some other opportunity we shall have. No other opportunity for twelve months. I want a "lion;" poor Sir Geo. Pollock is not well enough.*

Yours truly,

P. LAURIE.

After his return home I received the following:—

Copenhagen, 17 March, 1848.

Dronningens tvergade, 147.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My happy stay in England, where you, in particular, contributed so much to my comfort, stands so vividly in my thoughts that it almost appears to me as if it were but a few weeks since I was there; if, however, I look into the almanac it shows me that it is months since, and I reproach myself for not having written to you, not thanked you for the indescribably hearty reception you gave me, and that good feeling you have shown towards me. Almost every week have I thought of writing to you; but a new story, a chapter of my new work, or a business letter which I was compelled to answer, has sprung in between. But now I will write, and in thought look into your clear, honest eyes, &c. * * * * * † But this is altogether in thought; yet this letter is but a shadow thereof, and this I send you, and know that thoughts are realities.

I have, since we saw each other, had the great misfortune to lose my beloved King Christian the Eighth. He was a noble, an accomplished, and an amiable man, who felt warmly for all that was good and clever. To me he was more than

* Poor Sir George Pollock had returned, laden with laurels, from the India he had redeemed by his daring and glorious march through the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, and had not yet recovered from his wasting labours and responsibilities. He is now healthy and happily enjoying the highest Indian honours he so nobly won; and how cheering must be the reflection of our youthful friends, that by their own conduct the respected chief citizen of London, and the victorious general, had raised themselves from the ranks. Sir P. Laurie had been a saddler in the employment of Her Majesty's saddler, Mr. Pollock, King's Mews, Charing Cross, when George his son was a young boy!

† Further praises, in anticipation of meeting, though extremely characteristic of the writer, are omitted.

gracious, he showed the most sincere sympathy and kindness towards me. I cannot as yet accustom myself to the thought that I have lost him for ever in this world. I will here give you a little trait of him, which shows how thoughtful he was even in minor affairs. When I left here for England, he said to me, on taking leave, "It is expensive to live in England; I should not like you to be in any pecuniary embarrassment there, and if it should be the case, then write to me." I felt this tender care for me, it affected me, and I thanked him, at the same time telling him that I should not be in any difficulty, as I had a certain sum which I had received for the German edition of my collected works, and that more I should not and could not expend. "I mean it with the best intention," said the king: "it might happen that you required more; if so, write to me." It was said so kindly and so heartily, and I answered as I ought to do, "No, your Majesty, I cannot accept your offer, I do not require it, and I have already had so many and different proofs of your great condescension; but if you will permit me to write a letter to you, and tell you how it fares with me, what impression the country and the people make on me." And the king allowed it, and I wrote such a letter as he received with his whole heart and mind.

You know not how firmly, how sincerely I loved that man; not for his crown's sake, but for his whole personality. May God gladden him in heaven, as he would willingly have gladdened all on earth. It was, of course, only an accident, but there often lies in that accident a strangely poetic one. It is said here that on the very day the king died a wild swan came flying towards Roeskilde church (the cathedral church in which all the Danish kings are entombed); the swan's flight was so rapid that it struck its breast against one of the spires, and fell down dead.

The late great events that have taken place in France have also affected me deeply; it is a serious time that now unfolds itself; yet, whatever may happen, however much may change and fall, there is One who will never change, never fall—God!

Among the few sunbeams that have of late fallen on me, and which I gather to my heart, like a cheerful scene on a gloomy day, is a kindly letter from Charles Dickens, and a truly sisterly one from Jenny Lind, in Stockholm. She speaks with much pleasure of her coming departure for London; I wish that I could think of a similar one, but it will not be. The Grand-Duke of Weimar has done me the honour to send me a knight order, and the King Oscar of Sweden has conferred on me the order of the North Star. These proofs of a desire to honour and gratify me always make a sad impression on me; and yet I am glad, but feel an anxiety as if I did not deserve them.

My new work I think will appear in London in July. It is now twelve years since I wrote my first novel, "Only a Fiddler." I hope that this will surpass the earlier ones in the rounding off and drawing of the characters.

How is that excellent young man Mr. Durham? He promised me that I should have a cast of Jenny Lind's and my own bust early in the spring. Glad as I should be at any time to receive such a gift, yet I think I must beg you to remind him, if it interests him, to leave these two works of art in the Danish Gallery of Art, which opens on the second of April, and continues open for five weeks; that, if he sends the busts well packed to Mr. Hambro and Son, 70, Old Broad Street, London, they will forward them by the first vessel.

Will you give my most hearty and respectful compliments to the Countess of Blessington? I have a little story for her next Annual, which I will take the liberty to send her. I hope she received a book from me through Mr. Bentley.

My compliments to Dickens—I will write to him myself soon, to thank him for his friendly letter. Give my heartfelt greeting to your family, and be you yourself a friend, as I shall be, and am,

Your sincerely attached

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The "excellent young man Mr. Durham" has since risen to be the eminent sculptor, and member of the Royal Academy, to which distinction his busts of Hans Andersen and of Jenny Lind were admirable stepping-stones to pave the way.

Of Andersen's second visit to London, though the novelty had worn off, much might be written; but I have already for the present filled my space, and have to bid my dearly valued friend farewell.

smack reached port St. Louis, and they were safely landed.

At this period the negroes of the island of St. Domingo (now known as Hayti) had, but comparatively lately, gained their freedom and independence from France, after a bloody and desperate struggle, during which the majority of the French inhabitants of the island were cruelly massacred.

Thus Henry Talbot's voyage to New Orleans ended in his being landed, penniless and destitute, among the semi-barbarised negroes of a revolutionised island of the Antilles.

The negroes, however, behaved kindly to him and his companions, though, in the existing state of affairs, there appeared little prospect of a speedy release from the island.

Of the other three boats, which, together with the pinnace, quitted the side of the sinking Amazon, two, after their crews had suffered great hardships, reached the shores of Cuba. The third, in which were the two remaining female passengers, was swamped, with all on board, and picked up, bottom upwards, some weeks afterwards by an American trader.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

If any letters can illustrate the truth of my introductory remarks ("Leisure Hour," p. 142) as to the biographical value of even the briefest notes, the letters of poor Haydon may be quoted in proof. A painter, *peint par lui-même*, never produced a more complete portrait of himself than he has done; not the less striking because of the strokes being unconsciously dashed in, in the spirit of the moment, with no retouching or glazing allowed. Unhappily, they only exhibit, in a stronger light than has been made too well known by previous revelations, the unfortunate fate of a man of eminent talents as an artist—an enthusiast in his art, full of energy, devoted to toil, and persevering to the last, struggling with his lot in vain, under the burden of blighted aspirations, disappointments, and crushed hopes. In all the relations of private life, as far as my testimony goes (I have a grand study of the "Arm of Uriel," inscribed to me within six months of his death, as a "friend of thirty years"), he was as impulsive, fervent, and liberal in the feelings of his heart as he was in the works of his hand. But the letters will speak for themselves.

B. R. HAYDON.

MY DEAREST SIR,—Your praise to-day is a reward for half the toils of my life. It affected us both, my dear Mary and myself.

We have endured more than we shall ever tell; but there is a delight in the spontaneous burst of approbation with which this picture has been received, that is a solace and compensation. You have stood first and foremost, in misfortune and in success. I cannot help feeling peculiarly touched by your kindness, and beg of you as a remembrance to keep the accompanying sketch of a favourite boy for my sake.

It is a mere trifle; but you admired it last year, and it will give us both great, the greatest pleasure, if you do so.

Yours ever, dear Sir,
B. R. HAYDON.

W. Jordan, Esq.,
October 11, 1828.

The fervour of gratitude for very trifling favours, illustrating the generous nature of the man, is demonstrated by the annexed note. Though I have the "Uriel Arm," I regret having lost the sketch here referred to.

London, July 7, 1842.

MY DEAR J—,—Will you oblige an old friend by saying "His picture of the Heroine of Saragossa is nearly done;" that it will be one of my very best pictures; that it is to be raffled for; the Dukes of Bedford, Sutherland, Devonshire, Lords Palmerston, Francis Egerton, Earl Spencer, and several of the nobility have taken shares.

I assure you I feel the times, and have had three commissions deferred till next year.

I begin my cartoon in a few days, 13 feet by 10—my new success! though, after being thirty-eight years before the world, after having educated some of the most distinguished artists, it is not quite just to give up six months on the chance of a premium, and fight the battle over again with those I have instructed. However, I suppose "I am born for whatever is arduous," and glory in it. It is my duty and must be done, or after the uproar I have made they will swear I flinched at the day of trial.

I am, dear J—,
Ever yours,
B. R. HAYDON.

My next relates to a remark on an "error of the press," as most writers call such things, but which Haydon did not:—

London, Nov. 15, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—There is an old proverb, "When you are in the mud the more you stir the more—"

You have demolished my classical repute, which was not very great before; and I deserve it, because it is the first time in my life I ever quoted a passage without *dissecting* it, and it shows the value of *anatomy* in everything. My last note made it worse. The amount of my Greek is simply that, by hard work and a Lexicon, I can construe any passage that bears on my point, if I have first hit on it in a translation. Now this passage I took from Emoric David. I made a classical friend copy it from Hippocrates, a friend you know, and except *συνεργη*, which he *separated*, and I never *looked out*, and ξ for ζ in *ρομζα*, the passage stands as he sent it.

I am dreadfully annoyed, not at being found out to be careless and ignorant, but that I must appear assuming a disguise I had no right to, which is really not *my* character, as *you* know. It will be a warning to me in future, I assure you, and you have done me a great deal of good. Nothing remains in the mind if neglected. I was head boy at Plympton Grammar School, and read Homer with facility at that time; but the turmoils of my life have left nothing but a dreaming glimpse, which I occasionally revive for the sake of entering into a beautiful passage, but shrink from the classical drudgery of connecting lines, which, however useful etymologically, are disgusting poetically; in such prejudices a language slips from the mind; but then a man should not use it as if he knew it, and *here* I deserve your rap for my impudence, laziness, and neglect.

If you catch me again napping, cane me; but I'll not stir in future without being backed by both professors at Oxford and Cambridge. As they say in a murder, the truth is out.

I am, dear Sir,
Ever yours,
B. R. HAYDON.

At the Egyptian Hall, the exhibition of General Tom Thumb took hundreds of pounds, whilst Haydon's did not pay the rent of the room. He writes:—

London, May 20, 1846.

MY DEAR J—,—I found I was losing money every day; so I took advantage of an offer from a "Wonderful Lady" (another show) for the rest of the term, and marched off, bag and baggage, with colours streaming (not *FLYING*), drums beating, and three cheers for better luck next time. It is not the first time Tom Thumb has floored a giant! Is that bad? I am hard at work on "Alfred."

Yours always,
My dear J.,
B. R. HAYDON.

Alas, for the last example I may give, a short time before his sad death and in a fevered scrawl:—

London, Aug. 21, 184—,
14, Burwood Place.

MY DEAR J—,—In what do you wish me to *concede*? Would you have me give the lie to a whole life, for some 6 or 7 summers? As to my egotism—R— was an egotist. The Duke is not, nor can Sir Walter.

Why? Because they were so well treated and their motives so appreciated; they are not obliged to make things square, to explain the justice of their own motives, and the injustice of their treatment. I was set upon, *without cause*, and revenged it. I did not begin, and did not know I could write till ill usage drove me to explain.

You should always remember different treatment at beginning would have made me a different man. Few have their best qualities drawn out by oppression.

For all I said I have *proof*—correspondence with all the ministers for twenty-five years.

Eastlake was my first pupil, though *that is denied!!!* though his letters prove it, and he is *but* carrying out my own views.

You remember the Cartoon Exhibition of my pupils, 1829, for you praised it. I do so, when I ought to concede. Let me hear your opinion and have your advice.

I am, dear J—,

Yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

ROBERT BELL.

About the same period as Professor Faraday, another long-tried worthy labourer, though in altogether a different line, passed from among his fellows in the fields of literature, and was, as he well deserved to be, honourably eulogised by his brethren of the pen. For he was a man of sound sense and solid literary acquirements, which he diligently employed on works of practical usefulness, independently of several productions of an imaginative nature. In his letters I have striking proof of his antagonism to malignity, and its misleading—for he was a thoroughly straightforward man; but in unison with my design, I prefer offering, though only a slight example of his general kindness of heart, a letter exhibiting his earnest desire to serve his struggling companions in the field of literature:—

MY DEAR J—,—I have read your article on poor Blanchard with deep interest, and cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you, as every friend of his ought to do, for the kind and genial spirit in which it is written. The very exhibition of such feelings amongst literary men is calculated to do good—to raise them above the low and miserable jealousies which sometimes creep into all pursuits, and to elevate their position both morally and socially. Your estimate of his character is admirable, and the whole record, full of heart and generosity, is worthy of the writer and his subject.

I have heard nothing more of any movement on behalf of the family, so that I take it for granted the matter is concluded,* so far as I am concerned, although I could have been of little service in promoting such an object. I must confess my feelings are deeply wounded at not having had an opportunity of testifying in any way my regard for the dear friend who is gone.

May all success wait upon your kindly and useful labour is the sincere wish of,

My dear J—

Yours ever faithfully,

ROBERT BELL.

Manor House, Chiswick, 27th February, 1845.

In his editorial capacity, I hope I may be allowed to add that Robert Bell bestowed conscientious painstaking on his numerous works, especially his edition of the "British Classics." Historian, biographer, essayist, novelist, dramatist—in all departments of literature he was an industrious, honourable, respectable "man of letters."

DR. MAGINN.

I must make an exception to my theory of portraiture by Letters. So varied a character as William Maginn could not be delineated, even by a collection of his voluminous correspondence. A few glimpses are all we could catch of a man—a humourist, of great wit, extra-

* Happily not needed.

ordinary learning,* and a singularly placid disposition. All the sharpness he had lay in his pen. His more estimable qualities were diffused throughout his life, manners, and conversation. To the latter, a slight impediment in his speech, as in that of Elia, often imparted an effect which off-spoken words could not have produced.

Respecting him I can only throw out a few brief touches. As a school-teacher in Cork, young Maginn began his literary career by some anonymous contributions to the "Literary Gazette" (then recently started), and corresponded under the signature of C. O. Crossman. How the anonyme came to be discontinued is rather an amusing anecdote. A draft on a Cork bank was sent to Cork, payable to Mr. Crossman, but there was no Mr. Crossman to receive it; and the subjoined letter affords a pleasing explanation of the circumstances:—

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Tatam came home by so circuitous a route that your letter of the 17th ult. did not reach me until yesterday.

As he has told you who I am, I suppose he has also informed you of the nature of my avocations, in which case you will not, I think, feel much astonished at the irregular and interrupted nature of my correspondence with you. In fact, I am so completely occupied that I have scarcely time to do anything beside my business. I shall, however, send you a trifle occasionally.

I affected the mysterious, as you call it, on no other account, but that I felt that what I sent was so very trivial, I was unwilling to put a grave-looking signature to my communications. As, however, you have dealt so very frankly with me, and as you desire it, I shall conclude by assuring you, in my real name, that

I am, dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

11, Marlborough Street, Cork, December 18th, 1821.

Four months previous to this, however, a letter, keeping up the mystery, and still more characteristic of the *alibi* and *alias* humours of the writer (a practice largely indulged in by other contemporary contributors to "the press," as well as by himself), was received, which may be quoted among the incidental literary lights which peep out in such correspondence:—

SIR,—Your letter of the 6th of July came in due course, but I happened to be in England at the time of its arrival. This must serve as an apology for the very long delay in answering it.

I am quite aware of the trouble you must have, and should be very unwilling to increase it. You have quite misunderstood the meaning of my expression "writing in the dark." I intended to say by that phrase that I did not know what would be acceptable, and consequently was very often wasting my time and yours in sending you what would be of no use. I wished to know from you if there were any particular line in which you would direct me; and as I really like your journal very much, I should be happy in doing anything I could to serve you. I shall send you the trifles as usual.

There was no need of sending your name. Who could have told you that my name is different from my signature I know not; but I am acquainted with some wags who I am pretty sure will make use of that signature some time or other, to impose on you.

I send you two songs by a young lady; if worth anything print them.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

P. P. CROSSMAN.

Cork, August 13th 1821.

Engaged in "Blackwood's Magazine," and others in Edinburgh (as afterwards in "Fraser," in London),

* His knowledge of languages was almost worthy of the Abbé Mía. With the Eastern tongues he was familiar, being already a good classic; and I remember procuring for him, on the spur of some temporary move, all the books necessary for the study of the Swedish.

the "fun" of hoaxing or mystifying had ample play; and, as he played at bowls, he had frequent rubbers. But as only one of them could be understood without a good deal of particular description, I shall conclude with a notice which touched myself, and showed a bit of the temper of my friend:—

DEAR JERDAN,—I have seen the "Literary Gazette" of last Saturday

Do you intend to enlist yourself in the business of libelling me, or copying those who do?

I ask merely for information; because if such be your design, it is a game at which two can play, and I hate being under an obligation to any man which I do not intend to return.

An answer will oblige,

faithfully yours,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

Standard Office, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.
Thursday.

Our misunderstanding was of very momentary duration; and I may say that though quite competent to sting, his use of the weapon was seldom waspish, and never ill-natured. No periodical writer has been more misrepresented by pseudo-biographers than William Maginn. His mystifying and hoaxing were good-humoured even when sarcastic, and no undue bitterness entered into his revenges, even when most provoked. His eccentricity was a constant source of pleasantry to friends, and no heinous offence to enemies.

WILLIAM UPCOTT.

I must afford a scrap to my old friend William Upcott, the great prototype of autograph collectors (a pursuit which, since his time, has grown into extraordinary magnitude), and a most vigilant inquisitor into muniment chests and family papers. He and his colleague, Mr. Ilbery, were the sub-librarians under Porson in the City Library, Old Jewry, and eminently deserve a memorial of grateful encomium for their attachment to their principal, and the unwearied care and attention they bestowed upon him, when sorrowfully needed, to the day of his death. Mr. Upcott's letter is, at any rate, a sign of character in the exemplar and promoter of what has become almost a fashionable or popular mania.

102, Upper Street, Islington,
January 12, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—When I last shook your hand a promise was made to look up some autographs for my old friend Mrs. Hutton, of Birmingham, which, I suspect, you have forgotten. I heard from her to-day to remind you. Do oblige me, and I shall at any time acknowledge the favour by doing what I can to serve you. In a few days I shall send her a packet. Devote half an hour in a rummage—let the produce of the search be left at Mr. Bunn, 10, Agar Street, Strand, who will convey the parcel to,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WM. UPCOTT.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.

THE graphic reports in the newspapers lately, of the Duke of Edinburgh's sport in South Africa, have recalled my own humble experiences on the same field. Some points relating to the elephant in South Africa may interest naturalists as well as sportsmen.

The elephant, once common in South Africa, down to the mountains of the Cape, has since the commencement of the colony been gradually driven backward before the deadly firearms of the European hunters; till—except in a few localities, where it may not be hunted without special permission—it is no longer to be met with in sufficient numbers to repay the cost of a

hunting trip, unless sought farther and farther every year in the interior. The native methods of hunting, whether by pitfall, by the chase of single animals, or even by battue, unless fire is used, seem not much to alarm the survivors; nor would the European, chasing them fairly with horse and rifle, soon drive the elephant from its favourite haunts. But when the hunter can no longer repay the cost of his outfit in this manner, and is obliged to waylay the animals by night at their drinking places, the sense of insecurity comes over them, which in a short time makes them retire to more distant and less persecuted districts.

The hunter, with his waggons equipped for the season's journey, like ships for a long voyage, with oxen numerous enough to supply the place of those killed by the tsetse, or poisonous fly, and as many horses as he can afford, to allow for losses by sickness, or casualties, or exhaustion in the chase, and with, generally, articles of barter, to fill up his cargo by purchase from the natives, reaches the country he has chosen for his hunting ground, and, having secured the friendship of the chief, or the confidence of the scattered natives, who flock readily to his waggons as soon as the object of his journey is made known, commences operations.

Scouts are sent out on all sides, and reports of spoor, or tracks, or of the most probable localities, are brought to him. Choosing those of the males as bearing the largest ivory, he follows, tracking them patiently for hours, sometimes for days, until he comes up with them and gives chase. The bull with the finest tusks is, if possible, selected, and by persevering efforts chased out and separated from the herd, each horseman, if there be more than one, choosing in turn his own victim, and not interfering with his comrades, unless it may be necessary to give them help.

Sometimes the successful shot is soon obtained. The after part of the lower lobe of the immense ear marks the death-spot, in which, if the ball strikes fairly, it either breaks the bones of the shoulder, or, missing them, passes into the heart or other vital organs. If possible the fire should be delivered when the fore leg of the elephant is thrown forward, as the skin is then more tightly stretched, and the thinner parts behind the shoulder more exposed. An experienced hunter will know at once whether the wound is sufficient to kill or disable the animal. Without loss of time he will chase and kill another, or perhaps a third—as one of my friend McCabe's hunters, Christian Harmse, has, I believe, frequently done—coming back again to take up the spoor and kill the first, if not already dead.

Sometimes the chase is long and arduous, and continues till the tired elephant resorts to the last expedient, of inserting his trunk into his mouth and drawing water from his stomach to refresh himself by throwing it over his skin; when, if the horse be not equally exhausted, his pursuer knows the chase is near its hoped-for termination. Sometimes, instead of fleeing, the elephant turns upon its persecutor, and with shrill and angry scream, uplifted trunk, and wide-extended ears, charges furiously. If the horse be already in motion, the hunter may urge him on yet more swiftly, and escape; but if not, terror may seize him at that dreadful scream, and, paralysed in every limb, he may stand trembling and unable even to make an effort for his safety. Perhaps the rider, throwing himself off, may escape by flight, or he may even shoot the furious animal while it wrecks its vengeance on the helpless steed. Sometimes, before this happens, a daring comrade may ride between him and the elephant, and draw the pursuit upon himself, trusting to the imperilled hunter

"A robbery! Of what nature?" inquired the curate.

"They said," continued Mary, hardly able to keep her voice from betraying her own especial interest in the matter, "that Mr. Aston has been robbed of his pocket-book, which contained money to the amount of two hundred pounds, and—other valuables."

"It is true, I am sorry to say, Miss Talbot," replied Mr. Sharpe, "that Mr. Aston has lost, or has been robbed of, a pocket-book which contained the property you speak of. He firmly believes that it was taken from his coat-pocket on the day on which he was suddenly seized with illness on the beach. Mr. Sinclair, Doctor Pendriggen, and myself, however, doubt this. We suspect that he lost, or was robbed of his property during his visit to Falmouth, a day or two before his illness, and that his memory, impaired during his illness, has led him to mistake the date of his loss. We cannot believe in the dishonesty of the village people. But I am astonished to hear that the affair is known abroad. I thought the secret was confined to ourselves."

"The visitor at the cottage was the mother or mother-in-law of the nurse who attended Mr. Aston in his illness," explained Mary. "The nurse, somehow, heard the particulars, and told them to her mother as a secret. It was not intended that I should hear the conversation of the old women. In fact, they are not aware that I did hear it. But why keep so great a loss a secret?"

"Because Mr. Aston does not wish suspicion to rest upon the innocent, as it might do if the robbery were known and the actual thief or thieves could not be discovered. It was Mr. Aston's especial desire that it be kept secret. Mr. Sinclair and Doctor Pendriggen wished to have the matter thoroughly investigated. I suspect, however, if it be revealed as a secret from one person to another, it will not be long before it becomes generally known throughout the village."

"The old dame who spoke of it," continued Mary, "appeared to be quite minute in her details. She said there were four fifty-pound notes in the pocket-book, besides a gold locket, so remarkable in its appearance that it could be immediately recognised."

"There were other moneys besides, and certain valuable letters and papers," replied the curate. "The nurse must have listened at the bed-room door."

"A pocket-book is a strange receptacle in which to keep a locket," said Mary.

"It appears," replied the curate, "that the locket was a family heirloom. It was engraved with Mr. Aston's crest—two stars and two daggers quartered within a shield, which was surmounted by a griffin, and beneath was the family motto in a scroll. Inside the locket, also, there was a miniature painted on ivory, representing some female relative of Mr. Aston's. He says that he regrets the loss of the locket, and the papers the pocket-book contained, more than the money."

By this time Mr. Sharpe and Mary had arrived at the gate of the farm-house.

"Now, Miss Talbot," continued the curate, "you know as much about the robbery as I do; and," he added with a smile, "I must ask *you* to keep the matter a secret, as *you* say the old woman bound Dame Hoolit to secrecy. I *must* say that I *do* think you were foolish to allow such a matter to trouble you. The pocket-book was lost under peculiar circumstances, and I don't imagine we have now any more occasion to fear burglars than we had previous to its loss. There are very few in the parish of St. David who have so much property to lose. I think you may sleep in the confidence of perfect security from robbers, and I suppose I must now wish you good night."

Mary passed into the farm-house, glad to escape, for she felt that she could not have disguised her feelings much longer; and Mr. Sharpe, still very uneasy on her account, returned to his own lodgings.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

In the "Quarterly Review," January 1868, the leading article, purporting to be a review of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, is in reality a biographical summary and analysis of that life, and has interested me exceedingly. I do not know who is the writer, but he is one of the very few remaining, who are conversant with the facts and competent to handle the subject. He has done so in a friendly, but just and candid manner. The revival of the subject induces me to group some letters bearing upon Scott together.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

An old Scottish proverb says, "They are far behind who may not follow;" and though vast is the distance of my following, I cannot help thinking that some special circumstances in a literary life, independently of many years of personal intimacy, have given me opportunities enjoyed by few, of observing the character of my illustrious countryman.

Scott was eleven years my senior. His childhood witnessed the same natural scenery; he preceded me at the same school; I possessed his predilection for early ballad antiquities, and sought them out with boyish interest, among shoemakers, weavers, and aged crones.* I had a little law to study in my youth, which I did not like, and I took to literature. There is something amusing in the great similarity and greater difference; I had no "crutch," and it would have been well for Scott if he had never altered his so much into a staff. Authors, and especially poets, who set to work at making fortunes, are not, therein, of the true-blue blood. They lose literary caste, and too often imperil both fame and worldly prosperity.

Scott was born only three hundred years too late to be the daring chief of a Border clan. His courage and adventurous spirit (what pity the latter was misdirected in our commercial age!) would have honoured the times of the wizard Thomas, and kept Annan and Teviotdale alive to ceaseless issues, far different from those of the Ballantyne press.

Transformed as men are to the time in which they flourish, Scott was ever paramount in modern, as the chiefs of Cessford or Harden were in the olden days. He would lead, boldly and nobly, but his co-operation was never more than cool, and his following any other leader was out of the question. As a patron none more staunch and energetic could be found; to minor relations he was gentle and complacent, but, where offended or thwarted, "Wha dar meddle wi' me" might have been his motto, if he had not chosen to assume the more classic national "Nemo me impune lacessit." In small matters he was more than courteous. The reviewer says truly, "He would tax his judgment to discover something meritorious in every manuscript submitted to him;" and when I have reasoned with him on this point (which several times involved my own opinions in trouble), his defence was, "They are not sent to me for criticism; if I found fault it would not only procure me

* I believe I retain many scraps still, which are fast passing away from the memory of man and the realms of manuscript.

dislike, but be considered officious, and do the writers no good." Where he was friendly he was friendly indeed; where he took offence, the resentment soon passed away. I once displeased him by some too free remarks on one of his later novels, and he showed it by evading a visit to Abbotsford from my county member Sir Alexander Don and myself; but next winter, in London, he was as cordial as ever, and so continued to the day of his death. I felt some satisfaction in having a sad posthumous revenge, by being one on the sub-committee of management for preserving Abbotsford in the family, and by my zeal adding a considerable amount to the subscription.*

It was in his patronising friendships that the generosity and warm-heartedness of his nature shone most brightly. He spared no pains in accomplishing his object, and the activity of his efforts was only comparable with the prudence of his advice. No poet could be more enthusiastic, no man of the world more circumstantially particular on the score of moral obligations and conduct. He was a true friend to Allan Cunningham, to the Ettrick Shepherd (notwithstanding the occasional outbreaks), to the brothers Ballantyne, and others I could specify, and cherished a magnanimous kindness towards all his brethren of the pen. As Byron said, he had no need to be jealous of any one.

I find it a delicate task to afford even a slight example of his social and personal virtues, as I have essayed to describe them. What follows is the best I can do. A worthy Edinburgh gentleman in the legal profession, but more addicted to the cultivation of a fine taste for literature and the arts, than to dry law, had felt the usual consequence, and fallen into deep embarrassment. He was nearly connected with Scott's familiar circle, and it was deemed advisable for him to seek employment for his talents "in a country new." The annexed is Sir Walter's letter to him:—

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry for the circumstances which oblige you to think of giving up your profession and exchanging your residence, and would think myself very happy if I could be of use to you in doing so to advantage. I have little doubt that if the situation of the editor to the "Courier" should open, you would be able to conduct it with profit to the proprietors and reputation to yourself, as your acquirements in modern languages, and your good sense and readiness in composition, would be called into frequent employment. I should think, also, you possess that tact and knowledge of the world for want of which so many editors are apt to go wrong, though possessed of many brilliant accomplishments. The profession of editor has, perhaps, many requisites unknown to those who have never professed it; but limiting my attestation to the obvious qualities, such as all men know and understand, I would consider it as a very fortunate circumstance to place you at the head of any paper in which I was interested. I am not aware whether I can serve you further, not knowing any of the proprietors; but if it were otherwise I would be happy to do so, and I request, should an opportunity occur, you will without scruple apply to,

Dear Sir,
Your most faithful, humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 2 October, 1830

Suffice it to note that the editorship of the "Courier" was not open (as rumour had circulated) at the time. William Blackwood and James Ballantyne interested themselves in the same cause; and I was made a party to the commencement of a literary career which began in a distant province, but has been continued with in-

* In the introduction to these Letters, I explained the difficulty, from their nature, of avoiding egotism, and I have only to hope that I may not be blamed for carrying it too far. Such illustrations of character as my theme required, and the long period which has elapsed, must plead my apology. It is not the mighty literary Enchanter of whom I am endeavouring to preserve some traits, but the individual man, Walter Scott, in his sayings and doings, as he lived.

creasing reputation and influence in the great centre of literary activity ever since. Scott was highly gratified by this success.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

This most faithfully attached adherent and friend of Sir Walter Scott has had but scant justice done to him in the published versions of, and animadversions upon, his connection with the great commercial enterprise and melancholy catastrophe in which his ambitious principals became so miserably involved. Throughout all their joint transactions he was only a secondary ally, and yielded that allegiance which acknowledged superiority always commands from inferior powers. With relation to their conduct of business, I have no means to judge. It seemed to be all gorgeous and golden. Their credit was unbounded. Monte Christo himself could not be more profusely accommodated.* But let the cause of the failure have been what it might, James Ballantyne's share in it was simply his rising and falling with the genius he worshipped. He was a gentleman, and one of no ordinary intellectual capacity. The services he rendered (even as a printer anxious to rectify accidental mistakes) not only to the rapidly brought out writings of Scott, but to the productions of the Ettrick Shepherd and others, were of great value. I could furnish some striking instances; but suffice it to say that I have no reason to hold my estimable friend responsible for the crushing fact that, in glowing prosperity and prospects, the arm into which his was linked was stretched too far for safety, and could not be retracted to restore the hand its strength. Ballantyne survived Scott not quite four months.

Though this notice is rather a sequel to that of Sir Walter Scott (every matter touching whom will ever possess interest) than a separate attempt to supply characteristic traits of another, I must adventure a letter, which, setting apart its private flatteries, will speak fairly of the literary status and talent of James Ballantyne.

3, Heriot Row, Edin., May 10th, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—This letter is written to introduce to you my friend and brother-in-law, Mr. P., of Edinburgh. He has never been in London before, and is now on business which will leave him no great overplus of time to employ in amusement; but he has heard both my wife and myself speak so warmly and feelingly of your kind attentions, and very useful services, that I know I am gratifying him much by patting him within their exertion in his behalf, so far as is perfectly convenient and agreeable to you. You will find him a strong-minded clever man, of some humour, . . . and altogether a very excellent fellow. What kindness you can easily show him I shall receive as kindness to myself; and for him I can assuredly say that his greatest pleasure will be to requite it when you put it in his power. We are in sooth wearying for you here, and I really wish you would revisit Scotland, were it only to prove that it is not always the case that a prophet hath not honour in his own land.

The "Crusaders" will be out, I think, about the end of June. *Entre nous*, there will be five volumes. The first two are employed in telling a tale called the "Betrothed," being, in my mind, perhaps the most defective thing the author ever produced—not good at all, for HIM, that is. The other three are to contain the "Talisman," of which I think magnificently. In fact I do not know whether it will not restore the author to the very highest vantage-ground he has ever occupied. How the one is so little and the other so grand, nay, in sooth, I cannot tell; but it is so. I have no doubt you will agree with me. The portrait of Richard of the Lion Heart is exceeded by not one of his former creations, not, I think, by Rebecca; and there is an eastern physician and a hermit of unrivalled power. There is, farther, an admirable story, comprising one or two mysteries

* I remember my surprise when, on a visit to Rochdale, ensconced in the bank back parlour of my friend Mr. John Roby, I saw bills for many hundred pounds, between Edinburgh and London, and especially, if at long dates, gladly discounted as an excellent investment of money.

of great interest, but not yet unravelled. I speak of vol. 1 and the half of vol. 2, that is, of one half of the whole; and it is a fair presumption that, having proceeded so far so admirably, he will not come tardy off in what remains. This, by-the-by, is all to Mr. Jerdan, *not to the editor of the "Literary Gazette."*

Ever truly yours,

J. BALLANTYNE.

Five years afterwards, and nearer the end, a short note tells of the same kindly disposition and wish to benefit the deserving. It introduces one of the earliest and most popular illustrators of Scottish song that ever excited the admiration of the South.

18, Albany Street, Sept. 25, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Wilson, whose high merits as a vocalist are of course well known to you. He and I have been long acquainted, and I run no risk in pledging myself that he will do nothing but credit to your kindness.

In haste, believe me ever

Most sincerely yours,

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

JOHN BALLANTYNE.

It might seem a sort of assent to certain publicly expressed opinions if I refrained from adding a few words to the foregoing statements, and in defence of the reputation of John Ballantyne, the next brother to James, and one of the partners in the Edinburgh printing firm.* Some writers have spoken very disparagingly of him, and treated his intimate association with Scott as degrading to the latter.

I do not wish to defend anything in itself wrong; but I would respectfully suggest that it is unjustifiable to judge the manners of a former age by the standard of our present day. Scott and the Ballantynes had thirty years of the last century on their heads and hearts. They began their literary connection in the "Kelso Mail," established in 1797, when terror filled the country with a dread of Jacobin outrage, largely inspired by the sanguinary Revolution in France; hence their Toryism. And with regard to their social habits, these were in accordance with usages of too general prevalence over "the land of cakes." The readers of Dean Ramsay's "Characteristic Scottish Anecdotes" will understand me. The feelings and fashion of the age agreed entirely with the convivial enjoyments of Scott and his boon companions. No doubt the wine-cup, the speech, and the song of those times will not bear defence. Our generation has seen a great improvement in all these particulars. I venture simply to affirm that poor "Johnny" Ballantyne ought not to be singled out by critical censure as having been the main cause of the irregularities of others.

That he was the cherished associate of the mighty wizard is, in spite of the charge, something in his favour; and why he was so it is easy to tell. Scott was eminently convivial within the limits of becoming mirth, and "Johnny" (familiarily so hailed) was what is known in Scotland by the title of the "Whistle Binkie" of the company. Society delighted in him. His humorous songs and comic stories were most entertaining and laughable. Of the former, some were indeed objectionable for any time or occasion (I remember one free enough even for that period, for I desire to speak with a clear breast); but in the latter he was unequalled. As a proof, I may state that he taught Matthews his popular tale of the

minister drenched with rain, who was comforted by the wife of his colleague bidding him "gang into the *poopit*, where he would be dry enuch!" and the pupil never reached the indescribable humour of his instructor.

But, lest I also should become "dry enuch" (having no letters of John Ballantyne), I shall conclude by affirming that Johnny Ballantyne had merits to make him worthy of Scott's regard, and that some of his faults may fairly be spoken of as those of the times.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

APRIL.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

WHEN we direct our attention to the heavens on a clear starlight winter's night, the first impression on our mind is that an almost infinite number of stars is presented to our view. This is, however, merely an optical illusion produced principally by the twinkling of the stars, and by their irregular position in the sky, for the whole extent of the heavens is too vast to be included at one time in the field of vision. Hence arises the erroneous impression that the number of stars is so great. Now, on the contrary, seldom more than two thousand can be perceived by an ordinary eye at once, including all stars down to the sixth magnitude above the horizon. Observers, however, with superior eyesight can occasionally detect objects of the seventh magnitude, but this exceptional vision is very unusual. There are only twenty-four stars of the first magnitude in all parts of the heavens, several being visible only in the southern hemisphere. The stars of the second magnitude number about fifty, and of the third about two hundred. Including all stars down to the sixth magnitude, or within the limits of ordinary vision, about five thousand stars altogether can be seen in the latitude of London during the year. But if we view the sky with a very powerful telescope, the minute objects composing the groundwork of the heavens may be counted by tens of thousands, or even by hundreds of thousands of stars.

The observed diminution in the magnitude of objects, as well as the increasing numbers contained within the field of view, as their distances increase, may be briefly explained as follows. Let us imagine a person standing in the middle of a forest, surrounded by trees in every direction. Those nearest to him would be few in number and the trunks comparatively large; but if he were to take the next circuit of trees outside those around him, the visible trunks would be increased in number, but their dimensions would appear smaller. Proceeding onwards in this manner, the trunks of the trees would at last be very numerous indeed, but their apparent size would bear no comparison in magnitude with those near the observer. But still these apparently small distant trees might be really considerably larger than any in the whole forest. We will now substitute the stars for the trees. For the sake of analogy, let us now suppose that the observer on the surface of the earth is situated in the centre of a forest of stars, of indefinite extent; those few which are nearest to our own system would appear large and bright, and we distinguish them of the first magnitude; those which are farther removed from us would appear in greater numbers, but with less intrinsic brightness—these we call of the second magnitude; those which are still farther from us would be considerably increased in number, but their magnitude would appear much smaller. If we continue increasing the distance, the decrease of brightness will

* Alexander, the third and youngest brother, was an accomplished and charming musician. I believe that several of the family live at the present time, as their distinguished representatives in the arts and literature.

Talbot's lodgings to ask her to come and see her gran'darter, and the governess were not at home, so she waited, and she see a cur'us thing as they calls a "lock-up," all goold and figures, in Miss Talbot's drawer, which was open, and nat'rel she looks at it, and puts it back ag'in; and, when Miss Talbot come in, she went quick to the drawer and shut and locked it, as if she hadn't wanted mother to see what were in it.

"Mother went home, and thought nothin' more of the "lock-up;" but it happened that very arternoon, when Miss Talbot came to see my little niece, mother first heard of the robbery, and how a goold "lock-up" were among the things as was stole.

"The fishermen was blamed, mum, but mother says it's more likely as the governess's brother, as was walking along with Mr. Aston, stole the pocket-book and the money, and g'in the "lock-up" to his sister; and that's why the genelman as is her uncle won't make no fuss about it.

"But you'll say nought about it, mum, please." And so Betsy ended her story.

"Now, my dear Alfred, this may be merely a piece of idle village gossip. Still, it *may* be true. You will acknowledge yourself that it has a suspicious look, and I wish you, as cautiously as possible, to endeavour to find out whether the girl has spoken the truth.

"Under any circumstances, I do not for a moment suspect that Miss Talbot had any knowledge of the robbery. Still, *if* her brother was concerned in it (and you know Mr. Aston declined to prosecute), you could not retain your present relations with the young lady, even though you were *not* a clergyman. However, I will say no more about the matter now. Your own good sense will urge you to take such measures as may be necessary to ascertain whether Betsy's story be or be not mere idle gossip."

Mary read this long extract through to the end, and then, with a pale face and with compressed lips, handed back the letter to the curate.

Mr. Sharpe fancied that the emotion she betrayed was caused by indignation.

"Is it not *scandalous*?" he cried. "You insisted upon reading it, though I told you that it would excite your just anger and indignation. Now, I shall write to my mother, and, much as I respect and love her, I shall tell her plainly that she did very wrong to listen to such scandal from a servant. Moreover, I shall beg her instantly to dismiss the young woman, and I shall call on Dame Hoolit, and——"

Mary by this time had gained strength to speak.

"You need take no such trouble," she said, calmly, interrupting the curate's flow of indignation. "I regret the construction that Mrs. Sharpe has erected upon the tale of a servant; but it is quite true that I possess the locket. Mr. Aston is aware of it."

"He gave it you himself, then?" cried the curate, eagerly. "It was not stolen with the pocket-book, after all?"

"It was lost with the pocket-book, and it was given to me by my brother before I—and I believe, as surely as I stand here—before he knew aught of the robbery."

"Poor fellow! I believe he never *did* know of it."

"I remember seeing Dame Hoolit standing near the open drawer of my writing-desk when I entered the room, and, blaming myself for leaving temptation in the way of any poor person—for there was also money in the drawer—I closed it hastily; not that I really suspected the old woman of dishonesty, and certainly not because I then wished to keep the fact of my possession of the

trinket a secret from any one. So you see that Betsy Hoolit has merely told the truth, only she, like Mrs. Sharpe, has placed a false construction upon my action."

"But how—by what means did your brother obtain the locket?" asked the curate, hesitatingly.

"Honestly, I truly believe. How I cannot say. He told me nothing more than that he bought it, because it was engraved with the crest of my mother's family, and contained a portrait (my mother's) that resembled me. Where he bought it I did not think to inquire."

For some moments Mary and her companion walked on in silence. Then she again spoke, though her voice trembled with emotion.

"I feared this," she said; "and I thought it were better that we should cease to be what we have been to each other. I knew that, should suspicion, though that suspicion be false and groundless, close around me, you could no longer regard me as one fit to become your wife; and believe me, I do not, cannot blame you."

Still the curate made no reply; and when at length they reached the end of the lane, Mary wished him good afternoon, and was about to turn aside in the direction of her own lodgings. Then, however, he held forth his hand.

"We must not part thus," he said. "I am amazed at what I have heard. It has come upon me so suddenly. Believe me, Miss Talbot, when I say that I think of you still as I have always thought of you. Do not on your part judge me unjustly. Before I reply to my mother's letter I must see you again. I wish with all my heart I had never mentioned the letter."

"It were better as it is," replied Mary, as she withdrew her hand. And thus they separated, each walking away in the direction of their own home.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

W. WORDSWORTH.

In reproducing a characteristic letter of the poet, I have no comment to offer. It touches upon several topics on which it is interesting to have the opinion of such an authority, and seems to me very strongly to indicate that sound sense can be closely allied with "the sounding verse." In consequence of a conversation in which he criticised some of the sights of London, especially, as I remember, an eccentric "Jessica," by Turner, in the Exhibition, and a ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre, in a very entertaining style, a liberal honorarium was proposed for an itinerary of his trip to the continent, upon which he was then starting. The Mr. Reynolds mentioned was son of the dramatist, himself the author of the striking volume of "Miserrimus," and at this period projecting the annual—the "Keepsake"—which he afterwards edited.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 23rd August I did not receive till my arrival here several weeks after it was written. My stay in London was only of a few days, or I should have been pleased to renew my acquaintance with you.

I really cannot change my opinion as to the little interest which would attach to such observations as my ability or opportunities enabled me to make during my ramble upon the continent, or it would have given me pleasure to meet your wishes. There is an obstacle in the way of my ever producing anything of this kind, viz., idleness; and yet another, which is an affair of taste. Periodical writing, in order to strike, must be ambitious, and this style is, I think, in the record of tours or travels, intolerable, or at any rate the worst that can be chosen. My model would be Gray's Letters and Journal, if I could muster courage to set seriously about anything of the

kind; but I suspect Gray himself would be found flat in these days.

I have named to Mr. Southey your communications about Mr. Perceval's death; he received them, and wrote you a letter of thanks, which by some mishap or other does not appear to have reached you.

If you happen to meet with Mr. Reynolds, pray tell him that I received his prospectuses (an ugly word!) and did as he wished with them.

I remain, dear Sir,
Very sincerely yours,



Rydal Mount, near Ambleside,
October 7th.
W. Jerdan, Esq.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Of the Ettrick Shepherd I have spoken in the "Leisure Hour" (No. 411) and elsewhere, so that nothing remains for me to say here, avoiding repetition, but that in nature he was as singularly an open-hearted man as if he had the fabled glass in his bosom, and entirely possessed by the impulsiveness that pertains to genius. The annexed letter will illustrate the latter feature under his own hand; and I have only to explain that on his visit to London he frequently met a charming young girl at a private house, with whom he chose to fall in love, *quasi prozy*; and so, having arranged matters in his own mind (just as if planning a new poem), on his return home made the proposal in serious earnestness:—

Alhvie Cottage,
Dec. 27th, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received yours safely, with the bill of exchange enclosed, on the day of the election at Selkirk, where of course we were outvoted. There is such a revolutionary mania abroad that it is quite needless to speak to people; even the eloquence of the Shepherd failed in a place where he is perfectly understood, and the Tories lost by eight votes! * * I would like to know from whom the note came, as I want you and Lockhart to keep a correct list of the subscribers, and publish them in the same way as those for the memory of Sir Walter. But you are the man for these things. I am fully persuaded that you can do more in furthering any benevolent action than all the literary men in Britain put together.

I said nothing to William [his nephew] that my suit had been so equivocally received by the lovely Mary. But I will not, I cannot, give up the hopes of yet having her for my niece, and of her forming by-and-by one of our family circle. I assure you she shall be wooed in due form; but how to effect it I do not know. Does she never visit Kelso? There never was a match my heart was so much set on as that, not even my own marriage, and I got a very lovely and amiable lady; for I regard William as quite a treasure, both for intelligence and gentlemanly demeanour, and since he is come home for a wife, and can so well afford to keep one, I would like that he should take out the flower of his country with him. It is only for a few years; and according to him, the greater part of the Bombay presidency is a very fine and a very healthy country, except for children. He neither requires nor desires any tocher or provision, but merely a helpmate whom he can love and cherish. Don't hand my off-hand letters over to Mary, the wild, sly-looking gypsy. I am even terrified to think of that; but let us suggest some possible plan between ourselves. The allowing a small siege of [blotted] is no departure from the noninterference system.

Alas! what can I do in this wilderness towards the furthering the subscription to commemorate Sir Walter? They have made me a member of committees in London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, but I can do nothing. Only, as I have written to them all, I request and beseech that, in the first place, that the estate, house, library, and armoury of Abbotsford may be secured to him and his lineal heirs for ever; for that is a great and splendid monument of his genius and research, and the monument that will always be visited in after ages in preference to any other; and people will be proud to possess a stem of

the fruit-trees which he planted with his own hand. Indeed, the idea of raising stone and lime monuments to Sir Walter appears to me quite ridiculous, with the exception of something in Westminster Abbey and Abbotsford. Stick by that, To him and his lineal heirs for ever. I am the more anxious about this, as the next lineal heir to the present Sir Walter is likely to be Wat Scott Lockhart. All other monuments are vain. He has raised two monuments to himself, in building and literature, which are far beyond what any other architect can produce. There is an apt quotation from Horace, but I dare not quote it for want of proper Latin.

As this will reach you about the very day I reached your hospitable dwelling last year, please shake hands with all the interesting family in Grove House, and wish them all a good new year, and many happy returns of the season in the Shepherd's name. You have not said a word about my Tales, which, in the way I have altered and renewed them, I think will do me great credit, and, if in good hands, would, I am sure, bring me great profit. Cochrane has applied for the continuance of them, and as no others have applied I have promised them, with Lockhart's acquiescence.

I would like to have your sentiments about this. It can be no loss to me any way, and if they sell well I shall surely get my share. Smith and Elder have proffered to publish them for me and give me the whole profits; but then I was to give them securities to the extent of £200. As such a thing never had been required, I was perfectly indignant, and refused, thinking the edition in their hands perfect security. As I do not like to offer them to anybody, and no one has applied for them since Smith and Elder's strange conditions, I know not well what to do. I suppose Cochrane must have them. I think him an exceedingly simple good-hearted fellow, with a great deal of ambition and very little calculation how to obtain his object. But I am merely prozing.

God bless your kind heart! Amen is the sincere prayer of
Your most affectionate Shepherd,
JAMES HOGG.

To Wm. Jerdan, Esq.

The marriage proposal occasioned much mirth to the juveniles in the secret, as, unluckily for it, it happened that the wooed one was pre-engaged. Since writing, I observe that the "Quarterly Review" relates some instances of coarse manners on a visit which the Shepherd paid to Abbotsford, and in a letter addressed to Sir Walter Scott. These, I take upon me to say, must have been early ebullitions, such as I have described, as too often disfigure the poetical temperament; but, as I stated of Maginn, the Shepherd knew nothing of bitterness or malevolence, and in a brief intercourse with the world he acquired not only an easy deportment but a happy style, which generally captivated individuals, and literally carried social companies of every class along with him in the outpourings of his natural humour.

I am tempted, by its relation to the Shepherd, to publish parts of a letter of this period, which I trust many readers will excuse, on account of the particulars it contains respecting several men "noticeable" in their day in productions of art, then in the zenith of popularity. It is from John Field, the celebrated profilist, and its want of regular sequence may be pardoned because of my difficulty in divesting it of much of a personal rupture between the writer and his co-partners, the elder Miers and his son, both widely-patronised profilists:—

March 22nd, 1832.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to forward for your acceptance the two enclosed profiles taken from life, one of Mr. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who lately sat to me; the other from an original outline in black, which I possess, of Robert Burns, taken many years ago by the deceased Mr. Miers (when in Edinburgh) to whom I engaged myself to execute his profiles from the year 1794 to 1821 inclusive, having in that space of time completed many thousand likenesses to which he attached his name, whereby he acquired a fortune and great reputation in this country to works executed solely by me! On my joining Mr. Miers I found his profiles had been performed by Mr. Barber (now John Thomas Barber Beaumont, Esq., the

managing director of the Provident and County Fire Offices), who had nearly completed his engagement of three years with Mr. Miers as his profile painter, and to this person I am indebted for my instruction, on his leaving for his present lucrative greatness.* On the death of Mr. Miers, in 1821, I was prevailed upon to join his son William Miers in partnership, to continue the profiles, he well knowing my own works to realise from twelve to fifteen guineas per week. I conducted them in the partnership for nearly eight years; they were sent out as the work of Miers and Field.

[He then mentions outlines of persons whose profiles were taken by him in the elder Miers' time, and for which applications were constantly being made for duplicate copies by the friends and relatives, without emolument to him as the original artist.]

I beg leave, in concluding, to observe that I have been appointed by her Majesty's warrant, bearing date the 24th of August, 1830, to be her Majesty's profilist, as also to his Majesty, as communicated by him to her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, for whom I have executed profiles.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JNO. FIELD,

No. 11, Strand.

To William Jerdan, Esq.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

Covered with tributes of honour from every quarter of the globe, an old friend has lately finished his mortal span. It is neither the time nor the place for me to discourse upon his many virtues and altogether most estimable character. In his elevated intellectual course he was all that might become a man. Gifted, diligent, persevering, he passed nobly through his long course.

Incidentally, within a few hours of hearing of his death, the annexed letter turned up among my papers, and I at once recognised it as well suited to these selections, and offer it to my readers as a striking trait of the writer's ambition to deserve honest fame, his devoted perseverance—truly *nulla dies sine linea*—and his cordial gratification in receiving the scientific distinctions which were showered upon him, and even extorted from an Arago, the last scientific man in France to acknowledge British merit. It is short and simple, but it tells its tale:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you for the copy of the "Literary Gazette," and for your very kind notice of my election as one of the Foreign Associates of the National Institute. I never saw the state of the election till I read it in your number. The event has been very gratifying to me on many grounds, but particularly from the liberal conduct of M.M. Arago and Biot, who were members of the Commission, who unanimously agreed to place my name on the *first line*, as they call it, for election.

I hope we shall meet at Birmingham, if not earlier.

I am, my dear Sir,

Ever most faithfully yours,



St. Leonard's College,
Jany. 23rd. 1849.
William Jerdan, Esq.

An anecdote, not less characteristic, may, I hope, add something of interest to this brief record. Dr. Paris wrote an amusing volume, entitled "Philosophy in Sport," and, as far as my experience goes, I know no

* With this gentleman I had the pleasure of a cordial acquaintance. His active benevolence and munificence in founding and fostering charitable and patriotic institutions are well known. His energy was untiring. I remember his strenuously urging me to espouse the cause against Lady Byron on the rupture with her husband, but I had had enough to do with his lordship, and no desire to take his part in a quarrel of which the mystery is yet unrevealed.

class of mankind who do enjoy recreative sport so cordially as the philosophers. But be that as it may, Sir David Brewster was one, and Mr. (now Sir Charles) Wheatstone (well deserving to be bracketed along with the foremost of the age) was another, who acted in the little drama. I can hardly describe it, so as to afford an idea of its merriment and laughter. It was after the Bristol meeting of the British Association. These eminent men were, by their country engagements, thrown into companionship with my daughter, her husband, and myself. We had to ascend a Monmouthshire hill together, and the humour veered into a proposition then mooted, that by a certain division of labour any body of people might climb an Alp without the expenditure of any muscular waste, or the sufferance of any physical fatigue. The experiment in proof was suggested by Brewster. He went in front; my daughter held on by his coat-tails, her husband laid hold of her gown, Wheatstone held fast by his coat-tails, and I communicated firmly by the skirts of the founder of the electric telegraph. Thus, in train, and all stooping in canine posture, we commenced, like John Anderson and his wife, to "climb the hill together." Of the success of the experiment I cannot speak positively. Like a good objector, I can only say it was not fairly tried; for very soon we all laughed so much as to be incapable (even if the London police had been there) to "move on." The problem, therefore, was left unsolved; but we demonstrated the philosophic truth of the *dulce desipere*. Oh, for a photograph to have pictured the scene!

HINTS ON SICK-NURSING.

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

THE portrait of Florence Nightingale will suggest far more than we need express in words; for her truly womanly mission in going out at the head of a small body of nurses, in the face of countless dangers, to tend our wounded soldiers in the Crimea, is known to every British subject. A testimonial fund of £50,000, raised in acknowledgment of her services, which was at her special request spent on the establishment and maintenance of an institution for training nurses, shows how generally her work was appreciated; but few, except her personal friends, know the self-devotion and energy she brought to bear upon her task, or the difficulties she surmounted.

Florence Nightingale, the youngest daughter of W. E. S. Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, was born at Florence in May 1820. She enjoyed all the advantages of education which wealth could command; it was said of her—"In knowledge of the ancient languages, and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general arts, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, and she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English."

It is also recorded of her that "the schools of the poor round Lea Hurst and Embley first felt her kindly influence as a visitor and teacher." But from early childhood her great delight was to minister to suffering. The little girl would bind up the broken limbs of her dolls; the young maiden would visit and soothe the young and suffering on her father's estates. But when she attained womanhood she craved a broader scope for her special instincts, and she gathered fresh knowledge from visits to the reformatories and hospitals of London and Edinburgh. In 1851 she sought further

gold as to make its value 17s. instead of 20s. These adventurers made proper steel dies, erected presses, and had all the appurtenances for the processes which are gone through in the English Mint—in fact, they established a private mint at Hamburg. Many thousands of their sovereigns got into circulation on the continent; for, in fact, none but the Mint authorities could detect them except by weight. By this test, however, they were at last discovered, the coiners traced, and their place of business seized. The chief conspirators escaped, but all their dies, machines, and a very considerable sum in pure and adulterated gold fell into the hands of the Hamburg authorities, so that the speculation, though boldly conceived and skilfully carried out, was a ruinous one after all. Not half as many sovereigns were put into circulation as would pay the first cost of the plant employed in their manufacture. Yet within the last few days one of these sovereigns was sent back to the Mint from Devonshire, simply on account of its extraordinary lightness, without apparent wear, and the tests showing it to be to all appearance standard gold. Of course, at Tower-hill it was at once recognised and destroyed.

Those who have now and then to pay in sovereigns at the Bank of England know how often one or two or more light sovereigns are rejected—that is to say, not returned, but cut into two or three pieces, 4d., 6d., or 8d., according to the deficiency of the piece, being charged for the unpleasant process. The popular impression is that these cut sovereigns go back to the Mint to be remelted and recoined. But there are a vast number of trades in England which require standard gold for all sorts of purposes, and these regularly go to the Bank to buy these cut sovereigns. The reason is obvious; few trades use so much gold at once as to require an ingot, which weighs from 250 to 300 ounces, and if they did they have seldom the means necessary to melt it. But they can buy the cut sovereigns by the ounce or the pound, and though as *coins* they may have been light, yet as *metal* they are known to be pure. In this manner, between the gilding and porcelain trades, an immense amount of gold is annually absorbed. The porcelain trade alone takes nearly £50,000 worth of gold a year, and between gilding and porcelain the annual consumption of England and France is estimated at not less than 40,000 ounces, which is lost to currency for ever.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN,"
JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

OF the impulsive in the poetical temperament I have said something in the introduction to the *Etrick Shepherd*, and, what was characteristic of the Scottish minstrel, was true of the Irish bard Knowles who had a dash of the impetuosity native to his country. In earlier times, when ill-received by a Bath audience in the performance of the *Hunchback* in his own play, he next morning called on his friend Abbott, to shake, as he said, the dust off his feet against the City of the Sun, and bid him farewell. He was resolved that "no Bath idiots should have another opportunity to affront him." Abbott in vain endeavoured to persuade him to stop. "No, my dear fellow; nothing on earth could induce me. No, no. I'm off by the first coach. Can I take any letters for you?" "Where are you going?" innocently asked the good-humoured Abbott. "I don't know yet," was the reply.

But how the scene was changed, as years stole over the head of the gifted dramatist. The fervour of his mind developed in a new direction; and, as is well known

from his publications, he became devoutly religious. I venture upon no comment, but offer the following letter in his later period, before his final exit from the stage of life, as one of the most striking and characteristic that ever could be written.

Port Bannatyne, Bute,
30 July, 1849.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I am indebted, and deeply, to the delay that has enriched me with so kind a letter. Did not I know that you loved old Knowles?

Indeed, dear friend, it was of the cause that I thought more than of myself. I thank God I think less about myself every day.

I am just concluding a reply to Dr. Wiseman's first lecture on the dogma of transubstantiation, a tissue of sophistry and execrable logic. But the poor man cannot help it; he is under the influence of that strong delusion with which God tells us that he visits those who do not receive the love of the truth—his holy word!

Farewell!—a thousand thanks. You know not how happy you have made your sincere and much-indebted friend,

James Sheridan Knowles

I trust to nothing in the controversy into which I am entering but the Word of God. I read no human work upon the subject, except such as I meet with in the mart of Antichrist.

Ah, Jerdan, I never was so happy as I am now, and yet I am writing in a fit of the gout. Depend upon it, my friend of many a year, my kind and ever steadfast friend—depend upon it that a man never begins to live indeed till he lives to die.

Have you lately seen old Forster? Jack, I mean.* I love old Jack, though we hardly ever meet but he snubs me; yet he can work for me like a Trojan when I require it. None like him, and no mistake.

In a huge hurry, expecting our morning post the very next moment.

Good bye!

BARBARA HOFLAND.

OF this popular novelist, poetess, and otherwise considerable writer, the biographies speak laudably, as the author of "*Emily* (4 vols.) and *Beatrice*," and the "*Unloved One*," and "*The Son of Genius*," and "*Tales of the Priory*," and "*Self-denial*," and "*The Merchant's Widow*," and "*Decision*," etc., etc., and which productions, as genuine pictures of life, ably constructed, and of excellent moral and social tendency, well merited the public approbation bestowed upon them. To be sure, this success was achieved before the *furor* of the sensation novel was sought and attained. Her poor invention (though she also published a volume of poems) did not reach to the creation and building-up of Frankensteins for her heroes, nor to the conception of heroines endowed as the *Witch of Endor*, and ten times more wicked. Her characters were only human beings, and engaged in human actions, and she was herself a kindly, good-natured woman, who thought no evil, and delighted in doing good. She was the wife of Hofland, one of the sweetest of our landscape painters; and both were amiable as their occupations.

The following letter was addressed to a literary lady, and only communicated to me with the view to enlist my services in the cause, in which, if I remember rightly, nothing was effected. Thelwall, it may be recollected, was one of the first and foremost of democratic reformers,

* "Jack," so called with his familiars, but not the less a heartfelt and a just compliment paid by the writer to his constant friend, John Forster, the author of so many admired historical and biographical works. That I somewhat deserved the similar sentiment expressed to myself, I am gratified to preserve the memory by stating that, on the death of my gifted friend I took the liberty of addressing a letter to Mr. William Cower, with whom I had the honour of a slight previous acquaintance, the result of which was (as he kindly replied to my letter) that he recommended the case to Lord Palmerston, and the widow received the grant of a pension.

and a very popular lecturer for the dissemination of their opinions, specified in the "Anti-Jacobin" as—

"Thelwall and ye that lecture as ye go."

Sir James Macintosh's famous "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" only followed suit; but the letter has so little to do with these matters, that I merely mention them for the sake of explanation.

The letter itself I give as an example of the conspicuous superiority of the female over the male sex in this species of composition. As I read it, I would say that no man could have written it, though ever so able and skilful in composition—it is woman, and woman all over:—

Though you are, I well know, very busy, yet I cannot forbear calling your attention to the situation of poor Mrs. Thelwall, who, as the widow of a man who for half a century was the unflinching advocate of those political principles which at length obtained ascendancy, appears to be unaccountably neglected.

It is well known to many high in power that the widow and an infant of two years old are left destitute, yet not a single sovereign has been offered to enable her to lay a plain stone upon his grave, nor has one newspaper pleaded her cause with one party, or commented upon her situation to the other. This is the more strange, because, though Mr. Thelwall had outlived his early friends, he was, as a lecturer, making others up to the day of his death, and he was allowed to be truly a patriot and an *honest man* by all parties, as well as a man of considerable attainments.

It is true Lord Brougham gave his son a living, with the understanding (I believe) that it should be an asylum for the old age of his father; but the Chancellor could not be aware, I think, that, at the best, this living only produced £200 per annum, and it appears that, from tithe disputes and such things, it now produces comparatively nothing, and young Thelwall was really better off as a curate. Unhappily Mr. Thelwall advanced his son upwards of £200 (his savings for the last few years) in order to render the vicarage habitable, in consequence of which his widow is without money entirely, as, under his present circumstances, it is impossible for her son-in-law to repay it; and, as his eldest sister is entirely dependent upon him, even if his living comes round what can he do for Mrs. Thelwall and her child?

If by the aid of a little money she were put in a way to help herself, there can be no doubt of a woman of her decided abilities doing well. She can teach both the harp and piano, she is perfectly mistress of French, and, I think, Italian, and she understands thoroughly the mode of curing impediments of speech practised so successfully by her husband. She has long feared that she should be left in poverty, and is not only willing but desirous of exerting herself to the utmost, and is of such an upright and independent mind that she refuses to burthen a widowed mother with herself and child, though a home with Mrs. Boyle has been warmly pressed upon her.

And surely it is no small praise to say of a young and handsome woman, full of various attractions, placed continually before the public as the wife of a man thirty-five years older than herself, that the breath of slander never has passed over her, that even the malignity created by political feeling never aimed an arrow at the husband through the medium of his pretty wife, a circumstance which argues not only the strict propriety of her manners but the high-minded purity of her principles, especially as she had not the ties of a mother to aid those of a wife till within the last two years.

Pray do think about her and assist her if you can. The press can do anything. Her own party ought to be roused in her behalf, or exposed for their deficiency, and I really think the others might take up her cause from magnanimity or pity. She is a Catholic, not a bigoted or ignorant one, but a steady Christian, who even the husband she revered could never turn aside from that which she held to be the true faith. Surely those of her own church ought to hold her in especial estimation.

But I ought not to press upon your time. I know enough of the kindness of your heart to feel sure you will do your best for one whose case claims compassion from *all*, and positive aid from those who know that, for half a century, her husband consistently advocated a cause he held to be sacred, and to which they have *professed* attachment. Cold and weak must it have been if their orator and champion, a man of consistent conduct and unblemished name, may thus drop into oblivion, and leave in vain those dear ties to their care who ought to be cherished as the valued legacies of one who bequeathed them to his country.

Once more forgive me, and believe me with sincere respect

Your faithful servant,
B. HOFLAND.

Kensington, 15 July.

Hofland died about twenty-five years ago, and his widow survived him hardly twelve months.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

Cork has been called the Athens of Ireland, and if we glance at the prolific number of distinguished artists and authors it has given to the world, though it cannot boast of the two great minstrels, Moore and Lover, I think the justice of the compliment may be frankly conceded. Among its worthies, who come within the scope of my design, the writer of the annexed letters takes a prominent place. His various illustrations of his native country in many of its aspects, historical, legendary, antiquarian, scenic, and jocular, demonstrate his patriotic attachment to it, and procured for him its grateful recognition. He was taken from us before Ireland had fallen upon the evil days of which we hear so much. He was naturally a humourist. How would the change have affected him? Well might he have asked Where are the national characteristics now? What has become of the fun and frolic almost universal and always so entertaining? Where are the Irish characteristics—the good humour, the sportiveness, the nonchalance, the open-heartedness, and the brave endurance of hardship or misfortune? Where be their jibes and their jests? Can all that was attractive and estimable have sunk into dark conspiracy, and been swallowed up in fiendish schemes of rapine and murder? Surely this cannot be all true; sad it is to think how much of it is. Let us hope that Ireland and Irishmen will speedily resume their genuine condition, and be again what Crofton Croker (being one of themselves) so pleasantly painted them. Och! for the darlint Paddy, even with his coat buttoned behind; the mischief-loving, bull-making, ready-witted, self-satisfied, naturally dexterous and ever merry Pat, to give us a laugh at all his eccentricities, and a pity for his aberrations. Och, that we could enjoy him again in all his national characteristics, using the present joyously for what it was worth, not brooding on the future for the miseries it might inflict. Let us hope that the auspicious visit of the Prince and the Princess of Wales may be the dawn of cheerier and more loyal days.

It is not easy to illustrate Croker's participation in the humours of his country, as he often in his letters engrafted the pencil on the pen; but they may serve to show the interest he felt in the proceedings and improvements of the passing time.

52, Charlotte Street, Portland Place,
7th January, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I last wrote to you I have done little but grumble at the gout, which lingers about me sadly. I still carry my left arm in a sling, and can only hobble across my room on crutches. I hope to get out soon, but I really know not when.



You have had *all* the services I could perform, viz., enclosed review, or rather notice (which I assure you is perfectly impartial) of some new songs.

To-morrow I expect from old Landseer an account of two very curious autograph letters of Adam Smith, which, with rather a curious one of Smeaton's and some others, he has recently (as I think I mentioned to you) tumbled up among Dr. Roebeck's papers. Out of his account I hope to make a good "variety paragraph."

I also expect notices of the most recent Danish and Swedish

literary proceedings, and which I hope I have made arrangements shall be continued to the "L. G." from time to time, through the Swedish Embassy here. The Swedes, I have been astonished and pleased to find, are extremely literary. Every one who pretends to the character of gentleman writes English, and every officer of their navy must undergo a severe examination in French, German, and English before he is considered as qualified to serve. Northern antiquities and mythology, to which their attention has been called by the writings of Sir Walter Scott, are at present the favourite subjects in Sweden; and really if I could recollect half the delightful anecdotes which my friend told me on these subjects I could make a wonderful "Gazette" for you. However, he has promised to put them down for me, and you shall have them, as well as his further communications.

Not a word yet from that lazy dog Wyon [the admirable designer of our mintage]. He shall have another twopenny.

I expect a collection of North Pole plants, and anecdotes concerning them, in a few days, which shall be of course at your service.

I have just got your note. I really sympathize hand and foot with our poor poetess. The possibility of one who possesses so much innate fire as L. E. L. catching cold, never entered my head.

Our cloaks? I will write to the demure Deborah by tomorrow's post, and you shall be acquainted with the result.

Ever truly yours,

T. CROFTON CROKER.

Buckingham's paper—*sad* stuff, heavy as unleavened bread. It cannot rise!^{*}

The "Literary Journal" (from "the editor" of which I have had rather a cool letter)—a mere childish affair evidently without the slightest pretension to connection.

The next is full of literary chit-chat.

Admiralty,

30th July, 1828.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—In the first place I was delighted at seeing even your handwriting once more this morning; but more on that subject hereafter. In the next place I want you to put Mr. Dagley's christian name and address on the enclosed note, and shall further "be obligated to your honour" by forwarding it to him. It contains the proof of Miss Dagley's really very pretty story, and I am of course anxious to get it back that it may be printed off.

Now for myself. I have been full of business, morning, noon, and night, with the "Christmas Box," which I have at last got into good train, and hope all will now go smoothly with me.

I have written for Allan Cunningham's book a little Irish tale, in return for some verses which he sent me for mine. I was obliged to decline Southey's ballad which he wrote for the "Christmas Box," about a cock and a hen, on account of the price—£50!!!

I have sent Miss Edgeworth, according to your advice, £30 for her article. I have got pretty contributions from Miss Mitford, Henry Ellis, Major Beamish, Mrs. James Douglas, Mrs. Hofland, Madame de Labourt, etc.

I have nearly completed a jewel of a book for you, of which you shall have an early copy—"Legends of the Lakes; or, Traditionary Guide to Killarney." I am quite pleased with it myself, and I think it must be exceedingly popular. But not a word more until you see the volume, which is printing off as fast as Whittingham can work it. It is a musical, poetical, political, legendary, topographical, and pictorial work.

I will scribble something about the books which you sent me this morning, early next week. I must also send you (which I shall without delay) the sketch of society at Hastings, long promised, and live in hopes of seeing you when all this bustle is over.

Most faithfully yours,

T. CROFTON CROKER.

I add a third, simply as quoting some acute remarks on biography by the other Mr. Croker (J. Wilson); it refers to a memoir for Fisher's National Gallery.

Admiralty,

20th December, 1832.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have just received a letter from Mr. Croker, from which I copy the portion wherein you are concerned. It is dated yesterday.

^{*} It got into more clever hands, however, and did rise to extensive circulation.

"I will, at my first moment of leisure, send you a sketch of Lord Hertford's life; but nothing is so hard as to write the life of one still living (unless he happens to be at your elbow), as it is very difficult to get at dates and facts with which the Peerages supply one in the case of the dead. In two or three days I shall hope to be able to send you a short memoir, which your friend may use as it stands, or may add to, alter, or improve upon as he may think proper.

"I shall also, if it would be agreeable, send you a little notice of a story book which a *young and fair friend of yours*^{*} has written, and which is about to be published by Mr. Murray. 'Tis a trifle, but to me it seems clever in its way."

I have written to Mr. Croker begging him to send the memoir without loss of time, as the month is so far advanced, and I therefore reckon on it by Saturday. I hope this will answer your purpose; and as I am going into the city this afternoon, if I can, I will call at Fisher's, and give them your reason for the delay, should the Marquis of H.'s portrait be for this month.

Ever yours,

T. CROFTON CROKER.

I shall only add that Croker delighted in practical jokes of the most amusing kind. He was for many years President of the Noviomagians, a playful offshoot from the Royal Society of Antiquaries; and I once, in conjunction with his wife, took him in female attire to be hired by friends who wanted a servant. They happened to be out walking; and, waiting their return, the applicant maid was taken into the kitchen by the cook. The confidential revelations of that functionary of all her master's and mistress's faults, and the disagreeables altogether, were so formidable that our Sally begged leave to decline! It was a very droll adventure.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

V.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE Japanese women have more attention paid to their education than is usually bestowed upon the instruction of the female sex in other Eastern countries. For the lower classes of society there exist what may be termed primary schools, where both boys and girls are taught together. At a proper age the boys are drafted off to separate schools to pass through a definite course of study, and the girls are instructed in domestic matters. The accomplishments of painting and music and poetry are taught to women of the higher classes, as well as to those whose only object is to attract attention. There are dramatic, historical, and poetic works written by women, which command as much attention as those produced by men. This, of course, evidences an amount of mental culture in Japanese women, nearly if not quite equal to that of the other sex. The possession of the power of literary composition amongst Japanese women is of very ancient date; for we find poems written by them amongst popular collections which go back to very ancient times. For instance, Jito wrote the second Ode in a number gathered together by Teika, who died A.D. 1241. Her mother was the daughter of a nobleman. Jito married the Emperor Ten Mu, and after his death assumed the government in the year A.D. 702.

Another lady, with the difficult name of Murasaki-Shikibu, wrote fifty-four very celebrated histories, to each of which she prefixed a figure composed of five upright strokes, connected by horizontal ones, and a name was given to these strokes which served to designate

^{*} Mrs. George Barrow.

doing, when it would have been impossible for the privateer to have boarded us. It was now, however, rapidly going down, though as yet it was too rough to allow her to attempt to run alongside. It was possible that she might pass us. No. After running on a short distance her yards were braced sharp up, her helm was put down, she stood back with the evident intention of attacking our helpless craft.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

In some of these papers I have been led into greater length of introductory explanation than I intended at the offset, but I hope to make the *amende* by letting "Honest Allan," as he was commonly called, paint himself. I may say in brief that he was a self-educated, self-reliant, self-asserting man, open hearted and straightforward, with unusual sagacity and rare common sense.

When he came to London, with a local reputation, I was in literary harness, and among his earliest essays were certain poems recommended to my furtherance. In one of them I ventured to change a "who" for a "what," or something of equal importance, at which the writer was very indignant. I pointed out to him that his text was not grammatical, but he flew in the face of his *quasi* patron and critic, and declared he did not care a farthing for pronouns, or grammar, and "Nobody shall alter a word of mine, whether they may call it right or wrong!" *Nemo me impune lacessit*, was sturdy from Dumfries; and quite in unison with the stalwart Scot who acted upon it.

Ah, but seven years' up-hill work with the London Press tried his bravery. The first letter I have to quote tells an anxious tale.

Belgrave Place, 16 October, 1827.

DEAR JERDAN,—I venture to enclose you a notice of a new work of mine. I have no desire that you should abide by any words but such as you like, therefore dress it up in your own manner if you please. Some such notice before publication will be useful; nor would a little kindness from critics afterwards be at all amiss. God knows I have much need of a kind word or two, for I have been working hard up hill these many years, and William Jerdan and Sir Walter Scott have been almost my only friends. I acknowledge they have been good ones.

Yours very truly,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I have only to note that Lockhart, as well as Scott, was his constant and active friend, through all his struggles; no slackness was ever found in either, and his works and his family owed (and always gratefully acknowledged) much to the cordial services of both. Two years later a stronger standing had been obtained, and the annexed is a circumstantial notice of one of the steps.

27, Belgrave Place, 14 July, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My little book has caught the eye of the trade, and, thanks to your kind notice, the eye of the public, and I expect it will do my name a good turn. If you could spare space for an extract or two my fortune would be made.

I have descended from the painful elevation of editor to Mr. Sharpe's publication, and my mantle has fallen on very able men, Maginn and Hook. In truth the proprietor was a little too changeable for me. He had altered the character of the work twice, and was resolved on a third experiment; so I quitted it, and here I am rejoicing in the fullness of freedom, and dispersing, with all the wisdom I am master of, a mountain mass of prose and verse which has accumulated these nine

months. It will probably save me from the affliction of a hundred letters if you will announce my *descent* to the world—in words like these:—

"We are authorized to state that in consequence of the Anniversary being altered from an embellished annual to a regular monthly magazine, Mr. Allan Cunningham has ceased to be editor."

Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My next tends to a very different phase.

27, Belgrave Place, 31 May, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send you another of my little books. It has cost me much research and enquiry, and is still very imperfect, I fear. I think you will like the *Life of Flaxman*; and that you may dislike none of it is the wish

Of your very faithful friend,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

And *hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Witness the next.

Belgrave Place, 23 February, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I never, save once, ventured to complain or remonstrate when any of my works happened to be abused or neglected, and for that piece of impudence I was most unhand-somely mauled. Whatever the merits or faults of my books may be, I have ever allowed matters to take their course, satisfied that if they were founded in nature and truth, they would live at least for a time. I believe, too, I can say truly that without ever mixing myself up with the one-sided feelings of any critical publication, I have, nevertheless, done many kind acts to fellow labourers, both in verse and prose. Of this I am sure that I never did an unbrotherly act to any one. I may also add without much fear of contradiction, that while I have lived to see the works of many well-educated men make a stir for a time and then perish quietly, the humble name which I have acquired in literature has risen rather than sunk, in spite of all the disadvantages under which I laboured.

Why do I mention all this? I do it because I am pestered daily with the condolences of friends on my having incurred your displeasure, which they argue is visible enough from the brief and slighting way in which you mentioned my *Lives of the Architects*. If you really are displeased with me you are man enough to say so, and I am man enough to make you the necessary reparation, if such be needed. I have never given you the least cause of offence, and I have often spoken well of you when some were not disposed to show your name any favour. Finally, if your slighting notice of the book has arisen from some sudden dislike which you have taken up against me, then I say you are my enemy without cause. If it proceeds from your unfavourable opinion of the volume, I have nothing to say but to bow to your decision, and live in hope of doing better another time.

I remain, my dear friend,
Yours ever,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Dear Jerdan," and "my dear friend," had evaporated, and the *irritable genus vatum* could only recognize a formal "dear sir" to lacerate. On the subject suffice it to say that my *honest* opinion was not so favourable to the work as, for the author's sake, I heartily wished it to have been; and with a candid explanation, the "better time" hoped for very speedily arrived. The "friendship dear" on both sides was soon restored, and the affectionate "dear Willie" crowned the whole, and lasted to the last. Witness the following interesting account of the writer's poetical aspirations:—

27, Belgrave Place, 22 March, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have written a poem, "The Maid of Eivar" by name, in twelve parts, and have sent it to the press. The scene is laid on the Border, the time is the early part of the reign of Queen Mary, and my wish has been to give an image of pastoral and domestic life during those stirring times when a reformation of religion on one hand, and hostility with England on the other, brought much sorrow to the land. I have endeavoured to work up the whole story from my own feelings and observation, and have hopes that it will do me a good turn. I have not published any poetry, save now and

then a song, for these twelve years, and trust to have a few listeners, though my name in literature is not high. I have mentioned this to you with the hope that you will notice my undertaking, so that I may have the benefit of publicity at least before I come from Moxon's Press.

Yours very truly,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

To William Jerdan, Esq.

I need hardly refer to Cunningham's previous poetical productions. His happy tinkering of several ancient ballads, and his capital imitation of others, together with his pieces of an entirely original kind, had laid a foundation of fame, which, in truth, was not much enlarged by this new effort, though replete with many beauties which ought not to be forgotten. But to proceed: in the ensuing year he commenced his separate biographies; he got ready and published his "Life of Burns," which reached a second edition, which he thus describes—

27, Belgrave Place, 15 August, 1833.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—Will you have the goodness to say to the world, in your own time and way, that I have a new edition and a new Life of Burns in hand. His works have been heretofore ill arranged; the natural order of composition has been neglected; poems have been printed as his which he never wrote, and his letters have had the accompaniment of epistles which were not necessary, and were the work of other hands. Poems, letters, and anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, are in my possession, and will appear in the course of the work. My desire is to arrange the poems, letters, songs, remarks, and memoranda of the bard, in a natural and intelligible order; to illustrate and explain them with introductions and notes, and to write a full and ample memoir such as shall show his character as a man, and his merits as a poet, and give freely and faithfully the history of his short and bright career. The whole will extend to six volumes; the first will contain the life, the others the letters, poems, songs, &c., and each volume will be embellished with two landscape vignettes from scenes made memorable in his works, both in Ayrshire and Dumfries. The work is in great forwardness, and will be published in monthly volumes.

Yours ever,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[The letter ends with news of family good fortune, and with some compliments in the warmest strain of the writer's warm heart.]

With this assurance I close the examples of our correspondence as completing the portrait I have endeavoured to make up out of these traits; but it was four years later, viz. in 1837, that in writing of a work by Sir Andrew Halliday, he arrived at "my dear Willie," and evinced the *perfervidum Scolorum ingenium*, by saying, "Sir Andrew is a warm-hearted, true-hearted Scot, and surely another, with a heart equally warm and true, will find some kindly words for him." O, flattering "honest Allan"!

I now hasten to conclude. His "Life of Wilkie" followed his "Life of Burns," and he pursued a persevering literary occupation, till relieved from all his labours in 1842—sinking, as it seemed prematurely, the strong, athletic, powerful man, before he had attained more than fifty-seven years. For all the later division of his life (as will be seen from the dates of his letters), he resided near the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, in relation to whom he occupied a position most suitable to his pursuits and habits, and congenial to his taste. As factotum to the famous sculptor he superintended his works at home, and was his active friend on all occasions abroad, where his interests were concerned. In this capacity he rendered him very important services, and I may whisper that his connection with the press did not diminish their efficiency. Founded on the basis of admiration of his genius, and personal and grateful

esteem, there was nothing but honourable action in the conduct on both sides; and I will state it as it appeared to me, that no selfish motives overruled the independence either of the employer or the employed.

Looking at the two it amused me to fancy that if the principal fitted Leslie for his Sancho Panza, in the capital picture with the Duchess, the second on the scene might (with such modifications as the artist could make) have stood, not sat, for the Don; for though too stout and good-looking for the chivalrous knight of La Mancha, he was at any rate tall enough, and could have been painted gaunt to realize the transformation!

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

IX.—BARCELONA.

BARCELONA should have been the capital of the nation, and I think it the only city in Spain where the stranger may be reconciled to take up his abode for any length of time. There is more life and more activity, and desire for "radical reform" and progress here than I have witnessed in any other part of Spain. The city has been called the Manchester of Spain, but this is scarcely a compliment to either city. The cloth and cotton manufactories here are on a comparatively small scale, and protected by a high tariff, at the general expense of the community, who have to pay a high price for an inferior article, while native productions, which would give healthy labour, and be profitable to the nation and to individuals, are comparatively neglected. On the other hand, the air and climate refuse to acknowledge the black chimneys, and humming, busy, dingy mills of Manchester, the towers and spires standing out like marble in the clear atmosphere.

Barcelona has its east and west end, divided by a broad avenue called "the Rambla." The word has nothing to do with our rambles, but is the Arab *raml*, which means a river bed, and is often used in Spain for a road which traverses the dried bed of an old river. This broad street is not unlike the Unter der Linden at Berlin. It intersects the town from north to south, and is carried out one and a half miles beyond the town to Gracia on the north, where it is called the Paseo de Gracia; and to the south, along the harbour, the line is continued on a broad raised terrace or rampart leading to the citadel, and terminating in the public garden and evening drive and promenade—about as like Manchester as our November fogs and smoky atmosphere are to their light air and blue sky.

The sea wall that skirts the harbour is the favourite promenade, and after a sultry day, the cool sea breeze, and the beautiful scenery around makes this terrace a most delightful lounge. On the one side is a succession of palatial buildings, public and private, including the Casa Lonja, or Exchange, a curious mixture of architecture and art, most interesting to the stranger, while on the other hand is the fine harbour, protected by a semicircular mole and filled with vessels, while beyond white sails are seen studded along the bright blue Mediterranean.

The town is protected—I should say awed—by a large and powerful citadel, not unlike that of Fort William on the river Hooghly, and in the best style of Vauban, the celebrated French engineer. On the opposite side of the harbour, to the S.E., crowning an abrupt hill of 500 feet above the sea, stands the Castle of Monjuich, strongly fortified, and looking almost impregnable. Both this and the citadel are strongly garrisoned, to curb the *pronunciamentos* of the restless

gone, cried out for more. Several times we had to stop till more water was distilled.

While we were thus engaged, the wind had again got up, and the sea, dashing over the reef, began to burst with violence against the shore. The effect produced on the wreck was soon apparent. The remaining upper works began to give way. As the sea rolled in with increasing violence, plank after plank was torn off, then larger portions were wrenched from the hull, the deck burst up, and was soon dashed into pieces against the rocks. As soon as we had swallowed enough water somewhat to slake our burning thirst, we hastened to the beach to save what we could from the wreck. We hauled on shore all the planks and timber we could get hold of, with the vague idea that we might be able to build a raft of some sort, in which to make our escape. At all events, the wood would be useful to construct huts for the women, or to burn. As darkness set in, a large portion of the wreck had disappeared, and even the captain was convinced that her keel would never leave its present position, except to be cast up in fragments on the rocks. He and the mate had been very quiet and low-spirited. They were craving for their accustomed stimulants, and several times I heard them grumbling at us for not having landed any liquor for them. Neither they nor the larger portion of their crew had exerted themselves in the slightest degree to assist us in our labours. Most of them sauntered along the beach with their hands in their pockets, or sat coolly watching us. Fatigued with our exertions, we at last returned to the camp, where Jacotot was able to give us a glass of water, and we then, thankful even for that small supply, lay down to rest.

It was not till late that any of us awoke; we then found that the captain and mate, and several of their men, had withdrawn themselves to a distance from the camp. We were glad to be rid of their company, though why they had gone away so suddenly we could not tell. We could not help suspecting, however, that they had done so with the intention of hatching mischief. When I speak of *we*, I mean our party from the *Doré*, for we of necessity kept very much together. I have not particularly described the emigrants, for there was nothing very remarkable about them. Two or three were intelligent, enterprising men, who had made themselves acquainted with the character of the country to which they were going, and had tolerably definite plans for the employment of their capitals. The rest had mostly failed in England, and were rather driven by want into exile than attracted by the advantages the new colony had to offer. They were all married men with families, and this made them associate with each other for mutual assistance. The steerage passengers were generally small tradesmen, and had emigrated for much the same reason as the others. Three gentlemen of the first class, who were bachelors, had begged leave to join our mess. One of them had already been in New South Wales, and was able to give us much interesting information about it. So much taken was I, indeed, with what I heard, that I resolved, should I be unable to find the *Barbara*, to visit the colony before returning home. We thus, as I have explained, formed three chief messes. We were not as yet either very badly off. We had saved provisions from the wreck sufficient, with economy, to last us a couple of months or more; and now that we could obtain fresh water, though but in small quantities, we were not afraid of dying of thirst. We were in hopes, too, of finding turtles and turtles' eggs, and perhaps wild fowl, and we might also catch fish to add to our stock of provisions. Could we only find water, and some sort of vege-

tables, we might be able, we thought, to support existence for any length of time; and as far, indeed, as we could judge, we might not have an opportunity of escaping from the island for months, or it might be for years. This was not, however, a subject pleasant to contemplate. I thought of my merchandise, William of his promotion, and of the opportunities he might lose of distinguishing himself, while Jacotot, though not idle, was unable to make money where he was. Toby Trundle, however, took things very easily. He laughed and joked as much as ever, and declared that he never was more jolly in his life. He used to say the same thing in the midshipman's berth; he had said it on board the boat, and I believe he would have said it under nearly any circumstances in which he could have been placed. The poor emigrants, on the contrary, were very far from content. Most of them had lost all they possessed in the world, and knew that, should they even ultimately arrive at their destination, they must land as beggars, dependent on the bounty of others. They were therefore naturally very loud in their complaints of the captain and his mate, while they were continually bewailing their own hard lot. Those persons had, as I observed, removed themselves to a distance from the rest of our shipwrecked band.

We had retired to tents for the night, and had laid down to sleep, when after some time I was awoke by sounds of shouting and laughter, followed by shrieks and cries, which seemed to come up from the beach where the captain and his associates had taken up their quarters. The noises increased, and O'Carroll awoke. He got up, and we went together to the entrance of our tent. The night was very calm. The stars shone forth from the dark sky with a brilliancy I have never seen surpassed; even the restless sea was quiet, and met the shore with an almost noiseless kiss; all nature seemed tranquil and at rest. A shot was heard, and then another, and another, followed by shouts and execrations. "There will be blood shed among those madmen," exclaimed O'Carroll. "They have got hold of some liquor unknown to us, and are fighting with each other: we must try and separate them." Calling my brother and the rest of the party to come to our assistance, we hurried off in the direction whence the sounds proceeded:

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.]

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

EDWARD FORBES.

I HAVE offered my genial tribute to the memory of Edward Forbes in the volume above referred to. His "Life" has been compiled and published, and innumerable memoirs and biographical notices have appeared; but all together fail to afford an adequate idea of him. So zealous in scientific pursuits; so various as well as recondite in his acquirements; so sportive in some of his researches, as if the hard labour were sheer fun; so gifted with taste in the fine arts; so well read in general literature and antiquities; so clever with his pencil; so ready with his pen; so humorous and so good-humoured; so playful, so judicious, so instructive, so entertaining, as the occasion "ruled the hour," none but himself could be his parallel.

The most distinct and prominent feature in the character of Edward Forbes might be described in one word, only that the word has been degraded to a very different meaning—he was a thorough socialist. From his first days at school to his latest day, amid the prose-

cution of intense studies, he was always forming brotherhoods; some for useful practical purposes and improvements, and others for recreation after hard mental labour, in the enjoyment of frank and festive communion with congenial minds. Dr. Johnson would have called him a most "clubbable" man. At all events, the Institution of the Red Lions was a climax to this order of organizations; even when most playful, shooting follies as they arose, and using wit and satire on the side of sound sense and useful knowledge.

The history of the Red Lion Club may be briefly told. The formal or official entertainments at the meetings of the British Association had become prolix and wearisome, and still more disfigured by fulsome compliments, which every postprandial speaker bestowed (as is too commonly the custom of England) upon every other speaker. A chance congress of three or four of the younger savans, on a stroll, at a roadside inn, led to the establishment of the Red Lions, radiant from its sign! Instead of attending the ordinaries or grand dinners, they made occasional days of escape, and dined *en clubbe*, as the French journal translated it, in parties of ten or twelve, Edward Forbes usually presiding. The dons pooh-pooed the club for awhile, but by degrees it made itself known, and so grew that it became difficult to decide whether the B.A. was attached to the R.L., or the R.L. was an offshoot of the B.A.!

With this needful preface, I proceed to my Letters, selecting, to begin with, one or two bearing upon the subject in hand, from a mass of correspondence in which many epistles were, like these, characteristic as being half prose and half verse.

At the British Association at Birmingham, in 1839, the Friday set apart for excursions turned out as wet and stormy a day as ever tried the nerve of philosophy. Nevertheless, about three hundred members attended their leaders, Murchison and Buckland, to visit Horsley Ironworks, the Lime Caverns, Wren's Nest, and Trap formations. Forbes's notice thereon follows:—

West Lulworth, near Wareham, Dorset,
27th September.

DEAR JERDAN,—You should have had the song sooner, but the Beroe had dived so deep among my shirt collars and small clothes, in the hurry of packing up after the tenth campaign (not champagne) of the Red Lions, that there was no getting him to the surface. However, here he is, and you may press him to death, if you think him sufficiently decent and musical. (*Here follows Song of the Beroe.*)

Wandering away in these desolate and benighted parts, I have not yet received any of the accounts of the Association, but shall do so in due time, when parcels come. What you say respecting blustering and begging I quite agree to. When will the old *stagers* of the Association learn to give up the dramatic and do the scientific?

I would write a song about "Garibaldi," but with all his faults I love him, for he is a thorough right-hearted man at bottom.

By this time I hope you have got over the dreadful foreglimpse of the sulphureous cavern where I was nearly throttled.

Ever, dear Jerdan,
Very truly yours,
EDWARD FORBES.

Then follow the verses on—

THE DUDLEY EXPEDITION: A BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEDLEY.

Tune—"Going to Putney by Water."

Come, listen all as members be,
Whether of sections A, B, C,
D, or else of E, F, G,
As go to Dudley by water;
As how from Brummagen we set,
Upon one Friday very wet,
To gather stones and fossils get,
All at Dudley by water!

Skipping, dripping all the way,
Lots of swim and nothing to pay,
Every one with summut to say,
Going to Dudley by water.

Each philosopher so wise
Then set out with staring eyes,
The little fishes to surprise,
As go to Dudley by water.
Not a soul behind did lag,
But with hammer and with bag,
Smashed at dyke, slip, fault, and crag,
When they went to Dudley by water.
Skipping, dripping, all the way, etc.

Underground we then did go,
Candles round us in a row,
Such a flareup and a show,
All at Dudley by water!
Dr. Buckland then arose,
And the people there he shows
What rum beasts in stone there grows
In the caves at Dudley water!
Skipping, dripping all the way, etc.

Then at dinner sich a rush,
Sich a scramble, cram, and crush,
Lots of grub and little lush,
All at Dudley water!
And when we came back to town,
Warn't it funny that we found
All this fun for half-a-crown,
When we went to Dudley by water?
Skipping, dripping all the way, etc.

But if the going to Dudley by water was susceptible of humorous description, no description could do justice to the return of some twenty or thirty of the excursionists, including Henry Hallam among other eminences, who, in the scramble for departure, were stowed in the hold of a dirty and clumsy barge belonging to the works. Here, in order to beguile the tedious voyage, Forbes improvised and organised a Sectional Meeting, and if "roars of laughter" could show that the proceedings were of the most interesting and important nature (the usual language of the reports of meetings on shore), it would be proven that here was accomplished the greatest advance in science ever achieved by the Association. Alas! the record is lost, or was perhaps so smothered in mirth, as to have rendered it impossible ever to have been accurately reported?

The talent of our humourist, whose ridicule never inflicted a wound, while it served the cause of truth and gave rebuke to folly, took a cue in connection with the British Association from the example of one of its foremost ornaments, accomplished and agreeable and droll like himself,—need I name the much esteemed and much regretted Professor Buckland?

Passing on to more miscellaneous topics, I may remark that gastronomy and publications on cookery were favourite topics with Forbes. I have as many witty examples as would fill half a Leisure Hour. Here is one, supposed to be spoken by Professor Jerry O'Mullins, of Hedge University, Connemara, "On the Anatomy of the Oyster":—

ANATOMY OF THE OYSTER.

Of all the conchiferous shell-fish,
The oyster is surely the king;
Arrah, Mick, call the people who sell fish,
And tell them a dozen to bring;
For it's I that intend to demonstrate
The cratur's phenomena strange,
Its functions to set every one straight,
And exhibit their structure and range,
In sweet rhyme!

Now, boys, I beseech, be attentive,
On this Carlingford fasten your eyes,
As I spread it before you so pensive,
Its gape opened wide with surprise.
See that small purple spot in the centre,
That's its heart, which is all on the move;
For though looking as deep as a mentor,
It's tenderly beating with love
All the while.

Like a Chesterfield pea-coat, its liver,
Of fusty brown Petersham made,
It folds round its stomach to give a
Supply of fresh bile when there's need.
For though *see* when we swallow our oyster,
Like it raw, and by cooks undefiled,
The creature itself is much choicer,
Preferring its condiments *biled*—
It's so nice!

The fringes that circle its body,
Which epicures think should be clear'd,
Are the animal's lungs; for, 'tis odd, he,
Like a foreigner, breathes *through his beard!*
And among all its memorabilia,
Than this structure there's none half so queer,
Though Sharpey may say they are *cilia*,
A wiser contrivance to "speer,"
Let him try.

Now these are the facts in the history
Of an oyster I'd on you impress;
I've sarved them up plain without mystery—
To cook them would just make a mess.
So now, boys, we'll get in the whisky,
Since the water is hot on the hob,
Whilst we stir up our native so frisky,
By sticking the knife in his gob—
Dear ould fish!

Many letters were altogether poetical, with merely a line or two, such as "Dear J., if it please you." Here is one specimen in different strain:—

Through archipelagoes of hearts,
The bark of beauty sails,
Laden with love, for honour's marts,
Or isles where truth prevails:
Her swelling royals, snowy white,
In the bright sunshine gleam,
And from her topmast's lofty height
Untangled pennants stream.

Pilot, beware! be not too brave,
In that fair island sea;
Steer clear of every breaking wave,
Lest there a rock should be.
Look to your chart where dangers threat,
On each enchanting shore,
Whence passion's gust hath overset
A noble bark before.

The annexed are short and characteristic letters.

November 3rd, 1845.

DEAR JERDAN,—When busy with my Lycian work a day or two ago, the delicious taste of porcupine, on which we used to feed in the east, so haunted me, that I could not get rid of it until I had embalmed the dish in the accompanying unworthy rhymes, which, if not too rugged, may perhaps find a place in the Gazette with other of my (Asia) minor poems.

I have just come back from Paddies' land, which I left full of bad 'tators, both of the ordinary and the agi-tator-sort. There were a few, however, of the right kidney, perfectly sound.

Ever most sincerely,
EDWARD FORBES.

Accompanying this note was a poem, since reprinted, of which we may here give the two opening stanzas.

REMINISCENCES OF XANTHUS, BY A HISTRICOPHAGOUS TRAVELLER.

Dear Lycia! fair land of antiquities,
Which Fellowes first dared to explore.
My heart—oh! my heart, very sick it is
When I think I'm so far from thy shore!
From Xanthus, the home of my wishes,
Where we used to sup, breakfast, and dine,
On the dish of all dishes, delicious,
ON—COLD ROAST PORCUPINE!

Well I remember the cottage, where,
When the day's labour was o'er,
Hungry we hied for our pottage there,
And afterwards slept on the floor.
Though fleas in millions hopped over us,
Ne'er were we heard to repine—
Men making mighty discoveries
Fed upon COLD PORCUPINE!

Geological Society, Tuesday.

MY DEAR SIR,—If the enclosed squib is sufficiently dignified for the L. G., it may lighten the effect of my chemical prose of last week.

I saw you on Friday squatted among the gallipots at Faraday's extraordinary lecture. People have been enquiring here when some notice of it may come out. I tell them probably in the next L. G. I hope you mean to report it.

Here's a very mild epigram on the "matter"—

Great Faraday, a few days back,
The laws of matter did attack,
With wondrous hardihood.
In vain our notions he uproots—
When Faraday the subject moots,
The matter's always good!

Most truly yours,
E. FORBES.

With all this abundance of pleasantry, there were the solid foundations of moral rectitude, benevolent feeling, and great scientific acquirements, nor was the spirit of more touching poetic composition wanting. Gifted with such a diversity of talent as seemed almost universal, well did he merit the tribute being applied, "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*"

EDWARD JESSE.

At the great age of eighty-eight, Edward Jesse has lately been removed from the labours of a long life, passed with greater serenity and freedom from the ills that flesh is heir to, than is often the lot of man. To what do I ascribe this happiness? Not to a succession of official appointments, however agreeable and (latterly) congenial, so much as to his love of literary pursuits, and his taste for natural history. In his own line he never ceased from inquiry nor tired of investigation. All was done in a quiet earnest way. It might be into the identification of Herne's Oak, the gravity of the rumoured affection of George III for the fair Quakeress, or even the title of her Majesty to be the Lyrist of the lay, "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill"! A dash of credulity adds a charm to the writings of naturalists; and I may relate an amusing instance of this imputed propensity, though sceptically nipt in the bud. In the river not a mile from Windsor, there lived a noble trout—estimated at seven or eight pounds weight, and having his local haunt close by the bank, and rendered almost inaccessible to the angler by the luxuriant foliage of an apple-tree overhanging the stream. Every attempt to allure him from his excellent feeding preserve had been tried in vain; no bait the most *recherché*, or introduced with the utmost cunning, could succeed. At last, however, the catastrophe came. A boy who had noticed his habits of a summer afternoon, got a stick, to which he appended a line and hook, and thrust it through the branches of the apple-tree on the bank, and dropped it baited with an apple-blossom into the water—and he caught the big trout! I believe this was a fact, and I told the story to Mr. Jesse, then engaged on one of his justly popular publications. It was printed and passing the press when my excellent friend was persuaded at Mr. Murray's, that I was practising a hoax upon him, and the veritable history of this fine specimen of what the Thames can nourish, and how a clever angler may catch them, familiar to all the inhabitants round about, was struck out of the book!

The letter I append is, I think, as characteristic of the genial feelings of its writer, as any such document can be, where there is no very marked peculiarity. It was written when he held the official post of "Deputy-Surveyor of the Royal Parks and Palaces." The son mentioned has recently distinguished himself in litera-

ture, and like Dillon the son of Croker, Tom junior the son of Hood, Peter the son of Allan Cunningham, Jerrold, Blanchard, Hazlitt, and others, who might be named, inherited so much of the paternal talent as to make themselves men of mark in a new generation.

DEAR JERDAN,—Thank you very much indeed for your kind present of seeds, and for your kind recollection of me. You are one of the few people in this world I should be sorry to be forgotten by, and I hope you do not think that I have forgotten you or the many agreeable hours I have passed in your company. Dickinson promised me to tell you this and much more, and I only wanted to be assured that you would be glad to see me, to have been with you long ago. I am in town every Tuesday and Friday, and upon either of those days I should be glad to call if you would like me to do so.

I hope you will see the terrace I have been making in Richmond Park. It is about a quarter of a mile in extent, leading from the Richmond Hill Gate to Lord Erroll's. In order to throw in different views, I have cut through the wood growing on the bank of the late Lord Huntingtower's property (which the Crown has purchased) at Petersham, and that property will henceforth form a part of Richmond Park.* The view from Richmond Hill (not forgetting that from the Star and Garter) is seen at once. Along the terrace I have just made a different view is seen every step you go, and at the end of the terrace the river presents itself at three different points, and the view is certainly much finer than that from Richmond Hill. You know the *locale*, and can fully appreciate fine scenery, and I shall therefore be glad to have your opinion of what has been done. I think that nothing in the kingdom can surpass it for effect and beauty.

Have you seen my son's pamphlet on the abuses of Eton School? If not, I should like to send it you. Thank you for the pleasant mention you made of the 2nd Series of Gleanings. With every kind wish, believe me,

Very truly yours,
Ed. Jesse.

Hampton Court, 22nd May, 1834.

THE CITY OF NORWICH.

SOME two centuries ago, quaint old Thomas Fuller thus wrote:—"Norwich is (as you please) either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city, so equally are houses and trees blended in it." "Yet," adds the shrewd and complimentary writer, "in this mixture, the inhabitants participate nothing of the rusticalness of the one, but altogether of the urbanity and civility of the other." The garden-like structure of the city is entirely in keeping with the marked taste of the inhabitants for the culture of flowers. "Approach the city on whichever side you may," says John Chambers, in his "General History of the County of Norfolk," "and you will see a neat little garden-plot before the door! You will see a few roses and dahlias, a jessamine, a clematis, or a vine climbing over the door. Nay, in the very heart of the city itself are to be found shows of ranunculuses and tulips, carnations and anemones; and in the most crowded parts of it you will see a little iron trellis-work before the window, guarding some humble pots of geranium and mignonette; or where this slight unexpensive protection cannot be afforded, you will often see a sweet-william, or a bunch of heart's-ease, or a marigold, peeping from within the poor weaver's garret window." This love of flowers is said to have been derived from the foreigners who found a home at Norwich in the reign of Edward the Third; and in yet greater numbers in the time of Elizabeth.

In such a city, and with a passion for flowers so strongly prevalent among the inhabitants, it was but natural to expect that attention would be given to the

study of systematic botany. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Norwich produced a set of botanists mostly of the artisan class, who prosecuted the science with very considerable success. Contemporaneous with these local florists or their successors, arose a group of Norwich men of world-wide botanical renown, of whom it is enough to name Sir James Edward Smith, Sir William Jackson Hooker, and Professor Lindley. In another paper devoted to a notice of the celebrities of Norwich, we shall touch more at length on the career of these distinguished natives of the orchard-city.

Surveyed from a distance, the prominent objects which strike the eye of the observer are the castle, the cathedral, and the towers of numerous churches. The castle, a huge structure of Norman origin, but now modernised, holds a commanding position on an eminence near the centre of the city. Once the stronghold and residence of kings, it has since the reign of Henry III been converted into a county gaol. The interior, however, still preserves the genuine features of its original character.

The cathedral was founded by Herbert, the first Bishop of Norwich, in 1096; and the churches are mostly of very considerable antiquity. St. Peter's Mancroft, the largest, is a handsome edifice, with a noble tower ninety-eight feet high, and containing a peal of twelve bells, considered one of the finest of the kingdom. Many curious monuments abound in this church. Beneath the chancel repose the remains of the famous Sir Thomas Browne. North-east rises the noble fabric of St. Andrew's: it is built in the later pointed style, and was completed in 1506. Next in importance is St. Stephen's, which was finished after the Reformation. St. Michael's, Coslany, with its square tower, may be held to rank next. St. Giles's, occupying the highest ground in the city, also with a square and yet more lofty tower, is one of the finest of the Norwich churches. St. Giles's was entirely rebuilt in the reign of Richard II.

The origin of the city may be dated from the time of the departure of the Roman forces from the island, about the year 418. *Castor*, three miles south-west of Norwich, was a Roman station; some suppose the *Venta Icenorum* of the Romans. The natives, and those of the Romans who remained, from a preference to the situation of Norwich removed thither, and so founded the city, hence the couplet—

"Castor was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built with Castor stone."

Norwich* became the capital of the Saxon kingdom of East Anglia. The castle was erected on the site of an earlier fortification by Uffa, the first king of that people, in 575. Alfred the Great, it is recorded, strengthened the stronghold in 870. It was the object of frequent contests between the Saxons and the Danes. In 1004 the town was attacked by the Danish fleet, and laid in ashes. At that time it appears an arm of the sea stretched up as far as Norwich. By the middle of the tenth century, the town had for the period become both large and wealthy. The Danes settled in the county of Norfolk and town of Norwich in 1,010; and in 1021, Canute rebuilt the castle. In the time of Edward the Confessor, Norwich contained 1,320 burgesses with their families, and no less than twenty-five churches. It grew in importance until the time of the Conquest.

* The Park Terrace has been allowed to fall in some places into disorder, and well deserves restoration throughout.—[Ed. L. H., 1868.]

* North-wic in Saxon signifies a northern situation in a winding river, and because castles were usually placed at such situations the word *wic* was used for a castle. Norwich, therefore, may signify the northern castle at the winding of the river, the castle being situated near a loop of the Wensum, north of the ancient station at Castor.

form themselves into a sick club, the fundamental rule of which should be that the meeting should not be held at a public-house. The movement was spontaneous on their part, and originated several years before I entered upon the charge of the parish. The only extraneous assistance they receive is the use of the boys' school-room for their meetings, the kind co-operation of the schoolmaster as their accountant, and the proceeds of an annual lecture given by myself or some other friend. The subscription is 1s. 3d. per month for the sick fund, 3d. for the medical officer, and 1s. for each funeral of a member, or 6d. for the funeral of a member's child. The benefits are—an allowance of 7s. per week in sickness, medical attendance for cash subscribing members, £4 for the funeral of a member, £3 for that of his wife, and 30s. for the funeral of a member's child. The club is more than self-supporting, and a larger sum has been funded than has been received from all the donations and lectures since the commencement.

"Our Parochial Institute and Working Men's Club is not six years old, but is self-supporting. It consists of a reading-room and library, with conveniences for letter-writing (a most useful accommodation for a working man), a smoking and conversation room, well supplied with draught and chess boards, dominoes, etc., and a quoit-ground behind. With a population of seven hundred we suffer from the diversified attraction of seven public-houses, more than sufficient to demoralise the place. It was our object to make the institute a successful counter attraction, and though it has not reclaimed many of the confirmed sots (though even here it has been by no means without results), yet it has withdrawn from the public-house many young men who were beginning to resort to them, and has become decidedly a popular institution. After working hours both rooms, especially on washing nights, are crowded, and every newspaper and draught-board occupied.

"We raised nearly £20 for furniture and outfit, and do not scruple to solicit contributions for our library, consisting already of about 300 volumes, many of them costly works; but for our current expenditure—rent, lights, papers, etc.—we rely entirely upon the members' subscriptions. The subscription is 1s. 6d. per quarter, and we have three daily and six weekly papers. The average number of members is fifty. Last year our ordinary receipts were £14 4s. 4d.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Rent and Taxes	5	13	6
Attendance	2	12	0
Coals and firing	2	5	8
Oil	2	8	4
Newspapers (less sales)	3	17	1
	<hr/>		
	£16	16	7

"Our extraordinary receipts were £16 1s. 6d., arising from profits of lectures, donations, and the surplus from the dinner tickets; and of this £12 was available for the purchase of books for the library, after defraying the deficit on the subscription account.

"Our annual new year's supper has proved a most valuable cement in binding together the members. Each pays 1s. 6d., and, as many farmers and other friends contribute a piece of beef, a hare, a gallon of beer, or some such substantial assistance to the feast, there is a large cash balance to carry to the credit of our funds. The institute is managed by an elected

committee, but the property is vested in the vicar and churchwardens."

The Greatham Club is a fair representative of a well-managed institution on a small scale. In many rural districts an immense benefit would be conferred on the working classes by the establishment of similar clubs, independent of the influence of publicans and other interested persons.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

I AM much gratified by having it in my power to leave a brief tribute to the memory of John Gibson Lockhart. As far as I am aware, from the reading of contemporary publications of fifty years, even to the present day, few characters have ever been less understood or more misrepresented. But mine is a simple statement: neither an apology nor a defence, and the leading facts in the story of his life will best serve my purpose.

After a liberal education in the Glasgow and Oxford schools, he was called to the Bar in Edinburgh at the age of twenty-two, in the year 1816. He had distinguished himself by his talents, and Blackwood's Magazine, started in the following year, offered a fair field for their exercise. The pursuit of law was then a blank, and scarcely anything else at any future time. At once he plunged into the literary and political arena with a will. His pen was sharp, his ridicule biting, his opinions energetic, and party spirit raged fiercely throughout the country. He, like Sir Walter Scott, was a high Tory; and no wonder that writers on the other side accused him of many misdemeanours, of want of generosity, and of unsparing criticism. But were his adversaries mealy-mouthed? Were the "Edinburgh Review," the "Monthly Magazine," and other organs of his Whig opponents, gentle lambs to bleat and be barked to death by a cur like this, or by articles in the "Quarterly," or elsewhere? No. *Audi alteram partem*; it was the temper of the times. Both sides fought in earnest, with swords as sharp as they could make them, and Lockhart was neither more nor less than an exceedingly clever and skilful volunteer in the ranks in which he served. If I durst venture an observation, I would say that the style of criticism at the period referred to was less envenomed than it had previously been, and less dictatorially and domineeringly offensive than it is generally at the present day. But be that as it may, the censors of Lockhart are ready to allow that, however objectionable they considered him as a critic, he was "most loved by those who knew him best." In short, he was disliked and abused by those whom he politically disliked and abused; and he was warmly regarded and esteemed by those intimate with him, and who best knew the man himself.

On the most confidential footing with him for twenty years, during which both were anxiously devoted to the active business of literature, I can bear the truest testimony to his ardent feeling on behalf of our literary brotherhood, and the interest he was ever ready to take in their cause. Many a time and oft has he called on me to subserve his exertions, and if all the world could have proved him the sternest of critics, I must still have sought refuge in the conviction that a kinder hearted man did not exist.

The following letter from another hand brings the first and last occupation of Lockhart in London into

curious notice, and has besides, I hope, a sufficient recommendation in itself as the history of a literary enterprise :—

Whitehall Place, December 12, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot allow a moment to pass without thanking you for your very kind and valuable letter. Some of your hints arrest my intention and others confirm it, and none will, I assure you, be thrown away. Few things of this kind have, I believe, commenced with more enlarged views or more honourable intentions, or, perhaps, with more extensive and powerful means of giving them effect; but I am not less sensible to the risque of so complicated an enterprise, however well imagined, from the difficulty of its execution. I have never attempted anything with more considerate circumspection, or with more satisfactory hopes of success, but no one can form an estimate of a publication of this kind until it is published, so accept my best thanks for your good wishes.

Mr. Lockhart becomes the editor of the "Quarterly Review" after the publication of the next number. Mr. Coleridge's engagements at the Bar have nearly doubled during the last twelve months, and he merely held the appointment until I could make-up my mind as to a successor. Mr. Coleridge is without exception one of the most truly amiable men I ever met with.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

Such were the foundations and hopes on which "The Representative," a daily newspaper, appeared; and besides, the present Prime Minister of England, Benjamin Disraeli, was engaged as one of its staff! Nevertheless it failed, as my excellent friend John Murray experienced to his cost.

The subscription to save Abbotsford, with its library and antiquities, in the line of Sir Walter Scott's descendants, I may briefly allude to, as I was one of the thirty persons chosen to be on the committee of management, with Lord Montagu at its head. This sad consequence of the loss of £170,000 was not easily averted, and I can only say I worked hard in my humble sphere. Among other steps, I wrote to Lockhart—the measure was rather unpleasant to his proud heart—and I received the subjoined answer :—

MY DEAR SIR,—As this affair was set afoot without consulting any member of the late Sir Walter's family, and as the present baronet has not thought fit to interfere either one way or other, I am not aware that I can have any title to say a word to you or to any one else thereupon. I shall, however, be most happy to forgather with you, and shall be at the Athenæum to-morrow at half-past four, in case that hour should suit you.

Ever very sincerely yours,

J. G. LOCKHART.

For eighteen years, from 1825, Mr. Lockhart was the able editor of the "Quarterly Review," and much augmented his fame as an original author. The list of his works is larger than is commonly thought. "Valerius," "Adam Blair," "Reginald Dalton," and "Matthew Wold"—interesting works of fiction—"Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," of political interest, the Lives of Burns and of Napoleon, and the admirable one of his father-in-law Sir Walter Scott, and his heroic Spanish Ballads, unsurpassed by any production of the kind in the English language, are abundant and sterling proofs of the versatility and extent of his genius. I possess much of his familiar correspondence, but no letters I think suited to my design, or worthy of publishing, except one, a sad one, which foreshadows the close of an eminent career in the world of literature :—

Milton Suburb, Lanark,

Aug. 20, 1853.

DEAR MR. JERDAN,—I am very sorry to learn that you also have been suffering in health, and hope the affliction may prove transitory.

I struggled as long as I could, but the stream was at last too strong, and now I must, like many elders and betters,

submit to the usual consequences of quitting a regular profession for the chances of another career. But in my case, as I have now no family to care for, all this is of trifling concern. I am to pass the winter at Rome, and the time of return is at least very uncertain.

Yours truly,

J. G. LOCKHART.

He returned only to die in the following November, at Abbotsford.

JOHN MURRAY.

It is not easy to move away from this melancholy vein to another of a lighter nature; but before I mention a different characteristic of Lockhart (having casually brought in the name of his friend) I take leave to devote a few lines to one who was, not without just reason, hailed by contemporaries as a prince of publishers. I had many transactions with him, and can bear witness how well he deserved the title. In many instances I found him liberal, generous: liberal to authors whose productions he published (not always with success); and generous to the distressed relatives of those who were unfortunately ambitious of literary distinction. I could instance well-known names of persons indebted for succour to this munificent disposition. There were other gentlemen in "the trade" (who I dare say have also their successors) well entitled to the praise of distinguishing judgment in the conduct of their important affairs. But John Murray, while clear-headed as a man of business, was ever heartily ready for social intercourse and enjoyment.* How shrewdly he could mingle the two, one little anecdote may illustrate. When Shiel's first tragedy came out he was much struck with its beauties, and the next morning sought the author and gave him (I state the amount from memory) £600 for the copyright. What profit it produced I cannot say; but on Shiel's second tragedy being performed, when he came to Murray next day for the expected (at least) £600, the humorous publisher advised him to go to another great house, which was more likely to meet his views and honour his aspirations.

I once invited Mr. Murray to join me in a large undertaking. He gave very convincing reasons for declining, and one of them was, "secondly, from recurring to my temper, I should, I know, make a restless and fretful partner, which is the reason I have hitherto kept myself to myself." In another letter he repeats, in an equally characteristic tone, "I decline joining, from the thorough knowledge of myself. But I should be a restless and teasing partner; and indeed I can absolutely do nothing when I am obliged to act with others." I never heard a complaint beyond a hasty word of Mr. Murray's temper. He raised himself to an equality with the most important publishing firms, and became a great literary power, and was much esteemed in the class of society to which he belonged.

But to conclude my theme. The meetings of distinguished travellers, authors, and literary men at Mr. Murray's hospitable board, was an enjoyment of no ordinary description. His mention of Mr. Henry Ellis in the following letter reminds me of other pleasant social meetings. Even this short note suffices to show the kind, intelligent, and friendly man :—

Albemarle St., March 26, 1834.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I am really yearning to see you, and would have backed my constant enquiries after you by calling, had not the absence of my son upon a business travelling excursion through England and Scotland caused all the business to fall upon me, at the busiest time. Pray let me

* His opinion, frankly pronounced, of many works, both of his own and other publishers, showed great judgment and critical skill.

know, as soon as possible, when you can do me the favour of dining with us, that I may get some of our old friends together. John returned on Saturday for a few days, and desires me to offer his kindest remembrances to you.

The Bavarian minister has just sent me the plans and elevation of the magnificent picture-gallery now erecting and nearly completed at Munich, and for which the Bavarian senate voted £50,000. If I could induce him to lend them for a few days, do you think they would be of any use to you to make an article out of?

I dine at our friend's, Henry Ellis, to day. Pray accept the assurance of my kindest regard, and believe me,

My dear Jerdan,
Faithfully yours,
JOHN MURRAY.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER II.—LERIDA, ZARAGOZA, TARRAGONA.

CERTAINLY Spain is a country of most singular contrasts, and in many respects it was very different from all my preconceived notions. I had pictured to myself a soft southern land with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy: This certainly is not the case as to the greater part of the country, though some of the southern provinces bordering the seashore have all the charms that those favoured latitudes can boast; but much of Spain is indescribably stern and melancholy, with rugged mountains and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and silent and lonely so as quite to oppress the spirits.

On first leaving Barcelona, nothing can be richer than the aspect of the scene. Vineyards and cornfields on all sides display the bright tender green dress of the early spring. At Igualada, where we slept the first night, high hills and deep wooded clefts varied the scene. The weather was so exquisitely lovely, that we saw it to the greatest advantage; but between Cervera and Lerida the dreariness of the country is most wearisome and monotonous: not a tree to be seen, not a living thing, not even the note of a bird, to enliven the spirits or break the profound solitude. This utter absence of all small birds is one of the singular features of Spanish rural scenery. The eagle is seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs, or soaring over these endless plains, or the grim vulture swoops down upon his food—even the queer solemn bustard frequents these solitudes; but these birds can only be seen at rare intervals, while the myriads of smaller birds which animate the scene in other countries, are met with in but few provinces, and in those chiefly among orchards and gardens, in the immediate vicinity of men's habitations. After leagues and leagues of this dreary country, we quite rejoiced to see Lerida appear in the distance, its lines of fortifications gilded by the setting sun, the river Sègre running beneath the hill on which the old cathedral and the mass of fortified buildings are placed. Fully 3000 feet above the river is the fine old tower, and those who are not afraid of the ascent will be rewarded by a very fine prospect from the summit. The number of sieges that this town has sustained seems almost incredible; but its position, of course, always rendered its possession very important to both the invader and the invaded. We made Lerida our second sleeping-place, hoping to reach Zaragoza the third day. The inn, La Posada del Hospital, was really far better than we expected. The greatest trial to all the party was the impossibility of getting any food at all unflavoured with garlic: meat, fish, and fowl, nay vegetables, were all strongly impregnated with the powerful taste. So we did the best we could, and lived principally upon eggs, bread, chocolate, and fruit. Spanish

confectionary is generally very good. The love of sweetmeats is so universal amongst the Spanish women, that they are sure to be excellent everywhere. The pastry is most admirably made: perhaps the extreme beauty and purity of the flour may help to cause the excellence of everything that is made of it.

Again did we experience the same alternations of country as we had seen before Lerida. Ravines and small oddly-shaped hills extend for miles and miles, to be succeeded by a fertile valley abounding in pomegranates and various fruit-trees; and then again an arid desert with neither trees, nor crops, nor living creatures!

Our first impressions of Aragon were sombre. The province is entirely surrounded by mountains, is very thinly peopled, and a great deal of the land is uncultivated that might be rendered fertile and productive. The people are not more attractive than their country, they are wholly wanting in the gaiety and light-heartedness of the Andalusians and Valencians; but they have their merits, notwithstanding; the men are vigorous and active, and very brave. The peasantry are wonderfully fond of bright colours, blue, red, crimson, and purple, and their silken sashes are generally chosen with a view to gratifying this taste. Their obstinacy is most remarkable: nothing can change an Aragonese when once he has got an idea into his head.

Zaragoza, or Saragossa, the capital of Aragon, is a singular, gloomy-looking old town: the frightful damage caused by the French is more visible here than in many of the other towns in Spain. Hospitals, palaces, churches, all fell beneath their destroying hosts. The bridge over the Ebro is very fine, and the view of the two cathedrals is most striking and uncommon. The worship of the Virgin Mary is here carried to a height most unusual, even in a Roman Catholic country. It is very singular that there should be two cathedrals in Zaragoza, and not one in the capital town, Madrid; but Spain is a land of contrasts! There is much that is interesting to be seen in the first cathedral, as it is called; the second one should be visited, but there is much bad taste displayed in the decorations, both interior and exterior.

Zaragoza is the great resort of pilgrims from all parts of Spain. The legend runs thus:—"Santiago, or St. James (patron of Spain), soon after the crucifixion, applied to the Virgin for her permission to preach the gospel in Spain. Having obtained her consent and kissed her hand, he came to Zaragoza, converted eight pagans, and fell asleep. Then, A.D. 40, the angels brought her alive to him from Palestine on a jasper pillar, and carried her back again after she had desired him to build a chapel upon the spot." And this Chapel of the Pillar is raised in the centre of the cathedral, and lights are kept burning there day and night. The floor is paved with the richest marbles. The pillar is partially concealed and nailed round, and only royal personages are allowed to enter the sacred inclosure. The anniversary of the descent, October 12, is the time of the great concourse of pilgrims; upwards of 50,000 have been known to be in the town at the same time.

There are some very curious and beautiful specimens of ancient houses in this quaint town. The spiral pillars and the delicately-carved open work in the inner courts of the house called "The Infanta" are exquisite, and the beautiful decorations in other parts of the dwelling are most admirable. It has been taken very little care of, and there are many signs of decay; but even in its present state the splendid staircase, the delicate twisted pillars round the patio, or inner court, are very greatly to be admired; and architects of the present day

"Thou art of a restless disposition," rejoined his friend, "or thou wouldst change this mode of life."

"Leave me to my own choice, friend Manlicken," said Frommer. "But thou must know that I have already derived a benefit from thee! There is a worthy young fellow keeping thy cattle on the Alp, who willingly gave the traveller a draught of good milk."

"Ah, thou art speaking of our Hans."

"Yes, yes, that is his name. He shouted it after me when I had almost lost both sight and hearing by the rapidity of my journey; Hans Wein something."

"It was Weinleidtner," observed the daughter, eagerly.

"Very likely," said Frommer. "He is a very fine, and, what is more, a very worthy youth, who does not pass his time unprofitably on the Alp, but devotes it to the study of pious books. Moreover, he has preserved me from the warden of Werffen, who, thou mayst be certain, would not have been at all lenient towards me, if my package had fallen under his scrutiny. For this reason I have brought him a great treasure," pointing to a small parcel under his arm; "a Bible," he whispered, cautiously, "for which thou wert to pay me out of his wages; but God forbid that I should take a farthing from him. The holy book is a faithful mirror, in which man need only look, in order to learn how to act through life—a counsellor in joy and grief—a comforter in adversity, and a guide to heaven."

"Peace, softly!" said Manlicken, evincing a little confusion; "think of the warden."

"Of that miserable being, whom I well knew as clerk to the old tax-gatherer?" rejoined Frommer.

"Very true," said Manlicken, "but he is now become our governor, and is a baron besides."

"Humph!" continued Frommer, "through the money of the peasants, which, whether they liked it or not, they were obliged to advance him for the purchase of his nobility. Ah! Manlicken, thy coughing and hemming betray perplexity: ha, ha, ha! he has also laid thee under contribution, I expect, has he not? Well, do not be angry; but—"

"Hush!" cried Manlicken, "help thyself to our fare."

"Thanks, thanks," said Frommer, "but I must be gone, for Anthony Wallner is to expound the word of the Lord this evening to a congregation of our devout countrymen. Thou mayst accompany me if thou choosest."

"I have to remove my flour into the store-room, and to trim the hedge that is running wild behind the court," replied Manlicken, by way of excuse.

"I see," said Frommer, "thou art one of those who, according to scripture, have bought a field, or five yoke of oxen, or taken a wife, and therefore cannot come. Thou art plainly represented in the divine mirror. One thing, however, I say to thee, Lay not up for thyself treasure, which the moth and the rust corrupt, and which thieves dig up; but rather lay up for thyself treasure in heaven. May the Lord open thine eyes! Thou art, surely, not afraid of receiving thy good Hans's property and delivering it to him?" It was not without a feeling of shame that Manlicken took the present, and the worthy distributor of Bibles departed, murmuring audibly, "May God protect thee!"

Manlicken left the task of removing the flour to his wife and daughter, the hedge was suffered to continue in its wild and neglected state, whilst he himself withdrew to his chamber, deeply absorbed in the thoughts of what he had just heard. There he unclosed the sacred volume, turning over the pages of the New Testament. His mind as well as his eyes were riveted

by the passage, "Verily I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." In great alarm he laid down the book, and for some time continued pacing up and down the room.

At length he called to his daughter. "Barbara," he said, "get a quartern of our finest white flour, a side of bacon, and three score of eggs; take them to the holy father, and desire him to include us in his prayers, that when our time arrives our death may be happy."

With a mind more tranquillised he then returned to the volume, to which he was drawn by an irresistible attraction. He turned over the leaves for a long time to find whether there were other passages which in like manner might be applied to himself. At last he read: "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully," etc., Luke xii. 16. "But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" This affected him deeply. With a secret shudder he caught up the little looking-glass to see whether there appeared any shadowing of that relentless death who he feared might summon him so speedily away. His countenance seemed paler than usual. In order to appease his disquietude he occupied himself with different matters in the courtyard, where, after a little time, he was soon accosted by his daughter on her return home.

"Well, what said the holy father?" eagerly inquired Manlicken.

"He wished to know," replied Barbara, evidently disgusted at the result of her mission, "whether that was our finest flour, if we had only bacon instead of ham, and whether our hens laid only such small eggs."

"Ah! covetous, insatiate priest!" muttered the angry farmer. "But will he include us in his prayer?" he asked aloud.

"Yes, my father, he will include thee; but as for me," said the maiden, colouring with indignation, "he began to address such language to me that I hastily escaped from him."

Irritated and inwardly shocked by the answer he received, Manlicken returned to his chamber, where he gave the Bible in charge to his wife, with directions to conceal it amongst Weinleidtner's effects. All the rest of the evening he spent in company with his sons indoors. At length he sent the eldest in search of his mother, when the latter came back with the news that he had found her and Barbara sitting upon Weinleidtner's trunk, and reading out of the new, thick book. Manlicken felt uneasy in his mind. The cricket, which he heard unweariedly chirping at the foot of his bed throughout the sleepless night, appeared to him the death-watch ticking in ominous warning. He was but little refreshed by that night's repose.*

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

How different the mental from the physical portrait! The first, a likeness of graceful form and simple beauty; the last, a picture of what Byron rudely called, "a dumpy woman." In person Miss Mitford was short, rotund, and unshapely; but in her manners, easy,

* The historical tale of "The Exiles of Salzburg," by Gustaf Nieritz, is translated for the "Leisure Hour," by the author's special permission, by Mrs. L. H. Kerr, translator of Professor von Ranke's "Servia."

amiable, and interesting, and in her writings, natural, intellectual, and delightful. Her volumes descriptive of country life are charming, and, soon after the first was published, were accepted with deserved admiration by the public. The most famous artists of the Low Countries never produced paintings of greater truth, whether given to character or to scenery; and with her all the same skill was chastened by female delicacy and refined feeling. From manly cricket to childish pastimes, she could follow every turn of the games; and good humour, as well as good sense, attended her everywhere, and guided the spirit of observation upon homely English life.

But she entertained yet higher aspirations in literature, and several tragedies bear witness to her dramatic powers. "Julian and Foscari," and "Rienzi," the best of all, afford ample proof of her great talent and extraordinary perseverance. "Rienzi" was a triumph, and I had next morning a letter from her father announcing the success. Dr. Mitford was a fine, hearty, jolly Whig of the old school, and a magistrate in the county. In person he was the beau-ideal of our pictorial John Bull—bluff, yet gentlemanly, tall, stout, portly, and fresh-looking; and one who, if his physical lineaments were not inherited, certainly transmitted the high good-humour I have noticed to his accomplished daughter. And she had sometimes much need of it; for circumstances demanded that possession of equanimity and contentment which strikingly marked her character, disarming adversity, and creating the sincere esteem and affection of all the friends who knew her.

Yet amiable and gentle as she was, it cannot be supposed that she was deficient in energy or destitute of enthusiasm. If she had been, she never could have gone through the trials of her literary and dramatic labours, and the cares and disappointments which invariably appertain to such a career, and which are but poorly recompensed in the end, even when it is successful.

In her retired rustic home at Three Mile Cross, three miles from Reading, Miss Mitford resided thirty years, cultivating her flowers, mostly of common sorts, and enjoying the shade of at least one fine umbrageous tree, which shielded the poetic spot from the scorching summer sun. Hither her fame attracted many admiring pilgrims and the visits of attached friends. Among the latter I may mention two, who prominently took deep and constant interest in her welfare—the Rev. Mr. Harness, her literary executor, and Mr. Francis Bennoch, a city merchant, whose attentions to her, whether of a literary or comforting description, were incessant, and continued to the last.*

And, as I am naming names, it may not be out of place to commence my illustrations by a portion of a letter, exhibiting the Lyric among her literary pursuits, from the authoress to her last-mentioned friend:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—That song is now charming, though whether the conclusion will go well to music is more than I can tell. You know, of course, that all musicians, whether composers or singers, complain of Sir Walter, and that even the matchless "County Guy" won't sing. If this be so, the

* In the "Art Journal," published soon after her death, appeared "Recollections of Miss Mitford," from the pen of this gentleman, with additions by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, altogether a very interesting memoir. From it we gather that Mr. Harness was prepared to carry out her wishes by publishing her correspondence and collected works, but was baffled by the greediness of her two servants, to whom she had bequeathed her personality. It is to be hoped that with the mass of materials in his and Mr. Harness's hands, Mr. Bennoch may yet be enabled (though thirteen years have passed away since we mourned her death) to overcome this difficulty, and accomplish the fulfilment of a design so likely to be highly appreciated by the literary world.

fault will be with me, or rather with my first stanza, for I always feel a conviction that your writings are music in themselves; or rather the fault will be in the additional line, exquisite as to sense, and essential to the accordance of the two stanzas; and after all, a musician of any skill ought to manage it.

The following is the song about the euphony and correctness of which she was so anxious. The second stanza certainly maintains the original sentiment, and the pathos of the whole is as certainly enhanced by the addition of the final lines, which do credit to the co-operation she solicited from her friend.

GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow, good morrow! Warm, rosy, and bright
Grow the clouds in the east, laughing heralds of light;
Whilst still as the glorious colours decay,
Full gushes of music seem tracking their way.

Hark, hark!

Is it the sheep-bell among the ling,
Or the early milkmaid's carolling?

Hark, hark!

Or is it the lark,

As he bids the sun good morrow?

Good morrow,

Though every day brings sorrow!

The daylight is dying, the night drawing near,
The workers are silent, yet ringing and clear,
From the leafiest tree in the shady bowers
Comes melody falling in silvery showers.

Hark, hark!

Is it the musical chime on the hill,
That sweetly ringeth when all is still?

Hark, hark!

Oh! sweeter than lark

Is the nightingale's song of sorrow,

Of sorrow;

But pleasure will come to-morrow.

My next letter is to the same friend, and falls so naturally within the scope of my portraiture, that I feel much indebted for the copy.

Now that the weather seems breaking, dearest Mr. B—, I am beginning to think of all pleasant things; of primroses in the meadow, violets on the bank, sweetbriar at the garden-gate, and you, with your cheery looks and voice, here in my room. Well I know that you will come when you can, and you know that the flowers of May cannot be more welcome. I want cheering just now more than ever, for while there is no sort of change in my powers of motion, there is one much for the worse in another respect, this smoky, dusty room having greatly affected my eyesight. Well, we must hope. Everybody is kind to me as usual. Amongst the rest, your friend Delille. What I want of Lally Tolland is a memoir of his father, containing an account of his retreat from Pondicherry in 1761, and if he could procure me that work, or a sight of it, I would most gladly and gratefully pay all expenses. It is probably comprised in the memoirs of Plaidoyers, Paris, 1771, which forms one of the works in his list—a list more ample than that in the Biographie Universelle (6 vols. 4to, Paris, 1841), which has hitherto been the only one I have been able to obtain.

Will you have the great goodness to tell him this, with a thousand thanks on my part. What has become of the poem of which you promised me a slip? Lady Russell asked me yesterday when your poems would come out,* but I expect that new bridges are standing in the way, and I expect too much from that volume to hurry it. I have just been reading Mr. Justice Talfourd's new play, "The Cordiliere," printed, not published, and as yet, to use his own words, "a very private one," since he has not given it to a dozen persons. The subject is the revolt at Toledo headed by Podilla, in the early part of the reign of Charles the Fifth, and it is very beautifully written. Adieu, dearest friend.

Ever faithfully yours,

M. R. M.

* A design not yet carried into effect, and of the merits of which only an opinion may be gathered from some brief specimens in the recent publication of selections from modern Scottish songsters by Dr. Rogers, at Stirling.

Our next is still very miscellaneous, and exhibits more and more the grateful heart touched by every feeling, and the stirring mind alive to every incident that was passing around.

Thank you, a thousand times, dear friend, for your kindness about the oranges. I myself eat one a day, but one wants them sometimes for children, and perhaps to squeeze occasionally in water; so if they will keep a month, perhaps half a hundred once a month would be the right quantity. It is not like the same fruit with the trash sold in Reading, or even with some that a friend sent me this year from Covent Garden; but you have an instinct for the best in all things.

Once only that instinctive good taste has failed you. Appreciating heartily and gratefully the generous kindness which inclines you to do everything for those books of mine, I yet differ most entirely with you as to the common decency of my writing a notice of my own life for a newspaper. I would not do so were it certain to make the difference of the highest success or the most signal failure. I should as soon write a critique on my own works. The one would be as unseemly as the other. All that I can do is to furnish you with a list of publications. Correspondents are out of the question. It is wrong to drag one's friends into a matter of the sort. I could not put the dates of the play, every copy that I had having been sent to the printer's, so keep the dates back.

And once again I have to entreat you not to ask me to write *anything*. No; not a note merely. You would not if you knew the harm it does me. The position is so painful that it takes away my breath, and greatly aggravates for many hours that rheumatic pain which increases every day, and will, I suppose, finish in the heart complaint, which is its very frequent consequence. Every exertion, every fatigue, every excitement—above all, every worry, brings on more palpitation of the heart, which lasts for many hours. I see clearly that you have no notion of my bodily state. You judge (as people judge of the cheerfulness of the blind) by the good spirits which you see during the two or three hours enlivened by the rare delight of your company. The reaction of days and weeks you do not see; but I have a right to be believed when I tell you this, and I am sure that K—and Sam (her maid and man servant) and Mr. May (her medical attendant) will tell you the same, because from my youth to this hour I have never spared myself. I have always been over-willing to exert every faculty, whether of mind or body. A year and a half ago I received, and did my best to entertain, Mr. Field and Grace Greenwood during such a state of fever that Mr. May (here at the time) wished to send them off, and that on their departure I took to my bed, which I did not leave for a month. I finished "Atherton" when very very few people would even have held a pen.

A word with you, my dear friend. I do wish that your visits should not be quite like those to a hospital. Do not retort this upon me, and do not force me into writing these unhappy truths again. Above all, treat me as a friend who loves you dearly and gratefully, and not as a machine for putting words together. Summer air may do me good, but till July or August the very air will be fatigue, and no amendment can be hoped for. God bless you. Do not be angry with me.

Ever yours,

M. R. M.*

These familiar letters, it is true, enter upon minute details, but they are The Life of a highly-popular national author, and from her own pencil. So she went on from day to day, cheered by good offices and elevated by the homage paid to her by friends of such station in rank and the world of letters, that she might well think their admiration was like "praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, praise indeed!" Then there came the flattery dear to literary fame,—pilgrims from foreign parts, who procured introductions to manifest their personal

* This letter was in reply to one from Mr. Bennoch, who, seeing how her strength diminished, was anxious to obtain a list of her works, their dates of publication, and a few notes as to her own life. Although she scolded him, she nevertheless complied, and hence the accuracy of the brief biography in the "Fine Arts Journal," prepared by her friend and correspondent.

respect for her and her writings. Two are mentioned in the last letter, and worthy of a note, namely, Mr. Field, the eminent publisher (Ticknor and Field) of Boston, himself a pleasing poet, and Grace Greenwood, the *nom de plume* of a very popular American authoress, of the genuine Mary Mitford ring, and well worth similar admiration across the Atlantic. Both were delighted with their visit, little suspecting that it cost their hostess so much.*

But withal, the asylum, whether from cares or sickness, which consoled and comforted her the most was that into which love of literary pursuits led the way: For though literature is,

Like the tempest-troubled ocean,
Sometimes high, sometimes low,

it has its quiet places, as the sea has its harbours, which the storms do not reach; and the author (sailor-like) finding nothing but pleasure there, forgets the toils and troubles common to every-day existence. And this is the undying resource of the ideal from the real: imagination creating its own bright sky to dwell in for a while, far above the gloom and shadows of the changing world. Devotedness to literature enjoys still more grateful solace than this in its disappointments and sorrows; for the genuine literary man or woman feels intensely that his or her toiling is not for self, but for the well-being of human-kind; a higher motive than the thirst for fame.

Well, but literary labourers are not all simplicity and honey. Though not armed, like trade, with "quills upon the fretful porcupine," they can sometimes wake up to take their own parts with their one quill after a fashion, and assert, or try to defend, their special worldly affairs. Mary Mitford, though a poet, was an active little body, and did not like to be put down or imposed upon. The following letter demonstrates this characteristic in her, and grieved am I to add that it also shows how severely the changes of fortune, to which I have reluctantly alluded, sometimes affected her moderate circumstances and disturbed the equanimity of her placid nature.

MY DEAR MR. JERDAN,—You will, I am sure, remember that you wrote to me on the part of Mr. Schloss, at whose request I edited for him the Bijou Almanack of the present year. Besides the usual quantity of verse, I wrote an introduction and some stanzas (not used on account of the plate not being finished), besides an advertisement in prose. In short, I did more than I stipulated to perform, although my dear father was slowly dying at the time, and it was with unspeakable pain and difficulty that I could raise my spirits to any literary exertion. I mention this to account for my applying to you in consequence of Mr. Schloss's unaccountable silence, who, upon my requesting him to transmit the money due, has not even thought fit to reply to my letter. Will you, should you be going that way, have the great goodness to tell him how much I should be obliged by his remitting the sum mentioned by you? I am most unwilling to trouble you, but circumstances compel me to make the application, my income

* In a series of Home Traits, it may be permitted to add any trifling anecdotes which may exhibit a feature of like characteristics from distant lands. Thus I remember Mr. Field, on a visit to me, passing nearly a whole night in a Kentish wood, listening for the nightingale, which he had never heard. They would not sing in consequence of the cold moonlessness of the season. Near the same spot, at a hayfield merry-making, the boys of the host, another poet (boisterous as usual), conspired to tumble an unlucky gentleman (selected on account of his wearing spectacles) and the good-humoured Grace Greenwood simultaneously into a hayrick, and throw armfuls of hay over them, amid shouts of laughter. In a momentary pause the voice of the smothering gentleman was heard to call out "More Hay"; and the joke was so relished that in a volume of Recollections published by Grace on her return home to America, she did not forget the droll and witty impromptu.

being so slender, and my health so uncertain, as to render even this trifling sum important to me in my present situation.

Pray excuse my freedom
in applying to you, I believe
me, my dear Sir, with every
good wish,
Yours obliged friend & servant
M. R. Mitford

Three Mile Cross, near Reading,

July 4th, 1843.

Of course, if I do not speedily receive this money, I must make the matter known in other quarters less friendly.

Poor Schloss, whom I introduced to Miss Mitford at his request (when L. E. L. could no more give him her aid, which she had bestowed gratuitously), was a slow German, and had not appeared to time. I appealed to him, and he made amends. But his curious little almanack, about the size of a folio thumb-nail, did not latterly much profit the projector, whose fussiness about it was a trouble not small like itself, nor like Miss Mitford's notes in her correspondence, which were all written upon sheets (shall I call them) of letter-paper, four and a half by three and a half inches in length and breadth! And these were filled to the utmost, beginning at top, and ending in so crowded a conglomeration of words that the conclusion and signature were most difficult to decipher—her orthography throughout being (besides) rather a conventional formation of the letters than clearly legible. The above specimen is a favourable one.

Towards the end, after death had removed all her anxieties about her beloved father, the narrowness of means was so mitigated as never to be felt when limited to herself alone; but she suffered much from increasing ill-health and infirmities, and was brought to the condition which cannot be described in language more touching to the human heart than in this, our last letter.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—You would hardly believe that our good friend in Cheapside wholly overlooked the article in the "Illustrated London News," and that I have only just seen it from a neighbour. He has, I believe, from the extracts in the advertisements, overlooked others in the same way. Well, let me talk of the article. It is so kind and so good that but for a little confusion of dates in the earlier paragraphs, I should certainly take it for yours; and the latter part I think certainly is—and so different from those feminine misdoings which I think you do not quite forgive my rating at their just value. Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness. I have had a most affectionate letter from my dear old friend, Dean Milman, who is now in Cornwall on his autumnal progress, this year to the Land's End, and will not get the books until he returns to St. Paul's. But as Arthur Stanley (one of the props of the "Quarterly") and Hugh Pearson have taken the Dramatic Works as their English book into Switzerland, there are good hopes that he may do it. They return the sooner (in three weeks) that my beloved friend may have a chance of seeing me once more—indeed he was most unwilling to go. I wish you had seen Hugh Pearson. He is exactly a younger Dr. Arnold, and has been to me spiritually a comfort such as none can conceive, such as none can be who is not full of tenderness and charity. I went to him for advice and consolation, and I found it (*sic*). I have always felt that his visitation was the great mercy of a most gracious God to draw me to himself. May he give me grace not to neglect the opportunity! Pray for me, my dear friends. We are of different forms, but surely of

one religion—that which is found between the two covers of the Gospel. I have read the whole thrice through during the last few weeks, and it seems to me, speaking merely intellectually, more easy to believe than to disbelieve; but still I am subject to wandering thoughts—flattering thoughts. I cannot realise ever that which I believe. Pray for me that my faith be quickened and made more steadfast. You will understand how entire is my friendship for you and my reliance upon yours when you read these last few lines. Mr. Pearson staid over Monday that he might administer the sacrament to me. I and one of my oldest and kindest friends, a daughter of Sir Mathew Wood, received it with us, although a nephew of her husband's had died that morning.

I go on gradually but steadily declining. All depends, humanly speaking, on nourishment.

Did I tell you of Appleton's application for my agency? God bless you!

Ever yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER IX.—XEREZ AND SEVILLE.

XEREZ I dare say my readers will recognise as the place whence comes the wine so universally known and drunk, namely, sherry. The name of the town in Moorish days was Sherish Philistin, and hence comes the name of the wine. Truly vines are everywhere in this curious place; hills covered with the precious plant surround the town. We are told that this famous wine was first brought into England in the reign of Henry VII, but it was then esteemed a great rarity, and more used as a generous cordial than as a beverage in common use. In Elizabeth's reign a far larger quantity was imported to England. When the renowned Earl of Essex took Cadiz he brought, on his return, some considerable quantity of what then went by the name of "sherris sack." In Spain it is still called "seco," and in France "sec." For a long time sherris, as it was for some time called, continued the fashion, and it was found in all the cellars of any note in the country. In the days of Lord Holland, to come down to modern times, it became quite the rage; for he was a great traveller in Spain, and brought back the very best wine that could be procured. Spaniards residing far away from Xerez rarely taste this wine in its best form, as all the best is sent out of the country.

No one who has not travelled in this country can imagine the picturesqueness of a Spanish vintage. The costume of the peasantry adds greatly to the general effect, and their animated language, their strong superlative expressions of delight at the beauty of the fruit, are all very entertaining to the by-stander. They are very superstitious, and nothing would induce them to begin the vintage on what they term an unlucky day, or without invoking the protection of one at least of their favourite saints. Instead of the violin that stimulates the exertions of the men who in France tread out the fruit, they employ a guitar; this, with the castanets played by a young girl, seemed to answer the purpose equally well. The Spanish wines are measured by what are called arrobas. This is a Moorish name and measure that has been retained through all the changes that have occurred in the country. It contains of our measures one quarter of a hundredweight. It seems almost incredible, but the statement was made to me by one of the greatest wine merchants at Xerez, and afterwards confirmed by the best authorities, that the annual growth of wine amounts to the vast quantity of 500,000 arrobas; thirty arrobas are equal to a butt of wine. Not more than one-third of the wine produced

"And Antony Wallner, and the other prisoners?" inquired the crowd.

"Let us include them in our prayers, and commend them to the protection of Him who sent his angel to free the apostle Peter from the prison of the cruel Herod."

At the conclusion of this speech the multitude dispersing, returned peacefully to their homes.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, THE PUBLISHER.

It has been said that since noblemen ceased to give and authors to take *douceurs* for eulogistic dedications, publishers have become the only patrons of men of letters. This dictum, though on high authority, I take to be sheer nonsense, as it is generally understood and glibly repeated. To ask or expect publishers to be patrons in the common sense of the word, or to say that they are so, is much the same as to call a grazier the patron of his herds, and prone to nurture them at all risks for the pure benefit of the public. Acting on this principle, publishers would soon cease to be patrons, or to exert any other useful influence in society. It is true, nevertheless, that publishers, in the way of employing their capital, do possess great power, by the judicious exercise of which they can not only essentially serve the interests of meritorious writers, but do much to promote the cause of wholesome national literature. A publisher, fairly educated, and endowed with the rare gifts of good taste and sound judgment, who superadds the management of a magazine or periodical to his ordinary business, is in a position peculiarly favourable to be of service to literary aspirants, and to promote the best educational interests of the country. He has opportunities of seeing early efforts, of forming opinion of capacities, of encouraging promise, and, to some extent, of rewarding as well as fostering true merit; in short, of removing barriers which too often preclude even genius and industry from entering the tempting field of letters, and admitting the rightful votaries to enjoy "the pastures ever new."

As a leader and representative of this class of publishers, William Blackwood, of Edinburgh, was a perfect example—an example now followed by a number of London publishing houses in form, and it may be in spirit. Like Old Cave, in the "Gentleman's," so many years ago, "Old Ebony" was always on the alert to advance the progress of "ma (my) magazine." He gave cordial encouragement to the first essays of writers, who have since risen to great eminence; and whom he once adopted he never deserted, but stood a steady friend through good report and evil, till time should more or less confirm the justice of his appreciation. On the retrospect it must be allowed that his critical acumen was of a high order; and whether as the introducer to the world, or cherisher in their career, of such authors as Pringle, Galt, Lockhart, Wilson, the "Etrick Shepherd," Samuel Warren, Dr. Croly, Moir (Delta), Caroline Bowles, Maginn, Aytoun, Alison, and many more, including the great Wizard himself (notwithstanding his furious letter and passionate tiff with the publisher for daring to criticise his "Black Dwarf"), he largely encouraged talent, and struck out valuable paths in national literature.

I abstain from notice of the questions of acrimony, personality, lampoon, or other vices alleged against the Magazine by controversialists on opposite sides; much

of it was the language common to all parties in those days of "pot and kettle," when people were really more in earnest than they are now. We gladly acknowledge a better tone in the press, and that there are far fewer outbursts of foul words, misrepresentations, and violence. For this we must be thankful. The system of abusing adversaries has happily been moderated, and we can no longer truly say of the upper sort—

"Scold answers foul-mouthed scold,
Bad neighbourhood I ween."

But I have penned this introduction not to discuss literary points, but to exhibit something of the character of the individual, as it accords with his correspondence, as he pushed forward with his hobby—for such it was. It was not mere trade. He was strong and honest in his opinions, and indefatigable in giving effect to them. Outspoken and independent, he had no rancour, and only very short-lived resentment, against opponents; and to "ma contributors and friens" he was friendly to the extreme. Yet there are so many rather private matters in his letters that they can very imperfectly corroborate my view of his character. His interest (nothing sordid) in the success of the Northern press was always wide awake.

Edinburgh, 21st Dec., 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you an early copy of the new number of our friend Brewster's journal. I hope you will find several curious and interesting matters worthy of noticing or extracting.

I flatter myself that you will have a favourable notice of my friend Delta's elegant volume, which I had lately the pleasure of sending you.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

W. Jerdan, Esq.

Edinburgh, 25th Nov., 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot send off the "Magazine and Journal of Agriculture" without thanking you for the kind help you have given to "Tom Cringle." The sale, I am happy to say, has been very great, and fully justifies all the praise the work has received.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

These are but samples of his perpetual solicitude to keep moving. The next is rather curious: the "Edinburgh Review" had animadverted unpleasantly on the "Literary Gazette,"* and provoked a reply.

Edinburgh, 4th April, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you most truly upon your capital castigation of the Blue and Yellow. I never in my life read anything so well done, or that I more fully agreed with the justice of the punishment inflicted. It is really surprising that a person of Mr. Jeffrey's talents and tact should allow his journal to be disgraced with such trash of puffery. You judged well, too, in seizing upon the "Edinburgh Review" as the best way of repelling the attacks of the ephemerals.

I have the pleasure of sending you an early copy of "Mansie Waugh," with which you have already got acquainted in mags. My friend Mr. Moir (Delta), who is the author of this amusing volume, is one of the most amiable and worthy persons living, and I feel most deeply interested in the success of his book. You would, therefore, oblige me very much if you would do what you can for it. In queer, odd Scotch manner and incident, many parts are equal to Galt, and perhaps touched more delicately. I need not say, however, that if it should not please you, as it does me, I do not for a moment expect you will favour it; but if you do not like it, which I should regret, I hope you will pass it over.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

W. Jerdan, Esq.

* N.B.—Its editor has been a contributor both to the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly."

The drollery of this is Blackwood's charge against Jeffrey, as if unconscious of the abuse lavished on himself by the bitter political opponents of his creed in Edinburgh, and re-echoed in London. Well sung Burns—

"O, would some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wou'd——"

What would it not do?

My next, though of a year's earlier date, shows the real interest he felt in the welfare of the "Shepherd."

MY DEAR SIR,—I am just favoured with your kind letter of 20th April. I am truly sorry that our worthy friend The Shepherd does not fall within the class to which your Society* gives pensions. If, however, great originality and true poetical genius could have given any title, sure I am there could not be so strong a case as our friend's for the Society's extending their patronage.

I feel much indebted to you for your most friendly offer of moving for a draft of £50. This, however, is a matter of some little delicacy, and though for my own part I think our friend would most gratefully accept a favour so delicately and honourably conferred upon him, yet I do not like to take it upon myself to say so. I intend, therefore, to consult some mutual friends here, and will write you in a few posts.

In another letter I find the canon of reviewing on which the Magazine was edited plainly laid down, and as it may still be deserving of attention in similar periodicals, I do not hesitate to give it a place:—

Edinburgh, 22nd Feb., 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was favoured with yours on Saturday. I assure you my memory did not require a jog with regard to your friend Mr. Roby's splendid and interesting work.† So soon as I read it, I put it into the hands of one who is most capable of writing an article creditable both to your friend's book and the mag. He is, however, a person who must take his own way, and will only do things at his own time. Much, many of my own publications have suffered from being either unnoticed altogether in maga., or noticed after the proper time was gone by; but I have laid it down as a rule never to urge any of my friends to notice a book unless it is their own free will to do so, and that they can make an article which will be worthy of maga.

As to your fair friend L. E. L., I have only to repeat what I have told you with regard to Mr. Roby. All the same, you must have observed how kindly she is mentioned whenever there is incidental occasion for it.

You are too old a man of letters to mind a little nibble of an occasional writer in maga. You may rest assured that all these friends, on whom I rely principally for the support of maga., think most kindly of you, and I hope in an early number there will be an expression of this, with regard to your "Foreign Literary Gazette," etc.‡

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

W. Jerdan, Esq.

With the close of another epistle of a two years' later date, and within two years of the writer's death, I conclude:—

Edinburgh, 26th Oct., 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—By-and-by an advertisement will be sent to your publisher of the proposals for publishing by subscription our friend Allan's admirable picture of "Sir Walter in his Study." You will see what is so justly said of it in the "Noctes." A word from you goes a great way, and I am sure it will not be wanting. The advertisement is in my advertising sheet.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BLACKWOOD.

* The British Society of Literature, of which I was a zealous promoter, and long upon the council.

† My friend Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire." Poor Roby! He left a sad tradition of himself, being killed in the wreck of a vessel between the Mersey and the Clyde.

‡ Lasted thirteen weeks, and cost thirteen hundred pounds.

Here we meet with one proof of many that it was not self-interest alone which sustained the writer's unflagging activity. He was ever watchful to serve a friend as well as to advance the interests of his magazine. If we look back upon his era it must be acknowledged (whilst others worked worthily and well in the same direction) that the renown and profit of Scotland were far and wide extended by the impulse given to its press by William Blackwood.

A TRIP TO AILSA CRAIG.



1. ROTCHE. 2. PUFFIN. 3. RAZOR-BILL. 4. CORMORANT.

EVERY tourist in Scotland, and every reader of Scottish story and song, is familiar with the name of Ailsa Craig. Every naturalist also knows that this huge basaltic rock is the haunt of countless sea-fowl, and especially of the gannet or solan goose. The narrative of a recent visit may interest the readers of the "Leisure Hour."

On a lovely evening in June, I sailed from Girvan, having obtained permission to spend two or three days on the island.

Two craigsmen, Hudon and Sandy, are on the beach waiting for us, and take my baggage up to the hut. I immediately start along the shore, if shore it may be called, for to leeward of the Craig, that is, on the Ayrshire side, is a raised heap of boulders of all sizes, piled up in alarming disorder, and forming a triangular raised beach. Happily there is a path which leads to the climbing-place, where the birds are swarming in

Isles, proclaimed the reign of the Count de Montemolin. In 1865 took place at Valencia a movement, the leaders of which had not time to issue a programme. In 1866 came on the affair of General Prim, which terminated



FATHER CLARETA.

unsuccessfully, and drove him to the exile from which he again lately emerged.

What will be the upshot of recent changes no one can guess. There is something rotten in the state of



SISTER PATROCINIO, THE BLEEDING NUN.

Spain. There must be some element of national life wanting. We have heard of the army and its generals, of the grandees, of the church, this time of the navy, and always too much of the Queen and of the Court.

Throughout the country is there no middle class? Is the love of freedom utterly trodden out? It may be that Spain now is bearing the bitter retribution of past crimes. The inquisition quenched the light of truth, and when a nation is without religious liberty there is no deep soil for civil freedom. With a constitutional government, a free press, popular education, and above all an open Bible and the spread of Christianity, there might yet be hope even for Spain.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

SAMUEL LOVER.

To preserve some authentic features of self-drawn character, only throwing in what might be needful as a light upon them by anecdote or brief comment, is the object of these papers; and either for personal interest or literary curiosity, it would be difficult to find a subject more worthy of selection than Samuel Lover. Of men whose memories will live after contemporary hurrying and noise have passed away, I claim an honoured position for my lately deceased and lamented friend. It is true that he has been popular; but has his fame or his substantial reward been equal to his merits? In my humble opinion, so far from it, that I recognise few individuals within my sphere of observation to whose rare and varied talents less justice has been done.

From some cause not readily explicable, Mr. Lover, like Edward Bulwer, now Lord Lytton, was assailed on everything he produced, and persecuted to the best of their abilities by the same critical clique and their allies. Bulwer had conscious power in him, so that he rose the greater from their persevering enmity, whilst Lover, not so powerful, though he did achieve a name in literature, had his success so much marred by their hostility, that he failed to reap the harvest and to reach the station due to his deserts.

Keenly did Lover feel his injurious treatment with every novelty he produced. Even his latest musical drama was driven off the stage by a pre-determined opposition, and with sorely wounded heart he wrote, complaining of the unfairness of the attack:—

I thank you [he writes to me] for your sympathy in my mishap. . . . British fairplay seems forgotten, and we have fallen on currish days, I fear, in our modern journalism. My well and fairly earned reputation should have been sufficient to protect me from the *blackguardism* that has been exercised against me. I am safe, however, from such paltry attacks. They cannot rail the seal from off my bond. This mosquito bite is nothing, when I think of the grief that smote my heart this morning, seeing the announcement of my most dear friend Edward Forbes' death. I cannot tell you how bitterly I feel his loss. Another of my dearest and closest friends gone.

When true hearts are withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

We can't make *old* friends—and at our age new ones are not good for much—they *don't fit*.

Yours, ever truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Some hard words occur in this letter, but they speak the impulsive sensibility of the poet, and are natural to all men of talent whose hopes are cruelly crushed by rash censure or unjustifiable prejudice. The peccant matter disposed of, it affords a melancholy pleasure to have the genuine character of the man himself before us—the brief lament for the loss of a valued friend by the author of "The Four-leaved Shamrock." See how he would "weave his spells" with the "charmed leaves"—not seeking wealth or splendour:—

But I would play the enchanter's part
 In casting bliss around;
 Oh, not a tear nor aching heart
 Should in the world be found.
 To worth I would give honour,
 P'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall
 The smile of happier years.

The heart that had been mourning
 O'er vanished dreams of love,
 Should find them all returning,
 Like Noah's faithful dove;
 And Hope should launch the blessed bark,
 On Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
 And Misery's children have an ark,
 And saved from sinking be.
 Oh, thus I'd play the enchanter's part!

That I should nourish a private affection for this song may well be imagined on perusing the following letter:—

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I think your bonnie lasses were so pleased with "The Four-leaved Shamrock," that they took it home, and as I do not wish you should be without a copy of the trifle that I am so proud and pleased you admire, I send you another copy. I think I know why you like it so much: it is that the expression of good feeling finds an echo in your own kind heart. "The Arab" you seemed to think well of, for the same reason, and so I send you that too.

Yours ever,

Most truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

Monday, 27, Charles Street, Berners Street.

The warm and large heart of the writer speaks in letters of this description, warm and large as the native Irish heart, and only elevated into richer glow and wider comprehension by the gift of true genius.

When barely of age, in 1818, he attracted the notice and applause of Dublin by singing a song of his own composition in compliment to Moore, at an entertainment given by his friends, and received the poet's graceful acknowledgment of the tribute. From this period his pen was never idle during the years he pursued his profession as a miniature portrait painter, and with distinguished patronage and success. Nor was he less a favourite in the social circles, where his lively conversational talent, his ever ready song, and his recitations of Irish tale or legend, made him always a most welcome guest. The latter were from time to time contributed to periodical publications, and ultimately a first volume was published in Dublin. But it was not till two years later, viz., 1827, that his fame, or even his name, was heard of in London. In the spring of that year Messrs. Sherwood and Co. gave the world "Poetry and Poets," by Richard Ryan, author of "Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient Irish," in three volumes, and among the selections was one thus noticed in the "Literary Gazette," No. 532, March 31:—"Among the pieces said to be original, the following stanzas, by a Mr. Lover, an Irish gentleman, are pretty:—

THOUGHTS OF SADNESS.

(After two descriptive stanzas, referring to them, he proceeds—)

But though sad 'tis to weep
 O'er incurable woes—
 Sad the dream-disturbed sleep—
 Yet far deeper than those
 Is the pang of concealing
 The woes of the mind
 From hearts without feeling—
 The gay, the unkind.

For saddest of any
 Is he, of the sad,
 Who must smile among many,
 Where many are glad;
 Who must join in the laughter,
 When laughter goes round,
 To plunge deeper after
 In grief more profound.

Oh, such smiles, like light shining
 On ocean's cold wave,
 Or the playful entwining
 Of sweets o'er the grave;
 And such laugh, sorrow spurning
 At revelry's calls,
 Like echoes returning
 From lone empty halls."

And this was the first glimpse of Samuel Lover on the English side of the Channel and in London, where his growing reputation and conscious ambition induced him soon after to establish himself as an artist at his residence in Charles Street, with his prolific pen in reserve for the exercise of his other musical, literary, and versatile powers. The incident above related had led to an immediate acquaintance between us, which speedily ripened into a friendship more intimate, cordial, and lasting than often falls to the lot of humanity. He scarcely ever printed a song without a private rehearsal to gratify me, and he adopted no important affair without seeking my advice. With his manifold pleasurable accomplishments as an author, and his estimable qualities as a man, it is not strange that the attachment of those who knew him well was of no ordinary description. Artist, lyricist, dramatist, novelist, essayist, humourist, musician—he took a fair rank in all, and in song and nationally characteristic tale he has not been excelled.

Settled in London, Mr. Lover devoted himself assiduously to his art, and painted portraits with sufficient success (though not reaching the very highest rank) to remunerate his labours, and yield a competency for the passing day—at all events when supplemented by his literary publications. The second volume of the "Irish Tales" was added to the first; and the ingenious story of "The Curse of Kishogue"—who unfortunately mistook the squire's horse for his own mare—achieved a loud popularity. This favourable opinion was increased by the appearance of the story of "Rory O'More," and of "Handy Andy," in "Bentley's Magazine," though the guinea a page, monthly, was no such encouragement to the author as the liberal remuneration is to popular contributors to the periodical press at the present day. Another lyrical volume followed, and his songs, sung everywhere, sounded the fair fame of the lyricist over the length and breadth of the land. "The Angel-Whisper" had already been among the most popular of his effusions, but throughout a numerous sequel, whether published in volumes or separately with music, there were, at last, a whole series which found echoes in every class and condition of society. Virtuous love, benevolence, pathos, patriotism, and Irish humour, were all delightfully illustrated. From "The Mother's Wail for her Lost Fairy Boy" "The Minstrel," and "True Love can ne'er forget"—an exquisite love-history in a dozen lines—to the laughable Widow Machree, exhorted to follow the example of the

Dear little fish,
 If they don't speak, they wish—

there is a wonderful variety; and the whole appropriately winds up with that richest aggregation of Irish despairing passion evaporating in the rapid confusion of mind and evolution of bulls—

My shadow on the wall
 Is not like myself at all;
 I've grown so tall and thin,
 That myself says 'tis not him!

At the close, begging for marriage to

Put an end to all this bother,
 When they'd both be one another!

His brief appearance on the stage I mention only as leading to those monologue entertainments which for

years amused the public, both in every part of Great Britain and throughout the American States. One of his letters from Dublin gives an account which is very naive, and curiously descriptive of the national character a quarter of a century ago, so much the same as it is now.

Dublin, Jan. 24, 1846.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I start for the south to-morrow, after having my two last nights, of the most triumphant character, highly fashionable and crowded to excess; in short, after the platform being crowded, and all the standing-room exhausted, hundreds went away who could not get admission. I wish I could stay, and make a *run* of the success, but I am engaged to the south, and must only hope on my return my welcome will not have worn out. Only fancy "The Royal Dream," that which you and I fancied would be what the Italians call a *furor*! Not at all. The fact is, the little lady [so they called the Queen] is not popular here with any party; they think, one and all, they have been neglected in not being visited sooner. So I must only hope the spirit of my song will do me good *elsewhere*. But St. Kevin—that's the fellow; no mistake, they *do* like St. Kevin! However, finding my Queen's Visit was not of the catching nature I hoped for, I have done some of my other entertainments, and they are liked; but the judicious—those who know "what's what"—say the Visit is the *best thing* I have done. I worked up the second part *very well*—I think you will say so when you hear it. I don't know if you saw or heard of a furious attack upon me in the "Nation." They "*denounced*" me and my praises of the Queen, and I was blackguarded, body and sleeves; but the rascality of the attack foiled its object. It did me more good than harm. I met Mr. Duffy, the editor, at a public dinner (the *Press* dinner) the day the attack appeared. My health was given with *enthusiasm*. In returning thanks, I made a hit at Mr. Duffy to his face. I was "cheered" like anything. I send you the trifle. The "Nation" has been silent since. I think *Vinealy's* dirty work was somehow in it. A man named Barry, of Cork, did the dagger work; but my public triumph here is the best answer. However, that the author of the novel of "Rory O'More" should be stabbed by the "*Patriots!!*" is too bad.

Yours ever,

My dear Jerdan,
SAMUEL LOVER.

Wm. Jerdan, Esq.

In the autumn of the year he sailed for America, and was applauded and *fêted* (as more recently Dickens) at New York, Boston, and throughout the Union. In 1848 he returned home, and resumed his entertainments with American bits and other novelties. But as this sketch is not a biography, I pass over his epistolary descriptions of his transatlantic successes, darkened by the lamented death of his wife at home, and anxiety for his two orphan daughters.

Three years ago, having sought retirement and repose at Sevenoaks, Kent, he suffered a dangerous attack on the lungs, and was with difficulty restored, to seek Jersey as a change. There he died, and the body was brought to be interred in Kensal Green—being met and attended by the London Irish Volunteers. And well he deserved the honour; for he was a fine type of the loyal, liberal, warm-hearted Irishman, richly gifted with delightful talents, ready witted, and amusing in social life, and above all sterling and honourable in principle and conduct. I cannot bear to dwell on our long, unchangeable friendship and mutual attachment; but my readers can have no deep sense of my grief for his loss, and I will bid farewell with a cheerful letter, among those of my latest dates.

Sevenoaks, Jan. 13, 1865.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have been not very well since I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, and I do not expect to be much if any better as long as the cold weather lasts.

All you say of the ——— Club is quite true. We may quote the lament of Ophelia—

See what I have seen—
See what I see!

"'Twas a pleasant place once upon a time," as the nursery tale initiates its pleasantries.

Had it continued to be pleasant, it would have cost my self-denial more than it has done in taking my name off the list of members. Well, grumbling is no use, so "there an end," as Mr. Pepys says.

I send a photo-proto-type of a owld sojer boy, for Mop [his god-daughter]. I am only an honorary member of "The London Irish" now, but I was one of the first to drill in Company No. 1, when the corps was first established, and I have "*marched through*" London with them. Now don't think of *Coventry* when you read "*marched through*."

Why should so old a fellow join the volunteers? I'll tell you why, as far as I am concerned. Ireland was behaving so badly at that time, and about that grand movement, that I thought it incumbent on every Irishman in England with a spark of gentlemanly feeling and loyalty in him, to enrol himself among the volunteers. And now good-bye for awhile, dear old friend.

Yours, very truly,
SAMUEL LOVER.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

If the rulers of the Flowery Land have sent an embassy to the English barbarians, they will be received with all due welcome. John Bull will be very happy to see John Chinaman. Let bygones be bygones. For three centuries the English merchants have been left to be bullied at outposts by insolent mandarins. English envoys have been exposed to humiliation and treated with trickery. But things are changed since the capture of Peking and the embassy of Lord Elgin. If the present embassy is a genuine affair, it shows a wonderful progress in Chinese life, and should be met in a spirit of amity and conciliation.

But is it a genuine embassy? A clever American is at the head of it.* An Irishman "plays second fiddle." They are accompanied by a retinue of Chinese interpreters and officials. There are two mandarins, but not of very high rank, and the others are ordinary Chinese scholars not receiving large pay. When we consider the enormous extent and wealth of the Chinese empire, this mission appears a paltry affair to represent her grandeur at the courts of Europe, especially if compared with the British embassies to the court of Peking. Moreover it is noticeable that they bring no presents to the monarchs to whom the envoy is accredited. This omission is significant, as, according to Chinese etiquette, no ambassador could have audience without bringing costly gifts to the emperor; so that cannot be considered a true embassy which does not bring some valuable presents to our Queen, or the Emperor of the French. But then, if they did so, it might be said that the mighty Emperor of China had fallen so far from the high estate his predecessors held as the supreme rulers on earth that he sent *tribute* to the barbarian princes of the west, the presents of all ambassadors being so named to show the supreme grandeur of the Chinese emperors. Under these circumstances this cannot be considered an embassy representing the court of Peking, and may be repudiated by the emperor if the mission fails in its object.

However this may be, it is useful to recall the state of matters between China and other powers, since the treaty of Lord Elgin. Before that treaty was signed,

* We have been favoured by the Chinese Ambassador with the following note relative to the names, the quality, etc., of the different members of the embassy:—I. Poo An-Chen (Hon. Anson Burlingame); Choong-Kwo Chin-Chai Ta-Chen. II. Chee Kang, called Chee Ta-jin. III. Sun Chah-Kuh, called Sun Ta-jen. Secretary, Poh Choh-An (John McLeavy Brown, Esq.); Secretary, Teh Shen (Monsieur E. de Champs). Student Interpreters—(1) Lwan Fang; (2) Tah-keh-shi-nah; (3) Foong Ee; (4) Teh Ming; (5) Kwai Yung; (6) Ting Chuen.—*Fighting Dragon Reporter.*