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SELECTIONS FROM THACKERAY



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WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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WITH FRONTISPIECE AND PORTRAIT

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INTRODUCTION

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born at Calcutta in 1811. When a child he was brought to England and educated for some time in private schools. In 1822 he was sent to reside at the famous Charterhouse School, then still on its ancient site near Smithfield in London. (The school was removed to a new building at Godalming (Surrey) in 1872.) It is referred to as Grey Friars in Thackeray's novel called *The Newcomes*. The sensitive nature which Thackeray seems to have had as a boy does not appear to have made school life very pleasant for him. In a letter to his mother from school he writes : " There are at present 370 boys here and I wish there were 369,"

In 1829, Thackeray went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he, however, remained but a little more than a year. In 1830, he visited Weimar and Paris. At Paris he settled down for a time to study Art, a study which enabled him to illustrate some of his later literary work with remarkable caricature drawings. Returning to London in 1837, Thackeray became a regular contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*. In this magazine appeared various writings full of wit, humour, satire, and pathos. Among these are *The History of Mr. Samuel Titmarsh*, *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, and *The Irish Sketch 'Book*. When *Punch* was started in 1841, Thackeray became one of its earliest contributors. In it he published *Jeames' Diary* and the *Snob Papers*, now known as the *Book of Snobs*. Of this latter work, Mr. G. K. Chesterton says : " The solemn philosophic

framework, the idea of treating caddishness as a science was original and sound ; for snobbishness is a disease in our society requiring a large and responsible analysis. His definition of snobbishness is good—a mean admiration." Thackeray's connection with *Punch* practically ceased in 1851. In this year he delivered a series of lectures in London on *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, and afterwards a series on *The Four Georges*. These lectures were given again on his visits to the United States in 1852 and 1853.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

AS a novelist, Thackeray attained to the first rank on the completion of *Vanity Fair* in 1848. The portrayal of the character of Becky (Rebecca Sharp) in this novel is considered a masterpiece. In 1850 was issued Thackeray's second great novel, *Pendennis*, in which is given a vivid picture of the life of the middle and upper classes of the time. Other famous novels of our author are *Esmond*, *The Newcomes* and *The Virginians*. The last work was finished in 1859, and in the same year

Thackeray undertook the editorship of a new monthly, called *The Cornhill Magazine* and, though he resigned the irksome duty of editor in 1862, he still contributed to its pages until his death. In *The Cornhill Magazine* appeared the two novels entitled *Lovel the Widower* and *The Adventures of Philip*. He also wrote in the same journal a series of delightful essays entitled *Roundabout Papers*. In 1863, Thackeray began a new novel called *Denis Duval*, but the author died suddenly before it had made much progress, on the day before Christmas of that year.

Besides the works already mentioned he wrote, sometimes under the pen-name of M. A. Titmarsh, a number of diverting burlesques and a fair amount of poetry, some of it serious and some of it extravagant. Of the half-humorous, half-pathetic ballads, "Little Billee," known to many schoolboys, is given as a specimen.

The writings of Thackeray have, by general consent, placed him high among English Men of Letters, though it is not easy to describe the qualities of his work. His aim was to set forth life as he saw it. In doing so he satirises unsparingly the vulgarity and hypocrisy of society, describing the follies and foibles of his characters with a humour so witty and kindly that it leaves no sting behind. Mr. James Hannay writes in his "Studies on Thackeray," "Faithfully and regardless of all sentimental whimpering, he laid bare the selfishness, meanness and servility of the age. But with equal truth he brought on the stage noble and kindly characters like Colonel Newcome, Ethel Newcome, and Henry Esmond."

Thackeray's excellent English is one of his great merits. His style is easy, lucid and grammatically correct. The reader has no trouble in understanding what the writer wishes to say; and the clear arrangement of the words enables us to follow the thought without being confused or perplexed.

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SELECTIONS FROM THACKERAY

SCENES FROM VANITY FAIR

IN WHICH JOS TAKES FLIGHT, AND THE WAR IS
BROUGHT TO A CLOSE

WE of peaceful London city, have never beheld—and please God never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm, as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussee*, to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbour for news; and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamour. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and knelt and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travellers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophesies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. "He has cut the armies in two," it was said. "He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be

here to-night." " He will overpower the English," shrieked Isidor to his master, " and will be here to-night." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat.

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout major's wife be-thought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console, Amelia. The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irishwoman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully, of tamer in silence, and terrified mental supplication. " I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterwards, " until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*, was on her knees at church hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*.

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room, into the parlour adjoining, where Jos sat with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bedroom, looking very much alarmed, and as if he would say something. But the major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburdening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly.

But when she made her appearance in the dining-room, where he sat in the twilight in the cheerless company of his empty champagne-bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready ?"

"Are you going to take her out a walk ?" said the major's lady ; "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I—I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and—and post-horses ; Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving to-night ?" answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed ? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos ; "she must get up, I say : " and he stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered—yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and——"

"And what ?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Everybody is going ; there's a place for you ! We shall start in half an hour."

The major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn. "I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley ; but, faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She *shall* go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo before the bedroom door.

"Is it her mother you're going to take her to ?" she said ; "or do you want to go to mamma yourself, Mr. Sedley ? Good-morning—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off them mustachios, or they'll bring you into mischief."

" D—n ! " yelled out Jos, wild with fear, rage, and mortification ; and Isidor came in at this juncture, swearing in his turn. " *Pas de chevaux, sacrebleu !* " hissed out the furious domestic. All the horses were gone. Jos was not the only man in Brussels seized with panic that day.

But Jos's fears, great and cruel as they were already, were destined to increase to an almost frantic pitch before the night was over. It has been mentioned how Pauline, the *bonne*, had *son homme a die*, also in the ranks of the army that had gone out to meet the Emperor Napoleon. This lover was a native of Brussels, and a Belgian hussar. The troops of his nation signalised themselves in this war for anything but courage, and young Van Cutsum, Pauline's admirer, was too good a soldier to disobey his colonel's orders to run away. Whilst in garrison at Brussels, young Regulus (he had been born in the revolutionary times) found his great comfort, and passed almost all his leisure moments in Pauline's kitchen ; and it was with pockets and holsters crammed full of good things from her larder, that he had taken leave of his weeping sweetheart, to proceed upon the campaign a few days before.

As far as his regiment was concerned, this campaign was over now. They had formed a part of the division under the command of his sovereign apparent, the Prince of Orange, and as respected length of swords and mustachios, and the richness of uniform and equipments, Regulus and his comrades looked to be as gallant a body of men as ever trumpets sounded for.

When Ney dashed upon the advance of the allied troops, carrying one position after the other, until the arrival of the great body of the British army from

Brussels changed the aspect of the combat of Quatre Bras, the squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity in retreating before the French, and were dislodged from one post and another which they occupied with perfect alacrity on their part. Their movements were only checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to halt, the enemy's cavalry (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy cannot be too severely reprehended) had at length an opportunity of coming to close quarters with the brave Belgians before them, who preferred to encounter the British rather than the French, and at once turning tail rode through the English regiments that were behind them, and scattered in all directions. The regiment, in fact, did not exist any more. It was nowhere. It had no headquarters. Regulus found himself galloping many miles from the field of action, entirely alone ; and whither should he fly for refuge so naturally as to that kitchen and those faithful arms in which Pauline had so often welcomed him?

At some ten o'clock the clinking of a sabre might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a storey in the continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door ; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her masters, and discovered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured—

and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers were routed and had fled—their duke was killed. It was a general *debacle*. He sought to drown his sorrow for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation, and rushed out to inform his master.

"It is all over," he shrieked to Jos. "Milor duke is a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him." So Jos tottered into that apartment where Regulus still sat on the kitchen-table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the black hussars fly, the Ecossais pounded down by the cannon.

"And the —th ?" gasped Jos.

"Cut in pieces," said the hussar—upon which Pauline crying out, "O my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*," went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

Wild with terror, Mr. Sedley knew not how or

where to seek for safety. He rushed from the kitchen back to the sitting-room, and cast an appealing look at Amelia's door, which Mrs. O'Dowd had closed and locked in his face ; but he remembered how scornfully the latter had received him, and after pausing and listening for a brief space at the door, he left it, and resolved to go into the street, for the first time that day. So, seizing a candle, he looked about for his gold-laced cap, and found it lying in its usual place, on a console-table, in the ante-room, placed before a mirror at which Jos used to coquet, always giving his side-locks a twirl, and his cap the proper cock over his eye, before he went forth to make appearance in public. Such is the force of habit, that even in the midst of his terror he began mechanically to twiddle with his hair, and arrange the cock of his hat. Then he looked amazed at the pale face in the glass before him, and especially at his mustachios, which had attained a rich growth in the course of near seven weeks, since they had come into the world. " They will mistake me for a military man," thought he, remembering Isidor's warning, as to the massacre with which all the defeated British army was threatened ; and staggering back to his bedchamber, he began wildly pulling the bell which summoned his valet.

Isidor answered that summons. Jos had sunk in a chair—he had torn off his neckcloths, and turned down his collars, and was sitting with both his hands lifted to his throat.

" *Coupez-moi*, Isidor," shouted he ; " *vite ! Coupez-moi !* "

Isidor thought for a moment he had gone mad, and that he wished his valet to cut his throat.

" *Les moustaches*," gasped Jos ; " *Us moustaches—coupy, rosy, vite!* "—his French was of this sort

—voluble, as we have said, but not remarkable for grammar.

Isidor swept off the mustachios in no time with the razor, and heard with inexpressible delight his master's orders that he should fetch a hat and a plain coat. "*Ne porty ploo—habit militair—bonny—donny a voo, prennny dehors*"—were Jos's words—the coat and cap were at last his property.

This gift being made, Jos selected a plain black coat and waistcoat from his stock, and put on a large white neckcloth, and a plain beaver. If he could have got a shovel-hat he would have worn it. As it was, you would have fancied he was a flourishing, large parson of the Church of England.

"*Venny maintenong*," he continued, "*sweevy—ally—party—dong la roo*." And so having said, he plunged swiftly down the stairs of the house, and passed into the street. ,

Although Regulus had vowed that he was the only man of his regiment or of the allied army, almost, who had escaped being cut to pieces by Ney, it appeared that his statement was incorrect, and that a good number more of the supposed victims had survived the massacre. Many scores of Regulus's comrades had found their way back to Brussels, and—all agreeing that they had run away—filled the whole town with an idea of the defeat of the allies. The arrival of the French was expected hourly ; the panic continued, and preparations for flight went on everywhere. "** No horses !*" thought Jos, in terror. He made Isidor inquire of scores of persons, whether they had any to lend or sell, and his heart sank within him, at the negative answers returned everywhere. Should he take the journey on foot ? Even fear could not render that ponderous body so active.

Almost all the hotels occupied by the English in Brussels faced the Pare, and Jos wandered irresolutely about in this quarter, with crowds of other people, oppressed as he was by fear and curiosity. Some families he saw more happy than himself, having discovered a team of horses, and rattling through the streets in retreat; others again there were whose case was like his own, and who could not for any bribes or entreaties procure the necessary means of flight. Amongst these would-be fugitives, Jos remarked the Lady Bareacres and her daughter, who sat in their carriage in the *porte-cochère* of their hotel, all their imperials packed, and the only drawback to whose flight was the same want of motive power which kept Jos stationary.

Rebecca Crawley occupied apartments in this hotel; and had before this period had sundry hostile meetings with the ladies of the Bareacres family. My Lady Bareacres cut Mrs. Crawley on the stairs when they met by chance; and, in all places where the latter's name was mentioned, spoke perseveringly ill of her neighbour. The countess was shocked at the familiarity of General Tufto with the aide-de-camp's wife. The Lady Blanche avoided her as if she had been an infectious disease. Only the earl himself kept up a sly occasional acquaintance with her, when out of the jurisdiction of his ladies.

Rebecca had her revenge now upon these insolent enemies. It became known in the hotel that Captain Crawley's horses had been left behind; and when the panic began, Lady Bareacres condescended to send her maid to the captain's wife with her ladyship's compliments, and a desire to know the price of Mrs. Crawley's horses. Mrs. Crawley returned a note with her compliments, and an intimation that it was

not her custom to transact business with ladies' maids.

This curt reply brought the earl in person to Becky's apartment; but he could get no more success than the first ambassador. " Send a lady's-maid to *me* ! " Mrs. Crawley cried in great anger; " why didn't my Lady Bareacres tell me to go and saddle the horses ! Is it her ladyship that wants to escape, or her ladyship's *femme de chambre* ? " And this was all the answer that the earl bore back to his countess.

What will not necessity do ? The countess herself actually came to wait upon Mrs. Crawley on the failure of her second envoy. She entreated her to name her own price ; she even offered to invite Becky to Bareacres house, if the latter would but give her the means of returning to that residence. Mrs. Crawley sneered at her.

" I don't want to be waited on by bailiffs in livery," she said ; " you will never get back though most probably—at least not you and your diamonds together. The French will have those. They will be here in two hours, and I shall be half-way to Ghent by that time, I would not sell you my horses, no, not for the two largest diamonds that your ladyship wore at the ball." Lady Bareacres trembled with rage and terror. The diamonds were sewed into her habit, and secreted in my lord's padding and boots. " Woman, the diamonds are at the banker's and I *will* have the horses," she said. Rebecca laughed in her face. The infuriated countess went below, and sat in her carriage ; her maid, her courier, and her husband were sent once more through the town, each to look for cattle; and woe betide those who came last! Her ladyship was resolved on

departing the very instant the horses arrived from any quarter—with her husband or without him.

Rebecca had the pleasure of seeing her ladyship in the horseless carriage, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her, and bewailing in the loudest tone of voice, the countess's perplexities. "Not to be able to get horses !" she said, "and to have all those diamonds sewed into the carriage cushions ! What a prize it will be for the French when they come !—the carriage and the diamonds I mean ; not the lady !"—She gave this information to the landlord, to the servants, to the guests, and the innumerable stragglers about the courtyard. Lady Bareacres could have shot her from the carriage window.

It was while enjoying the humiliation of her enemy that Rebecca caught sight of Jos, who made towards her directly he perceived her.

That altered, frightened, fat face told his secret well enough. He too, wanted to fly, and was on the look-out for the means of escape. "*He* shall buy my horses," thought Rebecca, "and I'll ride the mare."

Jos walked up to his friend, and put the question for the hundredth time during the past hour, "Did she know where horses were to be had ?"

"What *you* fly ?" said Rebecca, with a laugh. "I thought you were the champion of all the ladies, Mr. Sedley."

"I—I'm not a military man," gasped he.

"And Amelia ?—Who is to protect that poor little sister of yours," asked Rebecca. "You surely would not desert her ?"

"What good can I do her, suppose—suppose the enemy arrive ?" Jos answered. "They'll spare the women ; but my man tells me that they have taken

an oath to give no quarter to the men—the dastardly cowards."

"Horrid!" cried Rebecca, enjoying his perplexity.

"Besides, I don't want to desert her," cried the brother. "She *shan't* be deserted. There is a seat for her in my carriage, and one for you, dear Mrs. Crawley, if you will come and if we can get horses," sighed he.

"I have two to sell," the lady said. Jos could have flung himself into her arms at the news. "Get the carriage, Isidor," he cried; "we've found them—we have found them."

"My horses never were in harness," added the lady. "Bulfinch would kick the carriage to pieces, if you put him in the traces."

"But he is quiet to ride?" asked the civilian.

"As quiet as a lamb and as fast as a hare," answered Rebecca.

"Do you think he is up to my weight?" Jos said. He was already on his back, in imagination, without ever so much as a thought for poor Amelia. What person who loved a horse-speculation could resist such a temptation?

In reply, Rebecca asked him to come into her room, whither he followed her quite breathless to conclude the bargain. Jos seldom spent a half-hour in his life which cost him so much money. Rebecca, measuring the value of the goods which she had for sale by Jos's eagerness to purchase, as well as by the scarcity of the article, put upon her horses a price so prodigious as to make even the civilian draw back. "She would sell both or neither," she said resolutely. Rawdon had ordered her not to part with them for a price less than that which she specified. Lord Bareacres below would give her the same money—

and with all her love and regard for the Sedley family, her dear Mr. Joseph must conceive that poor people must live—nobody, in a word, could be more affectionate, but more firm about the matter of business.

Jos ended by agreeing, as might be expected of him. The sum he had to give her was so large that he was obliged to ask for time ; so large as to be a little fortune to Rebecca, who rapidly calculated that with this sum, and the sale of the residue of Rawdon's effects, and her pension as a widow should he fall, she would now be absolutely independent of the world, and might look her weeds steadily in the face.

Once or twice in the day she certainly had herself thought about flying. But her reason gave her better counsel. " Suppose the French do come," thought Becky, " what can they do to a poor officer's widow ? Bah ! the times of sacks and sieges are over. We shall be let to go home quietly, or I may live pleasantly abroad with a snug little income."

Meanwhile Jos and Isidor went off to the stables to inspect the newly-purchased cattle. Jos bade his man saddle the horses at once. He would ride away that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went homewards himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and Amelia, and own to them that he was about to run.

By the time Jos's bargain with Rebecca was completed and his horses had been visited and examined, it was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long past, there was no rest for the city; the people were up, the lights in the

houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth : one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated ; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered ; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favourable : at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quartre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived sometime while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news ; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm ; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain

on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly, than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Wagons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. "Stop, stop!" a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley's hotel.

"It is George, I know it is!" cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing; it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

"Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!" cried the boy faintly,

and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. "I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was ; and you are to give the man two napoleons : my mother will pay you." This young fellow's thoughts, during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed up stairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognised him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe ; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her ; in what a grateful passion of prayers she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the action of pur friends of the gallant —th. They

had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcase, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in this story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city, and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention : it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her ; and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements

interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears, though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed, certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon ! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him ?

Jos thought of all these things and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there ! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tricoloured banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of his Majesty the Emperor and King.

The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres's carriage had at length rolled away from the *porte-cochere*. The earl had procured a pair of horses somehow, in spite of Mrs. Crawley, and was rolling on the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired was getting ready his portmanteau in that city too. It seemed as if misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldy exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a respite, and that his dearly bought horses must of a surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon, there was no need of immediate flight; but he had his horses brought from their distant stables to the stables in the courtyard of the hotel where he lived, so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable-door constantly, and had the horses saddled, to be ready for the start. He longed intensely for that event.

After the reception of the previous day, Rebecca did not care to come near her dear Amelia. She clipped the bouquet which George had brought her, and gave fresh water to the flowers, and read over the letter which he had sent her. "Poor wretch," she said, twirling round the little bit of paper in her fingers, "how I could crush her with this!—and it is for a thing like this that she must break her heart, forsooth—for a man who is stupid—a coxcomb—and who does not care for her. My poor good Rawdon is worth ten of this creature." And then she fell to

thinking what she should do if—if anything happened to poor good Rawdon, and what a great piece of luck it was that he had left his horses behind.

In the course of this day, too, Mrs. Crawley, who saw not without anger the Bareacres party drive off, bethought her of the precaution which the countess had taken, and did a little needlework for her own advantage ; she stitched away the major part of her trinkets, bills, and bank-notes about her person, and so prepared, was ready for any event—to fly if she thought fit, or to stay and welcome the conqueror, were he Englishman or Frenchman. And I am not sure that she did not dream that night of becoming a duchess and Madame la Maréchale, while Rawdon wrapped in his cloak, and making his bivouac under the rain at Mount Saint John, was thinking, with all the force of his heart, about the little wife whom he had left behind him.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her major had their billet, and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilette, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned she brought her prayer-book

with her, and her uncle the dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse—for the dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. "How often has my Mick listened to these sermons," she thought, "and me reading in the cabin of a calm!" She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said: "I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better than a coward," Mrs. O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

" I say come, Amelia," the civilian went on; " never mind what she says ; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen ? "

" You forget the —th, my boy," said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed ; " and—and you won't leave me, will you, Mrs. O'Dowd ? "

" No, my dear fellow," said she, going up and kissing the boy. " No harm shall come to you while / stand by. I don't budge till I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck behind that chap on a pillion ? "

This image made the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. " I don't ask her," Jos shouted out, " I don't ask that—that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia; once for all, will you come ? "

" Without my husband, Joseph ? " Amelia said with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

" Good-bye, then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated. And this time he really gave his order for march ; and mounted in the courtyard. Mrs. O'Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate; and looking on, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph as he rode down the street with Isidor after him in the laced cap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. " Look at him, Amelia, dear, driving into the parlour window. Such a bull in a china-shop I never saw." And presently the pair of riders disappeared at a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road : Mrs. O'Dowd

pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth ; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation: and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last. The columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the

hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

BECKY'S PHILOSOPHY

As the birds were pretty plentiful, and partridge-shooting is, as it were, the duty of an English gentleman of statesman-like propensities, Sir Pitt Crawley, the first shock of grief over, went out a little and partook of that diversion in a white hat with a crape round it. The sight of those fields of stubble and turnips, now his own, gave him many secret joys. Sometimes, and with an exquisite humility, he took no gun, but went out with a peaceful bamboo cane; Rawdon, his big brother, and the keepers blazing away at his side. Pitt's money and acres had a great effect upon his brother. The penniless colonel became quite obsequious and respectful to the head of the house, and despised the milksop Pitt no longer. Rawdon listened with sympathy to his senior's prospects of planting and draining; gave his advice about the stables and cattle, rode over to Mudbury

to look at a mare which he thought would carry Lady Jane, and offered to break her, etc. ; the rebellious dragoon was quite humbled and subdued, and became a most creditable younger brother. He had constant bulletins from Miss Briggs in London respecting little Rawdon, who was left behind there : who sent messages of his own. " I am very well," he wrote. " I hope you are very well. I hope mamma is very well. The pony is very well. Grey takes me to ride in the Park. I can canter. I met the little boy who rode before. He cried when he cantered. I do not cry." Rawdon read these letters to his brother, and Lady Jane, who was delighted at them. The baronet promised to take charge of the lad at school; and his kind-hearted wife gave Rebecca a bank-note, begging her to buy a present with it for her little nephew.

One day followed another, and the ladies of the house passed their life in those calm pursuits and amusements which satisfy country ladies. Bells rang to meals, and to prayers. The young ladies took exercise on the pianoforte every morning after breakfast—Rebecca giving them the benefit of her instruction. Then they put on thick shoes and walked in the park and shrubberies, or beyond the palings into the village, descending upon the cottages with Lady Southdown's medicine and tracts for the sick people there. Lady Southdown drove out in a pony-chaise, when Rebecca would take her place by the dowager's side, and listen to her solemn talk with the utmost interest. She sang Handel and Haydn to the family of evenings, and engaged in a large piece of worsted work, as if she had been born to the business, and as if this kind of life was to continue with her until she should sink to the grave

in a polite old age, leaving regrets and a great quantity of consols behind her—as if there were not cares and duns, schemes, shifts, and poverty, waiting outside the park gates, to pounce upon her when she issued into the world again.

"It isn't difficult to be a country gentleman's wife," Rebecca thought. "I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year. I could dawdle about in the nursery, and count the apricots on the wall. I could water plants in a green-house, and pick off dead leaves from the geraniums. I could ask old women about their rheumatisms, and order half-a-crown's worth of soup for the poor. I shouldn't miss it much, out of five thousand a year. I could even drive out ten miles to dine at a neighbour's, and dress in the fashions of the year before last. I could go to church and keep awake in the great family pew ; or go to sleep behind the curtains, and with my veil down, if I only had practice. I could pay everybody, if I had but the money. This is what the conjurors here pride themselves upon doing. They look down with pity upon us miserable sinners who have none. They think themselves generous if they give our children a five pound note, and us contemptible if we are without one." And who knows but Rebecca was right in her speculations—and that it was only a question of money and fortune which made the difference between her and an honest woman ? If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbour ? A comfortable career of prosperity, if it does not make people honest, at least keeps them so. An alderman coming from a turtle feast will not step out of his carriage to steal a leg of mutton ; but put him to starve, and see if he will not purloin a loaf. Becky

consoled herself by so balancing the chances and equalising the distribution of good and evil in the world.

The old haunts, the old fields and woods, the copses, ponds, and gardens, the rooms of the old house where she had spent a couple of years seven years ago, were all carefully revisited by her. She had been young there or comparatively so, for she forgot the time when she ever *was* young—but she remembered her thoughts and feelings seven years back, and contrasted them with those which she had at present, now that she had seen the world and lived with great people, and raised herself far beyond her original humble station.

" I have passed beyond it because I have brains," Becky thought, " and almost all the rest of the world are fools. I could not go back and consort with those people now, whom I used to meet in my father's studio. Lords come up to my door with stars and garters instead of poor artists with screws of tobacco in their pockets. I have a gentleman for my husband, and an earl's daughter for my sister in the very house where I was little better than a servant a few years ago. But am I much better-to-do now in the world than I was when I was the poor painter's daughter, and wheedled the grocer round the corner for sugar and tea ? Suppose I had married Francis who was so fond of me—I couldn't have been much poorer than I am now. Heigho ! I wish I could exchange my position in society, and all my relations for a snug sum in the three per cent, consols " ; for so it was that Becky felt the vanity of human affairs, and it was in those securities that she would have liked to cast anchor.

It may, perhaps, have struck her that to have

been honest and humble, to have done her duty, and to have marched straightforward on her way, would have brought her as near happiness as that path by which she was striving to attain it. But—just as the children at Queen's Crawley went round the room, where the body of their father lay—if ever Becky had these thoughts, she was accustomed to walk round them, and not look in. She eluded them, and despised them—or at least she was committed to the other path from which retreat was now impossible. And, for my part, I believe that remorse is the least active of all a man's moral senses—the very easiest to be deadened when wakened : and in some never wakened at all. We grieve at being found out, and at the idea of shame or punishment ; but the mere sense of wrong makes very few people unhappy in Vanity Fair.

So Rebecca, during her stay at Queen's Crawley, made as many friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness as she could possibly bring under control. Lady Jane and her husband bade her farewell with the warmest demonstrations of good-will. They looked forward with pleasure to the time when, the family-house in Gaunt Street being repaired and beautified, they were to meet again in London. Lady Southdown made her up a packet of medicine, and sent a letter by her to the Rev. Lawrence Grills, exhorting that gentleman to save the brand who " honoured " the letter from the burning. Pitt accompanied them with four horses in the carriage to Mudbury, having sent on their baggage in a cart previously, accompanied with loads of game.

" How happy you will be to see your darling little boy again," Lady Crawley said, taking leave of her kinswoman.

" Oh, so happy ! " said Rebecca, throwing up the green eyes. She was immensely happy to be free of the place, and yet loth to go. Queen's Crawley was abominably stupid ; and yet the air there was somehow purer than that which she had been accustomed to breathe. Everybody had been dull, but had been kind in their way. " It is all the influence of a long course of three per cents.," Becky said to herself, and was right, very likely.

However, the London lamps flashed joyfully as the stage rolled into Piccadilly, and Briggs had made a beautiful fire in Curzon Street, and little Rawdon was up to welcome back his papa and mamma.

SCENES FROM THE VIRGINIANS

GEORGE WARRINGTON'S NARRATIVE FROM THE VIRGINIANS

" I REMEMBER, at the table of our General, how the little Philadelphia agent, whose wit and shrewdness we had remarked at home, made the very objections to the conduct of the campaign of which its disastrous issue showed the justice. * Of course,' says he, ' your Excellency's troops once before Fort Duquesne, such a weak little place will never be able to resist such a general, such an army, such artillery, as will there be found attacking it. But do you calculate, sir, on the difficulty of reaching the place ? Your Excellency's march will be through woods almost untrodden, over roads which you will have to make yourself, and your

line will be some four miles long. This slender line, having to make its way through the forest, will be subject to endless attacks in front, in rear, in flank, by enemies whom you will never see, and whose constant practice in war is the dexterous laying of ambuscades.'—^c Psha, sir ! ' says the General, ' the savages may frighten your raw American militia ' (Thank your Excellency for the compliment, Mr. Washington seems to say, who is sitting at the table), ' but the Indians will never make any impression on his Majesty's regular troops.'—' I heartily hope not, sir,' says Mr. Franklin, with a sigh; and of course the gentlemen of the General's family sneered at the postmaster, as at a pert civilian who had no call to be giving his opinion on matters entirely beyond his comprehension.

" We despised the Indians on our own side, and our commander made light of them and their service. Our officers disgusted the chiefs who were with us by outrageous behaviour to their women. There were not above seven or eight who remained with our force. Had we had a couple of hundred in our front on that fatal 9th of July, the event of the day must have been very different. They would have flung off the attack of the French Indians ; they would have prevented the surprise and panic which ensued. 'Tis known now that the French had even got ready to give up their fort, never dreaming of the possibility of a defence, and that the French Indians themselves remonstrated against the audacity of attacking such an overwhelming force as ours.

" I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one *aide-de-camp* after another was sent forwards. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by

our own advanced people, and our men huzzaed and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, whilst from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the colours and two of our small guns in the centre, the baggage well guarded bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two, and for some half-mile in breadth a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood, and seeming to silence the French in ambuscade there. But the hidden rifle-firing began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood—of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body frightened, and many of them wounded. They reported there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the people to go forward now. One *aide-de-camp* after another was sent forward, and never returned. At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver.

"I had not gone thirty yards in advance when

a rifle-ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war-cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies. I was amazed and mortified to see how few of the white-coats there were. Not above a score passed me ; indeed there were not fifty in the accursed action in which two of the bravest regiments of the British army were put to rout.

" One of them, who was half Indian half Frenchman, with mocassins and a white uniform coat and cockade, seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran towards me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil which my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign ; it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily ; I seized it, and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

" I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me, busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing towards me as I lay on the ground bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat, and feeling in his pockets : he then scalped him, and with his bleeding knife in his mouth advanced towards me. I saw him coming as through a film, as in a dream—I was powerless to move, or to resist him.

" He put his knee upon my chest: with one bloody hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he lifted it, he enabled

me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

" Good God ! It was young Florae, who was my second in the duel at Quebec. ' *A moi, Florae !* ' I cried out. ' *C'est Georges ! aide moi !* '

" He started ; ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage did not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair firmer, and waving his dripping knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey. I could only cry out again and piteously, ' *A moi !* *'

" ' *Ah, canaille, tu veux du sang ? Prends !* ' said Florae, with a curse ; and the next moment, and with an *ugh*, the Indian fell over my chest dead, with Florae's sword through his body.

" My friend looked round him. ' Eh ! ' says he, ' *la belle affaire !* Where art thou wounded, in the leg ? ' He bound my leg tight round with his sash. ' The others will kill thee if they find thee here. Ah, tiens ! Put me on this coat, and this hat with the white cockade. Call out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet ! I must go forward. 'Tis a general *débâcle*, and the whole of your red-coats are on the run, my poor boy.' Ah, what a rout it was ! What a day of disgrace for England !

" Florae's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree, and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the gourd of that unlucky French soldier, who had lost his own life in the deadly game which

he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay, and noting the various bearings of the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front. 'Thou seest how much I love thee, George,' he said, 'that I stay behind in a moment like this.' I forget whether I told thee, Harry, that Florae was under some obligation to me. I had won money of him at cards, at Quebec—only playing at his repeated entreaty—and there was a difficulty about paying, and I remitted his debt to me, and lighted my pipe with his note-of-hand. You see, sir, that you are not the only gambler in the family.

"At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me, with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts, and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who had been wounded early in the day, and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets, and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florae by my side. Had he left me, they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. He promised them brandy at the fort, if they brought me safely there : I have but a dim recollection of the journey : the anguish of my wound was extreme : I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort, and carried to the officers' log-house, and laid upon Florae's own bed.

"Happy for me was my insensibility. I had been brought into the fort as a wounded French soldier of the garrison. I heard afterwards, that, during my

delirium, the few prisoners who had been made on the day of our disaster, had been brought under the walls of Duquesne by their savage captors, and there horribly burned, tortured, and butchered by the Indians, under the eyes of the garrison."

As George speaks, one may fancy a thrill of horror running through his sympathising audience. Theo takes Hetty's hand, and looks at George in a very alarmed manner. Harry strikes his fist upon the table, and cries, "The bloody, murderous, red-skinned villains! There will never be peace for us until they are all hunted down!"

"They were offering a hundred and thirty dollars apiece for Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, when I left home," says George demurely, "and fifty for women."

"Fifty for women, my love! Do you hear that, Mrs. Lambert?" cries the Colonel, lifting up his wife's hair.

"The murderous villains!" says Harry again. "Hunt 'em down, sir! Hunt 'em down!"

"I know not how long I lay in my fever," George resumed. "When I awoke to my senses, my dear Florae was gone. He and his company had been despatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvanian territory, which the French claimed, too. In Duquesne, when I came to be able to ask and understand what was said to me, there were not above thirty Europeans left. The place might have been taken over and over again, had any of our people had the courage to return after their disaster.

"My old enemy the ague-fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the riverside. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me, and

tended me, I never should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son.

" I remembered how, when Florae laid me in his bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone ; and a surly old sergeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs* had deservedly met with.

" At the time of my recovery the fort was almost emptied of the garrison. The Indians had retired enriched with British plunder, and the chief part of the French regulars were gone upon expeditions northward. My good Florae had left me upon his service, consigning me to the care of an invalided sergeant. Monsieur de Contrecocur had accompanied one of these expeditions, leaving an old lieutenant, Museau by name, in command at Duquesiie.

" This man had long been out of France, and serving in the colonies. His character, doubtless, had been indifferent at home ; and he knew that, according to the system pursued in France, where almost all promotion is given to the noblesse, he never would advance in rank. And he had made free with my guineas, I suppose, as he had with my watch, for I saw it one day on his chest when I was sitting with him in his quarter.

" Monsieur Museau and I managed to be pretty good friends. If I could be exchanged or sent home, I told him that my mother would pay liberally for my ransom ; and I suppose this idea excited the cupidity

of the "Commandant, for a trapper coming in the winter, whilst I still fey very ill with fever, Museau consented that I should write home to my mother, but that the letter should be in French, that he should see it, and that I should say I was in the hands of the Indians, and should not be ransomed under ten thousand livres.

" In vain I said I was a prisoner to the troops of his Most Christian Majesty, that I expected the treatment of a gentleman and an officer. Museau swore that letter should go, and no other ; that if I hesitated, he would fling me out of the fort, or hand me over to the tender mercies of his ruffian Indian allies. He would not let the trapper communicate with me except in his presence. Life and liberty are sweet. I resisted for a while, but I was pulled down with weakness, and shuddering with fever ; I wrote such a letter as the rascal consented to let pass, and the trapper went away with my missive, which he promised, in three weeks, to deliver to my mother in Virginia.

" Three weeks, six, twelve, passed. The messenger never returned. The winter came and went, and all our little plantations round the fort, where the French soldiers had cleared corn-ground and planted gardens and peach and apple trees down to the Monongahela, were in full blossom. Heaven knows how I crept through the weary time ! When I was pretty well, I made drawings of the soldiers of the garrison, and of the half-breed and her child (Museau's child), and of Museau himself, whom, I am ashamed to say, I flattered outrageously ; and there was an old guitar left in the fort, and I sang to it, and played on it some French airs which I knew, and ingratiated myself as best I could with my jailers ; and so the

weary months passed, but the messenger never returned.

" At last news arrived that he had been shot by some British Indians in Maryland; so there was an end of my hope of ransom for some months more. This made Museau very savage and surly towards me; the more so as his sergeant inflamed his rage by telling him that the Indian woman was partial to me—as I believe, poor thing, she was. I was always gentle with her, and grateful to her. My small accomplishments seemed wonders in her eyes; I was ill and unhappy, too, and these are always claims to a woman's affection.

" A captive pulled down by malady, a ferocious jailer, and a young woman touched by the prisoner's misfortunes—sure you expect that, with these three prime characters in a piece, some pathetic tragedy is going to be enacted? You, Miss Hetty, are about to guess that the woman saved me? "

" Why, of course she did ! " cries mamma.

" What else is she good for ? " says Hetty.

" You, Miss Theo, have painted her already as a dark beauty—is it not so ? A swift huntress——"

" Diana with a baby," says the Colonel.

" Who scours the plain with her nymphs, who brings down the game with her unerring bow, who is queen of the forest—and I see by your looks that you think I am madly in love with her ? "

" Well, I suppose she is an interesting creature, Mr. George ? " says Theo, with a blush.

" What think you of a dark beauty, the colour of new mahogany ? with long straight black hair, which was usually dressed with a hair-oil or pomade by no means pleasant to approach, with little eyes,

ornamented with a ring, with rows of glass beads round her tawny throat, her cheeks and forehead gracefully tattooed, a great love of finery, and inordinate passion for—oh ! must I own it ? "

" For coquetry. I know you are going to say that! " says Miss Hetty.

" For whisky, my dear Miss Hester—in which appetite my jailer partook ; so that I have often sat by, on the nights when I was in favour with Monsieur Museau, and seen him and his poor companion hob-and-nobbing together until they could scarce hold the noggin out of which they drank. In these evening entertainments, they would sing, they would dance, they would fondle, they would quarrel, and knock the cans and furniture about; and, when I was in favour, I was admitted to share their society, for Museau, jealous of his dignity, or not willing that his men should witness his behaviour, would allow none of them to be familiar with him.

" Whilst the result of the trapper's mission to my home was yet uncertain, and Museau and myself expected the payment of my ransom, I was treated kindly enough, allowed to crawl about the fort, and even to go into the adjoining fields and gardens, always keeping my parole, and duly returning before gun-fire. And I exercised a piece of hypocrisy, for which, I hope, you will hold me excused. When my leg was sound (the ball came out in the winter, after some pain and inflammation, and the wound healed up presently), I yet chose to walk as if I was disabled and a cripple ; I hobbled on two sticks, and cried Ah ! and Oh ! at every minute, hoping that a day might come when I might treat my limbs to a run.

" Museau was very savage when he began to give up all hopes of the first messenger. He fancied that

the man might have got the ransom-money and fled with it himself. Of course he was prepared to disown any part in the transaction, should my letter be discovered. His treatment of me varied according to his hopes or fears, or even his mood for the time being. He would have me consigned to my quarters for several days at a time ; then invite me to his tipsy supper-table, quarrel with me there and abuse my nation; or again break out into maudlin sentimentalities about his native country of Normandy, where he longed to spend his old age, to buy a field or two, and to die happy.

" ' Eh, Monsieur Museau ! ' says I, ' ten thousand livres of your money would buy a pretty field or two in your native country ? You can have it for the ransom of me, if you will but let me go. In a few months you must be superseded in your command here, and then adieu the crowns and the fields in Normandy ! You had better trust a gentleman and a man of honour. Let me go home, and I give you my word the ten thousand livres shall be paid to any agent you may appoint in France or in Quebec.'

" ' Ah, young traitor ! ' roars he, ' do you wish to tamper with my honour ? Do you believe an officer of France Will take a bribe ? I have a mind to consign thee to my black-hole, and to have thee shot in the morning.'

" ' My poor body will never fetch ten thousand livres,' says I; ' and a pretty field in Normandy with a cottage——'

" ' And an orchard. Ah, *sacre bleu !* ' says Museau, whimpering, ' and a dish of tripe *a la mode du pays !*——'

" This talk happened between us again and again, and Museau would order me to my quarters, and then

ask me to supper the next night, and return to the subject of Normandy, and cider, and *trippes à la mode de Caen*. My friend is dead now——"

"He was hung, I trust?" breaks in Colonel Lambert.

"And I need keep no secret about him. Ladies, I wish I had to offer you the account of a dreadful and tragical escape; how I slew all the sentinels of the fort; filed through the prison windows, destroyed a score or so of watchful dragons, overcame a million of dangers, and finally effected my freedom. But, in regard of that matter, I have no heroic deeds to tell of, and own that, by bribery and no other means, I am where I am."

"But you *would* have fought, Georgy, if need were," says Harry, "and you couldn't conquer a whole garrison, you know!" And herewith Mr. Harry blushed very much.

"See the women, how disappointed they are!" says Lambert. "Mrs. Lambert, you blood-thirsty woman, own that you are baulked of a battle; and look at Hetty, quite angry because Mr. George did not shoot the Commandant."

"You wished he was hung yourself, papa!" cries Miss Hetty, "and I am sure I wish anything my papa wishes."

"Nay, ladies," says George, turning a little red, "to wink at a prisoner's escape was not a very monstrous crime; and to take money? Sure other folks besides Frenchmen have condescended to a bribe before now. Although Monsieur Museau set me free, I am inclined, for my part, to forgive him. Will it please you to hear how that business was done? You see, Miss Hetty, I cannot help being alive to tell it."

" Oh, George !—that is, I mean, Mr. Warrington !—that is, I mean, I beg your pardon ! " cries Hester.

" No pardon, my dear ! I never was angry yet or surprised that any one should like my Harry better than me. He deserves all the liking that any man or woman can give him. See, it is *his* turn to blush now," says George.

" Go on, Georgy, and tell them about the escape out of Duquesne ! " cries Harry ; and he said to Mrs. Lambert afterwards in confidence, " You know he is always going on saying that he ought never to have come to life again, and declaring that I am better than he is. The idea of my being better than George, Mrs. Lambert ! a poor, extravagant fellow like me ! It's absurd ! "

" We continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the Commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The poor Fawn took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them ; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague ; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the Commandant, and such as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands, and to take up further positions in the enemy's—that is, in the British—possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal, and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in batteaux, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command

by an officer of superior rank, who might exchange me, or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practised by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy. The men of the fort were eager for the reinforcements; they would advance into Pennsylvania and New York; they would seize upon Albany and Philadelphia; they would drive the Rosbifs into the sea, and all America should be theirs from the Mississippi to Newfoundland.

"This was all very triumphant: but yet, somehow, the prospect of the French conquest did not add to Mr. Museau's satisfaction.

" 'Eh, Commandant ! ' says I, ' 'tis fort *bien*, but meanwhile your farm in Normandy, the pot of cider, and the *trippes a la mode de Caen*, where are they ? ' "

" 'Yes; 'tis all very well, my garcjon,' says he. 'But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Very few men in the world have my humanity. When there is a great garrison here, will my successors give thee the indulgences which honest Museau has granted thee? Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing. As sure as one of our officers falls into the hands of your brigands of frontier-men, and evil comes to him, so surely wilt thou have to pay with thy skin for his. Thou wilt be given up to our red allies—to the brethren of La Biche yonder. Didst thou see, last year, what they did to thy countrymen whom we took in the action with Braddock? Roasting was the very smallest punishment, *ma foi*—was it not, La Biche? ' "

"And he entered into a variety of jocular descriptions of tortures inflicted, eyes burned out of

their sockets, teeth and nails wrenched out, limbs and bodies gashed——You turn pale, dear Miss Theo! Well, I will have pity, and will spare you the tortures which honest Museau recounted in his pleasant way as likely to befall me.

"La Biche was by no means so affected as you seem to be, ladies, by the recital of these horrors. She had witnessed them in her time. She came from the Senecas, whose villages lie near the great cataract between Ontario and Erie ; her people made war for the English, and against them : they had fought with other tribes ; and, in the battles between us and them, it is difficult to say whether white-skin or red-skin is most savage.

" ' They may chop me into cutlets and broil me, 'tis true, Commandant,' say I coolly. ' But again, I say, you will never have the farm in Normandy.'

" ' Go get the whisky-bottle, La Biche,' says Museau.

" ' And it is not too late, even now. I will give the guide who takes me home a large reward. And again I say I promise, as a man of honour, ten thousand livres to—whom shall I say ? to any one who shall bring me any token—who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather's arms—which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort.'

" ' Ah, *scelerat!*' roars out the Commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. ' Thou hast eyes, thou ! All is good prize in war.'

" ' Think of a house in your village, of a fine field hard by with a half-dozen of cows—or a fine orchard all covered with fruit.'

" ' And Javotte at the door with her wheel, and a rascal of a child or two, with cheeks as red as the apples ! O my country ! O my mother ! ' whimpers

out the Commandant. ' Quick, La Biche, the whisky !'

" All that night the Commandant was deep in thought, and La Biche, too, silent and melancholy. She sat away from us, nursing her child, and whenever my eyes turned towards her I saw hers were fixed on me. The poor little infant began to cry, and was ordered away by Museau, with his usual foul language, to the building which the luckless Biche occupied with her child. When she was gone we both of us spoke our minds freely ; and I put such reasons before monsieur as his cupidity could not resist.

" ' How do you know,' he asked, ' that this hunter will serve you ? '

" ' That is my secret,' says I. But here, if you like, as we are not on honour, I may tell it. When they come into the settlements for their bargains, the hunters often stop a day or two for rest and drink and company, and our new friend loved all these. He played at cards with the men : he set his furs against their liquor : he enjoyed himself at the fort, singing, dancing, and gambling with them. I think I said they liked to listen to my songs, and for want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar scraping : and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus, or dancing to my homely music, until it was interrupted by the drums and the retraite.

" Our guest the hunter was present at one or two of these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs, I said, ' My lads, I will give you an English song,' and to the tune of ' Over the hills and far away,' which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favourite air in Maryborough's camp, I made some doggerel words :—' This long, long year,

a prisoner drear; Ah, me ! I'm tired of lingering here : I'll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away.'

" ' What is it ? ' says the hunter, ' I don't understand.'

" ' 'Tis a girl to her lover,' I answered ; but I saw by the twinkle in the man's eye that he understood me.

" The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, ' Over the hills and far away,' the burden of my yesterday's doggerel.

" ' If you are ready,' says he, ' I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. What! You will not play with me ? ' Here he pulled out some cards, and spoke in French, as two soldiers came up. '*Milor est trop grand seigneur! Bonjour, my lord !* '

" And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away shrugging up his shoulders, to offer to play and drink elsewhere.

" I knew now that the Biche was to be the agent in the affair, and that my offer to Museau was accepted. The poor Fawn performed her part very faithfully and dexterously. I had not need of a word more with Museau ; the matter was understood between us. The Fawn had long been allowed free communication with me. She had tended me during my wound and in my illnesses, helped to do the work of my little chamber, my cooking, and so forth. She was free to go out of the fort, as I have said, and to the river and the fields where the corn and garden-stuff of the little garrison were brought in.

" Having gambled away most of the money which

he received for his peltries, the trapper now got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his leave. And, three days after his departure, the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to make my little trial for freedom.

" When first wounded, I had been taken by my kind Florae and placed on his bed in the officers' room. When the fort was emptied of all officers except the old lieutenant left in command, I had been allowed to remain in my quarters, sometimes being left pretty free, sometimes being locked up and fed on prisoners' rations, sometimes invited to share his mess by my tipsy jailer. This officers' house, or room, was of logs like the half-dozen others within the fort, which mounted only four guns of small calibre, of which one was on the bastion behind my cabin. Looking westward over this gun, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island were some trees.

" ' You see those trees ? ' my poor Biche said to me the day before, in her French jargon. ⁶ He wait for you behind those trees.'

" In the daytime the door of my quarters was open, and the Biche free to come and go. On the day before, she came in from the fields with a pick in her hand and a basketful of vegetables and potherbs for soup. She sat down on a bench at my door, the pick resting against it, and the basket at her side. I stood talking to her for a while : but I believe I was so idiotic that I never should have thought of putting the pick to any use had she not actually pushed it into my open door, so that it fell into my room. ' Hide it,' she said ; ' want it soon.' And that afternoon it was, she pointed out the trees to me.

" On the next day, she comes, pretending to be very angry, and calls out, ' My lord ! my lord ! why you not come to Commandant's dinner ? He very bad ! *Entendez-vous P'* And she peeps into the room, and flings a coil of rope at me.

" ' I am coming, La Biche,' says I, and hobbled after her on my crutch. As I went into the Commandant's quarters she says, ' *Pour ce soir* S And then I knew the time was come.

" As for Museau, he knew nothing about the matter. Not he ! He growled at me, and said the soup was cold. He looked me steadily in the face, and talked of this and that; not only whilst his servant was present, but afterwards when we smoked our pipes and played our game at picquet; whilst, according to her wont, the poor Biche sat cowering in a corner.

" My friend's whisky-bottle was empty ; and he said, with rather a knowing look, he must have another glass—we must both have a glass that night. And, rising from the table, he stumped to the inner-room, where he kept his fire-water under lock and key, and away from the poor Biche, who could not resist that temptation.

" As he turned his back the Biche raised herself ; and he was no sooner gone but she was at my feet, kissing my hand, pressing it to her heart, and bursting into tears over my knees. I confess I was so troubled by this testimony of the poor creature's silent attachment and fondness, the extent of which I scarce had suspected before, that when Museau returned I had not recovered my equanimity, though the poor Fawn was back in her corner again and shrouded in her blanket.

" He did not appear to remark anything strange

in the behaviour of either. We sat down to our game, though my thoughts were so preoccupied that I scarcely knew what cards were before me.

" ' I gain everything from you to-night, milor,⁵ says he grimly. ' We play upon *parole*.'

" ' And you may count upon mine,' I replied.

" ' Eh ! 'tis all that you have ! ' says he.

" ' Monsieur,' says I, ' my word is good for ten 'thousand livres ; ' and we continued our game.

" At last he said he had a headache, and would go to bed, and I understood the orders too, that I was to retire. ' I wish you a good night, *mon petit milor*,' says he—' stay, you will fall without your crutch '—and his eyes twinkled at me, and his face wore a sarcastic grin. In the agitation of the moment I had quite forgotten that I was lame, and was walking away at a pace as good as a grenadier's.

" ' What a villain night ! ' says he, looking out. In fact there was a tempest abroad, and a great roaring, and wind. ' Bring a lanthorn, La Tulipe, and lock my lord comfortably into his quarters ! ' He stood a moment looking at me from his own door, and I saw a glimpse of the poor Biche behind him.

" The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes, and did not disturb me in my work. The log-house was built with upright posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs upon it. I had to dig under these, and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was done, when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun; not without a little

tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

" The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited a while there, looking steadily under the gun, and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a tune. The darkness became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island rising in the waters.

" I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. Oh, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there, ' Over the hills and far away ! ' "

When Mr. George came to this part of his narrative, Miss Theo, who was seated by a harpsichord, turned round and dashed off the tune on the instrument, whilst all the little company broke out into the merry chorus.

" Our way," the speaker went on, " lay through a level tract of forest with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me—Silverheels was the name by which he went—had I ever seen the spot before ? It was the fatal field where Braddock had fallen, and whence I had been wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. Now, the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our autumn."

" Ah, brother ! " cries Harry, seizing his brother's hand, " I was gambling and making a fool of myself at the Wells and in London, when my George was flying for his life in the wilderness ! Oh, what a miserable spendthrift I have been ! "

" But I think thou art not unworthy to be called

thy mother's son," said Mrs. Lambert, very softly, and with moistened eyes. Indeed, if Harry had erred, to mark his repentance, his love, his unselfish joy and generosity, was to feel that there was hope for the humbled and kind young sinner.

"We presently crossed the river," George resumed, "taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghanies; and through a grand forest region of oaks and maple, and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch. It was the Indians whom we had to avoid, besides the outlying parties of French. Always of doubtful loyalty, the savages have been specially against us since our ill-treatment of them, and the French triumph over us two years ago.

"I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced, the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet, and slept in our blankets as best we might. At this time of year, the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples. We came upon more than one such family, camping near their trees by the mountain streams; and they welcomed us at their fires, and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghanies. The last day's march of my trusty guide and myself took us down that wild, magnificent pass of Will's Creek, a valley lying between cliffs near a thousand feet high—bald, white, and broken into towers like huge fortifications, with eagles wheeling round the summits of the rocks, and watching their nests among the crags.

"And hence we descended to Cumberland, whence we had marched in the year before, and where there

was now a considerable garrison of our people. Oh ! you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colours again on the banks of our native Potomac ! "

NEWS FROM CANADA

He was now our family hero. He wrote us brief letters from the seat of war, where he was engaged, Madame Bernstein caring little at first about the letters or the writer, for they were simple, and the facts he narrated not over interesting. We had early learned in London the news of the action on the glorious first of August at Minden, where Wolfe's old regiment was one of the British six which helped to achieve the victory on that famous day. At the same hour, the young general lay in his bed, in sight of Quebec, stricken down by fever, and perhaps rage and disappointment, at the check which his troops had just received.

Arriving in the St. Lawrence in June, the fleet which brought Wolfe and his army, had landed them on the last day of the month on the Island of Orleans, opposite which rises the great cliff of Quebec. After the great action in which his General fell, the dear brother who accompanied the chief, wrote home to me one of his simple letters, describing his modest share in that glorious day, but added nothing to the many descriptions already wrote of the action of the 13th of September, save only I remember he wrote, from the testimony of a brother aide-de-camp who was by his side, that the General never *spoke at all* after receiving his death-wound, so that the phrase which has been put into the mouth of the dying hero may be considered as no more authentic than an oration of Livy or Thucydides.

From his position on the island, which lies in the great channel of the river to the north of the town, the General was ever hungrily on the lookout for a chance to meet and attack his enemy. Above the city and below it he landed—now here and now there ; he was bent upon attacking wherever he saw an opening. 'Twas surely a prodigious fault on the part of the Marquis of Montcalm, to accept a battle from Wolfe on equal terms, for the British General had no artillery, and when we had made our famous scalade of the heights, and were on the plains of Abraham, we were a little nearer the city, certainly, but as far off as ever from being within it.

The game that was played between the brave chiefs of those two gallant little armies, and which lasted from July until Mr. Wolfe won the crowning hazard in September, must have been as interesting a match as ever eager players engaged in. On the very first night after the landing (as my brother has narrated it) the sport began. At midnight the French sent a flaming squadron of fire-ships down upon the British ships which were discharging their stores at Orleans. Our seamen thought it was good sport to tow the fire-ships clear of the fleet, and ground them on the shore, where they burned out.

As soon as the French commander heard that our ships had entered the river, he marched to Beauport in advance of the city and there took up a strong position. When our stores and hospitals were established, our General crossed over from his island to the left shore, and drew nearer to his enemy. He had the ships in the river behind him, but the whole country in face of him was in arms. The Indians in the forest seized our advanced parties as they strove to clear it, and murdered them with horrible tortures.

The French were as savage as their Indian friends. The Montmorenci River rushed between Wolfe and the enemy. He could neither attack these nor the city behind them.

Bent on seeing whether there was no other point at which his foe might be assailable, the General passed round the town of Quebec and skirted the left shore beyond. Everywhere it was guarded, as well as in his immediate front, and having run the gauntlet of the batteries up and down the river, he returned to his post at Montmorenci. On the right of the French position, across the Montmorenci River, which was fordable at low tide, was a redoubt of the enemy. He would have that. Perhaps, to defend it, the French chief would be forced out from his lines, and a battle be brought on. Wolfe determined to play these odds. He would fetch over the body of his army from the Island of Orleans, and attack from the St. Lawrence. He would time his attack so that, at shallow water, his lieutenants, Murray and Townsends, might cross the Montmorenci, and, at the last day of July, he played this desperate game.

He first, and General Monckton, his second in command (setting out from Point Levi, which he occupied), crossed over the St. Lawrence from their respective stations, being received with a storm of shot and artillery as they rowed to the shore. No sooner were the troops landed than they rushed at the French redoubt without order, were shot down before it in great numbers, and were obliged to fall back. At the preconcerted signal the troops on the other side of the Montmorenci advanced across the river in perfect order. The enemy even evacuated the redoubt, and fell back to their lines ; but from these the assailants were received with so severe a fire that

an impression on them was hopeless, and the General had to retreat.

That battle of Montmorenci (which my brother Harry and I have fought again many a time over our wine) formed the dismal burthen of the first despatch from Mr. Wolfe which reached England, and plunged us all in gloom. What more might one expect of a commander so rash? What disasters might one not foretell? Was ever scheme so wild, as to bring three great bodies of men across broad rivers, in the face of murderous batteries, merely on the chance of inducing an enemy, strongly entrenched and guarded, to leave his position and come out and engage us? 'Twas the talk of the town. No wonder grave people shook their heads, and prophesied fresh disaster. The General, who took to his bed after this failure, shuddering with fever, was to live barely six weeks longer, and die immortal! How is it, and by what, and whom, that Greatness is achieved? Is Merit—is Madness the patron? Is it Frolic or Fortune? Is it Fate that awards successes and defeats? Is it the Just Cause that ever wins! How did the French gain Canada from the savage, and we from the French, and after which of the conquests was the right time to sing *Te Deum*? We are always for implicating Heaven in our quarrels, and causing the gods to intervene whatever the *nodus* may be. Does Broughton, after pummeling and beating Slack, lift up a black eye to Jove and thank him for the victory? And if ten thousand boxers are to be so heard, why not one? And if Broughton is to be grateful, what is Slack to be?

"By the list of disabled officers (many of whom are of rank) you may perceive, sir, that the army is much weakened. By the nature of this river the

most formidable part of the armament is deprived of the power of acting, yet we have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures ; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope of a favourable event. The admiral and I have examined the town with a view to a general assault: and he would readily join in this or any other measure for the public service; but I cannot propose to him an undertaking of so dangerous a nature, and promising so little success. . . . I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the public utility. They are of opinion that they should try by conveying up a corps of 4000 or 5000 men (which is nearly the whole strength of the army, after the points of Levi and Orleans are put in a proper state of defence) to draw the enemy from their present position, and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in their proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution."

So wrote the General (of whose noble letters it is clear *our* dear scribe was not the author or secretary) from his headquarters at Montmorenci Tails on the 2nd day of September : and on the 14th of October following, the *Rodney* cutter arrived with the sad news in England. The attack had failed, the chief was sick, the army dwindling, the menaced city so strong that assault was almost impossible ; " the only chance was to fight the Marquis of Montcalm upon terms of less disadvantage than attacking his entrenchments, and, if possible, to draw him from his

present position." Would the French chief, whose great military genius was known in Europe, fall into such a snare ? No wonder there were pale looks in the city at the news, and doubt and gloom wheresoever it was known.

Three days after this first melancholy intelligence, came the famous letters announcing that wonderful consummation of Fortune with which Mr. Wolfe's wonderful career ended. If no man is to be styled happy till his death, what shall we say of this one ? His end was so glorious, that I protest not even his mother nor his mistress ought to have deplored it, or at any rate have wished him alive again, I know it is a hero we speak of ; and yet I vow I scarce know whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius, invention, and daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds. Suppose his ascent discovered a half-hour sooner, and his people, as they would have been assuredly, beaten back ? Suppose the Marquis of Montcalm not to quit his entrenched lines to accept that strange challenge ? Suppose these points—and none of them depend upon Mr. Wolfe at all—and what becomes of the glory of the young hero, of the great minister who discovered him, of the intoxicated nation which rose up frantic with self-gratulation at the victory ? I say, what fate is it that shapes our ends, or those of nations ? In the many hazardous games which my Lord Chatham played, he won this prodigious one. And as the greedy British hand seized the Canadas, it let fall the United States out of its grasp.

To be sure this wisdom *d'apres coup* is easy. We wonder at this man's rashness now the deed is done, and marvel at the other's fault. What generals some of us are upon paper ! what repartees come to our

mind when the talk is finished ! and, the game over, how well we see how it should have been played ! Writing of an event at a distance of thirty years, 'tis not difficult now to criticise and find fault. But at the time when we first heard of Wolfe's glorious deeds upon the plains of Abraham—of that army marshalled in darkness and carried silently up the midnight river—of those rocks scaled by the intrepid leader and his troops—of that miraculous security of the enemy, of his present acceptance of our challenge to battle, and of his defeat on the open plain by the sheer valour of his conqueror—we were all intoxicated in England by the news. The whole nation rose up and felt itself the stronger for Wolfe's victory. Not merely all men engaged in the battle, but those at home who had condemned its rashness, felt themselves heroes. Our spirit rose as that of our enemy faltered. Friends embraced each other when they met. Coffee-houses and public places were thronged with people eager to talk the news. Courtiers rushed to the King and the great minister by whose wisdom the campaign had been decreed. When he showed himself, the people followed him with shouts and blessings. People did not deplore the dead warrior, but admired his *euthanasia*. Should James Wolfe's friends weep and wear mourning, because a chariot had come from the skies to fetch him away ? Let them watch with wonder, and see him departing, radiant; rising above us superior. To have a friend who had been near or about him was to be distinguished. Every soldier who fought with him was a hero. In our fond little circle I know 'twas a distinction to be Harry's brother. We should not in the least wonder but that he, from his previous knowledge of the place, had found the way up the heights which the British army took, and

pointed it out to his General. His promotion would follow as a matter of course. Why, even our Uncle Warrington wrote letters to bless Heaven and congratulate me and himself upon the share Harry had had in the glorious achievement. Our Aunt Beatrix opened her house and received company upon the strength of the victory. I became a hero from the likeness to my brother. As for Parson Sampson, he preached such a sermon that his auditors (some of whom had been warned by his reverence of the coming discourse) were with difficulty restrained from huzzaing the orator, and were mobbed as they left the chapel. "Don't talk to me, madam, about grief," says General Lambert to his wife, who, dear soul, was for allowing herself some small indulgence of her favourite sorrow on the day when Wolfe's remains were gloriously buried at Greenwich. "If our boys could come by such deaths as James's, you know you wouldn't prevent them from being shot, but would scale the Abraham heights to see the thing done ! Wouldst thou mind dying in the arms of victory, Charley ? " he asks of the little hero from the Chartreux. "That I wouldn't," says the little man ; "and the doctor gave us a holiday, too."

Our Harry's promotion was ensured after his share in the famous battle, and our aunt announced her intention of purchasing a company for him.

SCENES FROM THE NEWCOMES

COLONEL NEWCOME AT THE CAVE OF HARMONY

THERE was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century ; when the zest of life was certainly keener ; when tavern wines seemed to be delicious, and tavern dinners the perfection of cookery ; when the perusal of novels was productive of immense delight, and the monthly advent of magazine-day was hailed as an exciting holiday ; when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine-article, was an honour and a privilege ; and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the Park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable, and to the end of life to be perfectly well remembered ; when the women of this world were a thousand times more beautiful than those of the present time ; and the hours of the theatres especially so ravishing and angelic, that to see them was to set the heart in motion, and to see them again was to struggle for half an hour previously at the door of the pit ; when tailors called at a man's lodgings to dazzle him with cards of fancy waistcoats ; when it seemed necessary to purchase a grand silver dressing-case, so as to be ready for the beard which was not yet born (as yearling brides provide lace caps, and work rich clothes, for the expected darling) ; when to ride in the Park on a ten-shilling hack seemed to be the height of fashionable enjoyment, and to splash your college tutor as you were driving down Regent Street in a hired cab the triumph of satire ; when the acme

of pleasure seemed to be to meet Jones of Trinity at the Bedford, and to make an arrangement with him, and with King of Corpus (who was staying at the Colonnade), and Martin of Trinity Hall (who was with his family in Bloomsbury Square) to dine at the Piazza, go to the play and see Braham in "*Fra Diavolo*," and end the frolic evening by partaking of supper and a song at the Cave of Harmony.—It was in the days of my own youth, then, that I met one or *tvftj* of the characters who are to figure in this history, and whom I must ask leave to accompany for a short while, and until, familiarised with the public, they can make their own way. As I recall them the roses bloom again, and the nightingales sing by the calm Bendemeer.

Going to the play, then, and to the pit, as was the fashion in those honest days, with some young fellows of my own age, having listened delighted to the most cheerful and brilliant of operas, and laughed enthusiastically at the farce, we became naturally hungry at twelve o'clock at night, and a desire for welsh-rabbits and good old glee-singing led us to the Cave of Harmony, then kept by the celebrated Hoskins, among whose friends we were proud to count.

We enjoyed such intimacy with Mr. Hoskins that he never failed to greet us with a kind nod ; and John the waiter made room for us near the President of the convivial meeting. We knew the three admirable glee-singers, and many a time they partook of brandy-and-water at our expense. One of us gave his call dinner at Hoskins's, and a merry time we had of it. Where are you, O Hoskins, bird of the night ? Do you warble your songs by Acheron, or troll your choruses by the banks of black Avernus ?

The goes of stout, the "*Chough and Crow*," the

welsh-rabbit, the "Red-Cross Knight," the hot brandy-and-water (the brown the strong!) the "Bloom is on the Rye" (the bloom isn't on the Rye any more!)—the song and the cup, in a word, passed round merrily, and I dare say the songs and bumpers were encored. It happened that there was a very small attendance at the Cave that night, and we were all more sociable and friendly because the company was select. The songs were chiefly of the sentimental class; such ditties were much in vogue at the time of which I speak.

There came into the Cave a gentleman with a lean brown face and long black mustachios, dressed in very loose clothes, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his company; and, calling for sherry and water, he listened to the music, and twirled his mustachios with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me the boy jumped up from the table, bounded across the room, ran to me with his hands out, and blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my school-fellow, whom I had not seen for six years, grown a fine tall young stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?" said I.

He laughed and looked roguish. "My father—that's my father—would come. He's just come back from India. He says all the wits used to come here—Mr. Sheridan, Captain Morris, Colonel Hangar, Professor Porson, I told him your name, and that you used to be very kind to me when I first went to Smithfield. I've left now; I'm to have a private

tutor. I say, I've got such a jolly pony ! It's better fun than old Smiffle."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, pointing to a waiter to follow him with his glass of sherry-and-water, strolled across the room twirling his mustachios, and came up to the table where we sat, making a salutation with his hat in a very stately and polite manner, so that Hoskins himself was, as it were, obliged to bow ; the glee-singers murmured among themselves (their eyes rolling over their glasses towards one another as they sucked brandy-and-water), and that mischievous little wag, little Nadab the Improvisatore (who had just come in), began to mimic him, feeling his imaginary whiskers, after the manner of the stranger, and flapping about his pocket-handkerchief in the most ludicrous manner. Hoskins checked this ribaldry by sternly looking towards Nadab, and at the same time called upon the gents to give their orders, the waiter being in the room, and Mr. Bellew about to sing a song.

Newcome's father came up and held out his hand to me. I dare say I blushed, for I had been comparing him to the admirable Harley in the *Critic*, and had christened him Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

He spoke in a voice exceedingly soft and pleasant, and with a cordiality so simple and sincere, that my laughter shrank away ashamed ; and gave place to a feeling much more respectful and friendly. In youth, you see, one is touched by kindness. A man of the world may, of course, be grateful or not as he chooses.

" I have heard of your kindness, sir," says he, " to my boy. And whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you ? and may I beg you to try my cheroots ? " We were

friends in a minute—young Newcome snuggling by my side, his father opposite, to whom, after a minute or two of conversation, I presented my three college friends.

"You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits," says the Colonel. "Are there any celebrated persons in the room? I have been five-and-thirty years from home, and want to see all that is to be seen."

King of Corpus (who was an incorrigible wag) was on the point of pulling some dreadful long bow, and pointing out a half-dozen of people in the room, as R. and H. and L., etc., the most celebrated wits of that day; but I cut King's shins under the table, and got the fellow to hold his tongue.

"Maxima debetur pueris," says Jones (a fellow of very kind feeling, who has gone into the Church since), and, writing on his card to Hoskins, hinted to him that a boy was in the room, and a gentleman, who was quite a greenhorn: hence that the songs had better be carefully selected.

And so they were. A lady's school might have come in, and, but for the smell of the cigars and brandy-and-water, have taken no harm by what happened. . Why should it not always be so? If there are any Caves of Harmony now, I warrant Messieurs the landlords, their interests would be better consulted by keeping their singers within bounds. The very greatest scamps like pretty songs, and are melted by them: so are honest people. It was worth a guinea to see the simple Colonel, and his delight at the music. He forgot all about the distinguished wits whom he had expected to see in his ravishment over the glees.

"I say, Clive, this is delightful. This is better

than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey ? I shall come here often. Landlord, may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshment ? What are their names ? " (to one of his neighbours). " I was scarcely allowed to hear any singing before I went out—except an oratorio, where I fell asleep ; but this, by George, is as fine as Incledon ! " He became quite excited over his sherry-and-water—" I'm sorry to see you, gentlemen, drinking brandy-pawnee," says he. " It plays the deuce with our young men in India.") He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice. He laughed at " The Derby Ram " so that it did you good to hear him ; and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) the " Old English Gentleman," and described, in measured cadence, the death of that venerable aristocrat, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek, while he held out his hand to Hoskins and said, " Thank you, sir, for that song ; it is an honour to human nature." On which Hoskins began to cry too.

And now young Nadab, having been cautioned, commenced one of those surprising feats of improvisation, with which he used to charm audiences. He took us all off and had rhymes pat about all the principal persons in the room ; King's pins (which he wore very splendid), Martin's red waistcoat, etc. The Colonel was charmed with each feat, and joined delighted with the chorus—*Ritolderolritolderol ritolderolderay (bis)*. And when coming to the Colonel himself, he burst out:

" A military gent I see—and while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me—He came from Hindostan.
And by his side sits laughing free—A youth with curly head,
I think you'll all agree with me—that he was best in bed.
Ritolderol," etc.

The Colonel laughed immensely at this sally, and clapped his son, young Clive, on the shoulder, "Hear what he says of you, sir? Clive, best be off to bed, my boy—ho, ho! No, no. We know a trick worth two of that. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear.' Why should we? Why shouldn't my boy have innocent pleasure? I was allowed none when I was a young chap, and the severity was nearly the ruin of me. I must go and speak with that young man—the most astonishing thing I ever heard in my life. What's his name? Mr. Nadab? Mr. Nadab, sir, you have delighted me. May I make so free as to ask you to come and dine with me to-morrow at six? Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street. I am always proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius, and you are one, or my name is not Newcome!"

"Sir, you do me Hhonour," says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt-collars, "and perhaps the day will come when the world will do me justice—may I put down your hhonoured name for my book of poems?"

"Of course, my dear sir," says the enthusiastic Colonel, "I'll send them all over India. Put me down for six copies, and do me the favour to bring them to-morrow when you come to dinner."

And now Mr. Hoskins asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple Colonel offered to sing himself, at which the room applauded vociferously; whilst methought poor Clive Newcome hung down his head, and blushed as red as a peony. I felt for the young lad, and thought what my own sensations would have been, if, in that place, my own uncle, Major

Pendennis, had suddenly proposed to exert his lyrical powers.

The Colonel selected the ditty of " Wapping Old Stairs " (a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it,) and he sang this quaint and charming old song in an exceedingly pleasant voice, with flourishes and roulades in the old Incledon manner, which has pretty nearly passed away. The singer gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad, and delivered Molly's gentle appeal so pathetically that even the professional gentlemen hummed and buzzed a sincere applause ; and some wags who were inclined to jeer at the beginning of the performance, clinked their glasses and rapped their sticks with quite a respectful enthusiasm. When the song was over, Clive held up his head too ; after the shock of the first verse, looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes ; and we, I need not say, backed our friend, delighted to see him come out of his queer scrape so triumphantly. The Colonel bowed and smiled with very pleasant good nature at our plaudits. It was like Dr. Primrose preaching his sermon in the prison. There was something touching in the *naivete* and kindness of the placid and simple gentleman.

Great Hoskins, placed on high, amidst the tuneful choir, was pleased to signify his approbation, and gave his guest's health in his usual dignified manner. " I am much obliged to you, sir," says Mr. Hoskins ; " the room ought to be much obliged to you : I drink your 'ealth and song, sir " ; and he bowed to the Colonel politely over his glass of brandy-and-water, of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honour. " I have not heard that song," he was kind enough to say, " better performed since Mr. Incledon

sung it. He was a great singer, sir, and I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakespeare, that, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The Colonel blushed in his turn, and turning round to his boy with an arch smile, said, " I learned it from Incledon. I used to slip out from Greyfriars to hear him, Heaven bless me, forty years ago ; and I used to be flogged afterwards, and serve me right too. Lord ! Lord ! how the time passes ! " He drank off his sherry-and-water, and fell back in his chair ; we could see he was thinking about his youth—the golden time—the happy, the bright, the un-forgotten. I was myself nearly two-and-twenty years of age at that period, and felt as old as, ay, older than the Colonel.

Whilst he was singing his ballad, there had walked, or rather reeled, into the room, a gentleman in a military frock-coat and duck trousers of dubious hue, with whose name and person some of my readers are perhaps already acquainted. In fact it was my friend Captain Costigan, in his usual condition at this hour of the night.

Holding on by various tables, the Captain had sidled up without accident to himself or any of the jugs and glasses round about him, to the table where we sat, and had taken his place near the writer, his old acquaintance. He warbled the refrain of the Colonel's song, not inharmoniously ; and saluted its pathetic conclusion with a subdued hiccup, and a plentiful effusion of tears. " Bedad, it is a beautiful song," says he, " and many a time I heard poor Harry Incledon sing it."

" He's a great character," whispered that unlucky King of Corpus to his neighbour the Colonel;

" was a Captain in the army. We call him the General. Captain Costigan, will you take something to drink ? "

" Bedad I will," says the Captain, " and I'll sing ye a song tu."

And, having procured a glass of whisky-and-water from the passing waiter, the poor old man, settling his face into a horrid grin, and leering, as he was wont, when he gave what he called one of his prime songs, began his music.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his *repertoire*, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the Colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree, " Silence! " he roared out.

" Hear, hear ! " cried certain wags at a farther table. " Go on, Costigan ! " said others.

" Go on ! " cried the Colonel, in his high voice, trembling with anger. " Does any gentleman say ' Go on ? ' Does any man who has a wife and sisters, or children at home, say ' Go on ' to such disgusting ribaldry as this ? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the king's commission, and to sit down amongst Christians and men of honour, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash ? "

" Why do you bring young boys here, old boy ? " cries a voice of the malcontents.

" Why ? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen," cried out the indignant Colonel. " Because I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow a man, and an

old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, you hoary old sinner! And for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonour, drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir!—Curse the change!" says the Colonel, facing the amazed waiter. "Keep it till you see me in this place again; which will be never—by George, never!" And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.

Clive seemed rather shamefaced; but I fear the rest of the company looked still more foolish.

CHRISTMAS AT ROSEBURY

WE have known our friend Florae under two aristocratic names, and might now salute him by a third, to which he was entitled, although neither he nor his wife ever chose to assume it. His father was lately dead, and M. Paul de Florae might sign himself Due d'Ivry if he chose, but he was indifferent as to the matter, and his wife's friends indignant at the idea that their kinswoman, after having been a Princess, should descend to the rank of a mere Duchess. So Prince and Princess these good folks remained, being exceptions to that order, inasmuch as their friends could certainly put their trust in them.

On his father's death Florae went to Paris, to settle the affairs of the paternal succession; and, having been for some time absent in his native country, returned to Rosebury for the winter, to resume that sport of which he was a distinguished amateur. He hunted in black during the ensuing season; and,

indeed, henceforth laid aside his splendid attire and his *allures* as a young man. His waist expanded, or was no longer confined by the cestus which had given it a shape. When he laid aside his black, his whiskers, too, went into a sort of half-mourning, and appeared in gray. "I make myself old, my friend," he said, pathetically; "I have no more neither twenty years nor forty." He went to Rosebury Church no more; but, with great order and sobriety, drove every Sunday to the neighbouring Catholic chapel at C—— Castle. We had an ecclesiastic or two to dine with us at Rosebury, one of whom I am inclined to think was Florae's Director.

A reason, perhaps, for Paul's altered demeanour, was the presence of his mother at Rosebury. No politeness or respect could be greater than Paul's towards the Countess. Had she been a sovereign princess, Madame de Florae could not have been treated with more profound courtesy than she now received from her son. I think the humble-minded lady could have dispensed with some of his attentions; but Paul was a personage who demonstrated all his sentiments, and performed his various parts in life with the greatest vigour. As a man of pleasure, for instance, what more active *roue* than he? As a *jeune homme*, who could be younger, and for a longer time? As a country gentleman, or an *homme d'affaires*, he insisted upon dressing each character with the most rigid accuracy, and an exactitude that reminded one somewhat of Bouffe or Ferville, at the play. I wonder whether, when he is quite old, he will think proper to wear a pigtail, like his old father? At any rate, that was a good part which the kind fellow was now acting, of reverence towards his widowed mother, and affectionate respect for her

declining days. He not only felt these amiable sentiments, but he imparted them to his friends freely, as his wont was. He used to weep freely—quite unrestrained by the presence of the domestics, as English sentiment would be—and when Madame de Florae quitted the room after dinner, would squeeze my hand and tell me with streaming eyes, that his mother was an angel. " Her life has been but a long trial, my friend," he would say. " Shall not I, who have caused her to shed so many tears, endeavour to dry some ? " Of course all the friends who liked him best encouraged him in an intention so pious.

The reader has already been made acquainted with this lady by letters of hers, which came into my possession some time after the events which I am at present narrating : my wife, through our kind friend, Colonel Newcome, had also had the honour of an introduction to Madame de Florae at Paris ; and, on coming to Rosebury for the Christmas holidays, I found Laura and the children greatly in favour with the good Countess. She treated her son's wife with a perfect though distant courtesy. She was thankful to Madame de Montcontour for the latter's great goodness to her son. Familiar with but very few persons, she could scarcely be intimate with her homely daughter-in-law. Madame de Montcontour stood in the greatest awe of her ; and, to do that good lady justice, admired and revered Paul's mother with all her simple heart. In truth, I think almost every one had a certain awe of Madame de Florae, except children, who came to her trustingly, and, as it were, by instinct. The habitual melancholy of her eyes vanished as they lighted upon young faces and infantile smiles. A sweet love beamed out of her countenance : an angelic smile shone over her face,

as she bent towards them and caressed them. Her demeanour, then, nay, her looks and ways at other times—a certain gracious sadness, a sympathy with all grief, and pity for all pain ; a gentle heart, yearning towards all children; and, for her own especially, feeling a love that was almost an anguish; in the affairs of the common world only a dignified acquiescence, as if her place was not in it, and her thoughts were in her Home elsewhere ; these qualities, which we had seen exemplified in another life, Laura and her husband watched in Madame de Florae, and we loved her because she was like our mother. I see in such women the good and pure, the patient and faithful, the tried and meek, the followers of Him whose earthly life was divinely sad and tender.

But, good as she was to us and to all, Ethel Newcome was the French lady's greatest favourite. A bond of extreme tenderness and affection united these two. The elder friend made constant visits to the younger at Newcome; and when Miss Newcome, as she frequently did, came to Rosebury, we used to see that they preferred to be alone ; divining and respecting the sympathy which brought those two faithful hearts together. I can imagine now the two tall forms slowly pacing the garden walks, or turning, as they lighted on the young ones in their play. What was their talk ? I never asked it. Perhaps Ethel never said what was in her heart, though, be sure, the other knew it. Though the grief of those they love is untold, women hear it; as they soothe it with unspoken consolations. To see the elder lady embrace her friend as they parted, was something holy—a sort of saint-like salutation.

Consulting the persons from whom I had no secrets,

we had thought best at first not to mention to our friends the place and position in which we had found our dear Colonel; at least to wait for a fitting opportunity on which we might break the news to those who held him in such affection. I told how Clive was hard at work, and hoped the best for him. Good-natured Madame de Montcontour was easily satisfied with my replies to her questions concerning our friend. Ethel only asked, if he and her uncle were well, and once or twice made inquiries respecting Rosey and her child. And now it was that my wife told me, what I need no longer keep secret, of Ethel's extreme anxiety to serve her distressed relatives, and how she, Laura, had already acted as Miss Newcome's almoner in furnishing and hiring those apartments which Ethel believed were occupied by Clive and his father, and wife and child. And my wife further informed me, with what deep grief Ethel had heard of her uncle's misfortune, and how, but that she feared to offend his pride, she longed to give him assistance. She had even ventured to offer to send him pecuniary help ; but the Colonel (who never mentioned the circumstance to me or any other of his friends), in a kind but very cold letter, had declined to be beholden to his niece for help.

So I may have remained some days at Rosebury, and the real position of the two Newcomes was unknown to our friends there. Christmas Eve was come, and, according to a long-standing promise, Ethel Newcome and her two children had arrived from the Park, which dreary mansion, since his double defeat, Sir Barnes scarcely ever visited. Christmas was come, and Rosebury Hall was decorated with holly. Florae did his best to welcome his friends, and strove to make the meeting gay, though in truth

it was rather melancholy. The children, however, were happy : they had pleasure enough, in the school festival, in the distribution of cloaks and blankets to the poor, and in Madame de Montcontour's gardens, delightful and beautiful though winter was there.

It was only a family meeting, Madame de Florae's widowhood not permitting her presence in large companies. Paul sate at his table between his mother and Mrs. Pendennis ; Mr. Pendennis opposite to him with Ethel and Madame de Montcontour on each side. The four children were placed between these personages, on whom Madame de Florae looked with her tender glances, and to whose little wants the kindest of hosts ministered with uncommon good-nature and affection. He was very soft-hearted about children. "*Pourquoi n'en avons-nous pas, Jeanne ? He! pourquoi n'en avons nous pas ?*" he said, addressing his wife by her Christian name. The poor little lady looked kindly at her husband, and then gave a sigh, and turned and heaped cake upon the plate of the child next to her. No mamma or Aunt Ethel could interpose. It was a very light wholesome cake. Brown made it on purpose for the children, " the little darlings ! " cries the Princess.

The children were very happy at being allowed to sit up so late to dinner, at all the kindly amusements of the day, at the holly and mistletoe clustering round the lamps—the mistletoe, under which the gallant Florae, skilled in all British usages, vowed he would have his privilege. But the mistletoe was clustered round the lamp, the lamp was over the centre of the great round table—the innocent gratification which he proposed to himself was denied to M. Paul,

In the greatest excitement and good-humour, our host at the dessert made us *des speech*. He carried a

toast to the charming Ethel, another to the charming Mistress Laura, another to his good fren', his brave fren', his 'appy fren' Pendennis—'appy as possessor of such a wife, 'appy as writer of works destined to the immortality, etc., etc. The little children round about clapped their happy little hands, and laughed and crowed in chorus. And now the nursery and its guardians were about to retreat when Florae said he had yet a speech, yet a toast—and he bade the butler pour wine into every one's glass—yet a toast—and he carried it to the health of our dear friends, of Clive and his father—the good, the brave Colonel! " We who are happy," says he, " shall we not think of those who are good ? We who love each other, shall we not remember those whom we all love ! " He spoke with very great tenderness and feeling. " *Ma bonne mere*, thou too shalt drink this toast ! " he said, taking his mother's hand, and kissing it. She returned his caress gently, and tasted the wine with her pale lips. Ethel's head bent in silence over her glass ; and, as for Laura, need I say what happened to her ? When the ladies went away my heart was opened to my friend Florae, and I told him where and how I had left my dear Clive's father.

The Frenchman's emotion on hearing this tale was such that I have loved him ever since. Clive in want ! Why had he not sent to his friend ? Grands Dieux ! Clive who had helped him in his greatest distress. Clive's father, *ce preuoc chevalier, ce parfait gentil-homme!* In a hundred rapid exclamations Florae exhibited his sympathy, asking of Fate, why such men as he and I were sitting surrounded by splendours—before golden vases—crowned with flowers—with valets to kiss our feet—(these were merely figures of speech in which Paul expressed his prosperity)—

whilst our friend the Colonel, so much better than we, spent his last days in poverty, and alone.

I liked Florae none the less, I own, because that one of the conditions of the Colonel's present life, which appeared the hardest to most people, affected Florae but little. To be a Pensioner of an Ancient Institution? Why not? Might not any officer retire without shame to the Invalides at the close of his campaigns, and had not Fortune conquered our old friend, and age and disaster overcome him? It never once entered Thomas Newcome's head, nor Clive's, nor Florae's, nor his mother's, that the Colonel demeaned himself at all by accepting that bounty; and I recollect Warrington sharing our sentiment and trowling out those noble lines of the old poet:

His golden locks time hath to silver turned ;
 O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain ; youth wanoth by increasing.
 Boauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen.
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms ;
 A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms.

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These, I say, respected our friend, whatever was the coat he wore : whereas, among the Colonel's own kinsfolk, dire was the dismay, and indignation even, which they expressed, when they came to hear of this, what they were pleased to call degradation to their family. Clive's dear mother-in-law made outcries over the good old man as over a pauper, and inquired of Heaven, what she had done that her blessed child should have a mendicant for a father? And Mrs. Hobson, in subsequent confidential communication

with the writer of these memoirs, improved the occasion religiously as her wont was ; referred the matter to Heaven too, and thought fit to assume that the celestial powers had decreed this *humiliation*, this *dreadful trial* for the Newcome family, as a warning to them all that they should not be too much puffed up with prosperity, nor set their affections too much upon things of this earth. Had they not already received *one* chastisement in Barnes's punishment, and Lady Clara's awful falling away ? They had taught *her* a lesson which the Colonel's *lamentable errors* had *confirmed*—the vanity of trusting in all earthly grandeurs ! Thus it was this worthy woman plumed herself, as it were, on her relative's misfortunes ; and was pleased to think the latter were designed for the special warning and advantage of her private family. But Mrs. Hobsoii's philosophy is only mentioned by the way. Our story, which is drawing to its close, has to busy itself with other members of the house of The Newcomes.

My talk with Florae lasted for some time : at its close, when we went to join the ladies in the drawing-room we found Ethel cloaked and shawled, and prepared for her departure with her young ones, who were already asleep. The little festival was over, and had ended in melancholy—even in weeping. Our hostess sate in her accustomed seat by her lamp and her work-table ; but, neglecting her needle, she was having perpetual recourse to her pocket-handkerchief, and uttering ejaculations of pity between the intervals of her gushes of tears. Madame de Florae was in her usual place, her head cast downwards, and her hands folded. My wife was at her side, a grave commiseration showing itself in Laura's countenance whilst I read a yet deeper sadness in Ethel's pale face.

Miss Neweome's carriage had been announced : the attendants had already carried the young ones asleep to the vehicle ; and she was in the act of taking leave. We looked round at this disturbed party, guessing very likely what the subject of their talk had been, to which, however, Miss Ethel did not allude ; but, announcing that she had intended to depart without disturbing the two gentlemen, she bade us farewell and good-night. " I wish I could say merry Christmas," she added gravely, " but none of us, I fear, can hope for that." It was evident that Laura had told the last chapter of the Colonel's story.

Madame de Florae rose up and embraced Miss Newcome ; and, that farewell over, she sank back on the sofa exhausted, and with such an expression of affliction in her countenance, that my wife ran eagerly towards her. " It is nothing, my dear," she said, giving a cold hand to the younger lady, and sate silent for a few moments, during which we heard Florae's voice without, crying Adieu ! and the wheels of Miss Neweome's carriage as it drove away.

Our host entered a moment afterwards ; and remarking, as Laura had done, his mother's pallor and look of anguish, went up and spoke to her with the utmost tenderness and anxiety.

She gave her hand to her son, and a faint blush rose up out of the past as it were, and trembled upon her wan cheek. " He was the first friend I ever had in the world, Paul," she said ; " the first and the best. He shall not want ; shall he, my son ? "

No signs of that emotion in which her daughter-in-law had been indulging were as yet visible in Madame de Florae's eyes ; but, as she spoke, holding her son's hand in hers, the tears at length overflowed ; and, with a sob, her head fell forwards. The

impetuous Frenchman flung himself on his knees before his mother, uttered a hundred words of love and respect for her, and with tears and sobs of his own called God to witness that their friend should never want. And so this mother and son embraced each other, and clung together in a sacred union of love, before which, we, who had been admitted as spectators of that scene, stood hushed and respectful.

That night Laura told me how, when the ladies left us, their talk had been entirely about the Colonel and Clive. Madame de Florae had spoken especially, and much more freely than was her wont. She had told many reminiscences of Thomas Newcome and his early days ; how her father taught him mathematics when they were quite poor, and living in their dear little cottage at Blackheath ; how handsome he was then, with bright eyes, and long black hair flowing over his shoulders ; how military glory was his boyish passion, and he was for ever talking of India, and the famous deeds of Clive and Lawrence. His favourite book was a history of India—the history of Orme. " He read it, and I read it also, my daughter," the French lady said, turning to Ethel ; " ah ! I may say so after so many years."

Ethel remembered the book as belonging to her grandmother, and now in the library at Newcome. Doubtless the same sympathy which caused me to speak about Thomas Newcome that evening, impelled my wife likewise. She told her friends, as I had told Florae, all the Colonel's story ; and it was while these good women were under the impression of the melancholy history, that Florae and his guest found them.

Retired to our rooms, Laura and I talked on the same subject until the clock tolled Christmas, and the

neighbouring church bells rang out a jubilation. And, looking out into the quiet night, where the stars were keenly shining, we committed ourselves to rest with humbled hearts ; praying, for all those we loved, a blessing of peace and goodwill.

On the ensuing Christmas morning I chanced to rise betimes, and entering my dressing-room, opened the windows and looked out on the soft landscape, over which mists were still lying ; whilst the serene sky above, and the lawns and leafless woods in the foreground near, were still pink with sunrise. The gray had not even left the west yet, and I could see a star or two twinkling there, to vanish with that twilight.

As I looked out, I saw the not very distant lodge-gate open after a brief parley, and a lady on horse-back, followed by a servant, rode rapidly up to the house.

This early visitor was no other than Miss Ethel Newcome. The young lady espied me immediately, " Come down; come down to me this moment, Mr. Pendennis," she cried out. I hastened down to» her, supposing rightly that news of importance had brought her to Rosebury so early.

The news were of importance indeed. " Look here ! " she said, " read this " ; and she took a paper from the pocket of her habit. " When I went home last night, after Madame de Florae had been talking to us about Orme's *India*, I took the volumes from the bookcase, and found this paper. It is in my grandmother's—Mrs. Newcome's—handwriting ; I know it quite well; it is dated on the very day of her death. She had been writing and reading in her study on that very night: I have often heard papa speak of the circumstance. Look and read. You are a lawyer, Mr. Pendennis : tell me about this paper."

I seized it eagerly, and cast my eyes over it; but having read it, my countenance fell.

" My dear Miss Newcome, it is not worth a penny," I was obliged to own.

" Yes it is, sir, to honest people ! " she cried out. " My brother and uncle will respect it as Mrs. Newcome's dying wish. They *must* respect it."

The paper in question was a letter in ink that had grown yellow from time, and was addressed by the late Mrs. Newcome, to " my dear Mr. Luce."

" That was her solicitor; my solicitor still," interposes Miss Ethel.

"The Hermitage, March 14, 182-.

" MY DEAR MR. LUCE " (the defunct lady wrote).

" My late husband's grandson has been staying with me lately, and is a most pleasing, handsome, and engaging little boy. He bears a strong likeness to his grandfather, I think ; and though he has no claims upon *me*, and I know is sufficiently provided for by his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, C.B., of the East India Company's Service, I am sure my late dear husband will be pleased that I should leave to his grandson, Clive Newcome, a token of *peace and goodwill*; and I can do so with the more readiness, as it has pleased Heaven greatly to increase my means since my husband was called away hence.

" I desire to bequeath a sum equal to that which Mr. Newcome willed to my eldest son, Brian Newcome, Esq., to Mr. Newcome's grandson, Clive Newcome; and furthermore, that a token of my esteem and affection, a ring, or a piece of plate, of the value of £100, be given to Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Newcome, my stepson, whose excellent conduct *for many*

years, and whose repeated acts of gallantry in the service of his sovereign, have long obliterated the just feelings of displeasure with which I could not but view his early *disobedience and misbehaviour*, before he quitted England against my will, and entered the military service.

" I beg you to prepare immediately a codicil to my will, providing for the above bequests ; and desire that the amount of these legacies should be taken from the property bequeathed to my eldest son. You will be so good as to prepare the necessary document, and bring it with you when you come on Saturday, to

" Yours very truly,

" SOPHIA ALETHEA NEWCOME.

" Tuesday night."

I gave back the paper with a sigh to the finder. " It is but a wish of Mrs. Newcome, my dear Miss Ethel," I said. " Pardon me, if I say, I think I know your elder brother too well to suppose that he will fulfil it."

" He *will* fulfil it, sir, I am sure he will," Miss Newcome said in a haughty manner. " He would do as much without being asked, I am certain he would, did he know the depth of my dear uncle's misfortune. Barnes is in London now, and——"

" And you will write to him ? I know what the answer will be."

" I will go to him this very day, Mr. Peridennis! I will go to my dear, dear uncle. I cannot bear to think of him in that place," cried the young lady, the tears starting into her honest eyes. " It was the will of Heaven. Oh, God be thanked for it ! Had we found my grandmamma's letter earlier, Barnes would have paid the legacy immediately, and the money

would have gone in that dreadful bankruptcy. I will go to Barnes to-day. Will you come with me? Won't you come to your old friends? We may be at his—at Clive's house this evening: and oh, praise be to God! there need be no more want in his family."

"My dear friend, I will go with you round the world on such an errand," I said, kissing her hand. How beautiful she looked! the generous colour rose in her face, her voice thrilled with happiness. The music of Christmas church bells leaped up at this moment with joyful gratulations; the face of the old house, before which we stood talking, shone out in the morning sun.

"You will come? thank you! I must run and tell Madame de Florae," cried the happy young lady, and we entered the house together. "How came you to be kissing Ethel's hand, sir; and what is the meaning of this early visit?" asks Mrs. Laura, as soon as I had returned to my own apartments.

"Martha, get me a carpet bag! I am going to London in an hour," cries Mr. Pendennis. If I had kissed Ethel's hand just now, delighted at the news which she brought to me, was not one a thousand times dearer to me, as happy as her friend? I know who prayed with a thankful heart that day as we sped, in the almost solitary train, towards London.

COLONEL NEWCOME AT GREY FRIARS

Mention has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars school—where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by

Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy, carved allegories. There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time ; an old Hall ? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which, we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it: and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects ; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration : after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon ; after which we adjourn to a great dinner where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches ; the chapel is lighted and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever

so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted ; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service-time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder ?—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codd, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder ? or Codd Soldier ? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them ? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them ! How beautiful and decorous the rite ; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen ! under those arches ! The service for Founder's Day is a special one ; one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear :

23. The stops of a good man are ordered by the Lord : and he delighteth in his way.

24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down : for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

25. I have been young, and now am old : yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners ; and amongst them—amongst them—sate Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book ; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His Order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there among the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree : to this Aims-House ! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end ! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor ? Oh, pardon, you noble soul ! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good ! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear, old friend ! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. " I have found a home, Arthur," said he. " Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Grey Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room ?—a poor brother like me—an old Peninsular man ; Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest ; and

I thought then, when we saw him—here would be a place for an old fellow when his career was over, to hang his sword up ; to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend, Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends ; blessed be God ! my dear kind young friend—my boy's friend ; you have always been so, sir ; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long." He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building towards his room, which in truth I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the hearth ; a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantelpiece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.

" You may come and see me here, sir, whenever you like, and so may your dear wife and little ones, tell Laura, with my love ; but you must not stay now. You must go back to your dinner." In vain I pleaded that I had no stomach for it. He gave me a look, which seemed to say he desired to be alone, and I had to respect that order and leave him.

Of course I came to him on the very next day : though not with my wife and children, who were in truth absent in the country at Rosebury, where they were to pass the Christmas holidays ; and where, this school-dinner over, I was to join them. On my second visit to Grey Friars my good friend entered more at length into the reasons why he had assumed the Poor Brother's gown : and I cannot say but that I acquiesced in his reasons, and admired that noble

humility and contentedness of which he gave me an example.

"That which had caused him most grief and pain," he said, "in the issue of that unfortunate bank, was the thought that poor friends of his had been induced by his representations to invest their little capital in that speculation. Good Miss Honeyman, for instance, meaning no harm, and in all respects a most honest and kindly-disposed old lady, had nevertheless alluded more than once to the fact that her money had been thrown away; and these allusions, sir, made her hospitality somewhat hard to bear," said the Colonel. "At home—at poor Clivy's, I mean—it was even worse," he continued; "Mrs. Mackenzie, for months past, by her complaints, and—and her conduct, has made my son and me so miserable—that flight before her, and into any refuge, was the best course. She, too, does not mean ill, Pen. Do not waste any of your oaths upon that poor woman," he added, holding up his finger, and smiling sadly. "She thinks I deceived her, though Heaven knows it was myself I deceived. She has great influence over Rosey. Very few persons can resist that violent and headstrong woman, sir. I could not bear her reproaches, or my poor sick daughter, whom her mother leads almost entirely now; and, it was with all this grief on my mind, that, as I was walking one day upon Brighton cliff, I met my schoolfellow, my Lord H., who has ever been a good friend of mine, and who told me that he had just been appointed a governor of Grey Friars. He asked me to dine with him on the next day, and would take no refusal. He knew of my pecuniary misfortunes, of course, and showed himself most noble and liberal in his offers of help. I was very much touched by his goodness,

Pen—and made a clean breast of it to his lordship : who at first would not hear of my coming to this place—and offered me out of the purse of an old brother-schoolfellow and an old brother-soldier as much—as much as should last me my time. Wasn't it noble of him, Arthur ? God bless him ! There are good men in the world, sir, there are true friends, as I have found, in these later days. Do you know, sir," here the old man's eyes twinkled, " that Fred Bayham fixed up that bookcase yonder—and brought me my little boy's picture to hang up ? Boy and Clive will come and see me soon."

" Do you mean they do not come ? " I cried.

" They don't know I am here, sir," said the Colonel, with a sweet, kind smile. " They think I am visiting his lordship in Scotland. Ah ! they are good people ! When we had had our talk downstairs over our bottle of claret—where my old commander-in-chief would not hear of my plan—we went upstairs to her ladyship, who saw that her husband was disturbed, and asked the reason. I dare say it was the good claret that made me speak, sir ; for I told her that I and her husband had had a dispute, and that I would take her ladyship for umpire. And then I told her the story over, that I had paid away every rupee to the creditors, and mortgaged my pensions and retiring allowances for the same end, that I was a burden upon Clivy, who had work enough, poor boy, to keep his own family and his wife's mother, whom my imprudence had impoverished—that here was an honourable asylum which my friend could procure for me, and was not that better than to drain his purse ? She was very much moved, sir—she is a very kind lady, though she passed for being very proud and haughty in India—so wrongly are people

judged. And Lord H. said, in his rough way, ' that, by Jove, if Tom Newcome took a thing into his obstinate old head no one could drive it out.' And so," said the Colonel, with his sad smile, " I *had* my own way. Lady H. was good enough to come and see me the very next day—and do you know, Pen, she invited me to go and live with them for the rest of my life—made me the most generous, the most delicate offers. But I knew I was right, and held my own. I am too old to work, Arthur : and better here, whilst I am to stay, than elsewhere. Look ! all this furniture came from H. House—and that wardrobe is full of linen, which she sent me. She has been twice to see me, and every officer in this hospital is as courteous to me as if I had my fine house."

I thought of the psalm we had heard on the previous evening, and turned to it in the opened Bible, and pointed to the verse, " Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down : for the Lord upholdeth him." Thomas Newcome, seeing my occupation, laid a kind, trembling hand on my shoulder ; and then, putting on his glasses, with a smile, bent over the volume. And who that saw him then, and knew him and loved him as I did—who would not have humbled his own heart, and breathed his inward prayer, confessing and adoring the Divine Will, which ordains these trials, these triumphs, these humiliations, these blest griefs, this crowning Love ?

I had the happiness of bringing Clive and his little boy to Thomas Newcome that evening; and heard the child's cry of recognition and surprise, and the old man calling the boy's name, as I closed the door upon that meeting ; and by the night's mail I went down to Newcome, to the friends with whom my own family was already staying.

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days, the fever which had attacked him left him, but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious ; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the house hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr. Goodenough, came to him ; he hoped too : but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sate when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame de Florae, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside ; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was ; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bedclothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend

by his archness and merry ways ; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him " Codd Colonel." " Tell little F——that Codd Colonel wants to see him ! " and the little gown-boy was brought to him ; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours ; and hear all about his lessons and his play ; and prattle almost as childishly about Dr. Raine, and his own early schooldays. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him ; sent him in books and papers to amuse him ; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy ; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So, weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly ; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florae, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again—a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of L[^]onore ; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady ; anon he wandered in his talk, and

spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and goodwill dwelt in it.

Rosey's death had seemed to shock him for a while when the unconscious little boy spoke of it. Before that circumstance, Clive had even forbore to wear mourning, lest the news should agitate his father. The Colonel remained silent, and was very much disturbed all that day, but he never appeared to comprehend the fact quite; and, once or twice afterwards, asked why she did not come to see him? She was prevented, he supposed—she was prevented, he said, with a look of terror: he never once otherwise alluded to that unlucky tyrant of his household, who had made his last years so unhappy.

The circumstance of Clive's legacy he never understood: but more than once spoke of Barnes to Ethel, and sent his compliments to him, and said he should like to shake him by the hand. Barnes Newcome never once offered to touch that honoured hand, though his sister bore her uncle's message to him. They came often from Bryanstone Square; Mrs. Hobson even offered to sit with the Colonel, and read to him, and brought him books for his improvement. But her presence disturbed him; he cared not for her books; the two nurses whom he loved faithfully watched him; and my wife and I were admitted to him sometimes, both of whom he honoured with regard and recognition. As for F. B., in order to be near his Colonel, did not that good fellow take up his lodging in Cistercian Lane, at the Red Cow? He is one whose errors, let us hope, shall be pardoned, *quia multum amavit*. I am sure he felt ten times more joy at hearing of Clive's legacy, than if thousands had

been bequeathed to himself. May good health and good fortune speed him !

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sate by the bed with a very awe-stricken face ; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game ; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited ; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand ; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. I, *curre*, little white-haired gown-boy ! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, " *Toujours, toujours !* " But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the latter came to us who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florae was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florae started up. " He is very bad, he wanders a

great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. " He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florae, who was still kneeling; " and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while ; then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly, " Take care of him when I'm in India " ; and then with a heart-rending voice he called out " Leonore, Leonore ! " She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said " Adsum ! " and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called ; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

SCENES FROM HENRY ESMOND

I MAKE THE CAMPAIGN OF 1704

MR. ESMOND rode up to London then, where, if the Dowager had been angry at the abrupt leave of absence he took, she was mightily pleased at his speedy return.

He went immediately and paid his court to his new general, General Lumley, who received him graciously, having known his father, and also, he was pleased to say, having had the very best accounts of Mr. Esmond from the officer whose aide-de-camp he had been at Vigo. During this winter Mr. Esmond was gazetted to a lieutenancy in Brigadier Webb's regiment of Fusileers, then with their colonel in Flanders ; but being now attached to the suite of Mr. Lumley, Esmond did not join his own regiment until more than a year afterwards, and after his return from the campaign of Blenheim, which was fought the next year. The campaign began very early, our troops marching out of their quarters before the winter was almost over, and investing the city of Bonn, on the Rhine, under the Duke's command. His Grace joined the army in deep grief of mind, with crape on his sleeve, and his household in mourning ; and the very same packet which brought the Commander-in-Chief over, brought letters to the forces which preceded him, and one from his dear mistress to Esmond, which interested him not a little.

The young Marquis of Blandford, his Grace's son, who had been entered in King's College in Cambridge (whither my Lord Viscount had also gone, to Trinity, with Mr. Tusher as his governor), had been seized

with smallpox, and was dead at sixteen years of age, and so poor Frank's schemes for his sister's advancement were over, and that innocent childish passion nipped in the birth.

Esmond's mistress would have had him return, at least her letters hinted as much ; but in the presence of the enemy this was impossible, and our young man took his humble share in the siege, which need not be described here, and had the good luck to escape without a wound of any sort, and to drink his general's health after the surrender. He was in constant military duty this year, and did not think of asking for a leave of absence, as one or two of his less fortunate friends did, who were cast away in that tremendous storm which happened towards the close of November, that " which of late o'er pale Britannia past " (as Mr. Addison sang of it), and in which scores of our greatest ships and 15,000 of our seamen went down.

They said that our Duke was quite heart-broken by the calamity which had befallen his family ; but his enemies found that he could subdue them, as well as master his grief. Successful as had been this great General's operations in the past year, they were far enhanced by the splendour of his victory in the ensuing campaign. His Grace the Captain-General went to England after Bonn, and our army fell back into Holland, where, in April 1704, his Grace again found the troops, embarking from Harwich and landing at Maesland Sluys : thence his Grace came immediately to the Hague, where he received the foreign ministers, general officers, and other people of quality. The greatest honours were paid to his Grace everywhere—at the Hague, Utrecht, Ruremonde, and Maestricht; the civil authorities coming to meet his

coaches ; salvos of cannon saluting him, canopies of state being erected for him where he stopped, and feasts prepared for the numerous gentlemen following in his suite. His Grace reviewed the troops of the States-General between Liege and Maestricht, and afterwards the English forces, under the command of General Churchill, near Bois-le-Duc. Every preparation was made for a long march ; and the army heard, with no small elation, that it was the Commander-in-Chief's intention to carry the war out of the Low Countries, and to march on the Mozelle. Before leaving our camp at Maestricht, we heard that the French, under the Marshal Villeroy, were also bound towards the Mozelle.

Towards the end of May, the army reached Coblentz ; and next day, his Grace, and the generals accompanying him, went to visit the Elector of Treves at his Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, the horse and dragoons passing the Rhine whilst the Duke was entertained at a grand feast by the Elector. All as yet was novelty, festivity, and splendour—a brilliant march of a great and glorious army through a friendly country, and sure through some of the most beautiful scenes of nature which I ever witnessed.

The foot and artillery, following after the horse as quick as possible, crossed the Rhine under Ehrenbreitstein, and so to Castel, over against Mayntz, in which city his Grace, his generals, and his retinue were received at the landing-place by the Elector's coaches, carried to his Highness's palace amidst the thunder of cannon, and then once more magnificently entertained. Gidlingen, in Bavaria, was appointed as the general rendezvous of the army, and thither, by different routes, the whole forces of English, Dutch, Danes, and German auxiliaries took their way. The

foot and artillery under General Churchill passed the Neckar, at Heidelberg ; and Esmond had an opportunity of seeing the city and palace, once so famous and beautiful (though shattered and battered by the French, under Tureiine, in the late war), where his grandsire had served the beautiful and unfortunate Electress-Palatine, the first King Charles's sister.

At Mindelsheim, the famous Prince of Savoy came to visit our commander, all of us crowding eagerly to get a sight of that brilliant and intrepid warrior ; and our troops were drawn up in battalia before the Prince, who was pleased to express his admiration of this noble English army. At length we came in sight of the enemy between Dillingen and Lawingen, the Brentz lying between the two armies. The Elector, judging that Donauwort would be the point of his Grace's attack, sent a strong detachment of his best troops to Count Darcos, who was posted at Schellenberg, near that place, where great intrenchments were thrown up, and thousands of pioneers employed to strengthen the position.

On the 2nd of July his Grace stormed the post, with what success on our part need scarce be told. His Grace advanced with six thousand foot, English and Dutch, thirty squadrons, and three regiments of Imperial Cuirassiers, the Duke crossing the river at the head of the cavalry. Although our troops made the attack with unparalleled courage and fury—rushing up to the very guns of the enemy, and being slaughtered before their works—we were driven back many times, and should not have carried them, but that the Imperialists came up under the Prince of Baden, when the enemy could make no head against us : we pursued him into the trenches, making a terrible slaughter there, and into the very Danube,

where a great part of his troops, following the example of their generals, Count Darcos and the Elector himself, tried to save themselves by swimming. Our army entered Donauwort, which the Bavarians evacuated ; and where 'twas said the Elector purposed to have given us a warm reception, by burning us in our beds ; the cellars of the houses, when we took possession of them, being found stuffed with straw. But though the links were there, the link-boys had run away. The townsmen saved their houses, and our General took possession of the enemy's ammunition in the arsenals, his stores, and magazines. Five days afterwards a great " Te Deum " was sung in Prince Lewis's army, and a solemn day of thanksgiving held in our own ; the Prince of Savoy's compliments coming to his Grace the Captain-General during the day's religious ceremony, and concluding, as it were, with an Amen.

And now, having seen a great military march through a friendly country ; the poms and festivities of more than one German court; the severe struggle of a hotly contested battle, and the triumph of victory, Mr. Esmond beheld another part of military duty : our troops entering the enemy's territory, and putting all around them to fire and sword; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the stately Muse of History, that delights in describing the valour of heroes and the grandeur of conquest, leave out these scenes, so brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war ? You, gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and compliment yourselves in the songs of triumph with which our chieftains are

bepraised—you, pretty maidens, that come tumbling down the stairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzzah for the British Grenadiers—do you take account that these items go to make up the amount of the triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle? Our chief, whorfi England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court or a cottage table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round about him;—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts *it*. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest

deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three-farthings; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch: be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand (or stab you whenever he saw occasion).—But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all: and as he rode along the lines to battle or galloped up

in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

After the great victory of Blenheim the enthusiasm of the army for the Duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage—nay, the very officers who cursed him in their hearts were among the most frantic to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor? Not he who writes: a man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher; but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.

The French right was posted near to the village of Blenheim, on the Danube, where the Marshal Tallard's quarters were; their line extending through, it may be a league and a half, before Lutzingen, and up to a woody hill, round the base of which, and acting against the Prince of Savoy, were forty of his squadrons.

Here was a village that the Frenchmen had burned, the wood being, in fact, a better shelter and easier of guard than any village.

Before these two villages and the French lines ran a little stream, not more than two foot broad, through a marsh (that was mostly dried up from the heats of the weather), and this stream was the only separation between the two armies—ours coming up and ranging themselves in line of battle before the French, at six o'clock in the morning; so that our line was quite visible to theirs; and the whole of this great plain was black and swarming with troops for hours before the cannonading began.

On one side and the other this cannonading lasted many hours. The French guns being in position in front of their line, and doing severe damage among our horse especially, and on our right wing of Imperialists under the Prince of Savoy, who could neither advance his artillery nor his lines, the ground before him being cut up by ditches, morasses, and very difficult of passage for the guns.

It was past mid-day when the attack began on our left, where Lord Cutts commanded, the bravest, and most beloved officer in the English army. And now, as if to make his experience in war complete, our young aide-de-camp having seen two great armies facing each other in line of battle, and had the honour of riding with orders from one end to other of the line, came in for a not uncommon accompaniment of military glory, and was knocked on the head, along with many hundred of brave fellows, almost at the very commencement of this famous day of Blenheim. A little after noon, the disposition for attack being completed with much delay and difficulty, and under a severe fire from the enemy's guns, that were better posted and more numerous than ours, a body of English and Hessians, with Major-General Wilkes commanding at the extreme left of our line, marched upon Blenheim, advancing with great gallantry, the Major-General on foot, with his officers, at the head of the column, and marching, with his hat off, intrepidly in the face of the enemy, who was pouring in a tremendous fire from his guns and musketry, to which our people were instructed not to reply, except with pike and bayonet when they reached the French palisades. To these Wilkes walked intrepidly, and struck the wood-work with his sword before our people

charged it. He was shot down at the instant, with his colonel, major, and several officers ; and our troops cheering and huzzaing, and coming on, as they did, with immense resolution and gallantry, were nevertheless stopped by the murderous fire from behind the enemy's defences, and then attacked in flank by a furious charge of French horse which swept out of Blenheim, and cut down our men in great numbers. Three fierce and desperate assaults of our foot were made and repulsed by the enemy; so that our columns of foot were quite shattered, and fell back, scrambling over the little rivulet, which we had crossed so resolutely an hour before, and pursued by the French cavalry, slaughtering us and cutting us down.

And now the conquerors were met by a furious charge of English horse under Esmond's general, General Lumley, behind whose squadrons the flying foot found refuge, and formed again, whilst Lumley drove back the French horse, charging up to the village of Blenheim and the palisades where Wilkes, and many hundred more gallant Englishmen, lay in slaughtered heaps. Beyond this moment, and of this famous victory, Mr. Esmond knows nothing ; for a shot brought down his horse and our young gentleman on it, who fell crushed and stunned under the animal, and came to his senses he knows not how long after, only to lose them again from pain and loss of blood. A dim sense, as of people groaning round about him, a wild incoherent thought or two for her who occupied so much of his heart now, and that here his career, and his hopes, and misfortunes were ended, he remembers in the course of these hours. When he woke up, as if with a pang of extreme pain, his breast-plate was taken off, his servant was holding his head

up, the good and faithful lad of Hampshire¹ was blubbering over his master, whom he found and had thought dead, and a surgeon was probing a wound in the shoulder, which he must have got at the same moment when his horse was shot and fell over him. The battle was over at this end of the field, by this time ; the village was in possession of the English, its brave defenders prisoners, or fled, or drowned, many of them, in the neighbouring waters of Donau. But for honest Lockwood's faithful search after his master, there had no doubt been an end of Esmond here, and of this his story. The marauders were out rifling the bodies as they lay on the field, and Jack had brained one of these gentry with the club-end of his musket, who had eased Esmond of his hat and periwig, his purse, and fine silver-mounted pistols which the Dowager gave him, and was fumbling in his pockets for further treasure, when Jack Lockwood came up and put an end to the scoundrel's triumph.

COLONEL ESMOND'S MEETING WITH DOCTOR SWIFT

The Colonel then, having writ a paper for one of the Tory journals, called the *Post-Boy* (a letter upon Bouchain, that the town talked about for two whole days, when the appearance of an Italian singer supplied a fresh subject for conversation), and having business at the Exchange, where Mistress Beatrix wanted a pair of gloves or a fan very likely, Esmond went to correct his paper, and was sitting at the printer's, when the famous Doctor Swift came in, his Irish fellow with him that used to walk before his

¹ My mistress, before I went this campaign, sent me John Lockwood out of Walcote, who hath ever since remained with me.
—H. B.

chair, and bawled out his master's name with great dignity.

Mr. Esmond was waiting for the printer too, whose wife had gone to the tavern to fetch him, and was meantime engaged in drawing a picture of a soldier on horseback for a dirty little pretty boy of the printer's wife, whom she had left behind her.

" I presume you are the editor of the *Post-Boy*, sir ? " says the Doctor, in a grating voice that had an Irish twang ; and he looked at the Colonel from under his two bushy eyebrows with a pair of very clear blue eyes. His complexion was muddy, his figure rather fat, his chin double. He wore a shabby cassock, and a shabby hat over his black wig, and he pulled out a great gold watch, at which he looks very fierce.

" I am but a contributor, Doctor Swift," says Esmond, with the little boy still on his knee. He was sitting with his back in the window, so that the Doctor could not see him.

" Who told you I was Doctor Swift ? " says the Doctor, eyeing the other very haughtily.

" Your Reverence's valet bawled out your name," says the Colonel. " I should judge you brought him from Ireland ? "

" And pray, sir, what right have you to judge whether my servant came from Ireland or no ? I want to speak with your employer, Mr. Leach. I'll thank ye go fetch him."

" Where's your papa, Tommy ?" asks the Colonel of the child, a smutty little wretch in a frock.

Instead of answering, the child begins to cry ; the Doctor's appearance had no doubt frightened the poor little imp.

" Send that squalling little brat about his business, and do what I bid ye, sir," says the Doctor.

" I must finish the picture first for Tommy," says the Colonel, laughing.—" Here, Tommy, will you have your Pandour with whiskers or without ? "

" Whiskers," says Tommy, quite intent on the picture.

" Who the devil are ye, sir ? " cried the Doctor ; " are ye a printer's man, or are ye not ? "—he pronounced it like *naught*.

" Your Reverence needn't raise the devil to ask who I am," says Colonel Esmond.—" Did you ever hear of Doctor Faustus, little Tommy ? or Friar Bacon, who invented gunpowder, and set the Thames on fire ? "

Mr. Swift turned quite red, almost purple. " I did not intend any offence, sir," says he.

" I dare say, sir, you offended without meaning," says the other drily.

" Who are ye, sir ? Do you know who I am, sir ? You are one of the pack of Grub Street scribblers that my friend Mr. Secretary hath laid by the heels. How dare ye, sir, speak to me in this tone ? " cries the Doctor, in a great fume.

" I beg your honour's humble pardon if I have offended your honour," says Esmond, in a tone of great humility. " Rather than be sent to the Compter, or be put in the pillory, there's nothing I wouldn't do. But Mrs. Leach, the printer's lady, told me to mind Tommy whilst she went for her husband to the tavern, and I daren't leave the child lest he should fall into the fire ; but if your Reverence will hold him——"

" I take the little beast! " says the Doctor, starting back. " I am engaged to your betters,

fellow. Tell Mr. Leach that when he makes an appointment with Doctor Swift he had best keep it, do you hear? And keep a respectful tongue in your head, sir, when you address a person like me."

"I'm but a poor broken-down soldier," says the Colonel, "and I've seen better days, though I & m forced now to turn my hand to writing. We can't help our fate, sir."

"You're the person that Mr. Leach hath spoken to me of, I presume. Have the goodness to speak civilly when you are spoken to—and tell Leach to call at my lodgings in Bury Street, and bring the papers with him to-night at ten o'clock. And the next time you see me, you'll know me, and be civil, Mr. Kemp."

Poor Kemp, who had been a lieutenant at the beginning of the war, and fallen into misfortune, was the writer of the *Post-Boy*, and now took honest Mr. Leach's pay in place of her Majesty's. Esmond had seen this gentleman, and a very ingenious, hard-working honest fellow he was, toiling to give bread to a great family, and watching up many a long winter night to keep the wolf from his door. And Mr. St. John, who had liberty always on his tongue, had just sent a dozen of the opposition writers into prison, and one actually into the pillory, for what he called libels, but libels not half so violent as those writ on our side. With regard to this very piece of tyranny, Esmond had remonstrated strongly with the Secretary, who laughed and said the rascals were served quite right; and told Esmond a joke of Swift's regarding the matter. Nay, more, this Irishman, when St. John was about to pardon a poor wretch condemned to death, absolutely prevented the Secretary from exercising this act of good-nature, and boasted that he had had the man hanged; and

great as the Doctor's genius might be, and splendid his ability, Esmond for one would affect no love for him, and never desired to make his acquaintance. The Doctor was at Court every Sunday assiduously enough, "a place the Colonel frequented but rarely, though he had a great inducement to go there in the person of a fair maid of honour of her Majesty's ; and the airs and patronage Mr. Swift gave himself, forgetting gentlemen of his country whom he knew perfectly, his loud talk, at once insolent and servile, nay, perhaps his very intimacy with Lord Treasurer and the Secretary, who indulged all his freaks and called him Jonathan, you may be sure, were remarked by many a person of whom the proud priest himself took no note, during that time of his vanity and triumph.

'Twas but three days after the 15th of November, 1712 (Esmond minds him well of the date), that he went by invitation to dine with his General, the foot of whose table he used to take on these festive occasions, as he had done at many a board, hard and plentiful, during the campaign. This was a great feast, and of the latter sort; the honest old gentleman loved to treat his friends splendidly : his Grace of Ormond, before he joined his army as generalissimo ; my Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, one of her Majesty's Secretaries of State; my Lord Orkney, that had served with us abroad, being of the party. His Grace of Hamilton, Master of the Ordnance, and in whose honour the feast had been given, upon his approaching departure as Ambassador to Paris, had sent an excuse to General Webb at two o'clock, but an hour before the dinner : nothing but the most immediate business, his Grace said, should have prevented him having the pleasure of drinking a parting

glass to the health of General Webb. His absence disappointed Esmond's old chief, who suffered much from his wounds besides ; and though the company was grand, it was rather gloomy. St. John came last, and brought a friend with him : "I'm sure," says my General, bowing very politely, " my table hath always a place for Doctor Swift."

Mr. Esmond went up to the Doctor with a bow and a smile : " I gave Doctor Swift's message," says he, " to the printer : I hope he brought your pamphlet to your lodgings in time." Indeed poor Leach had come to his house very soon after the Doctor left it, being brought away rather tipsy from the tavern by his thrifty wife ; and he talked of Cousin Swift in a maudlin way, though of course Mr. Esmond did not allude to this relationship. The Doctor scowled, blushed, and was much confused, and said scarce a word during the whole of dinner. A very little stone will sometimes knock down these Goliaths of wit ; and this one was often discomfited when met by a man of any spirit; he took his place sulkily, put water in his wine that the others drank plentifully, and scarce said a word.

A SCENE FROM THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP

OUR main amusement in this delightful place was to look at the sea-sick landing from the steamers ; and one day, as we witnessed this phenomenon, Philip sprang to the ropes which divided us from the arriving

passengers, and with a cry of " How do you do, General ? " greeted a yellow-faced gentleman, who started back, and, to my thinking, seemed but ill-inclined to reciprocate Philip's friendly greeting. The General was fluttered, no doubt, by the bustle and interruptions incidental to the landing. A pallid lady, the partner of his existence probably, was calling out, "*Noof et doo domestiques, Doo !*" to the sentries who kept the line, and who seemed little interested by this family news. A governess, a tall young lady, and several more male and female children, followed the pale lady, who, as I thought, looked strangely frightened when the gentleman addressed as General communicated to her Philip's name. " Is that him ? " said the lady, in questionable grammar ; and the tall young lady turned a pair of large eyes upon the individual designated as " him," and showed a pair of dark ringlets, out of which the envious sea-nymphs had shaken all the curl.

The general turned out to be General Baynes ; the pale lady was Mrs. General B. ; the tall young lady was Miss Charlotte Baynes, the General's eldest child; and the other six, forming nine, or " noof," in all, as Mrs. General B. said, were the other members of the Baynes family. And here I may as well say why the General looked alarmed on seeing Philip, and why the General's lady frowned at him. In action one of the bravest of men, in common life General Baynes was timorous and weak. Specially he was afraid of Mrs. General Baynes, who ruled him with a vigorous Authority. As Philip's trustee, he had allowed Philip's father to make away with the boy's money. He learned with a ghastly terror that he was answerable for his own remissness and want

of care. For a long while he did not dare to tell his commander-in-chief of this dreadful penalty which was hanging over him. When at last he ventured upon this confession, I do not envy him the scene which must have ensued between him and his commanding officer. The morning after the fatal confession, when the children assembled for breakfast and prayers, Mrs. Baynes gave the young ones their porridge : she and Charlotte poured out the tea and coffee for the elders, and then addressing her eldest son Ochterlony, she said, " Ocky, my boy, the General has announced a charming piece of news this morning."

" Bought that pony, sir ? " says Ocky.

" Oh, what jolly fun ! " says Moira, the second son.

" Dear, dear papa ! what's the matter, and why do you look so ? " cries Charlotte, looking behind her father's paper.

That guilty man would fain have made a shroud of his *Morning Herald*. He would have flung the sheet over his whole body, and lain hidden there from all eyes.

" The fun, my dears, is that your father is ruined : that's the fun. Eat your porridge now, little ones. Charlotte, pop a bit of butter in Carrick's porridge ; for you mayn't have any to-morrow."

" Oh, gammon," cries Moira.

" You'll soon see whether it is gammon or not, sir, when you'll be starving, sir. Your father has ruined us—and a very pleasant morning's work, I am sure."

And she calmly rubs the nose of her youngest child who is near her, and too young, and innocent, and careless perhaps, of the world's censure as yet to keep in a strict cleanliness her own dear little snub nose and dappled cheeks.

" We are only ruined, and shall be starving soon, my dears, and if the General has bought a pony—as I dare say he has ; he is quite capable of buying a pony when we are starving—the best thing we can do is to eat the pony. M'Grigor, don't laugh. Starvation is no laughing matter. When we were at Dumdum, in '36, we ate some colt. Don't you remember Jubber's colt—Jubber of the Horse Artillery, General ? Never tasted anything more tender in all my life. Charlotte, take Jany's hands out of the marmalade ! We are all ruined, my dears, as sure as our name is Baynes." Thus did the mother of the family prattle on in the midst of her little ones, and announce to them the dreadful news of impending starvation. " General Baynes, by his carelessness, had allowed Dr. Firmin to make away with the money over which the General had been set as sentinel. Philip might recover from the trustee, and no doubt would. Perhaps he would not press his claim ? My dear, what can you expect from the son of such a father ? Depend on it, Charlotte, no good fruit can come from a stock like that. The son is a bad one, the father is a bad one, and your father, poor dear soul, is not fit to be trusted to walk the street without some one to keep him from tumbling. Why did I allow him to go to town without me ? We were quartered at Colchester then : and I could not move on account of your brother M'Grigor. ' Baynes,' I said to your father, ' as sure as I let you go away to town without me, you will come to mischief.' And go he did, and come to mischief he did. And through his folly I and my poor children must go and beg our bread in the streets—I and my seven poor, robbed, penniless little ones. Oh, it's cruel, cruel! "

Indeed, one cannot fancy a more dismal prospect

for this worthy mother and wife than to see her children without provision at the commencement of their lives, and her luckless husband robbed of his life's earnings, and ruined just when he was too old to work.

What was to become of them ? Now poor Charlotte thought, with pangs of a keen remorse, how idle she had been, and how she had snubbed her governesses, and how little she knew, and how badly she played the piano. Oh, neglected opportunities ! Oh, remorse, now the time was past and irrecoverable ! Does any young lady read this who, perchance, ought to be doing her lessons ? My dear, lay down the story-book at once. Go up to your school-room, and practise your piano for two hours this moment ; so that you may be prepared to support your family, should ruin in any case fall upon you. A great girl of sixteen, I pity Charlotte Baynes's feelings of anguish. She can't write a very good hand ; she can scarcely answer any questions to speak of in any educational books ; her pianoforte playing is very, very so-so indeed. If she is to go out and get a living for the family, how, in the name of goodness, is she to set about it ? What are they to do with the boys, and the money that has been put away for Ochterlony when he goes to college, and for Moira's commission ? " Why, we can't afford to keep them at Dr. Pybus's, where they were doing so well ; and they were ever so much better and more gentlemanlike than Colonel Chandler's boys ; and to lose the army will break Moira's heart, it will. And the little ones, my little blue-eyed Carrick, and my darling Jenny, and my Mary, that I nursed almost miraculously out of her scarlet fever. God help them ! God help us all ! " thinks the poor mother. No wonder that her nights

are wakeful, and her heart in a tumult of alarm at the idea of the impending danger.

And the father of the family ?—the stout old General whose battles and campaigns are over, who has come home to rest his war-worn limbs, and make his peace with heaven ere it calls him away—what must be his feelings when he thinks that he has been entrapped by a villain into committing an imprudence which makes his children penniless and himself dishonoured and a beggar ? When he found what Dr. Firmin had done, and how he had been cheated, he went away, aghast, to his lawyer, who could give him no help. Philip's mother's trustee was answerable to Philip for his property. It had been stolen through Baynes's own carelessness, and the law bound him to replace it. General Baynes's man of business could not help him out of his perplexity at all; and I hope my worthy reader is not going to be too angry with the General for what I own he did. *You* never would, my dear sir, I know. No power on earth would induce *you* to depart one inch from the path of rectitude ; or, having done an act of imprudence, to shrink from bearing the consequence. The long and short of the matter is, that poor Baynes and his wife, after holding agitated, stealthy councils together—after believing that every strange face they saw was a bailiff's coming to arrest them on Philip's account—after horrible days of remorse, misery, guilt—I say the long and the short of the matter was that these poor people determined to run away. They would go and hide themselves anywhere—in an impenetrable pine forest in Norway—up an inaccessible mountain in Switzerland. They would change their names ; dye their mustachios and honest old white ~~hair~~ ; fly with their little ones away, away, away,

out of the reach of law and Philip ; and the first flight lands them on Boulogne Pier, and there is Mr. Philip holding out his hand and actually eyeing them as they get out of the steamer ! Eyeing them ? It is the eye of heaven that is on those criminals. Holding out his hand to them ? It is the hanfi of fate that is on their wretched shoulders. No wonder they shuddered and turned pale. That which I took for sea-sickness, I am sorry to say was a guilty conscience ; and where is the steward, my dear friends, who can relieve us of that ?

As this party came staggering out of the Custom-house, poor Baynes still found Philip's hand stretched out to catch hold of him, and saluted him with a ghastly cordiality. " These are your children, General, and this is Mrs. Baynes ? " says Philip, smiling, and taking off his hat.

" Oh yes ! I'm Mrs. General Baynes ! " says the poor woman ; " and these are the children—yes, yes. Charlotte, this is Mr. Firmin, of whom you have heard us speak ; and these are my boys, Moira and Ochterlony."

" I have had the honour of meeting General Baynes at Old Parr Street. Don't you remember, sir ? " says Mr. Pendennis, with great affability, to the General.

" What, *another* who knows me ? " I dare say the poor wretch thinks ; and glances of a dreadful meaning pass between the guilty wife and the guilty husband.

" You are going to stay at any hotel ? "

"Hôtel des Bains !" "HotelduNord I" "Hotel d'Angleterre !" here cry twenty commissioners in a breath.

" Hotel ? Oh yes ! That is, we have not made

up our minds whether we shall go on to-night or whether we shall stay," say those guilty ones, looking at one another, and then down to the ground ; on which one of the children, with a roar, says :

" Oh, ma, what a story ! You said you'd stay to night ; and I was so sick in the beastly boat, and I *won't* travel any more ! " And tears choke his artless utterance. " And you said Bang to the man who took your keys, you know you did," resumed the innocent, as soon as he can gasp a further remark.

" Who told *you* to speak ? " cried mamma, giving the boy a shake.

" This is the way to the Hotel des Bains," says Philip, making Miss Baynes another of his best bows. And Miss Baynes made a curtsy, and her eyes look up at the handsome young man—large brown honest eyes in a comely round face, on each side of which depend two straight wisps of brown hair that were ringlets when they left Folkestone a few hours since.

" Oh, I say, look at those women with the short petticoats ! and wooden shoes, by George ! Oh, it's jolly, ain't it ? " cries one young gentleman.

" By George, there's a man with earrings on ! There is, Ocky, upon my word ! " calls out another. And the elder boy, turning round to his father, points to some soldiers. " Did you ever see such little beggars ? " he says, tossing his head up. " They wouldn't take such fellows into our line."

" I am not at all tired, thank you," says Charlotte. " I am accustomed to carry him." I forgot to say that the young lady had one of the children asleep on her shoulder ; and another was toddling at her side, holding by his sister's dress, and admiring Mr. Firmin's whiskers, that flamed and curled very

luminously and gloriously, like to the rays of the setting sun.

" I am very glad we met, sir," says Philip, in the most friendly manner, taking leave of the General at the gate of his hotel. " I hope you won't go away to-morrow, and that I may come and pay my respects to Mrs. Baynes." Again he salutes that lady with a *coup de chapeau*. Again he bows to Miss Baynes. She makes a pretty curtsy enough, considering that she has a baby asleep on her shoulder. And they enter the hotel, the excellent Marie marshalling them to fitting apartments, where some of them, I have no doubt, will sleep very soundly. How much more comfortably might poor Baynes and his wife have slept had they known what were Philip's feelings regarding them !

We both admired Charlotte, the tall girl who carried her little brother, and around whom the others clung. And we spoke loudly in Miss Charlotte's praises to Mrs. Pendennis, when we joined that lady at dinner. In the praise of Mrs. Baynes we had not a great deal to say, further than that she seemed to take command of the whole expedition, including the general officer, her husband.

Though Marie's beds at the Hôtel des Bains are as comfortable as any beds in Europe, you see that admirable chambermaid cannot lay out a clean, easy conscience upon the clean, fragrant pillow-case ; and General and Mrs. Baynes owned, in after days, that one of the most dreadful nights they ever passed was that of their first landing in France. What refugee from his country can fly from himself ? Railways were not as yet in that part of France. The General was too poor to fly with a couple of private carriages, which he must have had for his family of " noof," his

governess, and two servants. Encumbered with such a train, his enemy would speedily have pursued and overtaken him. It is a fact that, immediately after landing at his hotel, he and his commanding officer went off to see when they could get places for—never mind the name of the place where they really thought of taking refuge. They never told, but Mrs. General Baynes had a sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter (married to MacW. of the Bengal Cavalry), and the sisters loved each other very affectionately, especially by letter, for it must be owned that they quarrelled frightfully when together; and Mrs. MacWhirter never could bear that her younger sister should be taken out to dinner before her, because she was married to a superior officer. Well, their little differences were forgotten when the two ladies were apart. The sisters wrote to each other prodigious long letters, in which household affairs, the children's puerile diseases, the relative prices of veal, eggs, chickens, the rent of lodging and houses in various places, were fully discussed. And as Mrs. Baynes showed a surprising knowledge of Tours, the markets, rents, clergymen, society there, and as Major and Mrs. Mac were staying there, I have little doubt, for my part, from this and another not unimportant circumstance, that it was to that fair city our fugitives were wending their way, when events occurred which must now be narrated, and which caused General Baynes at the head of his domestic regiment to do what the King of France with twenty thousand men is said to have done in old times.

Philip was greatly interested about the family. The truth is, we were all very much bored at Boulogne. We read the feeblest London papers at the reading-room with frantic assiduity. We saw all the boats

come in : and the day was lost when we missed the Folkestone boat or the London boat. We consumed much time and absinthe at cafes ; and tramped leagues upon that old pier every day. Well, Philip was at the Hotel des Bains at a very early hour next morning, and there he saw the General, with a woe-worn face, leaning on his stick, and looking at his luggage, as it lay piled in the porte-cochère of the hotel. There they lay, thirty-seven packages in all, including washing-tubs, and a child's India sleeping-cot; and all these packages were ticketed M. LE GENERAL BAYNES, OFFICIER ANGLAIS, TOURS, TOURAINE, FRANCE. I say, putting two and two together; calling to mind Mrs. General's singular knowledge of Tours and familiarity with the place and its prices ; remembering that her sister Emily—Mrs. Major MacWhirter, in fact, was there; and seeing thirty-seven trunks, bags, and portmanteaus, all directed " M. le Général Baynes, Officier Anglais, Tours, Touraine," am I wrong in supposing that Tours was the General's destination ? On the other hand, we have the old officer's declaration to Philip that he did not know where he was going. Oh, you sly old man ! Oh, you gay old fox, beginning to double and to turn at sixty-seven years of age ! Well ? The General was in retreat, and he did not wish the enemy to know upon what lines he was retreating. What is the harm of that, pray ? Besides, he was under the orders of his commanding officer, and when Mrs. General gave her orders, I should have liked to see any officer of hers disobey.

" What a pyramid of portmanteaus ! You are not thinking of moving to-day, General ? " says Philip.

" It is Sunday, sir," says the General; which you will perceive was not answering the question; but,

in truth, except for a very great emergency, the good General would not travel on that day.

" I hope the ladies slept well after their windy voyage."

" Thank you. My wife is an old sailor, and has made two voyages out and home to India." Here, you understand, the old man is again eluding his interlocutor's artless queries.

" I should like to have some talk with you, sir, when you are free," continues Philip, not having leisure as yet to be surprised at the other's demeanour.

" There are other days besides Sunday for talk on business," says that piteous sly-boots of an old officer. Ah, conscience ! conscience! Twenty-four Sikhs, sword in hand, two dozen Pindarries, Mahrattas, Ghoorkas, what you please—that old man felt that he would rather have met them than Philip's unsuspecting blue eyes. These, however, now lighted up with rather an angry, " Well, sir, as you don't talk business on Sunday, may I call on you to-morrow morning ? "

And what advantage had the poor old fellow got by all this doubling and hesitating and artfulness ? —a respite until to-morrow morning ! Another night of horrible wakefulness and hopeless guilt, and Philip waiting ready the next morning with his little bill, and, " Please pay me the thirty thousand which my father spent and you owe me. Please turn out into the streets with your wife and family, and beg and starve. Have the goodness to hand me out your last rupee. Be kind enough to sell your children's clothes and your wife's jewels, and hand over the proceeds to me. I'll call to-morrow. Bye, bye."

Here there came tripping over the marble pavement of the hall of the hotel a tall young lady in a

brown silk dress and rich curling ringlets falling upon her fair young neck—beautiful brown curling ringlets, *vous comprenez*, not wisps of moistened hair, and a broad clear forehead, and two honest eyes shining below it, and cheeks not pale as they were yesterday ; and lips redder still; and she says, " Papa, papa, won't you come to breakfast ? The tea is——" What the precise state of the tea is I don't know—none of us ever shall—for here she says, " Oh, Mr. Firmin ! " and makes a curtsy.

To which remark Philip replied, " Miss Baynes, I hope you are very well this morning, and not the worse for yesterday's rough weather."

" I am quite well, thank you," was Miss Baynes's instant reply. The answer was not witty, to be sure ; but I don't know that under the circumstances she could have said anything more appropriate. Indeed, never was a pleasanter picture of health and good humour than the young lady presented ; a difference more pleasant to note than Miss Charlotte's face, pale from the steamboat on Saturday, and shining, rosy, happy, and innocent, in the cloudless Sabbath morn.

" A Madame,
" Madame le Major MacWhirter,
" a Tours,
" Touraine,
" France.

" TINTELLERIES, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER,
" Wednesday, August 24, 18—.

" DEAREST EMILY,—
" After suffering *more dreadfully* in the *two hours*" passage from Folkestone to this place than I

have in four passages out and home from India, except in that terrible storm off the Cape, in September, 1824, when I certainly did suffer most cruelly on board that horrible troopship, we reached this place last Saturday evening, having a *full determination* to proceed immediately on our route. Now you will perceive that our minds are changed. We found this place pleasant, and the lodgings besides most neat, comfortable, and well found in everything, *more reasonable* than you proposed to get for us at Tours, which I am told also is damp, and might bring on the general's *jungle fever again*. Owing to the hooping-cough having just been in the house, which, praised be mercy, all my dear ones have had it, including dear baby, who is quite well through it, and recommended sea air, we got this house *more reasonable* than prices you mention at Tours. A whole house ; little room for two boys ; nursery ; nice little room for Charlotte, and a *den for the General*. I don't know how *ever* we should have brought our party safe all the way to Tours. *Thirty-seven* articles of luggage, and Miss Flixby, who announced herself as perfect French governess, acquired at Paris—perfect, *but perfectly useless*. She can't understand the French people when they speak to her, and goes about the house *in a most bewildering way*. *I am the interpreter*; poor Charlotte is much too timid to speak when I am by. I have rubbed up the old French which we learned at Chiswick at Miss Pinkerton's; and I find *my Hindostanee* of great help : which I use it when we are at a loss for a word, and it answers *extremely well*. We pay for lodgings, the whole house——francs per month. Butchers' meat and poultry plentiful but dear. A groce in the Grande Rue sells excellent wine at fifteen pence per bottle;

and groceries pretty much at English prices. Mr. Blowman at the English chapel of the Tintelleries has a fine voice, and appears to be a *m'ost excellent clergyman*. I have heard him only once, however, on Sunday evening, when I was so agitated and so *unhappy in my mind* that I own I took little note of his sermon.

" The cause of that agitation *you know*, having imparted it to you in my letters of July, June, and 24th of May, ult. My poor, simple, guileless Baynes was trustee to Mrs. Dr. Firmin, before she married that most unprincipled man. When we were at home last, and exchanged to the 120th from the 99th, my poor husband was inveigled by the horrid man into signing a paper which put the doctor in possession of *all his wife's property* ; whereas Charles thought he was only signing a power of attorney, enabling him to receive his son's dividends. Dr. F., *after the most atrocious deceit, forgery, and criminality of every kind*, fled the country ; and Hunt and Pegler, our solicitors, informed us that the General was answerable *for the wickedness of this miscreant*. He is so weak that he has been *many and many* times on the point of going to young Mr. F. and giving up everything. It was only by my prayers, by my *commands*, that I have been enabled to keep him quiet; and, indeed, Emily, the effort has *almost killed him*. Brandy repeatedly I was obliged to administer on *the dreadful night* of our arrival here.

" For *the first person* we met on landing was Mr. Philip Firmin, *with a pert friend of his*, Mr. Pendennis, whom I don't at all like, though his wife is an amiable person like Emma Fletcher of the Horse Artillery: not with Emma's *style*, however, but still amiable, and disposed to be most civil.

Charlotte has taken a great fancy to her, as she always does to every new person. Well, fancy our state on landing, when a young gentleman calls out, 'How do you do, General?' and turns out to be Mr. Firmin! I thought I should have lost Charles in the night. I have seen him before going into action as calm, and sleep and smile as sweet, as *any babe*. It was all I could do to keep up his courage: and, but for me, but for my prayers, but for *my agonies*, I think he would have jumped out of bed, and gone to Mr. F. *that night*, and said, 'Take everything I have.'

"The young man, I own, has behaved in *the most honourable way*. He came to see us *before breakfast* on Sunday, when the poor General was so ill that I thought he would have *fainted over his tea*. He was too ill to go to church, where I went alone, with my dear ones, having, as I own, but very small comfort in the sermon: but oh, Emily, fancy, on our return, when I went into our room, I found my General on his knees with his Church Service before him, crying, crying like a baby! You know I am hasty in my temper sometimes, and his is *indeed an angeVs*—and I said to him, 'Charles Baynes, be a man, and don't cry like a child!' 'Ah,' says he, 'Eliza, do you kneel, and thank God too;' on which I said that I thought I did not require instruction *in my religion* from him or any man, except a clergyman, and many of these are *but poor instructors, as you know*.

"He has been here,' says Charles; when I said, 'Who has been here?' 'That noble young fellow,' says my General; 'that noble, noble Philip Firmin.' Which noble his conduct I own it has been. ⁶ Whilst you were at church he came again—here into this very room, where I was sitting, doubting and despairing, with the Holy Book before my eyes, and no

comfort out of it. And he said to me, " General, I want to talk to you about my grandfather's will. You don't suppose that because my father has deceived you and ruined me, I will carry the ruin farther, and visit this wrong upon children and innocent people ? " Those were the young man's words,' my General said ; and, ' Oh, Eliza !' says he, ' what pangs of remorse I felt when I remembered we had used hard words about him,' which I own we had, for his manners are rough and haughty, and I *have heard things* of him which I do believe now can't be true.

" All Monday my poor man was obliged to keep his bed with a smart attack of his fever. But yesterday he was quite bright *and well again*, and the Pendennis party took Charlotte for a drive, and showed themselves *most polite*. She reminds me of Mrs. Tom Fletcher of the Horse Artillery, but that, I think, I have mentioned before. My paper is full and with our best to MacWhirter and the children, I am always my dearest Emily's affectionate sister,

" ELIZA BAYNES."

SELECTIONS FROM THE ENGLISH
HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY

- OLIVER GOLDSMITH

" Joté sur cetto boulo,
Laid, chétif ot souffrant;
Etouffe dans la foulo,
Fauto d'etre assoz grand :

Uno plainto touchaute
Do ma bouche sortit.
Le boil Dieu mo dit : Chanto,
Chante, pauvro potit !

Chanter ou jo m'abuse,
Est ma tache ici-bas.
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuso
No m'aimeront-ils pas ? "

In those charming lines of *Barranger*, one may fancy described the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of Goldsmith, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village, where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune: and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home: he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield

with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, hut he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hoc and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the "Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose, whom we all of us know. Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, that sweet "Auburn" which every person who hears me has seen in(fancy.) Here the kind parson brought up his eight children; and

loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependants besides those hungry children. He kept an open table ; round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk ; the poor cottier still asks his honor's charity, and prays God bless his reverence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlour table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half dozen of Irish dependants who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him; and one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The smallpox, which scourgedjall Europe at that time, and ravaged roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell fonl of poor little Oliver's face, when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce; Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster, took him in hand : and from Paddy Byrne he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-so's ferule.

Poor little ancestors ! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched.; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo ! A relative—kind uncle Contarine—took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his school days righteously doing as little work as he could : robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket money fly about, whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous " Mistake of a Night," when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the " best house " in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning ; and found, when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith ? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering[^] about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler giped at him for his ugliness, and called him Æsop ; and little Noll made his repartee of " Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing." One can fancy a queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogué. In his life, and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person ; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully; and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the Church, because he was fond of coloured

clothes. When he tried to practice as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the heirs and assignees of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day: perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled their little account in Hades.

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street singers, who paid him a crown for a poem: and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After college he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeenj—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public house. Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the

fifty pounds given to him for his outfit and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrSte most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If uncle Contarine believed those letters—if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America, of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage in a nameless ship, never to return ; if uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

" But me not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
 Impelled. with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view ;
 That like the circle bounding earth and skies
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies :
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own."

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorsg,

and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity, for their honourable employ ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-seuttle we read of to his poor neighbour : he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers : he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from jail : when he was a school-usher he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. " Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds ? " he asked of one of his old pupils. " Not seen it ? not bought it ? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half-an-hour." His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Doctor Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great

man. " My patrons," he gallantly said, " are the booksellers, and I want no others." Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did ; but he did not complain much: if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him ; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver, the Court patronized Beattie ; the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne. Fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill-humour, but plaintiveness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him not the less amiable. The author of the " Vicar of Wakefield " had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the manuscript for two years ; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne ; a little angry when Colman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him ; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table. '

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of, all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately

bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions ; he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, a* it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money " He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise, benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart—" Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more." Ah ! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame ; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow ? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible ? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

For the last half dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity : and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and

versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances, a man is known in our profession, and esteemed as a skilful workman, years before the lucky hit which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it, and, at forty-six, had not sudden disease carried him off, I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs, or sufficed for his irreclaimable* habits of dissipation, It must be remembered that he owed £2000 when he died. "Was ever poet," Johnson asked, "so trusted before?" As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependants. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself and watched his pay day), he gave them of his money : if they begged on empty-purse days, he gave them his promissory bills : or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit^ or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr, Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn, and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependants, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out

of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career. I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door. Ah! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heart yearning for home those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn :—

" Hero, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grow,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

" In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew—
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

" O blest retirement, friend to life's decline !
Retreats from care that never must be mine—
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate :

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 Whilst resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past."

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison—as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest soul—the whole character of the man is told—his humble confession of faults and weakness ; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that his village should admire him ; his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner—nobody in fact was to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetot. He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes which had huns, fire in London; he would have talked of his great friends of the Club—of my Lord Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent—sure he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove with some of the best men in town—and he would have spoken of Johnson and of Burke, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him—and he would have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon, and the masquerades at Madame Cornelys ; and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride—the lovely Mary Homeck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humorous amateur artist of those days when Gilray had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends, cheered and pitied him, travelled

abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country house at Barton—he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton : but there were to be no more holidays and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith. A lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting-room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman has left a touching reminiscence' of him (vol. i. 63, 64) :

" I was only five years old," he says, " when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening whilst he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face : it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful/paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards my liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

" At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeogarcly, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wailtonly, molested

by assault and battery—it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance.' I sulked^and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good humour, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each. The shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey presto cockalorum !' cried the Doctor, and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but as also I was no conjurer, it amazed me beyond measure. . . . From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, 'I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;' a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had attained my eleventh. . . . In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his 'compassion for another's woe' was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence."

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity.

He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave ; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unammous response. of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still: his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths : his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses : to succour with sweet charity : to soothe, caress, and forgive : to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

SELECTION FROM THE ROUNDABOUT
PAPERS

WASHINGTON IRVING AND LORD MACAULAY

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, " Be a good man, my dear ! " and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the *Goldsmith* and the *Gibbon* of our time.¹

¹ Washington Irving died November 28, 1859 ; Lord Macaulay died December 28, 1859.

Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism : only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic ; the *pater patrice* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name : he came amongst us, bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. This new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered ? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart ? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own ? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed : to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new : to point out our faults, arrogance, short-comings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent states' superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest

and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place of bitterness in heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. " See, friends ! " he seems to say, " these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man ; won my way by my pen ; and, when known found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger ? "

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome ; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community, a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect. (I have found American writers of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them ; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America, the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place ; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple ? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died ; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story ? To grieve always was not in his nature ; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the

world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in this and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the

most charming masters of our lighter language ; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life :—I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs ; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honour. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him; as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there ; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a

richly remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room ; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago, there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods ! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world ? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it ? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schonbrunn. But that miserable " Windsor Castle " outcry is an echo out of fast retreating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first of the land ; and that country is best, according to our British notion at least, where the men of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party ; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen ? To remember the talk is to wonder : to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after-life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of

1801-2-3-4 and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be that he was not ill-pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy^o to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers, you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already.

And so with regard to Macaulay's style; there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But, for the nonce, we are not talking about faults; we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the "Essays" or "History"—and glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, or a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words to paint an individual, or to indicate a

landscape ? Your neighbour, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble, previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence ; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak *d cceur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon, what not ? and been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out ! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged ! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding ! A volume of law, or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about " Clarissa." " Not read ^c Clarissa !" he cried out. " If you have once thoroughly entered, on ' Clarissa ' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season at the

hills, and there were the Governor-General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had 'Clarissa' with me; and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The Governor's wife seized the book, and the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears ! " He acted the whole scene; he paced up and down the "Athenaeum" library. I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book, and of what countless piles of others !

In this little paper, let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says, "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance, how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none: and two men more generous and more loving, and more hating and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous, and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them. If any young men of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, "Bear Scott's

words in your mind, and ' be good, my dear.⁵ " Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean.

Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanation of vices which would have been virtues but far unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted : each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honoured by his country ; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or be rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our* service. We may not win the baton or epaulettes ; but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag !

LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea ;
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator.
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

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Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,

" I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,

" We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,

" With one another we shouldn't agree !

There's little Bill, he's young and tender,

We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

" O ! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,

So undo the button of your chemie."

When Bill received this information,

He used his pocket-handkerchic.

" First let me say my catechism,

Which my poor mammy taught to me."

" Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,

While Jack pulled out his snickersnee,

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,

And down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment,

When up he jumps, " There's land I see :

" Jerusalem and Madagascar,

And North and South Amerikee :

There's a British flag a-riding at anchor,

With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,

He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee ;

But as for little Bill, he made him

The Captain of a Seventy-three !

NOTES

SCENES FROM "VANITY FAIR."

In which Jos takes flight and the War is brought to a close.

This extract from "Vanity Fair" refers to the alarm at Brussels at the time of the Battle of Waterloo, 1815. Joseph Sedley, usually called Jos, is a rich collector from Boggley Wallah in India. He is a fat, conceited, and vulgar boaster who is staying at the time in lodgings in Brussels. Amelia is the sister of Jos, and lives with him while her husband, Captain George Osborn, is on duty with the English Army. Mrs. O'Dowd, the wife of Major Michael O'Dowd, is a jolly, voluble, contentious Irishwoman, who cares tenderly for Amelia. Isidor is the Belgian servant of Jos, with a great longing for his master's fine laced coat. Pauline is the cook at Jos Sedley's lodgings, and has an admirer in the Belgian Army, called Regulus Van Cutsum. Ensign Tom Stubble is an officer in the regiment of George Osborn and Major Dobbin. Rebecca Crawley (maiden name Rebecca Sharp), usually called Becky, is the chief character of the novel. She is a clever, attractive, but selfish and unprincipled woman whose only object in life was to marry money and cut a figure in society. At first a governess in the family of Sir Pitt Crawley, she succeeded in getting married secretly to his second son, Captain Rawdon Crawley.

Page 1, 1. 6. Chaussée=roadway.

Page 2, 1. 25. bonne=servant-maid.

Page 2, 1. 26. son homme à elle=her man.

Page 3, 1. 33. bon voyage=a pleasant journey.

Page 4, 1. 3. pas de Chevaux, sacre bleu—no horses, confound it.

Page 5, 1. 1. Quatre Bras=At Quatro Bras, a village twenty miles south of Brussels, Wellington repulsed the French general, Marchel Ney, two days before the Battle of Waterloo.

Page 6, 1. 27. Eossais=Scotch.

Page 6, 1. 31. ma bonne petite dame=my kind little lady.

Page 7, 1. 30. coupez-moi, vite=cut off my moustaches, quick.

Page 7, 1. 35. coupy, rasy, vite=more correctly, coupez, rasez, cut, shave, quick.

Page 8, 1. 6. Ne porty ploo-habit militair, bonny, donny a voo, prenny dehors, is intended for "I won't wear my military drcfes any longer, I give it to you, take it outside."

Page 8, 1. 16. venny maintenong—siveevy—ally—party—dong la roo=come now, follow, got out, into the street.

Page 9, 1. 12. porte-cochiere=gateway or doorway.

Page 10, 1. 9. femme de ehambre=lady's maid.

Page 16, 1. 7. napoleons==a napoleon was a French gold coin worth 20 francs (about 16 shillings).

Becky's Philosophy.

Mrs. Crawley (Becky) and her husband Rawdon, now a colonel, are on a visit at the mansion of Queen's Crawley in Hants, one of the seats of Sir Pitt Crawley, Rawdon's elder brother. Sir Pitt had inherited the title from his wealthy father and had also come into a large fortune from his aunt. Lady Jane is Sir Pitt's wife, and Lady Southdown his mother-in-law. In the extract, Becky makes reflections on the value of money, and what she coiisideffe makes life worth living.

Page 25, l. 31. Handel, a famous Gorman musical composer (1685-1759).

Haydn, a famous Austrian musical composer (1732-1809).

SCENES FROM "THE VIRGINIANS."

George Warrington's Narrative.

George Warrington, a resident in Virginia, and heir to an estate there, relates how he took part in the unfortunate expedition made in 1775 by the English under General Braddock against the French and Indians who held Fort Duquesne (on the site of which Pittsburg is now built); how he was wounded and taken prisoner, and how he at last escaped by bribing Monsieur Museau, a French officer left in charge of the fort. The other chief personages mentioned in the narrative are Colonel Lambert, his wife and his daughter Hetty, the Comte de Florae, a distinguished French officer who shields Warrington, and La Bicho, the Indian wife of Museau. Harry Warrington is George's twin brother. The Washington mentioned in the first paragraph is the famous George Washington, then a young man, and the Franklin referred to is the famous Benjamin Franklin.

Page 30, l. 34. aide-de-camp=an officer who receives and carries orders for a general.

Page 33, l. 4. A moi, c'est Georges ! aide moi, Come, come, it is George ! help me.

Page 33, l. 13. Ah, canaille, tu veux du sang? Prends !=Ah, scoundrel, thou wishest blood ? take it.

Page 33, l. 26. debâcle=overthrow, collapse.

Page 36, l. 13. canaille of Rosbifs=*canaille* means rabble, and *Rosbifs* (roast-beef) is a term applied to the English.

Page 40, l. 32. a la mode du pays=according to the fashion of the country.

Page 41, l. 2. trippes à la mode de Caen=tripe in the Caen manner.

Page 42, l. 33. batteaux=boats.

Page 43, l. 14. iort bien=very well.

Page 44, l. 27. scerat=rascal.

Page 46, l. 18. Milor est trop grand seigneur! bonjour=My

Page 48, 1. 4. **Entendez-vous** ?=Do you understand ?

Page 48, 1. 8. **pour ce soir**=for this evening.

Page 49, 1. 5. **parole**=word of honour.

News from Canada.

This extract refers to the attacks on and final capture of Quebec from the French in 1759. Quebec is situated on an elevated table-land, the Heights of Abraham, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence. The island of Orleans is in the river nearer its mouth than the town. The French were encamped on the heights and eastward on the north shore. Their commander was General Montcalm. General Wolfe, in command of the British, had landed his troops on the Island of Orleans, and from there he first attempted the capture of Quebec from the east by putting his troops on the north shore at Montmorenci, near the mouth of a tributary of the same name. His attack, however, was repulsed with great loss. After a rest of a few weeks, Wolfe made another attempt, scaling the cliffs with 3,600 of his men on the west side of the town during the night. The French were taken by surprise, and after a deadly contest completely overcome. Wolfe was shot during the fight, but lived just long enough to hear the cry of victory. Montcalm was wounded, and died the next day. The capture of Quebec led ultimately to the loss of Canada by the French.

Page 52, 1. 12. Minden=a Prussian town near which the English and Germans under the Duke of Brunswick defeated the French in 1759.

Page 52, . 34. Livy=a Roman historian.

Page 52, . 34. Thucydides=a Greek historian.

Page 55, . 27, **nodus**=knot.

Page 57, . 32. **d'après coup**—after the deed.

Page 57, . 35. repartees=retorts, replies.

Page 58, . 25. euthanasia=happy death.

Page 59, . 23. **Chartreux**=Grey Friars, or Charterhouse School.

(See third extract from "The Newcomes.")

SCENES FROM "THE NEWCOMES."

Colonel Newcome visits the Cave of Harmony.

Colonel Thomas Newcome, lately home from India, takes his son Clive to the Cave of Harmony, and Clive meets there an old school friend, Arthur Pendennis, who relates the events of this visit. The Cave of Harmony is intended to represent one of the coffee-houses and night resorts of the period, where suppers and music were striking features.

Page 60, 1. 17. houris=beautiful maidens, the nymphs of Paradise among the Mahomedans.

Page 61, 1. 3. **Trinity, Corpus, Trinity Hall**=names of colleges at the University.

Page 61, 1. 5. **Piazza, Colonnade**=some famous coffee-house or hotels.

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Page 61,1. 6. Fra Diavolo=the name of a comic opera.

Page 61,1. 15. Bendemeer a river mentioned in one of Moore's poems.

Page 61, 1. 33. Acheron^a river in Hades, or the lower world generally.

Page 61,1. 34. Avernus=a lake in Italy regarded as the entrance to Hades.

Page 62, 1. 35. Smithfield=where the school (Grey Friars, see the third extract), at which the narrator Arthur Pendennis and Clive Newcome had been pupils.

Page 63, 1. 13. Improvisatore, one who improvises or composes poems or music extempore.

Page 64,1. 11. on the point of pulling some dreadful long bow=about to invent or exaggerate some story or recital.

Page 64,1. 16. maxima debetur pueris (reverentia)=the greatest respect is due to youth.

Page 64, 1. 20. greenhorn=an inexperienced person, one unacquainted with the world or the local customs.

Page 67, 1. 8. roulades=runs or embellishments in singing.

Page 67, 1. 22. Dr. Primrose=the clergyman, rich in heavenly wisdom, but poor in worldly knowledge, described in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

Page 67, 1. 24. naïveté=artlessness or unaffected simplicity.

Page 69, 1. 13. repertoire=store, collection.

Page 70,1. 11. bacchanalians=noisy revellers; Bacchus was the god of wine.

Christmas at Rosebury.

Rosebury is an English country seat near the village of Newcome, and a Christmas gathering is being held there. The company includes Paul de Florae and his English wife, Jeanne, who are Prince and Princess de Moncontour; Madame de Florae, who is the Comtesse de Florae; and Paul's widowed mother, Ethel Newcome, the daughter of Sir Barnes Newcome and a niece of Colonel Newcome; Arthur Pendennis and his wife, Laura.

Some years have elapsed since the events described in the previous extract. The generous and chivalrous Colonel has lost all his fortune through the failure of a bank, and has gone as a pensioner to Grey Friars, though he lived for a time with Clive and his wife Rosey and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mackenzie. Clive Newcome is grown up and has married Rosey Mackenzie. They had a son Frank. The Barnes Newcome referred to is a nephew of the Colonel, a hard-hearted man of fashion, who failed to be elected a member of Parliament. Mrs. Hobson is also a relation of the Newcomes.

Page 71, 1. 3. cestus=a girdle.

Page 71, 1. 25. roué=a rake or profligate, one who has lost all regard to virtue and decency.

Page 75, 1. 16. **Pourquoi n'en avons nous pas?**=Why haven't

- Page 76, 1. 16. *ma bonne mere*=my good mother.
 Page 76, 1. 27. *brands Dieux*=Great Heavens.
 Page 76, 1. 29. *ce preux chevalier, ce parfait gentilhomme*=this valiant knight, this perfect gentleman.
 Page 77, 1. 8. *Invalides*=The Hotel des Invalides is a fine building in Paris, part of which is assigned to army pensioners.

Colonel Newcome at Grey Friars.

Grey Friars.—Under the name Grey Friars, Thackeray describes the hospital and school in London usually termed Charterhouse. It stands on ground once occupied by a Carthusian monastery. The hospital forms a home for eighty elected pensioners, each pensioner having a separate room, board, and a yearly allowance. Many of the pupils of the school have become famous men, including Thackeray himself. In 1872 the school was removed to Godalming, in Surrey, but the pensioners still occupy their old home.
 Page 85, 1. 1. *Cistercians*=the name used for past and present pupils of the school; their usual name is Carthusians.

Page 85, 1. 17. *in praise Fundatoris Nostri*=in praise of our founder.

Page 87, 1. 8. *Order of the Bath*=a society, the members of which, chosen for some distinguished service, wear a badge representing a rose, thistle, and shamrock, issuing from a sceptre between three crowns.

Page 94, 1. 33. *quia multum amavit*=because he loved much.

Page 95, 1. 21. *I, curre*=go, run.

Page 96, 1. 15. *Leonore*=Madame de Florae's name.

Page 96, 1. 23. *adsum*=present ! a pupil's answer to the roll-call.

SCENES FROM "HENRY ESMOND."

I make the Campaign of 1704.

Henry Esmond is a chivalrous cavalier who lived in the time of Queen Anne, and who had many strange adventures in his life. In the extract, an account is given of his part in the Duke of Marlborough's 1704 campaign (see a good History of England). At the Battle of Blenheim, in this campaign, he is left wounded on the field, but is rescued by his servant Jack Lockwood.

Page 101, 1. 9. *link-boys*=Link-boys carried links or torches to light the way for people—here applied to the straw, and the citizens who were to light it.

Page 102, 1. 19. *Styx*=the gloomy river that had to be crossed to reach the other world.

Page 102, 1. 24. *Clotho*=the Fate that spins the thread of a man's life.

Page 102, 1. 24. *Lachesis*=the Fate that cuts the thread short.

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Colonel Esmond's Meeting with Doctor Swift.

On his return from the war, Henry Esmond is made a colonel. Beatrix Esmond is a cousin. Dr. Swift was an author and wit of the period. Leach is the printer of the *Post-Boy*, and Tommy is his son.

Page 109,1. 13. Dr. Faustus=a magician of the sixteenth century.

Page 109,1. 13. Friar Bacon=an English friar of the thirteenth century.

Page 109,1.14. **Set the Thames on fire**=do something wonderful.

Page 109,1. 28. Compter=Compters wore prisons.

A Scene from the Adventures of Philip.

Philip Firmin is a son of a London physician, who had married a rich woman. Philip's mother dies when he is young, leaving him a fortune of £30,000, for which General Baynes is trustee. The father, blackmailed by a scoundrel, misuses Philip's fortune, to the General's consternation. The General and his family decide to flee to France. The extract will now explain itself.

Page 113, 1. 8. *noof et doo domestiques*=intended for *neuf et deux domestiquea*, nine and two servants.

Page 120, 1. 8. *coup de chapeau*=lifting of the hat.

Page 124, 1. 3. *VOUS comprenez*=you understand.

SELECTION FROM "THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

Oliver Goldsmith.

The lines from the French poet, BeVanger, may be thus translated : " Cast on this globe, ugly, wretched, and suffering, smothered in the crowd for want of being great enough, a twitching complaint came from my mouth. Tho good God said to me : Sing, sing, poor little one. . To sing or I delude myself, is my task here below. All those that I thus amuse, will they not love me ? "

Page 129,1. 30. Auburn is the name given to the village which is the subject of Goldsmith's poem, "The Deserted Village."

Page 130, 1. 1. Lissoy, the Irish village where Goldsmith's father was the clergyman.

Page 130,1. 28. Doctor Primrose, the clergyman, rich in heavenly wisdom, but poor in earthly knowledge, described in Goldsmith's novel, " The Vicar of Wakefield."

Page 130,1. 28. Swift, Jonathan Swift, 1667-1745, the author of "Gulliver's Travels" and other works.

Page 131, 1. 35. *ferule*, a rod.

Page 132, 1. 21. *Æsop*, a Greek author, who wrote the famous fables.

Page 132, 1. 22. little Noll, Noll is the familiar name for Oliver, Goldsmith's Christian name.

Page 133,1. 29. buckeen, a younger son of the lower Irish gentry.

Page 133,1. 33. the Temple, the old lodge of the Knights Templars in London, where are now the rooms of the barristers belonging to the Inns of Court, known as the Inner and Middle Temple.

Page 133,1. 35. woolsack, a cushion stuffed with wool, oft which sits the Lord Chancellor, England's highest law official, in the House of Lords.

Page 134, 1. 27. But me not destined, from Goldsmith's poem, "The Traveller."

Page 134, 1. 36. Fielding, Henry Fielding (1707-1754), a famous English novelist.

Page 135,1. 26. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), a great portrait-painter and art critic.

Page 136,1. 11. Beattie, James Beattie (1735-1803), a Scottish writer.

Page 136, 1. 12. Sterne, Lawrence Sterne (1713-1768), a famous novelist and humourist.

Page 136, 1. 18. Newbery, the publisher who delayed the production of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Page 136,1. 24. the noble Johnson, Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-84), author of an English Dictionary and other works.

Page 136, 1. 25. the great Gibbon (historian), the great Burke (statesman and orator), and the great Fox (statesman and orator).

Page 137, 1. 16. Boswell, James Boswell (1740-1795) was the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson. His "Life of Dr. Johnson" is one of the great biographies in our language.

Page 140, 1. 17. Utopia, an ideal country described in a book of the same name by Sir Thomas More (1478—1535).

Page 140, 1. 17. Yvetot, a town near Rouen, in Normandy, the lords of which assumed at one time the title of King.

Page 140, 1. 26. Ranelagh and the Pantheon, places of amusement in London in Goldsmith's time.

Page 141, 1. 6. Garrick, David Garrick (1717-79) a great actor and playwright.

Page 141, 1. 12. Hazlitt, William Hazlitt (1778-1830) a critic and essayist.

Page 141, 1. 15. Colman. The Colmans were playwrights and actors in Goldsmith's time.

A monument to Goldsmith is placed in Westminster Abbey, for which Dr. Johnson wrote the inscription. It contains the words : *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*, "He treated of nothing but what he adorned."

SELECTION FROM "THE ROUNDABOUT PAPERS."

Washington Irving and Lord Macaulay.

Washington Irving (1783-1859) was an American essayist and novelist. His works include "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Voyages of Columbus," etc.

Thomas Babington Macaulay (Baron Macaulay) (1800-1859) was

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famous as historian, essayist, and poet. His chief work was a History of England from the Accession of James II.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774) was a famous English poet, dramatist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer. (See account, pp, 129-143.)

Edward Gibbon (1737-1794) was a famous English historian, his great work being entitled " The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Page 144, 1. 10. pater patri8B=father of this country.

Page 149, 1. 10. Austerlitz=a town in Moravia, where Napoleon defeated the Russo-Austrian Army in 1805.

Page 149, 1. 11. Sch6nbrunn=a castle three miles S.W. of Vienna, belonging to the Emperor-King (Kaiser and Konig, K.K.) of Austria. It was occupied by Napoleon after Austerlitz.

Page 160, 1. 19. connoisseur—a critical judge, one with a sound knowledge of some art.

Page 150, 1. 27. nil nisi bonum=part of the fuller saying, De mortuis nil nisi bonum, which means " Of the dead say nothing but what is good."

Page 151, 1. 10. à coeur ouvert=with open heart.

Page 151, 1. 12. domes of Peters and Pauls=St. Peter's Church in Rome and St. Paul's in London.

Page 151, 1. 12. Sophia, Santa Sophia, the famous Greek Church at Constantinople.

Page 151, 1. 12. Pantheon. There is a Pantheon, the Church of St. Maria Rotunda at Rome, and a Pantheon at Paris, the Church of St. Genevieve. Each has a famous dome.

Page 151, 1. 14. that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, the dome of the library of the British Museum, open to all.

Page 151, 1. 32. Clarissa, "Clarissa Harlowe " is the title of a novel written in 1749 by Samuel Richardson (1689-1761).

Page 153, 1. 2. laus Deo=praise to God.

Page 153, 1. 18. baton=an official staff borne as an emblem of authority, as a marshal's baton.

Page 163, 1. 18. epaulettes, shoulder " pieces " on the uniform of certain officers.

THE END

