

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER IV.

THE long vacation commenced about a month afterwards, and Hardie came to his father's house, to read for honours, unimpeded by university races and college lectures; and the ploughed and penitent one packed up his Aldrich and his Whateley, the then authorities in Logic, and brought them home, together with a firm resolution to master that joyous science before the next examination for Smalls in October. But lo!, ere he had been an hour at home, he found his things put neatly away in his drawers on the feminine or vertical system—deep strata of waistcoats, strata of trousers, strata of coats, strata of papers—and his Logic gone.

In the course of the evening he taxed his sister good humouredly, and asked "what earthly use that book was to her, not wearing curls."

"I intend to read it, and study it, and teach you it," replied Julia, rather languidly—considering the weight of the resolve.

"Oh, if you have boned it to read, I say no more; the crime will punish itself."

"Be serious, Edward, and think of mamma! I cannot sit with my hands before me, and let you be reploughed."

"I don't want. But—reploughed!—haw, haw! but you can't help me at Logic as you used at Syntax. Why, all the world knows a girl can't learn logic."

"A girl can learn anything she chooses to learn. What she can't learn is things other people set her down to." Before Edward could fully digest this revelation, she gave the argument a new turn, by adding fretfully, "And don't be so unkind, thwarting and teasing me!" and all in a moment she was crying.

"Halloa!" ejaculated Edward, taken quite by surprise. "What is the matter, dears?" inquired maternal vigilance from the other end of the room.

"I don't know, mamma," said Edward. "What on earth is it, Julia?"

"N-othing. Don't torment me!"

Mrs. Dodd came quietly to them. "You did not speak brusquely to her, Edward?"

"No, no," said Julia, eagerly. "It is I that

am turned so cross, and so peevish. I am quite a changed girl. Mamma, what is the matter with me?" And she laid her brow on her mother's bosom.

Mrs. Dodd caressed the lovely head soothingly with one hand, and made a sign over it to Edward to leave them alone. She waited quietly till Julia was composed: and then said, softly, "Come, tell me what it is; nothing that Edward said to you; for I heard almost every word, and I was just going to smile, or nearly, when you—And, my love, it is not the first time, you know; I would not tell Edward, but I have more than once seen your eyes with tears in them."

"Have you, mamma?" said Julia, scarcely above a whisper.

"Why, you know I have. But I said to myself it was no use forcing confidence. I thought I would be very patient, and wait till you came to me with it; so now, what is it, my darling? Why do you speak of one thing, and think of another? and cry without any reason that your mother can see?"

"I don't know, mamma," said Julia, hiding her head. "I think it is because I sleep so badly. I rise in the morning hot and quivering, and more tired than I lay down."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Dodd. "How long is this?"

Julia did not answer this question; she went on, with her face still hidden, "Mamma, I do feel so depressed and hysterical, or else in violent spirits; but not nice and cheerful as you are, and I used to be; and I go from one thing to another, and can settle to nothing; even in church I attend by fits and starts: I forgot to water my very flowers last night: and I heard Mrs. Maxley out of my window tell Sarah I am losing my colour. Am I? But what does it matter? I am losing my sense; for I catch myself for ever looking in the glass, and that is a sure sign of a fool; and I cannot pass the shops; I stand and look in, and long for the very dearest silks, and for diamonds in my hair." A deep sigh followed the confession of these multiform imperfections; but the criminal looked a little relieved by it; and half raised her head to watch the effect.

As for Mrs. Dodd, she opened her eyes wide with surprise; but at the end of the heterogeneous catalogue she smiled, and said, "I cannot believe that. If ever there was a young

lady free from personal vanity it is my Julia. Why, your thoughts run by nature away from yourself; you were born for others."

Her daughter kissed her gratefully, and smiled: but, after a pause, said, sorrowfully, "Ah, that was the old Julia, as seen with your dear eyes. I have almost forgotten *her*. The new one is what I tell you, dear mamma, and that" (with sudden fervour) "is a dreamy, wandering, vain, egotistical, hysterical, abominable girl."

"Let me kiss this monster that I have brought into the world," said Mrs. Dodd. "And now let me think." She rested her eyes calm and penetrating upon her daughter; and at this mere look, but a very searching one, the colour mounted and mounted in Julia's cheek strangely.

"After all," said Mrs. Dodd, thoughtfully, "yours is a critical age; perhaps my child is turning to a woman; my rosebud to a rose." And she sighed. Mothers will sigh at things none other ever sighed at.

"To a weed, I fear," replied Julia. "What will you say when I own I felt no real joy at Edward's return this time? And yesterday I cried, 'Do get away, and don't pester me!'"

"To your brother? Oh!"

"Oh no, mamma, that was to poor Spot. He jumped on me in a reverie, all affection, poor thing."

"Well, for your comfort, dogs do not appreciate the niceties of our language."

"I am afraid they do; when we kick them."

Mrs. Dodd smiled at the admission implied here, and the deep penitence it was uttered with. But Julia remonstrated, "Oh no! no! don't laugh at me, but help me with your advice: you are so wise and so experienced: you must have been a girl before you were an angel. You *must* know what is the matter with me. O, do pray cure me; or else kill me, for I cannot go on like this, all my affections deadened, and my peace disturbed."

And now the mother looked serious and thoughtful enough; and the daughter watched her furtively; "Julia," said Mrs. Dodd, very gravely, "if it was not my child, reared under my eye, and never separated from me a single day, I should say, this young lady is either afflicted with some complaint, and it affects her nerves, and spirits; or else she has—she is—what inexperienced young people call 'in love.' You need not look so frightened, child; nobody in their senses suspects *you* of imprudence or indelicacy; and therefore I feel quite sure that your constitution is at a crisis, or your health has suffered some shock; pray Heaven it may not be a serious one. You will have the best advice, and without delay, I promise you."

During the pronouncement of this judgment Julia's countenance was really a sight. Always transparent, it was now nearly prismatic, so swiftly did various emotions chase one another over those vivid features, emotions that seemed strangely disproportioned to the occasion; for among them were hope, and fear, and shame.

But when Mrs. Dodd arrived at her prosaic conclusion, a kaleidoscope seemed suddenly to

shut, so abruptly did the young face lose its mobility and life; and its owner said, sadly and almost doggedly, "My only hope was in you and your wisdom, not in nasty doctors."

This expression, so flattering, at first sight, to a great profession, was but a feminine ellipse; she meant "doctors whose prescriptions are nasty." However, the learned reader has already seen she was not behind her sex in feats of grammar.

That very evening, Mrs. Dodd sent a servant into the town with a note like a cocked-hat, and next morning Mr. Coleman the apothecary called. Mrs. Dodd introduced the patient, and as soon as he had examined her pulse and tongue, gave her a signal to retire, and detailed her symptoms: loss of sleep, unevenness of spirits, listlessness, hysteria. Mr. Coleman listened reverentially; then gave his opinion: that there was no sign of consumption, nor indeed of any organic disorder; but considerable functional derangement, which it would be prudent to arrest. He bowed out profoundly, and in one hour a buttoned boy called and delivered a smart salute; a box of twenty-eight pills; and a bottle containing six draughts: the quantity of each was determined by horizontal glass lines raised on the phial at equal distances: the pills contained aloes, colocyath, soap, and another ingredient I have unfortunately forgotten: the draught, steel, columba root, camphor, and cardamoms. Two pills for every night, a draught three times a day.

"I do not quite understand this, Julia," said Mrs. Dodd; "here are pills for a fortnight, but the bottle will last only two days."

The mystery was cleared by the pretty page arriving every other day with a fresh phial, and a military flourish of hand to cap.

After the third bottle (as toppers say), Mrs. Dodd felt uneasy. All this saluting, and firing of phials, at measured intervals, smacked of routine and nonchalance too much to satisfy her tender anxiety; and some instinct whispered that an airy creature, threatened with a mysterious malady, would not lower herself to be cured by machinery.

So she sent for Mr. Osmond, a consulting surgeon, who bore a high reputation in Barkington. He came; and proved too plump for that complete elegance she would have desired in a medical attendant; but had a soft hand, a gentle touch, and a subdued manner. He spoke to the patient with a kindness which won the mother directly; had every hope of setting her right without any violent or disagreeable remedies; but, when she had retired, altered his tone, and told Mrs. Dodd seriously she had done well to send for him in time; it was a case of "Hyperæsthesia" (Mrs. Dodd clasped her hands in alarm), "or, as unprofessional persons would say, 'excessive sensibility.'"

Mrs. Dodd was somewhat relieved. Translation blunts thunderbolts. She told him she had always feared for her child on that score. But was sensibility curable? Could a nature be changed?

He replied, that the Idiosyncrasy could not; but its morbid excess could, especially when taken in time. Advice was generally called in too late. However, here the only serious symptom was the Insomnia. "We must treat her for that," said he, writing a prescription; "but for the rest, active employment, long walks, or rides, and a change of scene and associations, will be all that will be required. In these cases," resumed Mr. Osmond, "connected as they are with Hyperœmia, medical men consider moderate venesection to be indicated."

"Venesection? Why, that is bleeding," ejaculated Mrs. Dodd, and looked aghast.

Mr. Osmond saw her repugnance, and flowed aside: "But here, where Cephalalgia and other symptoms are wanting, it is not called for in the least; indeed, would be inadvisable." He then put on his gloves, saying carelessly, "The diet, of course, must be Antiphlogistic."

Mrs. Dodd thanked him warmly for the interest he had shown, and, after ringing the bell, accompanied him herself to the head of the stairs, and then asked him would he add to his kindness by telling her where she could buy *that*?

Mr. Osmond looked surprised at the question, and told her any chemist would make it up for her. It was only a morphine pill, to be taken every night.

"Oh, I do not mean the prescription," explained Mrs. Dodd, "but the new food the dear child is to take? An—flo—Gistic, was it? I had better write it down, sir;" and she held her wee ivory tablets ready.

Mr. Osmond stared, then smiled superior: "Antiphlogistic is not an esculent, it is a medical term."

"There, see my ignorance!" said Mrs. Dodd, sweetly.

He replied courteously, "I am afraid it is, 'See my rudeness, talking Greek to a lady.' But it is impossible to express medical ideas by popular terms. 'Antiphlogistic' is equivalent to non-inflammatory. You must know that nearly all disorders arise from, or are connected with, 'phlegmon,' that is, morbid heat; inflammation. Then a curative system antagonistic to heat, in short, an Antiphlogistic treatment, restores the healthy equilibrium by the cooling effect of venesection or cupping in violent cases, followed by drastic agents, and by vesication and even salivation if necessary—don't be alarmed! Nothing in so mild a case as this indicates the exhibition of active remedies—and, in all cases, serious or the reverse, the basis of the treatment is a light abstemious diet; a diet at once lowering and cooling: in one word, Antiphlogistic. Let us say then, for breakfast, dry toast with very little butter—no coffee—cocoa (from the nibs), or weak tea: for luncheon, beef-tea or mutton-broth: for dinner, a slice of roast chicken, and tapioca, or semolina, pudding. I would give her one glass of sherry, but no more, and barley-water; it would be as well to avoid brown meats, at all events for the present. With these precautions, my dear madam, I think your anxiety will soon be happily removed."

Upon the good surgeon's departure, Mrs. Dodd went in search of Julia, and told her she was charmed with him. "So kind and considerate. He enters into my solicitude, and seems to partake it; and, he speaks under his breath, and selects his expressions. You are to take a narcotic, and long walks, and an antiphlogistic diet."

Julia took her long walks and light diet; and became a little pale at times, and had fewer bursts of high spirits in the intervals of depression. Her mother went with her care to a female friend. The lady said she would not trust to surgeons and apothecaries; she would have a downright physician. "Why not go to the top of the tree at once, and call in Dr. Short? You have heard of him?"

"Oh yes; I have even met him in society; a most refined person; I will certainly follow your advice and consult him. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Bosanquet! A propos, do you consider him skilful?"

"Oh, immensely; he is a particular friend of my husband's."

This was so convincing, that off went another three-cocked note, and next day a dark green carriage and pair dashed up to Mrs. Dodd's door, and Dr. Short bent himself in an arc, got out, and slowly mounted the stairs. He was six feet two, wonderfully thin, livid, and gentleman-like. Fine long head, keen eye, lantern jaws. At sight of him Mrs. Dodd rose and smiled, Julia started and sat trembling. He stepped across the room inaudibly, and, after the usual civilities, glanced at the patient's tongue, and touched her wrist delicately. "Pulse is rapid," said he.

Mrs. Dodd detailed the symptoms. Dr. Short listened with the patient politeness of a gentleman, to whom all this was superfluous. He asked for a sheet of note-paper, and divided it so gently, he seemed to be persuading one thing to be two; he wrote a pair of prescriptions, and whilst thus employed looked up every now and then and conversed with the ladies.

"You have a slight subclavicular affection, Miss Dodd: I mean, a little pain under the shoulder-blade."

"No, sir," said Julia, quietly.

Dr. Short looked a little surprised; his female patients rarely contradicted him. Was it for them to disown things he was so good as to assign them?

"Ah!" said he, "you are not conscious of it: all the better; it must be slight; a mere uneasiness: no more." He then numbered the prescriptions 1, 2, and advised Mrs. Dodd to drop No. 1 after the eighth day, and substitute No. 2, to be continued until convalescence. He put on his gloves, to leave. Mrs. Dodd, then, with some hesitation, asked him humbly whether she might ask him what the disorder was. "Certainly, madam," said he, graciously; "your daughter is labouring under a slight torpidity of the liver. The first prescription is active, and is to clear the gland itself, and the biliary ducts, of the excretory accumulation; and the second

is exhibited to promote a healthy normal habit in that important part of the vascular system."

"A liver complaint, Dr. Short! What, then, it is not Hyperæsthesia?"

"Hyperæsthesia? There is no such disorder in the books."

"You surprise me," said Mrs. Dodd. "Dr. Osmond certainly thought it was Hyperæsthesia." And she consulted her wee tablets to establish the word.

Meantime, Dr. Short's mind, to judge by his countenance, was away roaming distant space in search of Osmond. "Osmond? Osmond? I do not know that name in medicine."

"O, O, O!" cried Julia, "and they both live in the same street!" Mrs. Dodd held up her finger to this outspoken patient.

But a light seemed to break in on Dr. Short. "Ah! you mean Mr. Osmond: a surgeon. A very respectable man, a most respectable man. I do not know a more estimable person—in his grade of the profession—than my good friend Mr. Osmond. And so he gives opinions in medical cases, does he?" Dr. Short paused, apparently to realise this phenomenon in the world of Mind. He resumed in a different tone: "You may have misunderstood him. Hyperæsthesia exists, of course; since he says so. But Hyperæsthesia is not a Complaint; it is a Symptom. Of biliary derangement. My worthy friend looks at disorders from a mental point; very natural: his interest lies that way, perhaps you are aware: but profounder experience proves that mental sanity is merely one of the results of bodily health: and I am happy to assure you that, the biliary canal once cleared, and the secretions restored to the healthy habit, by these prescriptions, the Hyperæsthesia, and other concomitants of hepatic derangement, will disperse, and leave our interesting patient in the enjoyment of her natural intelligence, her friends' affectionate admiration, and above all, of a sound constitution. Ladies, I have the honour——" and the Doctor eked out this sentence by rising.

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Short," said Mrs. Dodd, rising with him; "you inspire me with confidence, and gratitude." As if under the influence of these feelings only she took Dr. Short's palm, and pressed it. Of the two hands, which met for a moment then, one was soft and melting, the other a bunch of bones; but both were very white, and so equally adroit, that a double fee passed without the possibility of a bystander suspecting it.

For the benefit of all young virgins afflicted like Julia Dodd, here are the Doctor's prescriptions:

FOR MISS DODD.

R Pil: Hydrarg: Chlor: Co:
singul: nocte sumend:
Decoc: Aloes Co: ʒj
omni mane.

viii. Sept. J. S.

FOR MISS DODD.

R Conf: Sennæ.

Potass: Bitartrat.

Extr: Tarax: ā ā ʒss

Misft: Elect: Cujus sum: ʒj omni mane.
xviii. Sept. J. S.

Id.: Anglicè reddit: per me Carol: Arundin:

The same done into English by me C. R.

FOR MISS DODD.

1. O Jupiter aid us!! Plummer's pill to be taken every night. 1 oz. compound decoction of Aloes every morning. 8th Sept. J. S.

FOR MISS DODD.

2. O Jupiter aid us!! with Confection of Senna, Bitartrate of Potash, extract of Dandelion, of each half an ounce, let an electuary be mixed; of which let her take 1 drachm every morning. 18th Sept. J. S.

"Quite the courtier," said Mrs. Dodd, delighted. Julia assented: she even added, with a listless yawn, "I had no idea that a skeleton was such a gentlemanlike thing; I never saw one before."

Mrs. Dodd admitted he was very thin.

"Oh no, mamma; thin implies a little flesh. When he felt my pulse, a chill struck to my heart; Death in a black suit seemed to steal up to me, and lay a finger on my wrist: and mark me for his own."

Mrs. Dodd forbade her to give way to such gloomy ideas; and expostulated firmly with her for judging learned men by their bodies. "However," said she, "if the good, kind doctor's remedies do not answer his expectations and mine, I shall take you to London directly. I do hope papa will soon be at home."

Poor Mrs. Dodd was herself slipping into a morbid state. A mother collecting Doctors! It is a most fascinating kind of connoisseurship; grows on one like Drink; like Polemics; like Melodrama; like the Millennium; like any Thing.

Sure enough the very next week she and Julia sat patiently at the morning levee of an eminent and titled London surgeon. Full forty patients were before them: so they had to wait and wait. At last they were ushered into the presence-chamber, and Mrs. Dodd entered on the beaten ground of her daughter's symptoms. The noble surgeon stopped her civilly but promptly. "Auscultation will give us the clue," said he, and drew his stethoscope. Julia shrank, and cast an appealing look at her mother; but Mrs. Dodd persuaded her to it by taking part in the examination, and making it as delicate as possible. The young lady sat panting, with cheeks flushing shame, and eyes flashing indignation. The impassive chevalier reported on each organ in turn without moving his ear from the key-hole. "Lungs pretty sound," said he, a little plaintively: "so is the liver. Now for the——Hum? There is no kardiak insufficiency, I think, neither mitral nor tricuspoid. If we find no tendency to hypertrophy we shall do very well. Ah, I have succeeded in diagnosing a slight diastolic

murmur; very slight." He deposited the instrument, and said, not without a certain shade of satisfaction that his research had not been fruitless, "The Heart is the peccant organ."

"Oh, sir! is it serious?" said poor Mrs. Dodd.

"By no means. Try this" (he scratched a prescription which would not have misbecome the tomb of Cheops); "and come again in a month." Ting! He struck a bell. That "ting" said, "Go, live Guinea! and another come!"

"Heart disease now!" said Mrs. Dodd, sinking back in her hired carriage, and the tears were in her patient eyes.

"My own, own mamma," said Julia, earnestly, "do not distress yourself! I have no disease in the world, but my old, old, old one, of being a naughty, wayward girl. As for you, mamma, you have resigned your own judgment to your inferiors, and that is both our misfortunes. Dear, dear mamma, do take me to a doctress next time, if you have not had enough."

"To a what, love?"

"A she-doctor, then."

"A female physician, child? There is no such thing. No; assurance is becoming a characteristic of our sex: but we have not yet intruded ourselves into the learned professions; thank Heaven."

"Excuse me, mamma, there are one or two; for the newspapers say so."

"Well, dear, there are none in this country; happily."

"What, not in London?"

"No."

"Then what *is* the use of such a great overgrown place, all smoke, if there is nothing in it you cannot find in the country? Let us go back to Barkington this very day, this minute, this instant; oh, pray, pray."

"And so you shall—to-morrow. But you must pity your poor mother's anxiety, and see Dr. Chalmers first."

"Oh, mamma, not another surgeon! He frightened me; he hurt me; I never heard of such a thing; he ought to be ashamed of himself; oh, please not another surgeon."

"It is not a surgeon, dear; it is the Court Physician."

The Court Physician detected "a somewhat morbid condition of the great nervous centres." To an inquiry whether there was heart-disease, he replied, "Pooh!" On being told Sir William had announced heart-disease, he said, "Ah! that alters the case entirely." He maintained, however, that it must be trifling, and would go no further, the nervous system once restored to its healthy tone. "O, Jupiter, aid us! Blue pill and black draught."

Dr. Kenyon found the mucous membrane was irritated and required soothing. "O, Jupiter, &c. Blue pill and Seidlitz powder."

Mrs. Dodd returned home consoled and confused; Julia listless and apathetic. Tea was ordered, with two or three kinds of bread, thinnest slices of meat, and a little blanc mange, &c.,

their favourite repast after a journey; and, whilst the tea was drawing, Mrs. Dodd looked over the card-tray and enumerated the visitors that had called during their absence: "Dr. Short—Mr. Osmond—Mrs. Hetherington—Mr. Alfred Hardie—Lady Dewry—Mrs. and Miss Bosanquet. What a pity Edward was not at home, dear; Mr. Alfred Hardie's visit must have been to him."

"Oh, of course, mamma."

"A very manly young gentleman."

"Oh yes. No. He is so rude."

"Is he? Ah, he was ill just then, and pain irritates gentlemen: they are not accustomed to it, poor 'Things.'"

"That is like you, dear mamma; making excuses for one." Julia added, faintly, "but he is so impetuous."

"I have a daughter who reconciles me to impetuosity. And he *must* have a good heart, he was so kind to my boy."

Julia looked down smiling; but presently seemed to be seized with a spirit of contradiction; she began to pick poor Alfred to pieces; he was this, that, and the other; and then so bold, she might say impudent.

Mrs. Dodd replied calmly that he was very kind to her boy.

"Oh, mamma, you cannot approve all the words he spoke."

"It is not worth while to remember all the words young gentlemen speak, now-a-days; he was very kind to my boy, I remember that."

The tea was now ready, and Mrs. Dodd sat down, and patted a chair, with a smile of invitation for Julia to come and sit beside her. But Julia said, "In one minute, dear," and left the room.

When she came back, she fluttered up to her mother and kissed her vehemently, then sat down radiant. "Ah!" said Mrs. Dodd, "why, you are looking yourself once more. How do you feel now? Better?"

"How do I feel? Let me see: the world seems one enormous flower-garden, and Me the butterfly it all belongs to." She spake, and to confirm her words the airy thing went waltzing, sailing, and fluttering round the room, and sipping mamma every now and then on the wing.

In this buoyancy she remained some twenty-four hours; and then came clouds and chills, which, in their turn, gave way to exultation, duly followed by depression. Her spirits were so uncertain, that things too minute to justify narration turned the scale either way: a word from Mrs. Dodd—a new face at St. Anne's Church looking devoutly her way—a piece of town gossip distilled in her ear by Mrs. Maxley—and she was sprightly or languid, and both more than reason.

Mrs. Dodd had not the clue; and each extreme caused her anxiety; for her own constitution, and her experience of life, led her to connect health, and happiness too, with gentle, even spirits.

One drizzly afternoon they were sitting silent and sabbish in the drawing-room, Mrs. Dodd

correcting the mechanical errors in a drawing of Julia's, and admiring the rare dash and vigour, and Julia doggedly studying Dr. Whateley's Logic, with now and then a sigh, when suddenly a trumpet seemed to articulate in the little hall: "Mestress Doedd at home?"

The lady rose from her seat, and said with a smile of pleasure, "I hear a voice."

The door opened, and in darted a hard featured, grey headed man, laughing and shouting like a schoolboy broke loose. He cried out, "Aha! I've found y' out at last." Mrs. Dodd glided to meet him, and put out both her hands, the palms downwards, with the prettiest air of ladylike cordiality; he shook them heartily. "The vagabins said y' had left the town; but y' had only flitted from the quay to the subbubs; 'twas a pashint put me on the scent of ye. And how are y' all these years? an' how's Sawmill?"

"Sawmill! What is that?"

"It's just your husband. Isn't his name Sawmill?"

"Dear, no! Have you forgotten?—David."

"Ou, ay. I knew it was some Scripcher Petrarch or another, Daavid, or Naathan, or Sawmill. He is a fine lad any way—and how is he, and where is he?"

Mrs. Dodd replied that he was on the seas, but expect—

"Then I wish him well off 'em, confound 'em onenall! Halloa! why, this will be the little girl grown up int' a wumman while ye look round."

"Yes, my good friend; and her mother's darling."

"And she's a bonny lass, I can tell ye. But no freend to the Dockers, I see."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Dodd, sadly, "looks are deceitful; she is under medical advice at this very—"

"Well, that won't hurt her, unless she takes it." And he burst into a ringing laugh: but, in the middle of it, stopped dead short, and his face elongated. "Lordsake, mad'm," said he, impressively, "mind what y' are at, though; Barkton's just a trap for fanciful femuls: there's a n'oily ass called Osmond, and a canting cut-throat called Stephenson, and a genteel, cada-veris old assassin called Short, as long as a may-pole; they'd soon take the rose out of Miss Floree's cheek here. Why, they'd starve Cupid, an' venesock Venus, an' blister Pomonee, the vagabins."

Mrs. Dodd looked a little confused, and exchanged speaking glances with Julia. However, she said, calmly, "I have consulted Mr. Osmond, and Dr. Short; but have not relied on them alone. I have taken her to Sir William Best. And to Dr. Chalmers. And to Dr. Kenyon." And she felt invulnerable behind her phalanx of learning and reputation.

"Good Hivens!" roared the visitor, "what a gauntlet o' gabies for one girl to run; and come out alive! And the picter of health. My faith, Miss Floree, y' are tougher than ye look."

"My daughter's name is Julia," observed Mrs. Dodd, a little haughtily; but instantly recover-

ing herself, she said, "This is Dr. Sampson, love, an old friend of your mother's."

"And th' Author an' Invintor of th' great Chronothairmal Therey o' Medicine, th' Unity Perriodicity an' Remittency f' all disease," put in the visitor, with such prodigious swiftness of elocution, that the words went tumbling over one another like railway carriages out on pleasure, and the sentence was a pile of loud, indistinct syllables.

Julia's lovely eyes dilated at this clishmaclaver, and she bowed coldly. Dr. Sampson was repulsive to her: he had revealed in this short interview nearly all the characteristics of voice, speech, and manner, she had been taught from infancy to shun: boisterous, gesticulatory, idiomatic; and had taken the discourse out of her mamma's mouth, twice; now Albion Villa was a Red Indian hut in one respect: here, nobody interrupted.

Mrs. Dodd had little personal egotism, but she had a mother's, and could not spare this opportunity of adding another Doctor to her collection: so she said, hurriedly, "Will you permit me to show you what your learned confrères have prescribed her?" Julia sighed aloud, and deprecated the subject with earnest furtive signs; Mrs. Dodd would not see them. Now, Dr. Sampson was himself afflicted with what I shall venture to call a mental ailment; to wit, a furious intolerance of other men's opinions; he had not even patience to hear them.

"Mai—dear—mad'm," said he, hastily, "when you've told me their names, that's enough. Short treats her for liver, Sir William goes in for lung disease or heart, Chalmers sis it's the nairves, and Kinyon the mukis membrin; and I say they are fools and lyres all four."

"Julia!" ejaculated Mrs. Dodd, "this is very extraordinary."

"No, it is not extraordinary," cried Dr. Sampson, defiantly: "nothing is extraordinary. And d'ye think I've known these shallow men thirty years, and not plumbed 'um?"

"Shallow, my good friend? Excuse me! they are the ablest men in your own branch of your own learned profession."

"Th' ablest?! Oh, you mean the money-makingest: now listen me! our lairned Profession is a rascally one. It is like a barrel of beer. What rises to the top?" Here he paused for a moment, then answered himself furiously, "THE SCUM!"

This blast blown, he moderated a little. "Look see!" said he, "up to three or four thousand a year, a Docker is often an honest man, and sometimes knows something of medicine; not much, because it is not taught anywhere; but if he is making over five thousand, he must be a rogue, or else a fool: either he has boeed an' boeed, and cript an' crawled, int' wholesale collusion with th' apothecary an' th' accoucheur—the two jockeys that drive John Bull's faemily coach—and they are sucking the pashint together, like a leash o' leeches; or else he has turned spicialist; has tacked his name to some poplar disorder, real or imaginary; it needn't exist to

be poplar. Now, those four you have been to are spicialists, and that means monomaniacs—why on airth didn't ye come to me among the rest?—their buddies exspatiate in West-ind squares, but their souls dwell in a n'alley ivery man Jack of 'em: Aberford's in Stomicli Alley, Chalmers's in Nairve Court, Short's niver stirs out o' Liver Lane, Paul's is stuck fast in Kidney Close, Kinyon's in Mukis Membrin Mews, and Hibbards's in Lung Passage. Look see! nixt time y' are out of sorts, stid o' consulting three bats an a n'owl at a guinea the piece, send direct to me, and I'll give y' all their opinions, and all their prescriptions, *gratis*. And deevilich dear ye'll find 'em at the price, if ye swallow 'm."

Mrs. Dodd thanked him coldly for the offer, but said she would be more grateful if he would show his superiority to persons of known ability, by just curing her daughter on the spot.

"Well, I will," said he, carelessly; and all his fire died out of him. "Put out your tongue!—Now your pulse!"

THE POLISH STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

THE western corner of the map of Russia is a small projecting spot, inscribed "Kingdom of Poland" (because it has no king); and is all which is apparent, in name, of the goodly territory known as Poland previous to 1772. This Russian province resembles the summit of a hill overtopping the waters of a mighty inundation. It is the Ararat of the Polish world. All the rest of the titular country has been submerged and swamped by the encroaching waves of a threefold deluge. Posen, Volhynia, Galicia, and the rest, are no longer Polish, but respectively Prussian, Russian, and Austrian. Poland is a victim whose members have been swallowed by three separate political boa-constrictors. Are reunion and resuscitation possible? or, Is she digested and dead? are the leading questions of the day.

Poland is cut off from Western Europe not only by geographical distance, but also by the peculiarities of her language, which is so complex and difficult that Poles are apt to say that no foreigner can ever learn it thoroughly. They vaunt its richness, variety, and power; and it is still a living language, and a bond of union amongst those who speak it. It is the most perfect of the Slavonic dialects, far superior to Russian. It has great aptitude for inversion, like Latin and Greek. It is particularly clear and precise. Its nouns have *seven* cases, and, like the Greek, three numbers instead of two. The adjectives (and even some substantives, as propernames) are declined by gender and number. The necessity of employing the article in some cases, and the power of dispensing with it in others, are a great advantage. And in the Polish conjugations, there is no need to employ the personal pronoun incessantly, because the terminations of the verb fulfil their office. Those terminations go so far as to indicate the gender of the persons speaking or spoken of. Add to

all this an abundance of augmentatives and diminutives, like the Italian, and you have a language which in itself constitutes a national Freemasonry. On the other hand, the Poles are admirable linguists with regard to languages not their own.

Old national customs are cherished. The dances and fêtes are completely national; nothing is borrowed, all is original. The Swiecone, or Blessing, is one of their most interesting customs. It is a repast served after mass on Easter Sunday, of which the whole family partakes standing. Most of the dishes, prepared beforehand, are served cold. It is not permitted to taste of the feast before the benediction by the priest; whence the name. The tables are sometimes laid and garnished several days beforehand, in rooms carefully locked to keep out intruders. On Easter Day, after the blessing, everybody wishes everybody a happy year. Before the beginning of the meal, the host offers blessed eggs to his guests, who are obliged to accept them.

In old times, the Blessing was a weighty matter. The Palatin Sapieha served to a number of Lithuanian and Polish lords a lamb prepared with pistachio nuts. The lamb represented the Agnus Dei, and was surmounted by a little flag. On another side were four wild boars (figuring the four seasons) stuffed with ham and sausages. Further on, were twelve stags (typical of the months of the year) roasted whole, with their horns gilt, and filled with rabbits, hares, and pheasants. Fifty-two tarts, of enormous circumference, answered to the number of weeks. Three hundred and sixty-five cakes called to mind the days of the year. Wine was supplied in silver vessels of corresponding multitude.

The custom of the Blessing still exists. In Warsaw, and other large towns, the Easter rejoicings last a fortnight. In the country, the gentry invite their friends to sojourn with them the same space of time. The peasants, even, keep the feast as well as they can, with eggs, sausages, roast lamb, ham, and cakes made with saffron and plums. These national observances are not swept away by the absorption into Russian territory. The people cling to them more closely than ever.

The partition of Poland is a historical event with which our readers are familiar; and for nearly one hundred years the Muscovite government has been striving to obliterate the landmarks which divide it from its share of the spoil. All methods have been tried, except impartial and liberal treatment. Polish patriots now hold that any compromise with Russia would be the worst step that Poland could take; and they give their reasons. They are obliged to arrive at the conviction that the object of their oppression is not to conquer the insurrection, but to crush the country utterly. One general has been publicly accused of offering five roubles (about sixteen shillings) for every insurgent's head brought to him by the peasants. For him, of course, one head is as good as another, provided it only be Polish. Superior officers in the Russian service,

who still have hearts, prefer suicide to the execution of orders which degrade both the Russian army and its leaders.

When the emperor's brother arrived in Warsaw, patriots feared that the population, worn out by long suffering and seduced by brilliant promises, might be persuaded to give up the silent protest which they had hitherto so firmly persevered in. If they were to believe the flattering rumours wafted from St. Petersburg, a new era was about to commence for the wretched people, and the prince was come to inaugurate a new and national policy. But the Russian court, although alarmed at the attitude of all parties in ancient Poland, and the sympathy which it excited in Western Europe, merely wanted to deceive France and England by apparent concession, and to cheat the Poles of their independence while holding out magnificent promises. The Grand-Duke Constantine and the Marquis Wielopolski did their best to effect what, in private life, would be called a swindling transaction.

The grand-duke issued patriotic proclamations; he addressed gracious words to the shoemaker Hiszpanski; he warmly appealed to Count André Zamoyski to make friendly advances to the Marquis Wielopolski; he gave the name of Waclaw to his new-born son, and confided him to a Polish nurse: all which were pilot-balloons and baits, to entice consistent patriots and eminent citizens into the meshes of the great Muscovite net. The Poles were to abandon their future chances of independence; in return, no offer was made either of the constitution of 1815, or of a national army, or of the Polish flag, or individual liberty, or of the freedom of the press, or of the reunion of the ancient provinces to the kingdom of Poland. All these were claimed by the Poles; nothing was given.

One instance will illustrate the animus of Russia towards Poland. The mother of an insurgent who had been taken prisoner, lately implored the grand-duke's clemency. The prince, perhaps touched with pity, perhaps conscious that tyranny must have its limits, referred the case to General Rozimoff, and inquired whether he might be allowed to do anything for the prisoner. The general replied that the man belonged to the very worst class of offenders, and that he had killed three Russians in a skirmish. The mother rejoined that it was false; for the Dziennik Pouwszeckny (the official journal) had stated that *no* Russian had perished in that encounter.

The mask has fallen, and Russia once more shows herself the same as she was under Catherine, Suvarrow, and Nicholas. Count André Zamoyski, torn from his dying wife, was transported to St. Petersburg and sent into exile. Count Roniker, marshal of the nobility of Podolia, and all the marshals of the districts of that province, were arrested and imprisoned. But the ukase concerning discretionary recruiting in Poland (the discretion being exercised by the Russian authorities) is what has made the yoke unbearable, as a very little explanation will show.

By an imperial order of the year 1834, the

inhabitants of Poland were assimilated to those of the Russian empire, as far as regards military service. Consequently, since that date, the kingdom of Poland has been included in the general military system, and has been obliged to conform to the measures generally taken throughout the empire in furnishing its contingent number of men. So far, there appears no great oppression or injustice towards a conquered, or rather a violently annexed, population.

In the empire, the eastern and the western regions have alternately supplied, every other year, the required number of recruits; but the kingdom of Poland, which, in virtue of an ukase of 1834, ought to furnish an annual contingent, had still only to furnish half the proportional number of men required every two years from each half of the empire. This regulation lasted until 1855, the year in which the last recruitment took place. On the 26th of August, 1856, shortly after the end of the Crimean war, the general recruitment was suspended for three years, and then again for three years more.

At present, with the intention of preventing, as far as possible, any increase of the contingent, by the formation of a strong reserve (and also to fill up the vacancies in the army and navy), his majesty ordained, by his ukase of the 1st of September last, a general levy, for the year 1863, in both the eastern and the western regions, and consequently, as a matter of course, in the kingdom of Poland also. So far, the emperor's treatment of his subjects is impartial and equal. But the tyrant's unfair and oppressive blow is now about to fall heavily.

By a letter of the 17th of September last, the Russian Minister of War informed his imperial highness, the grand-duke lieutenant, that, "as far as concerns the recruiting to take place in the kingdom of Poland, his majesty, considering the introduction of the *robot* (free labour instead of compulsory labour) at this moment;—and considering besides that in the exceptional condition which the country is placed, the mode of recruiting by drawing lots (the legal mode) MIGHT BE INCONVENIENT:

"His majesty has deemed to ordain, in conformity with the proposal of his imperial highness, that the first general recruitment for the kingdom of Poland shall be adjourned, and a partial recruitment only shall be made at present. Drawing lots shall, this time, be replaced by the designation of individuals fit for the service, as had hitherto been practised. This designation shall be made by special authorities, to be appointed by the council of administration.

"From this first recruitment are exempted large landed proprietors, peasants, and all individuals exclusively employed in agricultural business. The other inhabitants of villages, small landowners, farmers, as well as the population of all towns in the kingdom, without distinction of religion, will have to supply a contingent whose number shall be fixed at a later date. The council of administration is authorised to modify, transitorily, with a view to

the execution of this regulation, sundry exceptions which are allowed by the law of 1859."

For the future, then, instead of being, as heretofore, general, the recruitment is to press upon one portion only of the nation. The owners of large domains, the peasants entitled to the privileges of the new law of serfdom, and farm servants, are exempt from military service. The contingent is to be torn from the dwellers in towns, from small yeomen cultivating their own little patch of land, and from field labourers. By means of these invidious exceptions, it is hoped to attach the favoured classes to Russia, and to sow discord amongst her Polish subjects. Further, by making the towns bear the weight of the conscription, it is intended to expatriate the most enlightened and active portion of the population.

The substitution of the arbitrary selection of each individual recruit, for the impartial plan of drawing by lot, requires a word of comment. The Emperor Nicholas, who was no apprentice at despotism, and who wished to dispose of the destiny of every inhabitant of Poland according to his own will, could hit upon no better invention than to suppress the practice of drawing by lot, replacing it by the special designation of each recruit. The tiger could thus lay his talons on whatever victim pleased him best. Alexander the Second, yielding to a benevolent impulse, for which even his enemies must give him credit, spontaneously avowed the tyranny of that system, and substituted for it drawing by lot, as more in conformity with humanity and justice. But, since the promulgation of that change, no recruitment has taken place in Poland; and it is at the moment when the population were about to profit by the only serious amelioration of the new reign, that the Grand-Duke Constantine and the Marquis Wielopolski dare to decree arbitrary selection. There exists, therefore, a double legislation; one on paper, intended to lure the population by chimerical hopes, and another in practice, devised to torture them. The liberalism of the Marquis Wielopolski, and the benevolent intentions of the Grand-Duke Constantine, have been illustrated by a bitter reduction to practice.

Commissioners chosen by the council of administration are entrusted with the task of marking the men who are to be recruits. To weed out obnoxious individuals, and to hold in hand the most flexible instrument that government ever wielded, is the double object kept in view under the pretext of a recruitment. No easier means can be conceived of getting rid of persons suspected of independence and patriotism. And, to shake off any shackles which might impede the commissioners' movements, Article 3 of the Rescript authorises the council of administration to suspend the action of the legal exemptions stipulated in the decree of 1859. Consequently, only sons, the eldest sons of widows, and the guardians of orphans, are no longer safe from the conscription. In this way, the whole population, from twenty to thirty years of age, with the invidious exception of the great

landowners and their peasants, is delivered up in a mass to the discretionary power of the government. No check or limit is laid down, either as to the number of the recruits, the responsibility of the commissioners, or the duration of their arbitrary proceedings.

But the reader ought to be made aware what military life in Russia is. He will be greatly in error if he fancies that there is any resemblance between the Russian military service and the career of arms which France opens to the soldier's ambition. In France, it is continually boasted that every soldier may carry a marshal's bâton in his knapsack. In Russia, all commissions are conferred on the nobility exclusively. In France, the soldier is respected by his superiors; corporal punishment is unknown. In Russia, he is made to suffer the most barbarous and degrading treatment. In France, the soldier is affectionately cared for; nourished with wholesome and abundant food, excellently taught, conveniently clad, and salubriously lodged. In Russia, the soldier's lot is miserable; for he is made a source of profit by his chiefs, who enrich themselves at his expense. In France, the duration of military service is seven years, at its full extent; the practical average is considerably shorter. In Russia, it is fifteen years.

Such is the condition of the Russian soldier. If it be lamentable for him, how much more lamentable must it be for the Pole, torn from his native soil and from all his family affections, to be incorporated in the ranks of a foreign army—the implacable enemies of his country! Scattered in the midst of Russian soldiers (instead of forming distinct regiments, like the Hungarians) he has for comrades men who speak a different language, who profess a different religion, and who are influenced by different aspirations. He is sent far away to the confines of Asia, and particularly to the range of the Caucasus. He receives no news of his friends at home; it is only by a miracle that here and there one individual survives fifteen years of physical and moral torture, to revisit his native village; and perhaps the bitterest of his trials is, at a moment's warning to have to fire on his own fellow-countrymen. There is no difficulty in conceiving that the Polish women weep for their sons, their brothers, and their lovers, when once enrolled in the Russian army, as they would weep for the dead.

Polish women have always been gifted with a certain dash of military spirit; and they are manifesting it now. There are many women in the insurgent camp taking part in the war. Many families, who had sought refuge in Galicia at the outbreak of the troubles, have returned to Poland and joined the insurgents. One whole family is cited; the father, mother, son, and two daughters, have all enlisted.

Catherine the Second boasted that she had abolished the punishment of death, and she buried her victims alive in the mines of Siberia. The Poles would prefer sacrificing their heads on the scaffold, to the death by inches inflicted

on them while spending the best portion of their lives in the Russian service. For them to serve in the Russian army, under the conditions there inevitable, is more than equivalent to the punishment of death. Russia is not so short-sighted as to excite the indignation of Europe by shedding torrents of human blood. She prefers to kill quietly in the shade, and to torture her victims leisurely. The Gazette of Silesia, last November, announced that forty-two Polish officers were broken, declared infamous, and condemned to be first whipped and then transported to Siberia, for having taken part in the late revolutionary attempts. It can only have been for such purposes that the discretionary recruitment was invented.

The fact, indeed, was openly stated by the Journal of St. Petersburg in February last: "We by no means deny that the measures, which have caused the recruitment to weigh heavily on the populace of towns by exempting the country population, are abnormal measures. The government was perfectly aware that the recruitment would be the signal for an explosion, always imminent and only delayed. But the head being out of our reach, we had to cripple the arms, seize the weapons, and render the instruments inoffensive: which is what the Russian government has done."

The Warsaw correspondence of the Patrie gives credible details of the manner in which the recruitment was executed in the night of the 14th-15th of January last. It is already known that steps had been taken to have an adequate force at hand, in case of resistance. At eleven o'clock at night the squares and the principal streets were occupied by military. The regiments of the Guards, recently arrived at Warsaw, were distributed about the different quarters of the town, under the direction of the police. At the same time strong patrols of cavalry were on the move from street to street. About midnight the kidnapping of the recruits began.

Police-agents, followed by five or six soldiers with fixed bayonets, entered the houses, holding the previously prepared lists of names, and arrested all the parties so designated. The majority were found at home, and suffered themselves to be led away without resistance. The unhappy men so arrested were at first conducted to the Hôtel de Ville. There they were divided into columns of from twenty to five-and-twenty, and were thence transferred, with their hands bound, under good escort to the citadel. The conscripts—in Poland, proscriptions is the usual word—seemed in general resigned to their lot. A few of them chanted patriotic songs on their way. But the mothers from whom their sons had been torn, the old men who had lost their only support, the women from whom their husbands had been taken, filled the air with wailing and lamentation. A great number followed the recruits up to the gates of the citadel. Never was a more pitiable spectacle exhibited.

Finally, the operation was concluded without any serious conflict or outbreak of resistance.

But a government reduced to employ such methods in order to enforce its laws and recruit its army, proclaims by the very act that it has no hold on the country where it assumes to maintain its authority, and that it reigns by force alone. The Poles were to be congratulated on having displayed submission and resignation, rather than compromise the cause of their country by unavailing and desperate efforts. Public opinion attributed to them a moral victory for which it was impossible not to give them credit. They had set a heroic example; for the recruitment was not to be attempted in the provinces until it had been concluded in the capital.

Such self-denial, however, did not fall in with Russian views, which wanted to provoke a bloody conflict at any price. The grand-duke and the marquis, well aware of the natural indignation felt throughout all Poland, threw in the last drop which made the vessel overflow, by inserting in the official journal of Warsaw a long article, of which the following is the principal passage: "Never, for the last thirty years, has the recruitment been effected with so much ease and expedition! The conscripts brought to the citadel were full of joy. They manifested their delight at entering the School of Order called the army, and at resuming there an active and serious existence, after so many years spent in the disorder of pernicious dreams."

As M. de Montalembert eloquently says, the Polish insurrection is not a rash outbreak (like that at Athens six months ago, or that at Paris fifteen years ago), in which the bewildered conquerors are more embarrassed than elated with their easy victory. Nor is it a plot hatched in the dark, and speculating on the gains of the bloody game of war, like that which produced the Lombard war and the Italian revolution. It is a sudden and spontaneous explosion provoked by the conscription—a conscription imposed not with the equitable and unvarying forms annually practised in France, but with the same savage treachery with which negroes are kidnapped on the Guinea coast;—intended, not to arm the nation, but to decimate it; and having for its result the deportation for life of twenty-five thousand young Poles, previously marked by the Russian police! Its consequence is that, for the present, the cruel boast can no longer be made that "Order reigns at Warsaw."

As the Russians have begun so are they continuing. Not long ago they committed a frightful murder in the village of Wisniew, between Ostrowic and Wichkow, on the line of railway between Warsaw and St. Petersburg. The Cossacks, after cutting the throat of M. Seewald, a conservator of forests, in whose house two insurgents had taken refuge, carried his head about at the end of a lance, and then tossed it to his own dog. M. Seewald's wife was severely wounded. His sister (both whose hands were shot through) and his child contrived to escape.

On the 26th of February a small body of three hundred Poles, leaving the town of Opa-

lowch under the command of Okinsky, entered the forest, where they were attacked by three thousand Russians. The Cossacks begun by plundering the waggons, of which the insurgents took advantage to put a certain distance between themselves and their adversaries. Pursued by the Russians for more than four miles, they lost six men, one of whom, Thaddeus Pikulski, was only nineteen years of age. This unhappy lad was tied to the foot of a Cossack's horse, and so dragged for another couple of miles. His skull was soon fractured by stones and the roots of trees. A monk of the order of the Bernadins was also wounded in this encounter. The insurgents wanted to carry him off with them, but the brave ecclesiastic said, "Leave me here, my children, to die in peace, looking the enemy full in the face." The Russians put him to death, and cut off his head.

Four "mowers," who had taken refuge in a hut, were burnt alive by the Cossacks. They several times tried to force their way out, but at every attempt were thrust back into the flames again.

A young man named Krasusky, the son of a landowner of the village of Plesnia-Wola, and one of his friends named Breconowski, were arrested by the Russians near Radzyn. They each received two hundred blows of the stick, to make them confess their intention of joining the insurgents. The confession once obtained, they were shot. At the time of writing this, accounts are coming in of the Russian treatment of prisoners, too dreadful to detail in these columns.

Horrors of persecution call forth horrors of self-sacrifice. A young man attached to the Court of Appeal at Posen, had both his legs carried away by a cannon-ball, in a recent encounter between the insurgents and the Russians at Powiedz. His brother persisted in remaining with him and in making every effort to save him. The wounded man then blew his own brains out, in order to leave his brother at liberty to escape.

Now and then adventures occur, in which dramatic justice prevails. Two young Poles, on their way to Posen to join the insurgents, and pursued by a couple of mounted Prussian gendarmes, hid themselves in a wayside cottage. The gendarmes, certain that they had tracked their prey, coolly fastened their horses to the garden-hedge, and, sabre in hand, forced their way into the cottage. The Poles, to escape, climbed on to the roof. Thence, lightly dropping into the garden, they unfastened the gendarmes' horses, mounted them, and so reached the frontier and the insurgents' camp, which was close at hand. Twenty-four hours afterwards, a couple of letters, addressed to their parents, informed them of the lucky escape, and also enclosed forty thalers, which they found in the gendarmes' pistol-holsters, and which they felt it a duty to return. Whether Russians, under similar circumstances, would have been equally polite to their complaisant Prussian allies, may be allowed to remain a matter of doubt. We

know, however, that the Polish insurgents sent back, with apologies, the Grand-Duchess Constantine's letters; whilst the Russian generals returned the compliment with massacre, fire, and extermination.

Langiewicz, the recent dictator of Poland, is a man of the middle height, or rather short, but with broad shoulders and a full face, light brown hair, long yellow moustaches, very restless and piercing eyes. His head is thrown back with a martial and decided air; his motions are abrupt. He looks about thirty years of age.

His aides-de-camp are almost all very young. One in particular appears extremely juvenile and singularly graceful, and is, in fact, no other than a Russian young lady, Polonised, Mademoiselle Poustowojtoi, who has hitherto taken part in all the insurrectionary demonstrations. She was originally an orthodox Greek, but is now a Catholic, which conversion procured her eleven months' lodgings in a dungeon in the citadel of Krzemieniec. Being removed to Zamors on the 24th of January, she was released on the way by a band of insurgents, who brought her to General Langiewicz. He appointed her adjutant at Malogoszew, of which office she is perfectly capable; being as brave as beautiful. All the aides-de-camp wear a carbine slung across their shoulders and a revolver at their girdle. Their distinctive mark is a scarf of red wool. It should be added that their post is extremely dangerous, and that not a few of them get killed.

They have need, indeed, of stout hearts, both the aides-de-camp and their general. But if ever foreign rule was unbearable, it is surely the Russian government of Poland; and if ever insurrection was justifiable, it is that which resists the kidnapping of a nation's sons and fathers. The Italian potentates, now dethroned, did nothing, on an extensive or general scale, to compare in blackness with the deeds permitted by Alexander the Second, and of which William of Prussia is so ready an accomplice. The giving up to Russia of prisoners who sought an asylum in Prussia, *unashed*, is an instance of officious and atrocious treachery which has sent a shudder throughout every fibre of European civilisation.

SPRING.

I know a wood to which the darling Spring
Comes early with the blessing of her smile,
And sets the pale wood-flowers blossoming—
Ah me, ah me! how many a weary mile
I leave that little wood behind—yet still
As Spring advances once more I behold
The rustic bridge that spans the singing rill
Of hill-born water, crystal-clear and cold.

I cross the bridge, pass thro' the swinging wicket,
The path, still damp, its quiet course pursues
'Mid mottled beech-boles, sunny brake and thicket,
And deep-struck roots, where, nourish'd by the dews,
Nestling the little violets whose blue eyes
Just peep at me askant through heart-shaped leaves,
Fragile wood-sorrel, with its pearly dyes
All iridescent as the skies the eyes
Lengthening, rejoice us with. Wind-flowers white

Bursting from purpled buds, lift bended heads
And gaze around with open-eyed delight,
And the wood's lady, lovely primrose, sheds
The blessing of her odour, soft and bland
Among the vernal grass and velvet moss.
I stoop to pluck her—yet arrest my hand—
It seems so cruel to inflict the loss
Of her sweet presence on the little nook
She lighted like a star.

About my feet

A lavish wealth of beauty greets each look,
And in the perfumed air a chorus sweet
Of vernal rapture echoes; full and soft
The cuckoo's muffled cry searches the wood,
And from the tallest elm rings forth aloft
Upon the listening ear a circling flood
Of song from Philomel's delicious throat;
And, 'mid her pauses, further off I hear
The constant thrush's scarce inferior note,
With all its changes, vigorous and clear.

And now the wood is cross'd, and I behold
A burst of glory! for the cowslips spread
A veritable Field of Cloth of Gold
Laid out for me, and me alone, to tread!

I will not tread it. Musingly I lean
Upon the stile, and lovingly recal
The story of the sleeping Imogen.
(I never see a cowslip but I fall
To murmuring dreamily, "On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
F' the bottom of a cowslip.") There I rest,
And gaze, and dream, while all the tall tree-tops,
Pregnant with sappy buds, sigh answering
To the wind's wooing, so forgivingly
Of all his winter buffets.

Darling Spring,

For this most happy dream my thanks to thee!

A JACKDAW UPON A WEDDING.

ABOUT the middle of the last century there was written, by one of the masters of Westminster School, a delightful little poem concerning a jackdaw. The master's patronymic was Bourne; and he could not have been very much hated by the Westminster boys of the time as a pedagogue, or as a man, since they and all his contemporaries agreed to change his christian name of Vincent into the affectionate diminutive of "Vinny." The "Jackdaw," was composed originally in the Latin tongue; but it was translated—and, very exquisitely translated too—into our vernacular by William Cowper. It is, I conscientiously believe, the very sweetest little canzonet that ever was penned. When you have once read it, you must needs read it again; and then perforce you must learn it by heart, and after that it remains indelibly fixed upon your memory. No one ever forgot the "Jackdaw" who could once repeat it without book. The gravest, loftiest minds have loved so to dwell upon its simple verse and kind philosophy. There was a potent, learned divine once who lay a dying, and in his aboured breathing was observed trying to repeat something. They put their ears to his lips, expecting to hear the expression of some last solemn wish. No; he was only murmuring a stanza—the stanza—from Vinny Bourne's

"Jackdaw." When that true American gentleman, Mr. Richard Rush, was minister from the then United States to this country, he dined frequently with George Canning; and he tells us that on one occasion—the times were dark and troublous—the Minister of State, who had been throughout dinner and desert silent and preoccupied, began playing with his nutcrackers, and softly muttering:

There is a bird who by his note,
And by the blackness of his coat,
You might suppose a crow;
A strict frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

They were the opening lines of the "Jackdaw." I would transcribe the entire poem, but that you can buy Vinny Bourne's whole works for ninepence on any bookstall, and am sanguine enough to hope that by the time you and I become better acquainted, you will be able to recite the "Jackdaw" more trippingly than the reminiscent. For the nonce it is but needful for you to listen to the penultimate stanza. The philosophic, bishop-looking, black-coated bird is sitting, "secure and at his ease," at the top of the church-steeple, whence he surveys "the bustle and the raree-show that occupy mankind below" him:

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, and all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law—
Its customs and its bus'nesses
Is no concern at all of his,
And says:—what says he?—"CAW!"

Then, I come to the point at once. It is my signal privilege, at ten o'clock in the morning of TUESDAY, THE TENTH OF MARCH, 1863, to occupy the secure and easy position of Vinny Bourne's bird. If I am not on the summit of the steeple it is because there is no steeple, but many pinnacles, to SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, and standing ground on any one of them would merely afford me a view of the castle-yard, and the Great Park, and Eton's antique spires, and old Upton church far beyond: things all very charming in their way, but of which I do not, on this instant March morning, desire to take cognisance. I have a better point of espial than "the plate which turns and turns to indicate from what side blows the weather." I am perched high up in the organ-loft of the chapel of Saint George, whence in perfect security and ease I can behold the "bustle and the raree show," occupying the court of England below. Yes; there they all are in one great motley round-about—"church, army, physic, law," and I have nothing whatever to do with them. Their customs and their business are no concern at all of mine, save in so far that with a voice more or less harsh and croaking, I am expected to say "caw:" and that that simple criticism will be uttered with a beak dipped in ink, and held in close proximity to sundry slips of paper; and that, this coming night, sundry industrious persons called compositors will

transfer my discordant note to mellifluous expression in movable types, and will bind it up in "chases," and spread it upon the back of "turtles," and lay it upon a machine, and whirl it round on steam cylinders, and emboss it upon paper, and sell it, so printed and embossed, for pieces of money, to the Egyptians—that is to say, to the British public, who, to the extent of as many thousands or millions who choose to run may read my "cawing" to their hearts' content in to-morrow morning's papers.

I am bidden to the marriage of Albert Edward Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, to whom, both, long life and happiness is the jackdaw's wish. The Lord Chamberlain asked me; and yet, he *didn't* bid me to the marriage. His card says nothing at all about a wedding. He had not "the honour to request my presence." His lordship was not "favoured with the Queen's commands"—at least, he made no intimation to me of the fact—to do so: I was merely asked as a jackdaw. "Come," said, or seemed to say, Lord Sydney, and survey the raree show, "from ten in the morning till half-past one. If you were a member of the Upper Ten Thousand, you should have a striped ticket, nearly as big as an Algerian burnous for the Nave of Saint George's Chapel. If you were one of the Upper Five Hundred you should have a special invite to the Choir. Under those circumstances I should expect you to come in your Robes, or your Collar, or your Stars, or your Garters. You should be conducted to your stall, or your seat on the haut pas, by vice-chamberlains and gentlemen-ushers. Nay, in special instances your arrival should be announced by a flourish of trumpets, and the gentlemen-at-arms should present partisans as you passed. Court carriages should convey you to and from the chapel, and after the ceremony you should find a gold-handled knife and fork laid for you at the state collation in the Waterloo Gallery. But, as you are only a jackdaw, just wing your airy flight with this blue ticket to the part of the chapel you know is set apart for you and your brood, and, confound you, keep a still tongue in your head, till it is time to say 'caw.'"

It was delightful for a thoughtful but indolent sight-seer to be permitted to witness such a ceremonial at so slight an expenditure of trouble. There was no intriguing for tickets. There were no carking fears lest you should be put behind a pillar, or a voluminous dowager with a back as broad and as opaque as the organ itself. There was no nervousness as to how you were to acquit yourself in the part you had to play in a court pageant. Very recently I heard of a poor little captain in a marching regiment who had as yet never been presented at court, but who was going to the Prince's levee. He had been through the Crimean and the Indian campaigns, yet he was frightened out of his wits at the thought of the dreadful ordeal he was fated to undergo at St. James's. His mamma wrote in an agony of perturbation to a fashionable dancing mistress; and the captain had half a dozen lessons, at a guinea each, in

the art of kneeling, kissing hands, bowing, and backing out of the Presence. His sister went through days of preparation, quite as solemn and elaborate, with the view to the Princess Royal's drawing-room, and goodness only knows how many times she practised, for the edification of her lady's-maid, the art and mystery of throwing her train over her arm. I think that, were it my terrible doom to be presented at court, I should die. I should probably trip myself up with my sword, if I didn't fall upon its point, bodily, like an ancient Roman. The nervousness which leads me to crumb my bread at dinner—when there are any grand folks present—would certainly compel me to pull my frill and my ruffles into rags. And, good gracious! what should I do in shorts and silken shanks?

From my jackdaw perch in the loft I caught sight of Mr. William Powell Frith, Royal Academician, painter of the best scenes of English social life we have seen since the days of William Hogarth, ensconced, with his sketch-book, in a snug corner to the north of the altar, whence he was to make a draught of the bridal ceremony for his forthcoming grand picture, commissioned by the Queen. Mr. Frith was in shorts and silken shanks, in snuff-colour and steel buttons, in a bag, and a brocaded waistcoat, in a frill and ruffles. I am sure he didn't like it. I hope he didn't catch cold. I turned, after surveying him, with a sensation—not entirely devoid of selfishness—of infinite relief, to my brother jackdaws, one of whom was clad in a suit of tweed, well shrunk, cut sporting fashion; another, wearing a rough great-coat; a third, an Inverness cape, and so forth, to the extent of about a dozen jackdaws congregated in the loft to the left of the organ. The particular daw who has the honour to be cawing at the present moment was slightly more courtly in his apparel. He—that is, I—had been at a solemn dinner in London the night before, and had just time to catch the last train—the midnight one—on the Great Western, for Windsor. I was afraid, you see, of over-sleeping myself in the morning, so had determined to catch time by the forelock, and to be the early bird that picked up the worm. I went down in full evening dress and a white cravat, and I punctually left the black bag which contained my change of apparel in the Hansom which conveyed me to Paddington. There was no help for it, at ten o'clock the next morning, but to present myself at the southern porch of Saint George's Chapel in the same costume—under which sumptuary condition I must have looked, I fancy, like an undertaker out for a holiday. There was a compact crowd of ladies and gentlemen, provided with tickets for the nave, who were waiting, in a very operative manner, for the doors to open, at this same southern entrance. I was enabled to gaze upon some of the most resplendent bonnets, some of the most startling waistcoats, to be found in Christendom. I believe Mr. Poole, the tailor, was himself present in the nave, and, if such be the case, he must have reviewed, with pardonable pride, the triumphs

effected among the dandies present through the agency of his shears and French chalk. Many middle-class milliners might have been driven mad with envy to see the modes displayed in that brilliant crowd. I am not learned in haberdashery myself. I scarcely know a *ruche* from a *bouillonne*, a *gore* from a *gusset*, and I am certain that I can't discern the difference between a *silk glacé* and a *silk chiné*. My acquaintance with bonnets is limited to an impression that they cost from forty-five to fifty-five shillings apiece, and that they last, on an average, and with great care and caution, ten days. Ignorant, however, as I may be of such fripperies, I was compelled to render homage to the dazzling and *parterre*-like prettiness of the *toilettes* I saw around me. There were pretty faces, too, in abundance, and many of the younger ladies had dressed their hair *Alexandra* fashion—which was most delectable to view: only the sharp, clear, spring morning light, in combination with the immutable laws of refraction, made the violet powder, applied with so liberal a hand to the cheek of beauty, rather too apparent. Modern ladies, like the works of the old masters, need a particular, subdued, and chastened light. I was pleased also to remark that a good number of the gentlemen had adopted the Danish colours in their *cravats*—which had a genial lobster salad-like appearance. Beshrew that *Hansom* cabman who drove away so deftly with my black bag! I too had provided a waistcoat, a scarf of many colours, gloves of the lightest lavender, and here I was in a tail-coat and continuations of rusty black. I was glad when the southern door began to creak on its portals, and at last groaned on one side, and I could quit the butterfly throng and join my brother jackdaws.

The policeman to whom I showed my blue ticket bestowed on me a confidential wink, and pointed his left hand *Berlin-wool-gloved* thumb over his corresponding shoulder. I knew my goal well enough. I had been down to *Windsor* on the preceding Thursday, and tramped about the chapel, and peered into the knights' stalls, and clambered up into the rookery which I knew had been provided for us. So I left the gilded butterflies settling down on their red benches in the nave, and crossed its pavement into the shadow of a chapel, and so found a narrow door open, guarded by another policeman, and climbed up the steep old stairs into the loft to the left of the organ. On an exact level with this gallery, at the opposite extremity of the chapel, was the antique pew or closet which was to be occupied, during the wedding, by the Queen. In the loft answering to ours on the other side of the organ were some choristers, male and female, amongst whom we jackdaws were not long in recognising *Jenny Lind* and *Louisa Pyne*.

Has it ever struck you, at a great criminal trial, that the person who has the very best, and most comfortable view of the entire proceedings, is the prisoner in the dock? The judge is crowded and jostled by high sheriffs and county

magnates, who claim a right to sit on the bench. The barristers' table overflows with briefless ones. The floor of the court is packed. The gallery is inconveniently thronged with ladies, with their double-barrelled *lorgnettes*, anxious to scrutinise the fashionable murderer; but the gentleman behind the spikes, and with the *rue* before him, has ample scope and verge enough. He and the turnkey and the governor of the jail have a comfortable boarded area all to themselves. No overcrowding *them*. Analogically, we poor despised jackdaws had the most commodious reserved seats in the whole chapel. We were out of the pale and yet we sat in the high places. None were so poor as to do us reverence, yet we could look down at our leisure upon the seething, fluttering mass of robes and trains, plumes and diamonds, lace and embroidery. We paced tranquilly up and down our eyrie. One of my brethren, who knows the Peerage by heart, regaled me with choice anecdotes of the private lives of the aristocracy. Another, who is learned in ecclesiology, descanted upon the alabaster sculptures of the *reredos*, and explained the differences between the decorations worn by the *Prelate*, the *Chancellor*, and the *Registrar of the Garter*. A third, who had been ailing lately, came and talked to me about his complaint, and we compared symptoms, and defended various modes of regimen, and criticised our respective doctors. One jackdaw, the wisest one in the group, had brought a sandwich-box and a flask of sherry with him, and proceeded to invite himself to an early lunch. Another began to read *No Name*. Another went to sleep till the grand doings should begin; but, being troubled in his slumbers, speedily woke up with a yelp which somewhat frightened the decorous echoes of the old chapel from their propriety.

High perched as we were, however, our sanctum was once or twice menaced with invasion. There came straying towards us, from the choristers' loft, and across the isthmus occupied by the organ itself, the longest and most disconsolate clergyman and the shortest and cheerfulest lady I have seen for a long time. They had been unceremoniously ejected from among the singing men and women, as having no right there. Then they turned up among her Majesty's private band, and her Majesty's private band would have nothing to do with them. After that they had been pounced upon by an elderly gentleman, who I conjecture to have been in some way attached to the Royal Household. "You cannot possibly remain here," cried the elderly gentleman. "My orders are imperative to suffer none unprovided with tickets to remain in this compartment." We heard the long clergyman disconsolately pleading, and the short lady cheerfully expostulating, against expulsion. But in vain. The elderly gentleman grew so angry, and the sense of the imperative nature of his orders assumed such alarming dimensions, that I feared he would swiftly cut all further discussion short by hurling the intruders over the gallery into the nave. At last

they came stumbling across the organ isthmus, the lady's lace shawl catching at all the stop-handles, and wofully discomposing Dr. Elvey in his scarlet panoply of a Mus. Doc., Oxon. Of course they couldn't remain *there*: the Mus. Doc. would have told them the reason why in the twinkling of a pedal: so over they came to us, painfully but resolutely clambering, as though they were members of the Alpine Club. I regret to say that from the jackdaws they received but little hospitality. It appears they had had tickets for a stone gallery running behind the carved pinnacles of the Knights of the Garter's stalls, whence they could see nothing but the backs of the said pinnacles, a few emblazoned banners and sham coronets, and a limited space of the groined and vaulted roof. Thence they had half strayed, half climbed into the regions of the organ-loft. I was very sorry for the long clergyman, who was so gaily attired and wore so miserable a mien that he looked as though he were about to be married himself. "Sit down," I whispered, "and keep as quiet as ever you can, and when the processions begin everybody will be too busy to trouble themselves about you." "But the lady," he pathetically interposed. "Say she is a jackdaw," I responded; "say she belongs to the Lady's Newspaper." I regarded this as a master-stroke of stratagem; but, alas! it proved unavailing to secure immunity for a very inoffensive lady and gentleman. One of my brethren—a stout jackdaw, a severe jackdaw—became aware of them. He flapped his wings and croaked ominously. Then, with a grim purpose in his beak, he hopped down stairs, and returning brought with him an amazing court official, a halcyon creature, with radiant plumage, an ethereal being who had seemingly been running after Fortune's chariot, and had been splashed with the gold from her wheels. His face was fair and placid, but terrible to gaze upon, in its serene inflexibility. When he bracketed his eye-glass upon you he became, not a court official, but a basilisk. The offenders were pointed out to him. "You cannot possibly remain here;" thus he repeated the formula, but with a silvery lisp that was far awfuller than the angry tones of the elderly gentleman opposite. Slowly and gently, but irresistibly, he beckoned the interlopers away. Slowly but sadly they withdrew from the cruel jackdaws' nest—and what became of them afterwards, whether they subsided into Sir Reginald Bray's chapel, or into one of the vaults, I know not. They disappeared, and I saw them no more.

I am bound to admit that the court official was the most condescending and obliging of his species. The stern dictates of duty being satisfied, and justice done on the guilty, he over-brimmed with tender kindness. "Was there anything more he could do for us?" "Yes; there was," the stout and severe jackdaw remarked. "Would he send us a policeman to keep watch and ward at the entrance of our den, to protect us from the possibility of further intrusion?" Certainly. We should have lots of policemen. Was there anything else? Well, we wanted some more

programmes, plans of the dais, and Orders of the Solemnisation of Matrimony, bound in white watered silk, and decorated with the Royal arms—less, I apprehend, for purposes of devotional study than for presentation, as mementoes of the auspicious day, to certain lady daws at home. Certainly. He would send us up lots of programmes. Anything else? He was so very obliging, that I was on the point of drawing his attention to the fact that we had all breakfasted very early, that we hadn't all been so provident as to bring sandwich-boxes and pocket-flasks with us, and that a neat tray, garnished with a cold chicken or two, and flanked with a decanter or so of wine, would be a most agreeable addition to our comfort; but just as I was nerving myself to proffer this, perhaps, bold request, the optic muscle of the court official refused to retain its grip on the rim of his eye-glass any longer. Down fell the lorgnon, and hung pendant; and down came the official from the ethereal spheres. Without his eye-glass he was mortal, without it he was by no means kind or condescending; nay, after an abortive effort or two to re-fix the refractory lens, he turned on his heel in an abrupt, not to say savage manner, and left us all in the lurch and the loft. He only sent us up two programmes, for which we had to battle, eke with beak and bill; and instead of "lots" of policemen there only came to us one constable, a most obtuse and chuckle-headed functionary, who seemed first to be pervaded by an impression that it was his duty to take us all into custody, asking, with vacuous asperity, "Wot we were all a doin' of there?" When it was with difficulty explained to him that he was to be for the time our servitor and henchman, he sank into mere inert sulkiness, and carving out for himself with his elbows a front place at the railing overlooking the choir, concentrated his energies during the remainder of the forenoon in getting as good a view of the show as ever he could without troubling himself about us.

Now was it—that is to say about eleven of the clock—that there came into the loft one with an air of authority, and who evidently cared not a fig for all the court officials in creation. The policeman's back was towards him as he entered, else he, too, might have been summoned to tell "wot he wos a doin' ob." We jackdaws cared not to question him; for he came not, evidently, as a sight-seer. He peeped not into the nave. He glanced not into the choir. His stay was but a span of the briefest. He bobbed his powdered head and disappeared from our ken. Whither? That you shall hear presently. Let it be borne in mind that he was an old old gentleman who looked eighty, and was, probably, not far off from a hundred. His head was of the John Anderson my Jo pattern—a "frosty pow" like a bride-cake. Snowy and spreading were the bows of his neckcloth. Raven black was his attire; small-clothes wore he and trim hose of black silk—you know, the semi-transparent silk that allows the legs beneath to show through in a pale kidney colour. I believe he had shoe-buckles. He wore a prodigious bridal

favour. Who is this old old gentleman? I asked myself, wondering. Is he the oldest inhabitant of Windsor, privileged to witness the wedding by virtue of his seniority! Is he the Lord Chamberlain's great-grandfather? Is he the ghost of George the Third? (He was not unlike George the Third.) Thus was I musing when the "frosty pow" bobbed, and its owner vanished. We rubbed our eyes at the astounding disappearance, for he was a dozen paces from the door, and had clearly not descended the staircase. Neither had he crossed the isthmus in front to the choristers' loft. Still I wondered and pondered, till, by the side of the organ, I became aware that there railed off from us a certain pit, or grave. I looked over the rail and saw that the bottom of this pit was boarded, and that a little ladder led down to it, and that it was down this ladder, after bobbing under the rail, that the old old gentleman had trotted. But what was he doing there? He sat on a little stool, like Patience in a coal-hole, smiling at nothing at all, except cobwebs. The level of the trench was a good four feet above his head, and, beyond a ray of light that glinted on his powdered sconce, darkness encompassed him. So sat he in this tenebrous abyss, a mystery and a marvel to me. I likened him to Truth at the bottom of a well, to the gravedigger in Hamlet, to a toad in a hole. I fancied that he was a man-hater, or had been permitted to expiate some dreadful crime by self-interment. The fact is, that I could make nothing at all of him, till Dr. Elvey began to play a triumphal march on the great organ. Then I heard a rumbling and a grumbling and a sighing in the regions below the railing. I looked over, and saw far down in the pit the old old gentleman hard at work—at hard labour rather, to which the crank in county jail must be a joke. Eureka! I had discovered it all. *The old old gentleman was the man who blew the bellows.*

He must have been a philosopher. He could see nothing of the brave pageant. Rustling robes and swaling plume and spangled sheen of heraldry were nought to him. It was his business to blow the bellows. Mourning or rejoicing—burial or bridal—wedding chorale or the Dead March in Saul, what difference made they to his flexors and extensors? He was called upon neither to weep nor to laugh, but simply to go on blowing the bellows. *Te Deum* and *De Profundis*, *Nunc Dimittis* and *Dies Iræ*, anthem and psalm and voluntary, he had been blowing away for Heaven knows how many years. Father Schmidt, who built the organ, and Purcell, and Handel, and Haydn, who may have fingered its keys, were all very great men, and so is, doubtless, the Maestro Elvey, Mus. Doc., Oxon; but none of them could have discoursed sweet or solemn music in the chapel of Saint George without the assistance of him who blew the bellows. Did he blow when George the Third died, I wonder? I fancy that I had met with him once before, and that it was he who blew when I came into this self-same chapel fifteen months ago to see a sad, sad, princely burial.

But matters more pregnant speedily called me away from old Timotheus—if the venerable flower will pardon my thus personifying him as a reminiscence from John Dryden's great ode. The chapel had begun to fill. The great business of the day had commenced. The jackdaws began to hop; for they had a couple of weather-cocks to perch upon between their hops. Sure, never was there a stranger contrast of chiaro-scuro than that double vista afforded. It was like the fabled Russian bath—not the real one, by any means—the bath of violent transition, where you rush out of the red-hot vapour to roll yourself in the snow. Take the nave, first. I peered down at it, and saw all, bright, shining, sparkling, spick and span new. You know how the clustered columns have been scrubbed, and spruced, and furbished up recently; how a new pavement has been laid: how new stained glass has been put into old mullions; how the antique roof has been picked out with new colours and gilding. The nave of Saint George's looks in truth as jaunty and dandified as does that fairy fane of imperishable beauty—that monument of Youth eternal—the Duomo at Milan. To add to the nave's newness to-day, there was its centre decorated with a blush-new carpet woven with the cognizance and cypher of the young couple. Its grand western portal was hung with a rich heavy drapery of velvet; and beyond that you—I, rather, was aware, from the foregone conclusion of ocular inspection—there stretched a suit of improvised reception-saloons, moist and garish from the upholsterer's and decorator's hands. Nothing, in this part of the home of the Tudors and Plantagenets, had an older date than the middle of last week. Even in that south-west corner, where, concealed by a towering range of red baize seats, I knew the mortuary chapel of the poor Princess Charlotte ought to be, the genius of modern, not mediæval, art was triumphant. There, the best materials and the worst taste were lavished. There, badly stained glass cast a theatrical coloured glow over a clumsily grouped mass of sculpture. Then my orbs travelled back, and I surveyed the people gathered together on the baize forms. With their ironwork arm-rests, those forms had an odd resemblance to the amphitheatre stalls at that newest-looking of new theatres, the Royal Italian Opera. The audience had a lyrico-dramatico-inclined look. They reminded you of orchestral block B. at the Crystal Palace. They seemed to be waiting for a festival of the Tonic Sol-fa Association. They had a Horticultural Show or Great Exhibition aspect. Their attires were of the concert-room, not the cathedral. They were as new as the bonnets and waistcoats they wore. The newest Spring fashions had been brought to bear on their attire. Some of them may have been made new to all time—"beautiful for ever"—by the Hebrew maiden who, according to her own showing, has become the lessee of the Fontaine de Jouvence. The very colours that glowed in their garments were of new discovery—novel chemical extracts from organic nastinesses as old as the hills—mauves, magentas,

and maizes, and cerises. I saw beneath me the Modern Perishable Time—the shimmering lacquered veneer upon Eternity's pine-plank. I looked down upon a generation that travelled by first-class express, that rode in miniature broughams; that lived in semi-detached villas, that worshipped at proprietary chapels, that dined à la Russe and had left off supping altogether, that sent its girls to be educated at ladies' colleges, and its boys at gymnasia; that wondered at its servant-maids when they consulted "cunning men," or crossed the hands of gipsy crones with silver, yet went itself to spirit-rapping séances, and sat at the feet of lying mediums; a generation that was learned in the Origin of Species, and the Theory of Development, and the Common Objects of the Sea-Shore, but didn't know how to make pies or puddings, and had forgotten the art of darning stockings—a generation complacently willing to hold with Professor Boofs or Dr. MacDiluvius that Father Adam was a hundred and twenty-six feet high and thirty thousand years old, and far too well educated to believe in Noah's Ark or the Burning Bush. O smiling, flirting, gossiping, sceptical, well-dressed, well-educated generation, go your ways, for I can make nothing at all of you! So I turn upon my claw, and strain my eyes to see what I can see in the choir of Saint George's Chapel.

It was like rising, with a yawn, from the pert verbiage and flippant repetitions of the Court Circular to plunge into the pages of Froissart. He, and Monstrelet, and Brantôme, and old Baker—ay, and Camden, and Holinshed, and Stow—seemed to have kept guard at the gates of the inner chapel to bar ingress to the impertinent moderns. Error and exaggeration! you may cry out: nothing is safe from the invasion of the Vandals. These Danish and Russian officers in fat bullion epaulettes and wasp-waisted tunics, these officials in Windsor uniforms, these great court ladies in spreading trains, do they not also belong to the generation you have quitted, and, in quitting, disparaged—the generation that delights in gold lace, Brussels lace, varnished boots, and mauve and magenta hues? I answer that all is subdued, refined, ripened, sobered, mellowed, antiquated, harmonised here, by the great pervading shadow of the Order of the Garter. That famous companionship of ancient chivalry is omnipresent in the choir. What though I know those carved pinnacled canopies over the knights' stalls are not all of mediæval oak, but have been patched and cobbled up during the Georgian era? what though I confess that many of the banners hanging from the roof are of the emblazonment of modern herald painters? what though I remember that yon sculptured screen of alabaster, and yon great painted window, are things of yesterday, and that among the worn and half illegible brasses nailed behind the knights' seats, and telling in quaint old Norman-French of Bohuns, De Montforts, and De Courcys, whose blood has been quite dried up for centuries past, there are new, primly shining

brass plates, as bright and natty as any house decorator or seal engraver, aping the mediæval, might screw on to his door—plates that give the names and addresses of German kings and princes, of an Emperor of the French, of a King of Sardinia, and of a Sultan of the Turks, yet does the antique Garter shadow swallow up, and make all chime in with the chivalric departed. The temporary seats of red baize, that looked coarse and Cremorne-like in the choir, are here toned down to a dull ruby tint: the group of bishops, and deans, and canons behind the communion-rails don't look like the mere surpliced parsons of Lutheran rites. Over some of their vestments are thrown robes of blood-coloured silk, with the Garter's badge brodered on the shoulder. I am glad that I am short-sighted, and that I cannot discern whether his Grace of Canterbury wears a wig. I hope he doesn't. The flock of clergymen "compose"—to use a painter's term—so well, and are in such excellent "keeping," that I fancy I see glimmering there to the north a throng of priests in stoles, and rochets, and copes, stiff with gold and embroidery—that I can see the golden crosiers glisten, the jewelled mitres sparkle, the episcopal rings scintillate. How brave the pattens and chalices gleam on the table! There are candlesticks. How about the tapers? Are there to be any wax-lights? But hush! avaunt ye mummeries of papistry. Behind me I hear a harsh irate croaking. A Low Church, Calvinist, Caledonian jackdaw is inveighing against the sinful conduct of the corporation of London on the Seventh of March, in permitting Mr. Rimmel, the perfumer, to erect his tripodal incense-burners on London-bridge. "A sad and gloomy day will it be, indeed, for England," says the Calvinist jackdaw, "if incense is to become one of the institutions of this Protestant land." A sad and gloomy day, indeed! The Inquisition, thumbscrews, the chop on Tower-hill and the stake in Smithfield, would all follow as a matter of course, and in the twinkling of a censer. The Calvinistic jackdaw is implacable. There has been too much of this sort of thing lately, he says. A stop must be put to it. The public pulse must be felt. The public voice must be heard. He is only appeased when I point out to him that her Grace the Duchess of Inverness, with a tartan mantle thrown over her, has just been conducted to her seat. "Scotia" is satisfied, and the incense grievance is temporarily dismissed.

When, one after another, the grantees had swept into the choir and settled down in their stalls or on their benches, when the chapel proper was full, and the Royal Family procession had been followed by that of the bridegroom, and that royal young gentleman stood, apart, on the dais waiting for his bride, I would, did etiquette, to say nothing of natural history, permit a jackdaw to have hands, have clapped them for sheer joy and exultation. As it was, I flapped my wings, to the discomposure of my neighbours, and was nearly crying "caw" before my time. In a low whisper I asked the police-

man who should have been our sentinel, but had so comfortably installed himself in a front seat, what he thought of the whole thing. He said it was "stunning." I am of that policeman's forcible, albeit ungrammatical, opinion. It was about the most "stunning" sight I ever looked upon in my life, or that I am ever likely to look upon again. I remember, as a very little boy, being taken to see the coronation procession of Queen Victoria. I thought that exceedingly grand. I was transported with melodramatic admiration when, a couple of years later, I had, as a French schoolboy, a holiday and an opportunity of witnessing the funeral train of the Great Napoleon dragging its slow length towards the Invalides. The college I belonged to had, in the days of the first Empire, been called the Lycée Bonaparte, and we were, in that college, eight hundred staunch Imperialists. Of other raree shows I have seen dozens, scores, if not hundreds, in my jackdaw time, and "cawed" about them ad nauseam; but the bravest raree show of all, the grandest, the handsomest, and the noblest, was and ever will be to me, the marriage of Albert Edward Prince of Wales.

Why? Common sense comes up with a Custom-house officer's probe and begins to puncture me as to any contraband sentimentality I may have about me. Why brave, why grand, why handsome, why noble? Why should I yearn to clap my hands and cry "caw!" intempestively? Have I never been to the Grand Opera? Have I never seen a ballet at the Scala? Have the splendours of the coronation seen in the Prophète been wasted upon me? Is there anything in the way of splendour, here, that a sagacious theatrical manager, with the assistance of an experienced super-master and an unlimited balance at his banker's, could not accomplish? Nay, there are incongruities and anomalies apparent here, which would be banished from a spectacle at Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

Take the heralds, for example. Here are Garter King of Arms, and all his mystic brethren, kings, heralds, and pursuivants: Norroy and Clarencieux, Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Portcullis, and Blue Mantle, "with hues as lively and appellations as quaint as the attendants on a fairy court." "For gorgeousness of attire, mysteriousness of origin, and, in fact, for similarity of origin," says the author I have just quoted, the late Mr. Leigh Hunt, "a knave at cards is not unlike a herald." A story is told of an Irish King of Arms who, waiting on the Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to parliament, and being dressed, as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, so mystified the bishop's servant with his appearance, that, not knowing what to make of it, and carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him thus: "My lord, here is the King of Trumps." I know that Garter King of Arms is not a king at all, that his crown and his sceptre are the merest gewgaws, and that he is an estimable old gentleman who got his berth from the Duke of Norfolk, and derives a comfortable income from fees paid into his office on Benet's-hill, Doctors'-

commons. I know that if I choose to have my "arms found," I can get a painted sheet of parchment from the Heralds' College for fifty pounds; that if I choose to "find" them for myself, I can do so at no more expense than paying a few shillings a year to the tax-gatherer, if he discovers that I am in the habit of using armorial bearings, which in nine cases out of ten he does not. I know that probably three out of the five hundred ladies in the nave "found" their arms in this easy and uncostly manner; and I know that if I elect to assume the heraldic cognizance worn five hundred years ago by my forefathers at five hundred miles' distance from the jurisdiction of the Heralds' College, or—which is perhaps the more sensible plan—to adopt no coat of arms, crest, or motto at all—there is no man, true or false herald, who shall legally interfere with me. And, finally, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the "King of Trumps" panoply—the firework tabard, or san benito, all scrawled over with coats of arms, is an absurd and egregious one, and is, when taken in conjunction with the pantaloons and patent leathers of ordinary life, utterly ridiculous and preposterous. I know that the last time the heralds were seen in the open air and at Charing-cross, mounted on dobbins from Astley's, and pretending to blow trumpets they couldn't extract so much as a whistle from, the little boys hooted them, and the Times newspaper laughed them to scorn. Why am I impressed, now, by Garter and Norroy, Clarencieux and Rouge Dragon, Portcullis and Blue Mantle?

Take the Knights of the Garter, to pursue the course of disillusion. It is patent to me that Signor Mario as John of Leyden, and the late Signor Lablache as Marino Faliero, looked much grander in their tinselled trappings than any K.G. I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that one of the K.G.s beneath me has a red head, that another wears spectacles, and that two or three more are visibly paralytic. I can't help remembering that some of these dignitaries have been joisted into their stalls by the merest "flukes," and on the purest "any-other-man" principles. Common sense dins inexorably in my ears that there have been K.G.s who have pawned their plate and rooked their creditors. After all, the robes of the Garter, splendid as they are, can be bought for shillings and pence at the corner of Chancery-lane. After all, I have been to Madame Tussaud's, and have seen all threadbare, blackened and tarnished, the coronation robes of George the Fourth. After all, there are theatrical costumiers in Bow-street and Vinegar-yard. A Knight of the Garter, in full fig, looks very much like a Blue-coat Boy in excelsis. Does he? Common sense may tell me so, but I don't believe it. Why don't I?

And the yeomen of the guard, who, but the other day, were sergeant-majors in marching regiments! And the gentlemen-at-arms, with golden Loysel's percolators on their heads, and bearing gilt maypoles surmounted by hatchets never meant to cut anything! And the trumpeters in jockey caps and brocaded coats! And

the ladies with tails to their gowns six feet long! And the cocked-hats, the aiguillettes, the ostrich feathers, the lappets, the epaulettes, the stars and the crosses, glittering and glistening on every side. There are a dozen historical anachronisms in every square yard of this pageantry. Why does it all send me half crazy with excitement, and half stupefied with admiration?

A jackdaw may shrug his shoulders without derogating from his ornithological conditions. Let me shrug mine. What have I to say to common sense in this matter? Well, not much. "Caw!" All these jarring customs and businesses are no concern at all of mine. As they float upwards to me they become homogeneous, and I can caw forth my approbation in spirit and in truth. If I have anything more to say to common sense, it is this: That the show, after all, was a wedding between two charming and handsome young people, and, consequently, an affair with which common sense can have possibly nothing to do; and, finally, that the most inveterate grumbler, that the most determined cynic, that the most splenetic railer at the follies and fripperies of this world, must have been disarmed, tongue-tied, and demolished, had he been situated as I—a humble jackdaw was—on that auspicious morning. For, directly over against our gallery, at the south-eastern extremity of the chapel, there was that same pew, or closet, I spoke of before, high up in the wall over the altar—a dusky, musty nook, first built, I have heard, in Henry the Seventh's time, but swept and garnished and hung with tapestry for this grand joining of hands pageant, and therein sat the forlorn lady, dark and dreary in her persistent weeds, Victoria the Queen. And that was why, perhaps, I cawed, and caw now, with bated breath, and bade common sense get behind me.

And the wedding itself? Well, you must know all its details by this time quite as well as, if not much better, than I do myself. It was very much like other weddings that you and I and all the world have witnessed; only the major part of humanity do not attend the hymeneal altar in robes of blue velvet, or with their trains held up by eight young ladies, daughters of earls. The pretty bride trembled a good deal, but, so far as my jackdaw eyes could perceive, she did not cry. The bridegroom went through his part in a business-like manner—as, indeed, why should he not have so comported himself, seeing that it was his business to stand up and be married? The Archbishop of Canterbury read the service in a clear, sonorous voice, which appears to have created extreme surprise in the breasts of certain wise jackdaws, who perhaps expected that he must needs stammer and trip himself up in it. The remaining bishops and clergy "assisted" his grace in the performance of the ceremony by standing behind him, and staring as hard as they could at the chief actors in the pleasant scene. The organ boomed, and the choristers chanted in their proper places; only I would entreat you not to believe the dicta of certain very imaginative jackdaws, to the effect that the princess uttered the responses in a

"low but silvery and perfectly audible voice." Of course both bride and bridegroom said what was set down for them, but not a syllable they said could be heard at our end of the edifice.

When the two were finally made one, there was a visible flutter of satisfaction all over the chapel. Stay! There was one exception. There was one personage who never moved, who never turned his eyes to the right nor to the left, from the moment when he stalked to his seat to the moment when, all being over, he stalked from it. The mass of kincob and jewels supposed to represent the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh made no sign. He bore it all like a wax-work image.

While the concluding Wedding March was thundering forth from the organ, the buried blower surpassing himself in efforts to raise the wind, we jackdaws dived down our staircase, pushed past a policeman who, half by force and half by persuasion, endeavoured to induce us to remain where we were till the grandees had taken their departure, and deliberately fought our way out of the chapel. Not for us collations or gossiping comparison of notes. Our time for cawing in right business-like earnest had commenced. The gentlemen-at-arms crossed partisans to prevent our traversing the nave, so we dived between their gold-laced legs. The yeomen of the guard halloed to us to stop; but we knew them to be ancient men, feeble in body and short of wind, and defied them. By a dexterous flank movement the police cut off our egress from the southern porch, whereupon we as dexterously doubled, skirted the northern aisle, and, rushing through the corps diplomatique, reached a gate at the east, behind the altar, and fled into the open.

It was a fearful moment. The A division were in full cry after us. The Life Guards brandished their sabres fiercely, as we bolted beneath Henry the Eighth's gate. Here there was a chain and barriers, and the Berks constabulary seemed disposed to show fight: taking us, perhaps, for members of the swell mob who had rifled the British Peerage of their diamonds, and were flying from justice. Fortunately, a shrewd metropolitan inspector recognised us as jackdaws. "Make way, there!" he cried. Away we fled, so fast that we might have been carrier pigeons. Away, away, down Thames-street, past the Castle and the White Hart; away, away, through hot masses of angry bumpkins; away, away, up a dusty turning to a terminus; away, away, wild and breathless, into a train which, with a screech and a yell, forthwith darted away as fast as it could pelt towards London.

With the assistance of a two-wheeled cab, whose driver for double speed was pleased to be contented with triple fare, I reached about three that afternoon the jackdaws' haunt. And there, tying a wet towel round my head, and a wet pocket-handkerchief round each wrist, and taking off my coat, and kicking off my boots, I dipped my beak in ink and cried "caw" about the wedding till one in the morning. Then, I went to bed.

I didn't feel quite so much like a jackdaw

as I feel now, writing this paper. I felt like a preternaturally fagged-out and exhausted man. I looked with envy upon Vinny Bourne's bird, who could in secret survey the "bustle and the raree-show," secure and at his ease; and as I turned to my welcome rest I might have muttered, had I not been too weary to do anything but gasp, the concluding stanza of the poem :

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
 Much of the Vanities of men,
 And, sick of having seen 'em,
 Would cheerfully these limbs resign
 For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And such a head between 'em.

TEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

WE want to know, and we always have wanted to know, why the English workman is to be patronised? Why are his dwelling-place, his house-keeping arrangements, the organisation of his cellar, and his larder—nay, the occupation of his leisure hours even—why are all these things regarded as the business of everybody except himself? Why is his beer to be a question agitating the minds of society, more than our sherry? Why is his visit to the gallery of the theatre, a more suspicious proceeding than our visit to the stalls? Why is his perusal of his penny newspaper so aggravating to the philanthropical world, that it longs to snatch it out of his hand and substitute a number of the Band of Hope Review?

It is not the endeavour really and honestly to improve the condition of the lower classes which we would discourage, but the way in which that endeavour is made. Heaven knows, the working classes, and especially the lowest working classes, want a helping hand sorely enough. No one who is at all familiar with a poor neighbourhood can doubt that. But you must help them judiciously. You must look at things with their eyes, a little; you must not always expect them to see with your eyes. The weak point in almost every attempt which has been made to deal with the lower classes is invariably the same—too much is expected of them. You ask them to do, simply the most difficult thing in the world—you ask them to change their habits. Your standard is too high. The transition from the White-chapel cellar to the comfortable rooms in the model-house, is too violent; the habits which the cellar involved would have to be abandoned; a great effort would have to be made; and to abandon habits and make great efforts is hard work even for clever, good, and educated people.

The position of the lowest poor in London and elsewhere, is so terrible, they are so unmanageable, so deprived of energy through vice and low living and bad lodging, and so little ready to second any efforts that are made for their benefit, that those who have dealings with them are continually tempted to abandon their philanthropic endeavours as desperate, and to turn their attention towards another class: those, namely, who are one degree higher in the social scale, and one degree less hopeless.

It is proposed just now, as everybody knows, to establish, in different poor neighbourhoods, certain great dining-halls and kitchens for the use of poor people, on the plan of those establishments which have been highly successful in Glasgow and Manchester. The plan is a good one, and we wish it every success—on certain conditions. The poor man who attends one of these eating-houses must be treated as the rich man is treated who goes to a tavern. The thing must not be made a favour of. The custom of the diner-out is to be solicited as a thing on which the prosperity of the establishment depends. The officials, cooks, and all persons who are paid to be the servants of the man who dines, are to behave respectfully to him, as hired servants should; he is not to be patronised, or ordered about, or read to, or made speeches at, or in any respect used less respectfully than he would be in a beef and pudding shop, or other house of entertainment. Above all, he is to be jolly, he is to enjoy himself, he is to have his beer to drink; while, if he show any sign of being drunk or disorderly, he is to be turned out, just as I should be ejected from a club, or turned out of the Wellington or the Albion Tavern this very day, if I got drunk there.

There must be none of that Sunday-school mawkishness, which too much pervades our dealings with the lower classes; and we must get it into our heads—which seems harder to do than many people would imagine—that the working man is neither a felon, nor necessarily a drunkard, nor a very little child. Our wholesome plan is to get him to co-operate with us. Encourage him to take an interest in the success of the undertaking, and, above all things, be very sure that it pays, and pays well, so that the scheme is worth going into without any philanthropic flourishes at all. He is already flourished to death, and he hates to be flourished to, or flourished about.

There is a tendency in the officials who are engaged in institutions organised for the benefit of the poor, to fall into one of two errors; to be rough and brutal, which is the Poor-law Board style; or cheerfully condescending, which is the Charitable Committee style. Both these tones are offensive to the poor, and well they may be. The proper tone is that of the tradesman at whose shop the workman deals, who is glad to serve him, and who makes a profit out of his custom. Who has not been outraged by observing that cheerfully patronising mode of dealing with poor people which is in vogue at our soup-kitchens and other depôts of alms? There is a particular manner of looking at the soup through a gold double eye-glass, or of tasting it, and saying, "Monstrous good—monstrous good indeed; why, I should like to dine off it myself!" which is more than flesh and blood can bear.

We must get rid of all idea of enforcing what is miscalled temperance—which is in itself anything but a temperate idea. A man must be allowed to have his beer with his dinner, though he must not be allowed to make a beast of himself. Some account was given not long since, in these

pages, of a certain soldiers' institute at Chat-ham; it was then urged that by all means the soldiers ought to be supplied with beer on the premises, in order that the institution might compete on fair terms with the public-house. It was decided, however, by those in authority, or by some of them, that this beer was not to be. The consequence is, as was predicted, that the undertaking, which had every other element of success, is very far from being in a flourishing condition. And similarly, this excellent idea of dining-rooms for the working classes will also be in danger of failing, if that important ingredient in a poor man's dinner—a mug of beer—is not to be a part of it.

The cause of temperance is not promoted by any intemperate measures. It is intemperate conduct to assert that fermented liquors ought not to be drunk at all, because, when taken in excess, they do harm. Wine, and beer, and spirits, have their place in the world. We should try to convince the working man that he is acting foolishly if he give more importance to drink than it ought to have. But we have no right to inveigh against drink, though we have a distinct right to inveigh against drunkenness. There is no intrinsic harm in beer; far from it; and so, by raving against it, we take up a line of argument from which we may be beaten quite easily by any person who has the simplest power of reasoning. The real temperance cause is injured by intemperate advocacy; and an argument which we cannot honestly sustain is injurious to the cause it is enlisted to support. Suppose you forbid the introduction of beer into one of these institutions, and you are asked your reason for doing so, what is your answer? That you are afraid of drunkenness. There is some danger in the introduction of gas into a building. You don't exclude it; but you place it under certain restrictions, and use certain precautions to prevent explosions. Why don't you do so with beer?

FRENCH DEAD (AND GONE) SHOTS.

A RECENT fatal encounter between a French nobleman and a luckless Irish gentleman furnishes a fresh text for showing on what footing duelling stands in that country. France has always been notorious for such combats; French memoirs overflow with duels; and French novels are sprinkled with details of spirited quarrels sure to be arranged by this useful machinery. Yet, up to a recent date, the Customs of Quarrels, the Rules and Precedents, remained wholly undigested.

The Irish constitutions of Clonmel, explained in a previous article,* were before them by many decades of years. A French code was at last "redacted," and something like order and system introduced. The new pandects were signed by eleven peers, twenty-five general officers, and fifty superior officers. Nearly all the maires and préfets gave in their adhesion, and even

the minister of war, being restrained by a pardonable delicacy, and the awkwardness of official position, from attaching his signature, took the trouble of writing a formal letter, to be published hereafter, signifying his approval of the entire arrangements. Many of the regulations are transparently borrowed from the Irish constitution. The important axiom of a blow admitting of no verbal apology whatever, and the almost casuistical theories as to what constitutes "the insulted party," are common to both. The French code, however, is curious, as illustrating the different shapes of duello which it recognises.

There are three instruments which the code of duelling recognises: the small-sword, the sabre, and the pistol. In France, the first is looked upon as the national and accepted shape; the others are more or less barbaric and exceptional. Most Frenchmen are fencers, and learn that useful science as an accomplishment. A French father does not, indeed, from his dying bed press upon his child the duty of being "always ready with the pistol," which was the affectionate testamentary farewell of an Irish gentleman of some repute in these encounters, but he will take care to leave his son well grounded in the management of the rapier. Up to a recent period a Frenchman, when challenged, invariably selected pistols.

The constitutions, however, distinctly recognise the pistol, and the peculiar variations which that special shape of wager of battle is allowed to take. First, the rude Anglo-Irish and semi-barbaric system may be adopted in all its rugged simplicity: a measured distance, the two combatants facing each other, and a signal. So might Rousseau's Indians, out of their State of Nature, and furnished by a pardonable anachronism with the explosive weapons of civilisation, decide their quarrel about the charms of a squaw. The simplicity was hideous. See how it can be refined into an elegant and more exciting pastime. First, for a duel *à volonté*, according to the technical name. Two lines, distant from thirty-five to forty paces, are marked off; within which are drawn two other lines, from fifteen to twenty paces apart, which is the nearest approach tolerated. According to the canon of the duel *à volonté*, the combatants advance cautiously, starting from the outside line, and holding their pistols downwards. They can halt when they please, and can take aim when they halt, but not fire, which is only allowed when the line is reached. Thus, if one desires to have the first shot, he may walk on quickly till he reach the line, and then fire; but he has the disadvantages of a hasty aim, and a long range. The moment he has fired, he must remain steadily in his place, a prey to the most uncomfortable feelings, until his adversary shall have adjusted his aim, and covered him. On this account, in Ireland, there has always been a reasonable prejudice in favour of receiving the adversary's fire; the apparent risk being more than counterbalanced by the enormous advantage of a quiet aim, without the disturb-

* See Dead (and Gone) Shots, vol. vii., p. 212.

ing influence of a hostile barrel, which must naturally confuse and agitate.

The duel *à marche interrompue* appears at first sight to differ little from the one last described; but there are grave and important points of distinction. Out of these various shapes of encounter the skilful amateur will find his advantage according to his experience, and the peculiar manner he will have acquired during that experience. There are the same lines, and the same distances marked off. But the parties advance in a zig-zag direction—halting and advancing like Indian skirmishers—with power to fire the moment either halts. This is the grand distinction—not one of form, it will be observed, but of principle, and much to be recommended to novices, who might naturally be agitated by their début. They will thus secure an early shot with a freedom from disturbing influences. There is, of course, always the drawback of having to accept the adversary's fire without sign or protest. It should be mentioned, that as soon as one has fired, the other is not allowed to advance further, but must discharge his pistol from the point at which he is standing.

Next follows the duel *au signal*, which is an approach to the old Hiberno-Britannic fashion, and was doubtless meant to conciliate national prejudice. The signal was to be given by three claps of the hand, with an interval of three seconds between each. At the first, the parties were to move slowly towards each other; at the second, to level, still walking; at the third, to halt and fire. The French code states that if one fires before or after the signal, by so much as half a second, he shall be considered a dishonourable man; and if by the disgraceful manœuvre he shall have killed his adversary, he shall be looked on as an assassin. To minds less nice there would appear but little distinction between the cases. But if the adversary who has been fired at thus dishonourably have been lucky enough to escape, he is allowed a terrible retribution—to take a slow deliberate aim, and a shot *à loisir*. Where one disgracefully reserves his fire after the signal, the disagreeable duty is allotted to the seconds of rushing in at all risk and peril—even in front of the weapon, if no other course will answer—and disarming him.

Then follows the *Barrière*, which is, strictly speaking, a generic term, and applicable to any shape of combat where a line of separation between the parties is enforced. Sometimes the term is applied to an arrangement by which the parties are set back to back, and at a given signal must march away ten, or any special number of paces, then turn round smartly and fire. This is, perhaps, the most *humane* sort of duel, as there are many chances that the parties will miss each other. Whereas the Englishman who has graduated on the bogs and moors will have a fatal advantage in this flurried style of shooting. Allowance, however, should be made for a profitable experience of our neighbours among the robins and sparrows—a good range of practice among those tiny warblers of the grove and

bushes contributing to steady the eye and hand very considerably.

There is also the duel *à marche non interrompue et à ligne parallèle*—a rather cumbersome title for a very simple mode of arrangement. The inevitable parallel lines are traced at about fifteen paces' distance (though it seems a little mysterious how those marks can be "traced" along the green sward of the Bois de Boulogne), and the parties are started from points exactly opposite each other. They can walk either fast or slow, and can fire when they please, but are not allowed to stop or to reserve their fire a second after reaching the end of the march. This system, however, is not open to the objection of being too favourable to the person who receives the first fire and reserves his own, for he is compelled to be en route while taking his aim, and is limited by time and the short distance he has to walk.

Next in the gory annals of French duelling comes the fashion of turning the two adversaries into a dark room, armed each with a pair of pistols; then, that Mexican practice of an encounter on horseback, armed with weapons of every kind. The first is worthy of gladiatorial days and the most savage of the emperors, and there is something horrible in the notion of the two caged men creeping round by the wall, with finger on the trigger, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of giving their enemy a hint of their position. There was room, too, for all manner of artful devices to make the enemy deliver his fire first, the light from which would illuminate his figure, and render him a favourable object. But these shapes of action the French code looks on as exceptional and highly irregular, refusing to take any notice of them, or apply its ordinances to their case. It throws out only one contemptuous hint in reference to them—namely, that all stipulations and arrangements must be put in writing.

The terrible duel *à l'outrance*, where so desperate was the character of the offence it was agreed that one of the parties should die on the ground, was contrived by loading one pistol only. The other was primed merely, and the second holding them behind his back, the parties chose, by saying "To the right," or, "To the left." Then the end of a pocket-handkerchief was placed in each of their hands, and the fatal signal given. If the holder of the pistol pulled the trigger before the signal, he was justly dealt with as an assassin, in the case of his having the loaded weapon. In case of its proving the empty one, the opponent had the privilege of putting the muzzle to his head and shooting him on the spot. But these extravagances—outpourings of an indecent and ungentlemanly animosity—received but little toleration, and the genteel code, as was mentioned, takes no cognisance of its incidents. Of the dramatic elements involved in a "situation" of this sort, that skilful dramatist, M. Dumas the elder, was not slow to avail himself; he has worked this strata up according to true "Saint Martin's-gate" traditions, in his melodrama of Pauline.

The chronicles of the Bois de Boulogne (taking that arena in its widest sense as symbolical of such battle-grounds all over France) show many encounters between Frenchmen and foreigners. But the Bois de Boulogne has been invaded by the beautifiers of the Empire, and its pleasant privacy for such meetings disturbed. It used to enjoy the distinction of being the traditional locus in quo of all tournaments, just as Chalk Farm was the trysting-place for London, and The Fifteen Acres, "be they more or less"—as the attorney writing his challenge observed with professional accuracy—for Dublin.

Going down to Marseilles about the month of March, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, we discover Lord Kilmaurs, the eldest son of the Scotch Earl of Glencarne, sitting in the theatre of that wonderful Mediterranean city. He happened to be very deaf, and, with the perversity of those afflicted in that way, talked with an earnest loudness. A French officer in the next box, with devout attention to the performance, which we have not yet reached to, and that intemperate manner of reproving interruption, in which we are yet happily far behind them, stood up and called out roughly, "Paix! paix!" This admonition was unintelligible to the deaf lord, who maintained his conversation at the same level of pitch. The injunction was repeated several times with the same result. Thereupon the polite Frenchman rose, and, stooping over, said, with great violence, "Taisez-vous!" To him the viscount, at last restored to hearing, gave some short answer, and talked a good deal louder to show his disregard. It chanced then that the officer changed his box, and later on the English lord, who was wandering round the house, happened to come into this very box, of all boxes in the world, and, in utter unconsciousness, stood at the door, his eyes roaming over the features of the officer. The latter, then boiling with rage at this apparent determination to insult him, started up and flew at the Englishman, asking him what he meant by staring at him. The other, no doubt bethinking him of the well-known proverb, said he had a right to look at any one even of royal rank. On which the officer flew at him, dragged him down into the street, and struck him on the shoulder with his naked sword. Upon which the deaf lord drew his sword gallantly; but, before he could make more than a pass or two, was run through the body, the officer's sword coming out at his shoulder-blade. Those familiar with this gay and Eastern port can fancy that scene in the open Place hard by to the Canebière, with the lighted cafés—not yet were the days of the gorgeous and fantastic Café Turc—and the coloured awnings from the windows fluttering in the air, and the great Mediterranean rolling up to the shore a few yards away. Shrieks for the watch, a crowd, pouring fresh from the parterre, gathering round, and the Marquis de Pecquigny, at the head of his guard, hurrying up to the spot where the poor Englishman was lying. He was gasping for breath, choking for want of air, while the crowd, with the stupidity of all crowds,

pressed in still closer on him. But the French guard made a ring round him, and saved his life for once. He was still, however, gasping and struggling there, when a surgeon, who had been at the play, came up, slit open the collar of his shirt, had him lifted up, and some water given to him. He was all but dead, and could not speak; but, wonderful to relate, in three days was perfectly well. Some little international difficulty was apprehended at first, but the English ambassador at Paris soon set all straight.

Two years before the great French Revolution, a French officer unguardedly delivered himself of the aphorism that "the English army had more phlegm than spirit"—a sentiment which really had a substratum of truth, but was awkwardly worded. He should have said that phlegm was one shape of the spirit of the British army. The name of this incautious Frenchman was artfully veiled under that of the Chevalier la B., and that of the English officer, who promptly challenged him, was thinly disguised under that of Captain S., of the Eleventh Regiment. The offence would appear to have been so deadly that the parties were placed at the alarmingly short distance of only five paces! Captain S. fired first, and his ball "took place," to use the words of the authorised report of the transaction, on the chevalier's breast, but, by a marvel of good luck, was stopped by a metal button. The chevalier, touched by so happy a deliverance, magnanimously fires in the air, and acknowledges that the English *have* both spirit and phlegm. In illustration of this fortunate escape, it may be mentioned that, some forty years ago, a person connected with the family of the writer of these notes, was riding out one morning in Ireland, accompanied by sympathising friends, to arrange a little "difficulty" of the same description. When at the gate his eye fell upon a horse-shoe. With obstreperous cries of rejoicing he was called on to dismount and pick it up. All felicitated him on so lucky an omen. He put it into his pocket, and his adversary's ball actually struck it over the region of the heart and glanced off at an angle.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, an unlucky pamphlet found its way into Frescati—the conversation-rooms at the watering-place of Bagnères. This pamphlet took pretty much the same odd view of the battle of Toulouse as M. Thiers has recently done of Waterloo. An Englishman chanced to take it up, and wrote on the margin that "everything in it was false; that Lord Wellington had gained a complete victory, and the French army were indebted to his generosity for not having been put to the sword." A hot young Frenchman of the place, named Pinac, at once called out the indiscreet Englishman. Everything was done to accommodate matters; and we are told that even the authorities delicately and considerably interfered, so far as *moral* suasion might be effectual. But all these good offices proved ineffectual, and the representatives of the two nations met on the ground. Poor Pinac gave one more illustration of the insufficiency of this mode of adjusting a quar-

rel, for at the first fire he received the Englishman's ball in the stomach, and died shortly after.

The season after the first abdication of Napoleon, and more particularly after the battle of Waterloo, was, it is well known, very fruitful in quarrels between French and English officers. That pleasant gossip, Captain Grownow, has furnished many incidents illustrative of this spirit. It is a fact, that the French spent days and nights practising fencing; and even resorted to the device of dressing up fencing-masters in officers' clothes, and setting them to pick quarrels with the English. It became impossible for these latter to avoid a conflict with men burning with rage and mortification, and determined to insult their conquerors. At Bordeaux, the Frenchmen used to come across the Garonne for the express purpose of picking a quarrel; and as the challenge usually came from the English, the French had the choice of weapons, and invariably selected their favourite small-sword. Strange to say, the result was usually in favour of our countrymen, who, being utterly helpless at carte, and tierce, and all the niceties of the exercise, unconsciously reproduced the scene in Molière's Bourgeois, rushed on, in defiance of guards and passes, and cut down their enemy at once. In vain the Frenchmen protested that this was "brutal" and "unchivalrous," that it was a crying outrage against "les règles d'escrime." Stalwart Englishmen stood by their friend, and, producing loaded pistols, threatened to shoot any who attempted to interfere. This system gradually produced a more wholesome state of feeling.

One night a party of English and Irish officers were at the little Théâtre de la Gaîté, where some French officers tried the usual devices to engage them in a quarrel. The Frenchmen had their swords, which they drew at once, with the alacrity of their country; unfortunately, the Anglo-Hibernian party had none. They, however, rapidly broke up all the chairs and tables at hand, and converting the fragments into useful weapons of offence, shivered every sword opposed to them, utterly routing their opponents. In the delicate situation in which the occupying army was placed, there was an inclination to make every allowance for wounded sensibilities; but it was found impossible to brook the offensive behaviour of the natives, and their studious insults. And the English authorities knew the temper of the situation so well, that none of the surviving offenders were visited with severe punishment.

One of the most painful cases occurred at Cambrai, shortly after Waterloo, where a party of the English Guards were in garrison. A young officer, Lieutenant G—, was followed one day by a French officer in plain clothes, swear-

ing and uttering the grossest insults. The young officer, finding it impossible to misunderstand or overlook this intrusive mode of address, turned round and asked him to whom he was applying such language. "To you, and all English cowards!" was the answer; which, as a matter of course, bore fruit in a challenge. The whole thing was so absurd, that the police authorities interfered, and promised that the offender should be sent away forthwith. However, the meeting took place outside the ramparts, in presence of a large number of the townspeople. Though pistols had been agreed on as the weapons, the Frenchman made his appearance with swords, and after some discussion agreed to use one of his adversary's weapons. The young Guardsman fell at the first shot, and it was remarked at the time that the French officer gave a sort of start or stagger, whence it was suspected afterwards that he had been protected by a coat of mail. While the poor youth was gasping and struggling in the arms of his friends, the Frenchman looked on calmly from a distance, and made this remark in a commiserating tone: "Poor young man! Had he fought with swords, he had been spared all this agony!" A party of soldiers arriving to carry off the slain officer, the Frenchman grew apprehensive, and said that it would be unfair to seize him; that he had come there on the understanding, &c.; but was allowed, says the chronicle, to depart "in the most honourable manner." That very evening he was seen at a café, exhibiting a handkerchief with a mark of a bullet in it, and boasted loudly that he had killed a Prussian, a Spaniard, an Austrian, and a Portuguese, and had, "at last, been lucky enough to kill an Englishman!"

In Mr. Lever's rollicking narrative of Harry Lorrequer are introduced some true stories of these Anglo-French encounters during the "occupation."

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