To Cousin Peter with the author's
kindest regards & best wishes.

Barrackpoor
25th Dec. 1849

Pray excuse the mis-spellings and
other errors of the Printer.

FURLOUGH REMINISCENCES,

THOUGHTS AND STRAYINGS,

THE KOTE MASOOL,

AND

THE DUEL.

By W. H. JEREMIE,
CAPTAIN, 38TH BENGAL LIGHT INFANTRY.

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1849.

A friend, aware of my habit of keeping a diary when moving from place to place, and having seen some of the memoranda, urged me to throw them into a form for publication. This suggestion was made when more than half the "Outward Voyage," was completed. I set about it, and here is the result. With more time "Furlough Reminiscences" would have received more labor, more condensation, and I hope some polish.

"Thoughts and Strayings," and the two plays were written several years ago: I scarcely can tell why, for I never dreamt of publishing them. But now rushing into print, it is as well "to go the whole hog," for tastes differ. The more variety, the greater the chance of pleasing: and to please is my aim and ambition.

"*The Ellenborough,*"
October, 1849.

FURLOUGH REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

FORMAL prefaces are out of date; I would, however, beg the reader's indulgence, from the commencement, towards my egotism. For the pronoun *I* must be disagreeable to *you:* but in personal adventures and reflections, egotism is necessarily unavoidable. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the following pages, their contents are neither cribbed nor doctored. When every body runs to press is a reason for printing required? You shall have it. A genuine book, I am told, being one's own impressions, own opinions, and own composition, is very rare; and is as a curiosity worth reading. Here is one.

A period of ten years during any portion of our existence leads to many and great changes both in our bodies and minds. These changes are never more visible in the mind, than during the years immediately following our launch into life—into life as distinctive from existence. Leaving school, as most military men do, soon after sixteen, at a

period when teaching would be most impressive, we are cast into the world, enveloped in the mist of ignorance and inexperience as with a garment; the turning of a straw often determines our future career, whether of honour or of disgrace. Military discipline generally succeeds in making a good machine: the inducements to mental culture are few: I will venture to state eight out of ten are driven to books; if happily to books, more to beguile the tedium of idleness rather than from any hopes of learning proving useful to their future advancement. It is true "read the Black Classics" is often enough dunned into a young man's ear. "They will be infinitely useful, they are indispensable, you cannot get any appointment without them," are phrases not unfrequently uttered by one, who in his own good fortune proves that there are other roads to preferment, than through the toilsome drudgery of three oriental languages. Superior men, for instance, Sir W. Jones, and the admirable Crichton, have possessed a great aptitude for the acquisition of languages, and it cannot be denied that this is a minor species of talent. But I reckon it more an accomplishment than a talent; for blockheads are sometimes great linguists.

I followed the advice of my friends, and within six months from the date of joining my regiment, by dint of hard study, and it may be some good luck, I passed the prescribed examination. Two-thirds of my fellow candidates were unsuccessful. The Interpretership was in time the reward of this labour. Thanks to a passion for collecting books, which had early developed itself, and which afterwards led to my carrying through the Affghan Campaign a camel entirely laden with food for the mind, I always had an abundance of books. Habits of regular study made idleness intolerably irksome, so I fell to in-

discriminate reading. The jumble was curious: Theology and Novels; poetry and metaphysics; history and medicine; economy, both political and moral, were all devoured without any examination or selection. There was a preference for Theology and History, the politics of heaven and earth, for most men have a *penchant* for politics.

I was aware that, now-a-days, an acquaintance with the contents of the Newspapers was absolutely necessary. The precise *Englishman*, the name deserves the precedence; the erudite *Hurkaru;* the bright *Star;* the *civil Friend;* the smooth *Dehli;* and the sharp rapier-wielding *Muff:* one more, the old *Dehli Court Journal*, in whose pages it was delightfully entertaining to find how His Majesty, refulgent with glory, made his appearance in the public hall of audience; how his courtiers sought a knowledge of his personal motions; how the Light of the World,—the sovereign of the two spheres, because master of neither, shot arrows at a butt, and looked out of the window, and what did he see? In the words of Saadi, "Hunoz nigurānust kih mulkush bā degurānust." But to return: quantities of these Gazettes all, *all*, I read, and *more or less* digested. I have gone into these details that the reader may form some idea of my preparations;—that he may be able to judge how far I am qualified to give an opinion. On leaving one's regiment, for the first time, there is a feeling of awkwardness and of loneliness; everything seems disorderly, indefinite—and disarranged. What should one be taken ill, where is the Doctor? Where are the friendly faces, with their heart-felt however unpolished phrases of consolation, and offers of assistance? In health or sickness these companions, and even the very Sepoys, are missed. A person restricted to his regiment, may with it travel all over the world without

experiencing any feeling of strangeness;—but let him quit the corps with the idea that it is for a long season, and every object assumes a different aspect than customary. Paley says man is a bundle of habits; fortunately in that bundle there is the stick of adaptation: with new scenes arose new thoughts and wishes.

Calcutta is reached: the steamer starts: O the first stroke of the paddle wheel! how joyous its sound! 'tis like refreshment to the hungry; like freedom to the prisoner; it is a revelry of joy and hope. The overland route requires no lengthy detail. We were delayed five days at Point-de-Galle on account of the China Mail, which left us full leisure to study the Cingalese, or Chinarees as they term themselves. These, like the Parsees of Bombay, have made no small advance in pugilistic science. A party went to bathe; the captain of the steamer was with us: he separated, going a short distance to inspect some boats drawn up on the beach. Here a number of Chingrees were congregated; without a word, without the shadow of provocation, they commenced pelting stones. A bellicose hero exclaimed in English,—"You d—— Englishman, you think you can fight;" suiting then his actions to his speech, he challenged to single combat. The Chingree was a tall thin active figure; his opponent short, robust, and agile. The native squared up in proper style, but the captain running into him sharp, closed, and thus upset all his science, and in half a minute more himself. After a pommeling, the vanquished was compelled, in sign of subjection, to fill his mouth with sand. The affair though short, the tussle was tough. The next day we went to bathe at the same spot; the Chingrees were again collected; it was now all civility. "What has become of my friend? I don't see him;" said the captain. "He is so ashamed of himself, that he has

left the village;" was the reply. And evidently to the no great chagrin of his countrymen, for, doubtless, he was a bully. Another Cingalese offered to leave his shop, and have a stand-up with any one of a party of passengers. Something occured preventing his being accommodated, which I have forgotten, or did not hear. These Chingrees are queer fellows; a gentleman, who has resided a long time at Point-de-Galle, told us that the Natives are not at all anxious to sell their wares to residents. They have been known to say: "I see master not want the thing; give back, never mind, plenty fools come in steam ship." A seaman was drowned whilst bathing. Poor fellow! what must have passed through his mind. The "judicious Hooker" nearly met this fate, and he states, that the transactions of his whole life passed through his mind. Others have related that under similar circumstances they experienced the same phenomenon. To a host of witnesses on this point, I can add my feeble testimony, having been once almost drowned. The distinctness, and it may even be said the slowness, for in the few seconds so crowded with events, there were no signs of hurry or confusion, with which each incident of my life was brought forth from the depths of oblivion, was astounding; the pang which each evil act elicited was truly terrible. Well has it been observed that, "the dread book of account of which the Scriptures speak is the mind itself of each individual." There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; accidents may and do interpose a veil; all seems rubbed out. It is a mere obscuration, as the light of the sun conceals, but does not obliterate the stars. Withdraw the veil, and the book of life or death, as the case may be, stands revealed.

Through Egypt is the pleasantest part of the trip. That land in Holy Writ is doomed to be for ever a base or sub-

ordinate kingdom. "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations;" (Ezekiel 29 chap. 15 verse.) Whatever its future fate, England is concerned in it. She may never be more than a granary for Syria. Yet even now in all the arts, sciences, and appliances that adorn or conduce to the enjoyment of life, she is further advanced than our Indian possessions. Two almost opposite effects struck me in Cairo. This town is more oriental according to European ideas, and also more civilized than Calcutta. Alexandria is quite western. In both these Egyptian towns, Greeks, French, and Italians abound: the English are comparatively few in number.

Lamartine, in his *comical* vision of France and England, magnanimously hands over Gibraltar to Spain. It would appear that he had not taken a sufficient quantum of Haschish or hemp, to make him speak out the whole truth of the morbid craving of France for a finger in the east. The expected results of England losing Gibraltar he has omitted, as probably coming too near to the great aim of French policy; that of making a French lake of the Mediterranean, Egypt a French colony, and India, a French possession. Ah, short-sighted man! You can see England dwindling down like Tyre and Carthage: cannot you see the disruption of France or the rise of Judea? Do you not know that is the kingdom that must rise? This notion, excepting with worldly politicians, daily gains strength. The Jews have never lost sight of their final restoration. They may be mistaken as to the time and manner, they cannot be as to the event, if reliance can be placed in the prophetical books of Scripture.

Before the coming of our Saviour there was a general hum, an universal, though vague, expectation among the chosen race of the Advent; so it is now for the restoration.

He who dogmatises on unfulfilled prophecies, instead of giving an exposition, predicts; and thus brings himself into the category of the false prophets that are to arise in the latter days. Daily experience proves that man can in the lump, if the expression be permitted, peer into futurity; it is when he attempts to enter into details that he utterly fails.

I have seen persons horrified at the bare idea of the possibility of England not remaining for ever the first of kingdoms. Are not all things here below transitory? Where are Ninevah, Babylon, Persepolis, Athens, and Rome? That's nothing to the point, England is a Christian country. True: and by the interposition of Divine Providence, she has reached her present glory and prosperity. The time, however, may come, when the spires and domes of her innumerable houses for prayer and charity may no longer suffice as conductors to the thunder-bolts of the Almighty's wrath: which last is a poetic idea of Burke. But I do not understand why the general prosperity of the nations of the earth, for such I take will be the results of "the restoration," should be a matter of uneasiness to the most devoted lover of his country; for she will also participate in the general blessing. Without being what is commonly termed a Millinarian, I confess this subject possesses for me great attractions: these are, however, merely speculative opinions.

It is not my intention to enter into details regarding a country so often described. What can be said of the Desert-Vans—Cairo—Pyramids and the Nile that has not been run to death? "Give me," said a connoisseur to a painter, "the Israelites clean gone through the Red Sea;" and the man brought a piece of canvass all daubed with red, is even too stale an anecdote to particularize.

Going down the Nile, there was on board a tremendous fellow; speaking every language but that of truth—a perfect liar. "An Egyptian Engineer, too ignorant to let off the steam, yet aware of his danger, rushed in whilst I was *lying* in the cabin; uttered not a word; made a sign of swimming and plunged into the river. Another moment and I should have been in the air. But I followed him—and, poosh!—up went the Steamer." Her Engine had come to the superlative of boil. Boil—boiler—*burst*. This is a poor specimen of this hero's talent. His stories of Egyptian customs were rich—too piquante for my pages.

The slave market at Cairo is a regular take in. Going through the enclosed buildings, where the slaves live, is quite enough to give one the plague. I only saw a few boys and girls, the images of God in ebony, as Fuller poetically terms Negroes. They were excessively ugly, equally dirty, and not much less happy. A sable matron, —somewhat antique, fat, and jolly—did the honors of the exhibition. "Come, my beauty, it is you I will purchase,"—was duly explained to her through a dragoman. She had no intention of changing masters, and grinned a "Don't you wish you may get me." She then commenced pointing to the others, intimating that any of them were at our service. There was nothing to lead to the supposition that these slaves are ill-treated,—there was nothing of that brutal character in their bondage that we read of in American Slavery. These were different to the Negroes of Aden. The latter seem to have a dash of the Arab, and the woolly hair of many of them is of a rusty red color, which greatly augments their ugliness. The Negroes are for menial employments; the Georgians and Circassians for other purposes. A dealer in fine women is as well known as a celebrated horse

merchant. It is necessary to go the same way to the one as to the other; only prove to him that there are means and the intention to purchase, and the cattle will be forthcoming. Ali Pasha was averse to Christians possessing slaves, and threw obstacles in their way.

The vexatious quarantine regulations debarred us from the town of Malta. I visited the Lazaretto. Those intending to remain in the island have quarters assigned them in this building. The mere passengers are only permitted to enter a long hall full of sellers of jewellery, articles of vertu, linen, and gloves. The two latter must be purchased prior to handling; the least touch and there is no returning them. Stone and metallic articles are given for inspection held by tongs. Should, by chance or design, a pure and an imputedly impure body come in contact, the islander is also put into quarantine,—and the person who touched him has to pay the expenses of his detention.

At Gibraltar the quarantine regulations are still more strict: guard boats with pale flags, of a hue sufficient to give the plague, are stationed round the steamer, and no intercourse, of any description, is permitted. It was most tantalizing to behold this famous and impregnable rock and to be permitted only to gaze at it from a distance.

CHAPTER II.

We reached Southampton. Once more in dear old England, the country of the brave, and of free men not free. It requires a lengthened expatriation to feel the full force of its being a tax-oppressed law-ridden country. Talk of the aristocracy—rail at them as much as you like; the privileges they enjoy are doubtless mortifying to an envious mind. Their existence is far from baneful; they are the safety valve of democratic fermentation; their destruction would not raise the low any higher; another class, if not less deserving, at least less polished, and therefore more galling, would not usurp, but, by the nature of things, fill their place: for though we are all from the same root, all cannot be the topmost branches. The native illustration of equality by the five fingers is both simple and appropriate.

With regard to taxes I cannot improve on that wit Sidney Smith's description, and shall here give it; "Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion —taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce *which pampers man's appetite,* and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribands of the bride—at

bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road:—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more."—Lucky fellow, luckier far than those that now live, for he escaped the income tax, which together with the Orphan and Military Fund deductions, make an awful hole in the £191 odd shillings of a poor captain.

The gentlemen of the long robe with their bills—weapons more destructive and sharper than the sharpest Toledo, are the real tyrants of the land. There is no affair of buying or selling; hiring or letting; accusing or defending; gaining or losing; but they must have a finger in the transaction. The most wonderful part is the incomprehensibleness of their language, and their rules of procedure; their judgments are equally wonderful and mysterious. How can we then lay down a rule for the ratio that should obtain between their labor and its reward. In the *Times* of the 4th December 1848, you may read that, "the bill of charges of the late Solicitor to one of the Southern railway companies contained 10,000 folios, has occupied twelve months in the process of taxation and amounted to £240,000." In the same paper of three days later date, a gentleman, under the

signature of Jacob Omnium, complains that, for a disputed claim of £2 17*s.* he had to pay £24 4*s.* 8*d.* In a paper a day or two still later, and copied from the *Globe*, there is an account of a monster writ only forty-seven yards long "in the Secondaries Court, in which the Sheriff of Middlesex sought to recover, from one of the securities of an Officer in his service, the amount forfeited in consequence of an alleged breach on the part of the Officer."

Does not all this forcibly call to mind the ancient lawyers? Well are the present race, like their prototypes, described: "as ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers," (Luke ii. Chap. 46 Verse.) Their jargon is also noted, and with a threat of retributive vengeance —"Woe unto you lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge." (Luke xi. Verse 52.) Law proceeds with civilization; in time, ill weeds growing apace, it outstrips its competitor, and takes the place of justice. Such was the case in Greece and in Rome, and we see the result. With us, unhappily, the lawyers are so well set in in their saddles of tyranny,—Courts of justice, as they are called,—that there must be a thorough shaking to dismount them; perhaps the steed of state must first fall.

Law has amusingly been likened to "a country dance, people are led up and down it till they are tired out. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too, they that take the least of it are the better off. It is like a homely gentleman very well to follow, and a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; and like bad weather, most people are glad to get out of it." After these similitudes let me add one of my own; 'tis like a Saint, if you don't agree with it you are *damaged.*

I am surprised that there is not a general irresistible rising against lawyers; an insisting upon a code of laws written in the current tongue; a resolute demand for the explosion of all quirks, quibbles, and subterfuges—a—hulloa! what's the row? I immediately ran down stairs, for the street door was violently slammed, there was a noise of a body heavily falling, and then great moanings and groanings. In my hurry, to seize the poker was forgotten,—down I went in the dark, and opened the door, all prepared to strike out, be it at a man or,—but it was a ghostess in the form of a washerwoman. She wore widow's weeds, and, being an invalid, had tied a white handkerchief across her forehead. She seemed much frightened, and could not understand why the door had been so unceremoniously and violently slammed in her face. It was dark when she knocked; the little girl, who opened the street door, caught a glimpse of something white, and mistook it for I know not what. The bringing the wench to her senses was nothing compared to the trouble of soothing the indignant ghostess. For she no sooner learned the cause of the hubbub than her vanity was up in stilts. Had she been permitted, she would have taught the poor child better manners, and more discrimination.

Whilst counting out the linen, she proceeded thus: "One—two—I am sorry the girl got frighted;—three—four—five—I have been very ill;—six—seven, my feelings *is* hurt;—eight—nine—if I war'nt a proper woman, Missus would never have sent me." Being deaf as a post,—there was no consoling her outraged self-complacency.

As for the poor girl, her mistake was nothing extraordinary, considering the place and circumstances.—It was dusk,—the woman's ghastly face was shrouded in

white, and the house was but a few paces distant from a well stocked church-yard. I much regretted the girl was informed of the cause of her fright before she had related her impressions: They might have been concocted into a tale of a most wonderful, true, and marvellous description of a ghost that appeared to a person now living.

The transition from "The House" to the churchyard is the common lot of members; this time let us reverse the rule and have a peep at the collected *wisdom* of the land. The majority of the members wore their hats, several were lying extended full length on the benches in the gallery, several were nodding or asleep in their seats, and many more not so innocently employed. Yet this was a deliberative assembly, and collected on an important occasion,—the last reading of the Jewish Disabilities Bill. Lord Geo. Bentinck spoke at great length; with his speech I care not to meddle. His manner was strange; he jumped about, turning round and round, nearly three quarters face at each gyration, with his hands in the pockets of his tail-coat: his action was not unlike a sparrow bathing in a puddle.

No sooner was he seated, than up got *the* O. G. M. holding at its extremity a white handkerchief in one hand. Bombs and rockets! fire and tin kettles! what a row he kicked up. His stamp was the crash of buttered thunder, his speech rhapsody run mad. (By the way I had before heard of greased lightning, but buttered thunder is a new image the more welcome, and for which I am indebted to Mr. Bailey, the author of "Festus.") He stormed and raved, and in the height of his fury, he (O. G. M.) was pleased to allude to the British constitution as "that old woman;" stating that formerly she had kept Catholics out of Parliament because they believed too much,

and now she would debar the Jews for believing too little. He then boasted, after the true Milesian style, of how his countrymen the Catholics, I forget how many millions strong he made them, had united and compelled justice to be done them. He bombasted much more in the same style. Lord John Russell spoke last. His manner was soft and insinuating; it was evident he was striving more to conciliate than convince the opposition.

Next morning, glancing over the Newspapers, I found that the speeches were much garbled, all offensive parts excluded, and the whole thrown into a rational form. The public thus have the cream of the debates; whether they would not relish a slight taste of the curds and whey is another question.

CHAPTER III.

This and the following chapter I would advise the reader to skip; they are about a dull sort of people; and it is impossible to write anything amusing or interesting about them. *Entre nous*, for there should be confidence betwixt us, unless thou art a hang-dog critic, I write these as a penance. Rough or gentle, hirsute or smooth, whoever thou art, I have duly warned thee.

Religion and Politics form the staple commodities of English table talk. The Scylla and Charybdis: and either or both it is difficult to avoid. There is scarcely a petty village that boasts not its half a dozen meeting houses, each for a distinct denomination: whose conduct puts me in mind of an anecdote I once heard of a far-

mer, who, describing the amiable qualities of his nag, observed: "He is a regular good 'un, for he bears malice like any Christian."

Circumstances threw me for several months among a most conceited body of schismatics: the elect as they fancy themselves; forgetting that election implies a choice made of one by another, and not the choosing of a person by himself. They call themselves Saints, giving this as a reason, that Saint (or Holy) is a term of humility of a lower degree than Christian. Yet in the same breath, with irrepressible complacency on their countenances, out comes, "but the Saints (i. e. themselves) shall on the last day judge even angels." This is not the place for their doctrines; whatever of truth they have, they hold in common with all Christians, *their charity* is their own; and is, it is almost needless to add, of quite a different species to that supereminent of virtues described by the Apostle Paul.

I once wrote a tract on Plymouth Brethrenism, and read it to several members of this clique of schismatics: "Oh that's not my opinion, it is Mr. So and So's. I completely deny this, it is only held by another Mr. So and So and his adherents." For even these sectarians have split into numerous divisions, subdivisions, and sections. The upshot of the matter was, that no one assented to my remarks. None could confute them: the most they could do was to say—such and such were the doctrines of or remarks applicable to individuals, and not common to the body. In justice to my tract, I shall only add, that my observations were drawn from the bulk of the members of this sect in the same town as myself; that it is very easy where no subscription to written articles are required, for individuals, whilst conforming outwardly to all the practices of their clique, to deny in

private each and every doctrine, and all follies or peculiarities of conduct.

In directing my remarks chiefly to these schismatics, I shall describe also what I have seen common to others; and shall class them all under the generic appellation of saint. Using this word *only* in the sense it obtains in the world: in that sense it is exclusively appropriated to knaves, fools, and enthusiasts, wearing the cloak of religion; "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

If my remarks be chiefly applicable to dissenters, they are not because they dissent, but on account of the discipline of the church keeping its adherents within just bounds. Persons must leave the church, they must dissent, to give play to their vagaries. Far, very far, it is from my intention to attempt to cast ridicule upon individuals or on any society because they happen to differ in points of religion. To expect that others should exactly agree with one's own opinions, that every phase of another's mind should be similar to one's own, is as preposterous as insisting that every man should resemble our individual selves in face and figure. We are not surprised when people differ from us in these two latter respects; it is when we behold devilish contortions, or inhuman excrescences, that we turn away in disgust.

Thus it is with doctrines: when individuals set up for judges, condemn all things and all persons, reserving for themselves the monopoly of Christian virtues and Christian knowledge, it is high time that they should be held up to public scorn; held up as a mirror to themselves, that the honest but deluded among them may come out of so abominable a fraternity.

The present race of Saints is a spurious slip of the old sturdy Puritans. Their virtues these possess not, preserving however their cant, hypocrisy, and lying. The

law being in full force, they at present disclaim all political agitation; their kingdom is not of this world, they will tell you; let them only get the upper hand, and see how soon they will change their tune;—*then*, as of old, they will argue, giving chapter and verse, that the earth is the heritage of the Saints.

Their society is composed of a few apostate clergymen; who hate the church with the proverbial intensity of a renegade's hatred. These finding their views of preferment thwarted or hopeless: their common-place talents dooming them to subordinate employ, leave the church, and become Saints. At first they are flattered and made much of by the fraternity they join: nature destined them for a low station, and even here they soon fall to their proper level. They seldom can keep a place among the top sawyers. There are a few educated men: these again, from some slip of the pen at college, or from not meeting with sufficient success in their profession, secede. There are many low tradesmen, shopkeepers, and footmen. The church has no attraction for them, as it enjoins silence: being restless, discontented, ignorant fellows, every suggestion of their own evil passions and wayward temper they pervert into "a call," and turn Saints. But the most numerous—at least two-thirds in amount—are not the fair, but of the fair sex. A few pretty girls are occasionally met with among the Saintesses; they follow, being in a manner compelled, in the wake of their parents. The generality of Saintesses are ugly. Spinsters of a certain age, whose chance of wedlock is on the wane, form a numerous army of virgin devotees. Widows with small fortunes and much celestial furor close the account. All these idle, squabbling, and gadding to and fro, pass their sojourn here below in groaning and singing.

Laughable as it may appear, groans and songs are indes-

pensable to saintship; no Saint was ever deficient, as to quantity, in these accomplishments. I said before they were a spurious slip, and even in these practices they show their degeneracy. There is a want of *heartiness* which was wont to distinguish their forefathers. Their groan is no longer from the depths of the heart. No liver-bursting, diaphragm-perturbating sound, making the compassionate bystanders thankful that it was out: No! theirs is now a sniffling noise, indicative of uncleaned nostrils and uncleared throats.

Singing in Scripture, with an exception or two, is used as a figure of speech, where a part is put for the whole, and means adoration. Now melody depending on the ear and voice, should a man be without these, (as I can aver very many saints are), to him singing can afford no real pleasure: yet being a saint he persists in emitting twanging sounds, for such, in his doltishness, he imagines will be his employment in heaven, and in that his chief recompense. Such are his ideas of heavenly joys,—horrid discords!

Do you wish to know in what the joys of heaven will consist? That they will not be sensual, is certain. Of intellectual delights cull the best. I promise you, it will take some time to determine the best: the more thought the greater will be the difficulty of selection. You have settled this: imagine the highest, the superlative height of this delight. Well you have done that: now the next step is the bliss of heaven. Imagine again a degree beyond the superlative,—beyond the utmost stretch of your fancy. Impossible: cannot do so. Ah you are *just* right. *That* is the bliss of heaven, for from Scripture you may learn, it has never entered into the heart of man to conceive these joys. From my sojourning among the Saints, I had a peep behind the scenes; and had an opportunity

of discovering that, like the heathen mystics, these also have their esoteric and exoteric doctrines; that what we call their jargon is a slang which to the initiated has its appropriate meaning for each word or expression. For example, Preaching and Teaching, in my simplicity, I thought signified much the same: no such thing. A controversy occured among several Saints "I tell you it is—No it is n't: Brother A. says it is. No, he does not: look what Brother B. in his tract writes on the subject." There was much more of what we sinners would call squabbling; Saints, "a sifting of the truth." To cut a long affair short, out came the secret—Preaching is fulminating the thunders of the Lord against all unfortunates, whom the Saints deem unconverted;—in other words,—who do not belong to their household of faith. Teaching is entirely for the elect: and consists, if *genuine*, in delicious, self-laudatory, and soothing discourses, spreading over the hearers a kind of alloverishness: giving to all, especially to the females, a taste of rapture here below.

With Saints there is a morbid monomaniacal hankering after persecution, which is the stronger as this *degenerate* age obstinately refuses to gratify it. The cry, the prayer, the conversation is ever "of the wicked that trouble." This is the constant theme, even at the dinner table, whilst they guzzle and tuck in with might and main, as if for each Saint and Saintess it were the last meal. I have seen many of these creatures feeding, and can truly assert, whether male or female, I have seldom met a Saint with a delicate appetite.

"The wicked that trouble!" Yes, the jargon is translatable. Being persecuted now-a-days means, being restrained from persecuting others: not being allowed to cram down another's throat one's own opinions, religious or political, generally both.

There is not a Saint or Saintess who would not rejoice in persecution, provided however, it were not *too* sharp. They seem always to have some confused notions floating in their brains of how the early Christians bore testimony *for the truth*, before Magistrates. This idea may be derived from an indistinct recollection of Pliny's letter to Trajan regarding the spotless lives of the primitive Christians. Nothing I am convinced, would afford more joy and satisfaction to a Saint than to be shut up for a night in the watch house, and the next morning to bear testimony in Bow Street, for the faith in him.

Their chiefs encourage this feeling. The following quotation from a tract published by a leader of the Plymouth Brethren I give as a specimen: "Salvation by grace, through faith in His blood, is a doctrine for which I would gladly, through His help, lay down my life. For the sake of it, it has been needful for me to break many links, to lose many a friend whom once I valued. But I have never regretted the sacrifice." Is not this an exaggeration? I have never met with a person professing to be a Christian, and who had an acquaintance with the tenets of his religion, that did not hold this fundamental doctrine. Yet this man has the impudence to publish to the world that he has lost many valued friends on that account. Has the *courage* to tell Christians that he is ready to lay down his life, they of course taking it, for a doctrine they themselves hold. Poor fellow! will it be believed that this quotation appeared in print in the year of grace 1847; and at the very period that the whole Press of England was crying out against the admission of Jews into Parliament as detrimental to Christianity.

But I must pull up, lest this should be thought kicking against a fallen Champion. This leader has had a fall, a fatal one I fear. He has gone and done it. What? Married a sinner with money. She belongs not to his

community, and though she and her immediate family be of the Church of England, as a compromise to his *tender* conscience, the ceremony was performed according to Scotch rites. Should he now be forsaken by his quondam admirers, the poor man will undergo another persecution for the truth, and doubtless publish his lamentable tale. The Saints claim many discoveries in Scripture, especially in prophetical Scripture. I have heard them argue, as if new and unthought of ever before, whether Judas at the last supper received the cup or only bread: whether the patriarchs, and prophets of the old Testament, will hold in heaven so high a place as the Saints of the New. Questions important as whether St. Paul was ever married, or whether there were two or three Marys. The last, if historians are to be believed, was a serious affair in bygone days, several persons having been brought into the clutches of the Holy Inquisition for their answer not being orthodox. Similarly ridiculous subjects of disputation were the delight and amusement of our forefathers, as may be seen in the Religio Medici of Sir Thomas Browne, where he learnedly discourseth on whether Adam and Eve had navels: or whether Eve was fashioned from Adam's right or left side; whether, in fact, there be such a thing in nature, as right or left; (an inquiry which probably suggested Sterne's ingenious speculation respecting the right end of a woman;) whether Judas was hanged or only broke his neck; whether the world was created in summer, winter, or spring, and lastly whether Adam was not *Hibernicé* about thirty when called into existence.

'Tis a pity it never entered his head which of the twain, the bird or the egg, has priority of claim to precedence, for assuredly, Sir Thomas would have enlightened the world on this dark and controverted point.

On entering the society of Saints, it is not an uncom-

mon, however perturbating a question, to be asked; "Are you converted?" Should you escape this query, depend upon it you will not the "Is he converted?" of one Saint to another *inflicted* in a whisper with many a sound betwixt it and silence. In deference to their hatred of theatres, I forbear to call their's a stage whisper.

It was a serious employment with the old Puritans to fix with astrological nicety the moment of each convert's second nativity. I have heard amusing accounts of the time and mode of conversion of several individuals. I have seen the names of those, who having departed this life, have been saved, counted up on the fingers, with a little critique on the "*experiences*" of each, and the hour of their safety fixed with mathematical certainty. Oh! the groan—the upward glance for the lost! What sinner shall dare to describe them? I assure you, I write what I have seen, and you will easily believe that with such persons there is no arguing. But a word of advice, argument fails: the Saints are below it; they are not above contempt. Should you unawares be drawn into an argument and wish to proceed in it, beware of admitting any fault, ever so glaring, of conduct or doctrine in the Church, or in any of its members. Admissions will only weaken your position, the Saints will profit by them, giving nothing in return. Liberality towards Saints is a pearl thrown before swine. Discord, not unity, nor love, nor truth, is their sole object. Should your opponent be a person of whom you think well—in whom you take an interest—whom you believe to be merely deluded and not perverted; with such an one perhaps argument is admissable. Even here I cannot hold out much hopes of success, in fact, no hopes, unless the subject is a male, and has been *born and bred* a gentleman. In arguing, commence by proving to him that heaven is

larger than the earth. This you may do by referring to the fixed stars, and to the size of comets: for example the comet of 1811 was 10,900 miles in diameter: the orbit of Halley's comet was 3,420,000,000 miles long and 850 miles broad. Both these bodies found lots of room. You may then insinuate—do it gently, the possibility, nay, the probability, of heaven being extensive enough to contain both you and your opponent; your friends and his friends; your Church Universal and his petty clique. 'Tis true a Saint, in his own opinion, is no end of a fellow. Meet the difficulty boldly; reply, the heavens occupy illimitable space. The fear of there not being room for all, is, I sometimes suspect, with the *innocenter* sort of Saints, at the bottom of their hallucinations. They are like the lean puny madman, who fancied himself too fat and large to enter the gate of a city, and needs must be drawn over the walls. Though long, I cannot deprive the reader of the following extract—so true a picture of the Saint.

"The principal characteristics are as follows. A strong disposition to sigh and groan, as if in deep tribulation, while they are, in fact, as happy as their neighbours. A constant habit of professing that they are fallen, wicked creatures, who cannot be saved, though they practice all the cardinal virtues, if they *have not* faith; and that they can and will be saved, though they are loaded with sins, if they *have* faith; a determination to convince other people that *they* ought to feel the same conviction. An opinion, that while they own their sins and proclaim themselves the most wicked of the sons of men, they are, in reality, exceedingly good people. A belief that the rest of the world, whom they pretend to admit are better than themselves, are, in fact, infinitely worse, and a strong disposition to convert them. An affected abhorrence of being happy on a Sunday, or seeing others so, and a con-

demnation of every species of recreation or relaxation from every thing but sighing and looking miserable, while they indulge themselves, in their own way, to their heart's content; a total banishment of all decorum in their process of converting their fellow creatures—evinced by obtruding themselves upon private families, especially under the mask of assisting them, and in the most shameful appeals to the sick, whom they profess to comfort, but, in truth, often frighten or worry to death, having a strong objection to allowing people to die quietly."

In the next chapter I shall give specimens of saintly opinions, prophecies, and conversation.

CHAPTER IV.

In times of commotion prophecymongers start up on all sides, like white ants after a shower. There were no less than twelve different expositions of prophecy advertised for sale shortly after the Revolution in France of February 1848. In the days of Napoleon how many were there that predicted him *the* man of Sin. A sinful man no doubt he was, and thus far they were right. The present troubles have brought forth fresh swarms of false prophets. The knowing ones among them eschew dates, those *quicksands* of detection.

A leader of the Plymouth Brethren and an acquaintance of mine has published *his* "Thoughts on the Apocalypse." In this book he lays down, with praiseworthy confidence, (for if the writer himself doubts in the least, will not his readers doubt more,) what is to happen be-

fore, during, and after the Millennium. He predicts, avoiding dates, that all the world, excepting a chosen few—and who these few are may be easily guessed,—is to be given up to the man of Sin, and every individual is to be eternally damned. A pleasing reflection for the world at large!

One day this prophet, a pastor of his sect, and myself were in a room together. The prophet lay full length on the sofa, reclining in graceful condescension: the pastor perambulated the room; the latter meekly enquired, "Do you think Ireland will be included in the ten kingdoms?" alluding to the territories of ancient Rome, comprising England, treated of largely in *his* "Thoughts," and charitably consigned to the Devil. "No!" was the monosyllabic reply. The pastor, still a little dubious, continued; "Do you think the line will be drawn so close?" Another monosyllabic rejoinder, "Yes." Never was any Pope, in the palmy days of his infallibility, more authoritative. I asked the Prophet how I was to tell that he was not mistaken in his opinions, since many pious and learned men had undertaken the exposition of prophecies, had believed their interpretations founded on Scripture, and were positive as to their certainty, but Time, that great revealer of errors, the sweeper away of the cobwebs of pride and presumption, had proved the erroneousness of their explanations: my question was put in much milder terms. He gave no reply. Had I been a Saint, some *esoteric* reasons might have been offered.

A female relative of the Prophet let out the secret, the source and spring of his predictive illumination.—"Dear Benjamin," said she, *so* innocently, "daily, after breakfast, closely studies the newspapers to mark the fulfilment of prophecies." No wonder he struck out Ireland, there being, at the time he wrote, a *probability* of

her attempting a disseverance from England, and a *possibility* of her success. No wonder he predicts that there will be constitutional monarchies—signs, however, of evil according to him:—All endeavours for the amelioration of the condition of mankind being "the wonderful energy of unregenerate man" and proceeding from Satan.

Looking over *his* "Thoughts," I found, in the Map of the world prefixed to his work, Sinde made a Hindoo, and Ceylon a Mahomedan country. On pointing out these errors, they were lamely defended by some of his staunch admirers. It would have been better to have let them pass as oversights; but then the natural deduction was feared. This pretender to the knowledge of futurity how can he be trusted, when he knows not present affairs? Surely he ought to have correct information regarding things that are, before he dives into those to be!

This was leader Brother N. Now for his commentators, Saints of the same ilk, and who, being enlightened with the same light, may be presumed to understand their own affairs best. Leader brother K. says, "Shakspeare's works are the most wicked books in the world, but I would much rather my pupils read them than Mr. N.'s tracts." Another leader declared publicly, and in so solemn a manner that I dare not inscribe his very words, that he did not expect to meet Mr. N. in heaven. The worldling may perhaps fancy by this speech that he himself does not expect to go there. A third leader, one of the highest top-sawyers, Brother D., published in a tract; "I have not the least doubt, from circumstances I have heard lately, of the authenticity of which I have not the smallest question, that Mr. N. received his prophetic system by direct inspiration from Satan, analogous to the Irvingite delusion." Really one might be excused fancying that this fellow had had a *special* message from Old Nick, for he writes so confidently.

All these men might learn a good lesson in that wonderful, great, and admirable work, the Pilgrim's Progress, where the author treats on the Hill of Error. The Revd. T. Scott has a wholesome note upon it: "Professors fall into such delusions by indulging self-conceit, vain glory and curiosity: by 'leaning to their own understandings,' and 'intruding into the things they have not seen, vainly puffed up by their fleshly mind,' and by speculating on subjects, which are too deep for them, for the fruit of 'the tree of knowledge' in respect of religious opinions not expressly revealed, is still forbidden: and men vainly thinking it good for food, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, and desiring to be as gods, understanding and accounting for every thing, fall into destructive heresies, do immense mischief, and become awful examples for the warning of their contemporaries and successors." —How well their bickerings illustrate the great poet's description,

> "———————— Devil with devil damned
> Firm concord holds; *Saints* only disagree,
> Of creatures *irrational* ————"

Now I have no particular love for mine acquiantance N.; but I will do him justice; he is no worse than his saintly opponents. His admirers say, or rather used to say, for since his marriage, I suspect, like musquitos, from bosom friends they have become his back-biters, that he was a fellow of Oxford at nineteen, and that he was going to take orders, but his *conscience* would not permit him. The evil-minded worldlings, however, on this last point, whisper something of his having committed himself in writing, which materially aided his conscience in her decision,—that is no business of mine, so I drop it: I know him to be a clever man, who unfortunately misdirects his

talents;—a good looking fellow *for a Saint*, and was decidedly, before his late entrance into wedlock, a pet with the Saintesses. All flocked to his gathering; the other leaders were non-plused; hence their abuse, envy, and heart-burning jealousies.

So much for an educated and learned leader: The Brethren have also top-sawyers of another stamp. One is a footman and a preacher: others are nearly equal in rank to this man, and his compeers in ignorance, being wholly illiterate. They have a defence for them, for never was a folly or crime committed without its supporters. "Were not the Apostles ignorant illiterate fishermen?" They choose not to remember that the Apostles had a peculiar calling, and were by especial gifts qualified for the ministry. Comparing ignorant conceited blockheads of modern times to the Apostles, is about as wise and sane as expecting every donkey one meets to speak with man's tongue, because the ass of Balaam spoke, and reproved the madness of the prophet.

I cannot resist producing a specimen of an explanation given by one of the *illiterati*. Holding forth on the Chapter where Moses is represented as having wept on parting with his father-in-law, Wiseacre observed: "You see he did not weep when he left his wife, for there is no mention of it in Scripture, but he wept when he parted from his father-in-law, *therefore*, it is *clear* Moses preferred his father-in-law to his wife!" From the acumen of this criticism, I am strongly tempted to believe, he must have stolen the idea from Dr. Johnson.

"If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

On second thoughts, it is just possible he may never have heard of Dr. Johnson, and very probable that he never read a line of his: there is one more solution to this remarkable coincidence: "Les beaux esprits se rencontrent souvent: mais les montagnes ne se rencontrent jamais."

I was once fool enough to sit out a long "teaching" on the New Jerusalem. It was so particularly described, every thing concerning it so clearly defined and settled, that the Saints must have been able to distinguish their very door posts, in the same manner as in the Panorama of London those residing in the vicinity of St. Paul's church-yard could recognise their own abodes. Wise men generally agree that the New Jerusalem is a subject beyond their comprehension. If it be not allegorical, it is certain the human constitution must be totally altered to adapt it for living in this city. In its present state, it would be an impossibility. This city is to be fifteen hundred miles long, a distance from Calcutta to Peshawer; the same number of miles broad, and of the same *altitude*. What we call the blue-vault of heaven, that is the height of our atmosphere, is reckoned to be about forty-five miles, because at a greater distance it does not refract the rays of the sun, and at a height of only one eighth of this small altitude, the air is too much rarified for the sustenance of human life, how is man then to ascend 1,500 miles?

I have not the least doubt of the truth of the New Jerusalem,—whatever it may signify,—but I do not believe in its literal acceptation. That in a future state our bodies may be fitted to exist anywhere is a reasonable belief; and even with our present restricted knowledge, we can form some such conception. A corpse resolves into gasses, which neither the earth nor the deep can confine: the refuse of the carcase is a very small quantity of

matter; this dross, our original dust, returns to dust again. It may be asked why these gasses should not immediately on leaving the body re-unite? What is there to prevent them? May they not, on being first brought together, have been endued with a property that should for ever give them an indestructible attraction and cohesion? These gasses, thus uniting, may form a perfect body, and yet the body may be invisible to human ken—like the bodies of spirits, or those of scent and electricity.

Were the opinions of the Saints merely speculative, did they hold them, and were content to keep them to themselves, there would be no need for their exposure. But they, like all innovators, are seized with the demon of perversion; proselytizing as it is called. Their missionaries protrude themselves every where, excepting in places where real, substantial, and corporeal persecution would await them. Even in Paris, whilst I was there, a Plymouth Brother Saint must needs attempt to blow up the embers of discord in a church of England chapel in this capital. It is necessary to remark that, as a rule, the Plymouth Brethren never go to a place of worship belonging to any other denomination: a brother or sister of this sect would think it the highest impurity to enter a church, unless for their darling delight of creating a disturbance.

In Paris, after the sermon, a Saint stood up: his visit to the chapel was with the deliberate intention of creating a commotion. The standing blockhead delivered himself thus: "Brethren, I perceive I am among the children of God." He was allowed to proceed no further in his wonderful discoveries; for the clergyman rushing up silenced him. He was informed that in chapel all things must be done in order: if he had any observations to make a hearing would be given in the Vestry. Into the Vestry went the presumptuous ass, and there spluttered

out his opinions. He blamed the Church of England for preventing babblers like himself holding forth; "*because Paul of Tarsus thus preached, and he felt impelled by the Spirit to follow his example, as his words might lead to the conversion of some.*" Although he commenced his intended harangue by stating that he perceived he was among the children of God, from his discourse in the Vestry, it would appear they were not converted. Such is the modesty, veracity, and consistency of Saints!

It is a melancholy truth, and confirmed by my own experience, that no dependance can be placed upon the statement of a Saint or Saintess. In their speech there is always some Jesuitism: it's true only in one light: true to the letter, but false in spirit. A lie by suppression, omission, or addition. However great the lie may be in speech, or however long it may have been enacted, there is always an excuse on the lips, the *good* reason of acting wrongly and deceitfully that good may come, and of course backed by texts from Scripture.

"Ah! my dear young man," was snivelled out to me by one who had been in the Military Medical Service, "I could not be a Soldier, my conscience would not even permit me to follow my late profession, that of a Surgeon in the army." "Hem! but pray, Sir! Do you not receive a pension for your past services?" "Yes," "And is not this the wages of Sin?" The hypocrite was silenced: he had brought the retort upon himself.

At the bewitching hour of dinner, "I feel I am the chiefest of sinners," said a Saint to me. "Indeed! well for my part," I replied, "when I look round the table I think that I am as bad as any, but if I felt that I were the chiefest of sinners, I would throw myself into the sea." "Oh! pray don't," retorted Mr. Saint, in a sarcastic sneering tone, and with a look of pity. This was too

much, the milk of human kindness turned sour, "I would at least, be unable to eat a hearty dinner." This I uttered in an equally amiable tone, and with a significant glance at his laden plate. The fellow, lean, lanky, and voracious, *felt* the remark: held his tongue, but still continued the chiefest-of-sinner-like operation of stuffing his greedy maw. "Do you know anything of Saints?" asked I of a friend. "No, only that they are preciously fond of good dinners." A pithy and true observation

Once more and I have done, my penance is over:—Two ladies have taken it into their wise noddles to go a crusading to Jerusalem. Both perfectly ignorant of the Arabic have started to convert the Jews there. Said I to one of them—"Is it your sole and real desire to convert the sons of Israel? Come, then, with me, and tell your friend I will introduce her to my accquaintances of Holliwell-street. Unshaven and unclean—Jews to the backbone; cut-throat ruffians, needing salvation as much as ever man did." "Oh no! these will not do: there is an abundance of missionaries in London employed in their conversion." I continued—"Now say the truth, is it not a desire to see Jerusalem?" adding, to show that there was nothing *outré* in this wish—"no country in the world, had I the means, I would rather visit—be candid?" Oh no! curiosity had nothing whatever to do with these two Saintesses; it was all for heavenly love, and solely for the conversion of the Jews that they have departed: to no baser motives would they confess.

It is not without some qualms of conscience that I have written this and the preceding chapter, lest I should give offence to any true Christian, or an handle to the scoffer at religion. But I solemnly declare to the first, nothing is further from my object; and to the second, that he deceives himself, whoever he may be, that believes any effort

of man, whether intentional or not, can in the slightest degree make void the Word of God. By *that* Word he must stand or fall, so let him take heed.

Of all drawbacks a diligent enquirer for the truth encounters, that of Scripture phraseology is the most annoying. Detached sentences may and are constantly brought forward to substantiate the most opposite opinions. Good people, good ladies particularly (now don't think of that verse there is none good, &c.) should remember that they ought not to repulse enquirers by such means, but bear with their weakness; and they should not forget there is such a thing as worshipping the Bible, instead of its author.

Also, and any may observe it, that where there is much flow of this peculiar language, supposing it to be free from all hypocrisy, there is generally much gross ignorance concealed under it. Sound, and nothing more. "But I speak the words of the Book of Life." Pray then do so in Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Greek, for translations are the words of uninspired men.

CHAPTER V.

TWELVE hours from London and you are in Paris. I went there; my first day in it was a Sunday. Its open shops and theatres, the neglect of the men generally to religious ordinances, and the solemn idolatry in the churches, were all suggestive of serious reflections; but these subjects, like that of the passport and espionage system, have too often been commented upon to attract

much attention. In all the cries for reform, Messrs. Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité, which may be Anglicised as Masters License, Insubordination, and Fratricide, have never alluded to the passport nuisance. Not that Frenchmen are free from its inconveniences: far from it; many of them often suffer more from its restrictions than foreigners. The substance of liberty is not sought for; because those using the word employ it in a perverted sense for their own views. Nor shall I try the reader's patience with the buildings of the Gallic capital. It requires knowledge of architecture both in the reader and writer to understand each other: and it is possible that neither may possess this desideratum.

It is difficult to draw a parallel between two such different cities as London and Paris. For size, riches, and fine shops, the former has as much the advantage as its rival possesses in arcades, "passages," and places of amusement. In the one there is a busy throng of men and vehicles pressing on, hurrying to and fro to save each moment of time; in the other the chief object of pursuit seems to be pleasure. To an idler, Paris for summer, and out of doors; to all men, London for winter, and in doors. I write without prejudice: France in all essentials, whether spiritual, moral, or physical, is far behind England; it excels it in all matters connected with dress, dancing, and cookery. The French, though a spectacle-loving race, are our inferiors in the management of scenery in their theatres. Even in the Italian Opera, I was painfully reminded of this deficiency; the same painting, resembling somewhat the vestibule of a public building, "*did duty*" for a nobleman's palace, a lady's boudoir, and what not. In the Theâtre Français, the introduction and withdrawal of two candles intimated to the audience the *time*, whether night or day.

But I am wandering from the subject on which it was my design to descant at setting out: which is the better, London or Paris? One evening in the "passage" Colbert I met three shawl merchants, natives of Lahore, and addressing them in Hindustani, I asked their opinion on this delicate point. "Why," replied one, "we have just come from London, this (Paris) is a little, a somewhat, a '*zurri si*' nice place. His *diminutive* preference was sufficient; there was no mistaking Paris was *the* place. For surely a salutation in a foreign land in their own vernacular was a considerable inducement to a favorable response: it was a finesse on my part, but alas, in vain ye citizens of London!

We laugh at Frenchmen, and their vanity is certainly amusing. It is a curious fact, the grand nation, the would-be leaders of the world, are only celebrated for their "*pretensions.*" In their own beloved capital,—the focus of civilization, foreigners occupy the chief places as merchants, traders, and artificers, even to the constructors of chimneys, of whom the best men in this line are Germans. To this the French, however, shut their eyes; and most unmercifully criticize the English; especially our fair. Every feminine monstrosity perambulating the streets is called an English lady. A woman decked out in a most gaudy canary colored dress, with an out-and-out bonnet and an ungainly gait, was followed by a rabble, who were pleased to designate her "*une dame Anglaise.*" She was not. The walk of the English ladies is also condemned, and they term it *pas de dragons;* in contradistinction, I suppose, to the gallic wriggle, or *pas de chiennes.*

French manners are much applauded: I liked those of the men; not of the ladies. The French fair, in spite of much elegance and grace, are boldfaced and theatrical.

All of them appear, as if, at some period of their existence, they had had an eye to the stage: I could not help remarking in them a general want of beauty; their countenances are too round, and they cultivate hair on the upper lip. The latter would be enough to damn Helen herself! But a Frenchwoman, to do her justice, when she has beauty possesses it in a high degree; and the figure is generally perfect. "Just the contrary," exclaimed several English fair, "the French have no figure, it is all their dress!" Very good, ladies, I will take your word for it; being no judge of such delicate matters.

In a large hall crammed with the bourgoisie, I observed the absence of beauty to a Scotch acquaintance, who had spent several years in Paris. "I am glad to hear you say so," he replied, "for I began to fancy this deficiency was attributable to my own want of taste." Dancing was going on at a furious rate; every man had his own peculiar step, some sufficiently grotesque: the head and hands kept time with the feet. Rampant horses, skipping monkeys, and flying cupids were imitated with heels and hands: yet however high or wide the kick, or fling of the body, it was always with the music, and in spite of close quarters, without ever coming in contact with another person. Whatever antics a dancer cut, no notice was taken, not a whisper or smile elicited: they suited the man, but would not have sat well on a being of another nation.

Paris is France; consequently its residents are, *par excellence*, *the* French; now *the* French have a partiality for drawing and *idol*ising monkeys. Every toy-shop is infested with the same mania. Some of the puppets would not gain the prize for delicacy. In prints, the fair sex are favorite subjects, and are well drawn, to our ideas, perhaps, with too little covering, *mais chacun à son goût.*

Horses are also the artists' delight; here the French lamentably fail. In the representation of a "dead heat" which I saw in a grand print, instead of the horses' chests being, agreeably to nature, close to the ground; the animals had their heads erect, and their legs and feet high enough in the air to have cleared a moderate turnpike gate!

I come now to a more serious subject. On religion it is useless dwelling, for as a nation, the French have none. Have they morals? Without giving numerous examples, it is not easy to prove that in this likewise they are deficient. Females of known bad character were not, prior to the Revolution, permitted by the police to make public manifestations. This is the most that can be said for French morals. The young women in shops, especially the milliners, are virtuous, in the *exception*, not in the rule. The latter work sixteen hours daily, and only receive a franc per diem for wages: on this pittance they have often to support aged parents, or younger brothers and sisters. It cannot then be a matter of surprise that, without the restraints of religion, they employ other means for obtaining a livelihood. Besides inadequate remuneration for honest labor, another allowance must be made, that of their countrymen not marrying, usually for want of a competency, until they are far advanced in years.

One day visiting the Jardin des Plantes, it being very cold weather, the animals were closed up. Perceiving a private door, through it I entered the building in which they are kept; here ranges of dens were placed on each side, with a walk down the centre. It was the hour of feeding. A little hop-over-my-thumb-sized keeper was busily employed in giving them their food, with an instrument in his hand like a pitch-fork.

No sooner did he see me, than the fellow appeared to

be seized with a fit of frenzy: with eyes glaring, teeth grinding, jabbering and swearing, up he came: his height seemed to increase each moment with the violence of his fury, until at last he must have stood upon the very extremity of his toes. This was an odd reception. I told him his words not being understood, were lost upon me; this was adding fuel to fire. He vehemently pointed to the door, and I thought it better to walk out, being both amused and mortified; for I was not aware that it was against rules to enter the interior. Thought I, the dog in the cave with the seven sleepers, after so long an association with human beings, became at last humanized: on the same principle, this fellow has imbibed the feral qualities of his charge. I have since heard, that after the February Revolution, the "*Souverain Peuple*," to prove their sovereignty, eat up a number of beasts of this garden. A secret joy thrills in my bosom at the thought: for who can tell, this animal, by mistake, may have been of the number devoured by his compatriots!

An old man who had seen better times, was a commissary in Napoleon's army, but was now reduced to poverty through dire gambling, used to give me lessons in French, and was accordingly dubbed "professeur." He was naturally a sharp fellow, had seen the world, experienced much of its ups and downs, and was fond of relating his reminiscences. I thought he often made very curious remarks. For instance: "There is this difference between French and English politicians," said he, "yours fight and squabble among themselves, but are true to their country. It is not so with us. Each person is solicitous only for himself, and many, for their own profit, would not hesitate to betray their country." Shortly before the February Revolution he remarked. "This country wants a republican government; the other European states will never

permit it; for should France once become a republic, she will never allow the other powers to dwell in peace." How true this prediction has been with regard to French interference, we daily behold.

The Madeleine on Sundays was a favorite resort of mine. There are two organs: one over the entrance, the other and much smaller, by the side of the altar. What with the magnificent architecture, the gorgeous decorations of the interior, the splendid vestments of the clergy, the numerous waxen lights, the smell of incense, the solemn tones of the officiating priests, and lastly, the large and small organs responding to each other, or joining in full chorus, all unite in bewildering the mind; the senses, not the heart, feel the appeal. Here was also the Pagan mummery of constant genuflexions and crossings, mumblings and tumblings. Three handsome youths, finely decked out in brave apparel, were drawn up, with silver censers in their hands, before the altar: at certain portions of the ritual, they swung the censers in exact time thrice up in the air, at the third descent, falling on one knee, they caught them over the right shoulder, with great effect. The ringing of little bells, and the burning of candles, were peculiarly heathen. Both these accessories to devotion are in high request in the Hindoo temples; only there they burn oil in small earthenware lamps instead of wax tapers. These clearly indicate the source from whence the Romish ceremonial has been drawn.

Our service has wisely been weeded. The turning to the altar in the East when repeating "the Belief," as emblematical of looking towards the rising sun of righteousness, is copied from Paganism. Good sense has discarded the spitting at the Devil or setting sun. We laugh at the strange superstitions of the Mahommedans, such

as raising the ears with the thumbs, meant to represent lifting them up—("we lift up our ears,") for an answer to their prayers: turning their faces to the right and left in order to frighten away evil spirits: stroking the face and beard repeatedly, indicating thereby purification, or the wiping away of sin. But are these more ridiculous than some of the Catholic observances? Take, for instance, the Pope's kneeling before a bronze statue, originally made for Jupiter, and now *transmogrified* into St. Peter; putting his head under the foot of this idol, and keeping it there for a short time, then kissing the foot with fervency, and keeping his lips glued to it. What shall we also think of the worship of saints and angels? Of Mary and her mother Anna, blasphemously styled the grand-mother of God; were it not a serious and sorrowful subject, it would be impossible to refrain from laughter at such absurdities.

At the Madeleine, I heard an extraordinary person, with a great command of words and a splendidly impressive delivery. He required not theatrical stratagems, which I have observed in some of our clergy, to awaken attention. This was after the Revolution. He eloquently contrasted the difference between faith and infidelity, with their natural consequences, order and disorder. After discoursing a long time, he coolly remarked that, feeling exhausted, he would sit down and rest himself. The congregation, with great decorum, kept their seats, preserving so profound a silence that a pin almost might have been heard to drop. In about ten minutes he was again on his legs, and delivered a most eloquent panegyric,—burning words that sank deep into the hearts of his hearers—on France and the French, ending; "She is the first of nations, and may she ever remain so." The whole was a fine piece of declamation, inculcating patriotism, order, and morality; as to the Gospel, there was nothing of it in his discourse, and it did not appear to be missed by his audience.

The history of this man is interesting; he is a converted Jew, and by name Ratisbon. His conversion, the Romanists would call miraculous. In a dream he saw the Virgin Mary. She was very frank with him, telling him plainly that it was all up, he was a gone 'coon, a lost man, and no mistake. This piece of intelligence overwhelmed him with grief. What was he to do? How was he to be saved? There was no misunderstanding what she had said, but she had also graciously let drop a hint, that conversion was his only chance. And a convert he forthwith became; joined the Romish priesthood; shines as an eloquent preacher with a melodious voice; and furthermore he is what he is; and which is more than I can venture to determine.

Before proceeding to other topics, I must not let the English residents in France pass without a remark. British dogs in India deteriorate, so it is with our countrymen after a long sojourn abroad. They lose their English manners without acquiring those of the French. What is worse, their moral and religious principles become lax—that nice perception,—that delicate appreciation of the fine shades that divide right and wrong, in numerous matters difficult to define, but which are of daily occurrence, is deadened. Some fall off even to the extent of forgetting their mother tongue, usually quite discarding correct pronunciation. An esteemed friend, if she will permit the expression, relates meeting an English acquaintance in Paris, who informed her, that she was about to take her daughter to Germany. "To learn German, I suppose?" "To learn German! No, indeed!" replied the indignant mother, "I think the knowledge of one barbarous tongue, quite enough." By this barbarous tongue, on further conversation, the English, it was discovered, was meant. The language of a Milton, a Locke, and a Newton!

CHAPTER VI.

HALLEY'S comet visits us poor mortals but once in about seventy-six years: the dwellers on earth are favored with French revolutions somewhat oftener. It would form an interesting subject of speculation to calculate how many revolutions in the French capital take place during one tour of the comet. Both have their missions, and do good, each in its own fashion; both are warnings, the one for spiritual the other for temporal, reformation, and the neglect of these warnings leads finally to destruction. John Wilkes, of infamous notoriety, has the credit of having defined a Revolution as a successful rebellion. His witty definition is applicable to the events in Paris during February 1848. It is too trite an observation to dwell upon of "how great things from small do spring;" the incidents under consideration are a point in question. The mere *anxiety* to suppress a banquet, for no direct *physical* attempt was made, proved sufficient to overthrow a government, whose foundations were laid as deep as two heads, containing *imputed* wisdom even to repletion, could lay them. Alas for worldly wisdom! for wisdom without justice to the mass of the population, it is wisdom only in name!

Having been an eye-witness to the February revolution, I will concisely relate some of the scenes as I saw them. On Monday the 22d February 1848, a procession passed through Rue Duphot to the Madeleine; I beheld it from the windows of my hotel. It was led by a little fellow, (whether this was Thiers I am not quite sure, for I have heard it doubted), not much above five feet in height, with two somewhat larger men, one on each side, on

whose arms he leaned. Behind them, in a regular row, and three or four abreast, was a line of respectably dressed young men, that extended beyond the length of the street. A multitude of the lowest order acted as flankers to this *cortége*. From Place Madeleine they proceeded across the Seine to the Chamber of Deputies. The gentlemen, who followed each other like a flock of geese, commenced singing the Marseillaise, the eternal Marseillaise, which not being taken up by the mobocracy, they had the cackling all to themselves. I fear in comparing these *patriots* to geese, I do the latter an injustice for they saved the Capitol; an honor to which these reformers have no just claims.

As a spectator I accompanied the throng to the corner of the garden of the Tuileries nearest to the bridge opposite the Chamber of Deputies. Here perceiving the military bestirring, and not knowing what might happen, I returned to the Hotel, and gazed from its windows, for several hours, on the increasing multitude. This was slow work. Sallying out a second time, I saw in the Italian Boulevards a procession of boys aping the adult patriots. Returning home, after a promenade in the direction of the Champs Elysées, one of the *canaille*, with the usual salute of hats off, told us, for my wife was with me, that it was dangerous passing through the Faubourg St. Honoré as the "*peuple*" were constructing barricades, and offered to be our guide. We thanked him with much "*empressment*," whilst declining his proferred assistance. A Frenchman is so polite, that I verily believe in shooting a man he would have an apology on his lips—"*Pardon, Monsieur, que je ne vous dérange pas.*" I heard from a trustworthy quarter an anecdote corroborative of this species of politesse. A little servant girl took up to her master's room a basket containing three stones rooted up

from the pavement, with compliments from her father; who requested that the gentleman would be good enough to hurl them down from his window when the infantry passed under it. The little thing with great simplicity adding, "*pour tuer la ligne.*"

During the first day several attempts were made to barricade some of the streets, the mob, with wonderful dexterity, pulling up the pavement for this purpose. In one place they upset an omnibus as a foundation for a barricade. Those who have seen one of these huge lumbering vehicles will easily perceive there was some latent "*esprit*" in this cumbersome overthrow: an attempt to block out *ennui* together with the cavalry.

From our window I watched the interesting process of erecting a barricade in Rue Richepance. An unlucky wight with a cart happening to pass by, "the many headed," with many a wag of their pericraniums, seized upon it, unharnessed the horse, and upsetting the vehicle, broke it; the carter looking on with comical amazement. On the approach of a section or two of infantry, off scampered the rabble; the soldiers did not attempt to molest the mob. At this period, I think their forbearance was more to avoid bloodshed, than from any motives of participation in the popular movement. Strong detachments of troops were collected near the Madeleine, at the Place de la Concorde, and round the Tuileries.

The whole of Paris was in the streets, and thus afforded a good opportunity of inspecting the populace. Their diminutive stature, especially of the lowest class, was very striking, At a short distance the mob appeared to be a dense collection of boys, and certainly a great number of these were among the crowd, but I am now alluding to the men. Their average height could not have been much above five feet. The better order were also

short, though an inch or perhaps a little more, taller than the "Blouses." A proof, if any were necessary, that diet materially affects the stature.

The Garde Municipale, well mounted, well equipped, and an extremely fine body of men, had a large detachment for the greater portion of the day stationed under our windows. They made several sham charges, taking care to hurt no one. On their advance the mob dispersed from one spot to collect in another. Nothing could exceed the self-possession, Military bearing, and forbearance of these gallant fellows. Under showers of stones and broken bottles, accompanied with the hootings and yellings of an insensate rabble, they never for a moment showed signs of impatience. A laughable affair occurred; as the Municipale advanced, the crowd came rushing round in another direction; one of the "*souverain peuple*," open mouthed, was running, he knew not where, when suddenly coming in contact with an old woman passing under our windows, he sent her legs up in the air on her back, and nearly trod on his own nose. The being almost *levelled*, of an *equality* boy, afforded much amusement to his brother patriots. As for the old woman, she roared for her own satisfaction, and to prove to herself, after the customary manner of ancient dames, that she was still alive. This was, perhaps, the first catastrophe of the memorable Revolution.

The early part of the 23rd passed quietly. The mob were stirring; still unarmed, and apparently without any definite object. The only damage as yet done was a smashing of lamps and window glasses, the handiwork of little urchins, whose love of mischief was more especially called into action by the cowardly approbation of a rabble, that took care not to be amenable to law. The shops, as in the preceding day, were partially closed. This

was of little consequence; for, excepting of food, there were no purchasers. We went about the streets as usual. Perceiving towards the evening that affairs instead of getting better were growing worse, I laid in a private stock of supplies, lest we should, for a time, be confined to our Hotel: knowing, from campaigning experience, that the first care of a general, (and every householder, provided he wears the breeches, is a general in his family,) ought to be to look after the inner man, to put victuals into his soldiers, before he makes an attempt on the vitals of his enemy.

The woman in the shop from whom I purchased the food had a woeful tale of six hundred innocent citizens having been diabolically butchered by the soldiery. Here again experience, unjustly stigmatised as the schoolmistress of fools, came to my aid; for immediately on hearing this lamentable tale of suffering innocence, I mentally struck off the two cyphers, mere naughts, and halved the remainder, which left three as quotient: and these I put down wounded. I have reasons to believe my calculation was a close approximation to the truth.

A detachment of Infantry and some of the Garde Municipale had been stationed before M. Guizot's mansion in the Boulevards des Capuchins for its protection. The mob tried every method to annoy and insult this force. At last a shot at night was fired, and struck the charger of the Colonel commanding. He gave the word to fire; and the next second a number of the rabble bit the dust. The whole of the after consequences have been attributed to this; and the commandant much blamed for his precipitation. It was said the shot was accidental, and that for an accident the *confiding "peuple"* were cruelly butchered. How could the Colonel tell that the shot was not purposely fired? It has since been proved

the only accident in the matter was, in the bullet striking the charger, instead of piercing the heart of its rider. The effect and not the cause was fortuitous.

An inhabitant of Lyons, who boasts of having fired the first shot in the revolution of 1830, had expressly hastened to the capital to take the initiative in that of 1848. He drew upon his brother *patriots*, and perhaps upon one or two innocent spectators, swift destruction. When factions are brought face to face, in a criminal point of view, it matters little who commences the fight. They have assembled for contention and a spark sets them by the ears. In justice, then, the blame ought principally to rest on the person who was the first cause of the opposition movement, and not on the first actors in the collision. The man who lays a train of gunpowder, and not the match, has the credit of the explosion.

To Thiers, to the brave Thiers, where words are the weapons, is France indebted for her present misery: for the blood that has been shed, for the oceans more that are to flow before affairs can be arranged on a permanent and healthy footing. Among Sportsmen, in Skye Steeple Chases, it is sometimes the custom to require the stewards, who make the leaps, to go over them first, to prove that they are practicable. Were this reasonable plan adopted in politics by all nations, were war-loving-*whilst*-at-ease-reclining *patriots* put always in the foremost ranks of battle; were they compelled to lead every charge, and every forlorn hope; to be exposed to hunger and thirst; to heat and cold; to watchings and journeyings; I will venture to say that we would have fewer leaders of the war party; those wordy warriors of debate.

Thiers' mischievous desire to grasp power raised the tumult. He would ride on the wings of the whirlwind and guide the storm. Well the storm arose, and his cow-

ardly heart failed! Instead of being found at the helm, he had skulked to the Devil knows where—what else was to be expected from a placeman?

But to return to my journal: a few days later, to please the mob, Lamartine was, in a manner, compelled to appoint this Lyonise Governor of Hotel de Ville. The boor played off as a king could not have been more ridiculous. His elevation turned his head, that is always supposing he was sane before. A joke is a joke and has its bounds, his mad pranks had none: they were too much even for the *souverain peuple*. At the earnest solicitations of his quondam admirers, Lamartine, the Magnus Apollo of the season, caused him to be removed to a madhouse, and there I leave him.

The night of the 23rd was enlivened by petty skirmishes in various parts of the city: whatever heroism was displayed on the occasion darkness has enveloped it.

Wednesday the 24th dawned for the season of the year with unusual brightness. I beheld an interminable line of soldiery march down the Boulevards to the Place de la Concorde. They were preceded by a rabble composed chiefly of boys, carrying flags attached to sticks and poles: and beating drums, kettles, and other metal utensils that emit sonorous sounds. The march to Finchley was a trifle to this scene of hubbub at the head of the column. The redoubtable soldiery of France followed in meek subjection: the cavalry with their sabres sheathed, the infantry with muskets reversed, the butt end over the shoulder and the barrel down, to show they were not charged. The soldiers, it was said, had fraternized. The mob with greasy paws shook hands with the officers; lucky was he of the epaulette who escaped a fraternal embrace; for many, had it been optional, would have preferred a hug from grim bruin.

I saw some sixty or eighty thousand of the French soldiery, and was much disappointed, before the revolution, with the appearance of the infantry. They look pretty well when dressed up and in a body; but individually they are of small stature, and far from square built. They may be wiry and active, in fact they must be so, to get through the work they do. I was astonished at their slackness on parade, each man sloped arms as it suited his convenience, and when on sentry spoke to whom he pleased, carried or not his musket, often leaving it reclining against a wall, or the sentry box; laughed, joked, and smoked; in short, did every thing but desert his post. It was with a feeling of honest pride I thought of the Indian discipline, of the martial bearing of our Sepoys, and, need I say it, particularly of the Sepoys of my own regiment; in that at least they were not inferior to the French.

The soldiery fraternizing, or more properly rabbleising, has been grandiloquently attributed to moral force, and deductions drawn from thence absurd in the extreme. After my return to England, at a table where several dons of college were assembled, I was asked with a triumphant air, "Now what do you think; can the army ever make head against the people?" This was in allusion to the events in the French capital. I replied that in this case, no trial was attempted: that physical force, or the army, would well thrash the moral force, or the populace, whenever and wheresoever they set about it in earnest. This opinion probably was thought erroneous. The July events in Paris, and the capture of Vienna are pretty good proofs of what chance the populace of a capital has against its own army united and under a single commander.

With regard to the conduct of the French soldiery in February, moral force had no influence, nor did they fra-

ternize; for no army feels much cordiality towards a mob, Their interests are opposed, and that would be enough. without the concurrence of many other powerful motives to prevent any amalgamation. Moral force, moral fiddlestick! The Buneah King deserted his army, there was no head, discipline ceased, and for a time a body was separated into its component parts: and each of these parts being weaker than the united passions of the mob succumbed: the individual soldier giving up his arms to the rabble host. It is only on this principle I can account for the army permitting the mob to disarm them.

That splendid corps, the cuirassiers, had no sooner given up their weapons, than it was wonderful to witness the rapidity and depth of their degradation. I meet a number of them, each leading a spare horse; in the course of twenty-four hours they had lost all semblance of the dashing French Sabreur. They looked like a set of debauched, slovenly, and disreputable grooms. As for the infantry, the little blackguard urchins perceived their fall: "*Vive la ligne*" whenever they saw a foot soldier was uttered with contempt, derision and laughter. The army, when too late, perceived its mistake. Whatever else it did, it should have kept its arms: they were the safeguards of its honor. "No, citizens, no brethren! we will not fire on you, since our legitimate master has forsaken us; but touch our arms, they are our honor, and you shall feel them." Such should have been the speech of the soldiers. A French gentleman said to me; "We must go to war with some nation. England is too strong," added be smiling, "if it be only to get our army again into proper order: it will never be quite right without a campaign."

The Garde Municipale behaved nobly, doing their duty to the last. Their loss was great, and several small parties

of them were inhumanly butchered. A few men posted in the Champs Elysées, in the vicinity of the mansion of the Turkish ambassador, were, without provocation, brutally murdered by the *patriots*. One of them ran in among the soldiery for protection: these opening out their ranks, permitted the pursuers to seize the innocent victim and slaughter him before their eyes. No attempt was made to save the poor fellow's life.

The Buneah, or citizen, King fled, and there was an end to his dynasty; there an end to his selfish, for his family aggrandising reign. Now was a terrible moment, every man's life and property was at the mercy of an intoxicated rabble. Lamartine, under Providence, saved Paris from massacre and pillage. Whatever opinion we may form of his poetical notions of statesmanship and government,—his was the courage, his the honor, of having averted the pending evils. A small clique of the most abandoned wretches set up a cry of "down with the English!" But it met with no response. Not an insult was offered to us. However, for a few days, the English were looked upon with suspicion: there was no concealing it, the "*souverain peuple*" were anxious regarding the course England would pursue. This anxiety they carried even to the resorts of amusement: the theatres resounding with the line taken from the opera of *Joan d'Arc* "No Englishman shall reign over us." The moment it was known that the British Government had no intention of meddling with French politics, instantly suspicious glances gave place to smiling countenances: all was right: the English had even become favorites.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the French Hegeira, the Tuileries and its precincts were full of people, ransacking, damaging, and tearing down every thing to the very iron gates of the Garden. At the gate opposite to the Rue des Pyramids a number of superlatively ferocious looking *patriots* had taken their position, armed with fuzils and naked swords; all persons returning from the Tuileries that these ruffians thought likely to have money in their pockets, were made to pay toll: the amount varying according to the nerve of the donor. A good reason for this embargo was of course assigned: a collection for the benefit of the families of the killed and wounded *patriots*. On approaching the gate, a rush happened to be made, I joined in, and, among a number of others, got through scot free.

At the Tuileries the scene was beyond description. Furniture and clothes were being hurled out of the windows. Here was one striving to get out of the way of a descending chair; there another running and leaping up in the air to seize a falling coat of royal livery. No sooner has he it in his hands than a fraternal snatch rends it in twain. Now two put on the divided remnants, and are about to embrace—Hulloa! what's the matter? It is only a newly-arrived detachment of Blouses, armed with the soldiers' muskets, and firing with balled cartridges, careless of the direction, for it is all for joy. Aiheu! oh! it is only a brother patriot winged; he half dances, half cries, being too drunk to do any thing by the whole. "*O mon ami,*" exclaims a wag; "you are now decorated with the scar of honor." But let us proceed, the tocsin is tolling, the men yelling, women screaming and laugh-

ing. Hark! surely that's an English giggle ? Yes, and it comes from a band of our country women, who have joined the throng as if it were a fair—the cellar is broken into, wine flows up to the knees, and here my Pegasus breaks down—go further he can't.

The half-ape half-devil appearance of the "*souverain peuple*" shook both the nerves and sides. To repress laughter at the sight of a *patriot* was scarcely possible; to laugh out in his face was more than I dared. The turn out of one of the "*souverains*" was so ridiculous that an irresistible fit seized me, I was obliged to rush into a baker's shop to laugh it off. The object was scarcely five feet. On his right shoulder he carried a musket, surmounted with the long French bayonet; to his left side was attached a huge naked cavalry sword, nearly as long as himself; the scabbard his patriotic zeal had caused him to discard. He wore a "blouse," and had his right eye and that side of his head bound up with a greasy black neckcloth. Thus equipped, he was strutting down Rue St. Honoré with the air of "strike me ugly who dares to say he is my superior, or that I am not free to do just as I please." He had the whole foot-path to himself; as from afar all slunk away from the *trottoir*, giving this *patriot*, above all laws human or divine, a free passage and a wide berth. *O Glorieuse liberté!*

Our landlord was a Philippist, and was in a terrible fright on account of a republican, who, on the score of old acquaintance, had taken up his quarters, not in his Hotel merely, but in his own private apartments. He was one of the true Reign of Terror stamp. Tall and athletic, with large black bushy whiskers, and a sombre countenance. Rush was not then known to the public, or I should certainly have taken this fellow to be his twin brother, he resembling much this atrocious murder-

er's portrait in the illustrated prints. He was fierce for the instant annexation of Belgium to France, and the guillotine being erected without delay in the Place de la Concorde *for all traitors*, by which term he designated all men, women, and children daring to differ from him in opinion.

When I saw him, it was evening; at that moment he was engaged in the pleasing operation of ramming a bullet down his double-barrel gun: his darling weapon, which he had discharged no less than fifty times the previous night; and doubtless with great effect. For his appearance bore marks of deliberation and cool determination. The only notice he took of my entrance was a glance from under his thick frowning eyebrows. Having charged his piece he said to the landlord, "I am going out to see how matters progress, (this was during the night of the 24th) if I am not back by eleven o'clock, you may reckon," added he significantly, "that I am well employed."

For a man of this stamp there is no other appropriate comparison than a devil incarnate; a sanguinary fiend, that would put a tiger to the blush. Crunch! crunch! munch! munch! man, woman, and child, and for what? He himself could not tell. The poor landlord scarcely dared to breathe in his presence. When he had left Paris, he told us, even then in a half-whisper, such was his dread, that this ruffian had had an interview with Lamartine about erecting a *guillotine*.

He was told that times were changed and that moral, not physical force was now to be used. This reply so disgusted him, that forthwith he set off for his own town, vowing he would get elected a Deputy, and would then return to Paris expressly to put his amiable traitor-ridding design into execution.

Such was the French radical! It was destined that I should also come in contact with his English half-brother Quietly dining at a Restaurateur's, *a gent*, who writes foreign news for a London journal, accosted me, made some remarks on the late events, and then gave his own opinion; for it is as much a law of nature for sparks to fly upwards, as that a true to the backbone radical, should never conceal his light under a bushel: he *must* blurt out his sentiments any-where and every-where, and to any-one and every-one. In default of his own proper name, of which I am ignorant, let us style him Snob. Well Snob, Pyrrhus-like, before delivering himself up to the sweets of repose, has undertaken, of course most disinterestedly, to conquer endless abuses. Church and Poor rates—Income Tax (drat it, I wish he would)-Game Laws, Army and Navy, King and Queen, Lords and Aristocrats, Landed and funded property—Potato disease,—National Debt-and Cholera,—each and all of these plague spots he will clean sweep away, and supply their place with that panacea, the Power of the Press. A thundering leader in the columns of the *Obfusticator*, or in the *Sure Dispatch*, is not only to remodel society, but preserve it from all internal and external disorders: from home oppressions as well as from foreign aggressions.

I was amused at Snob telling me in a most confidential tone that he had perused many notes and letters from noblemen to the Librarian at Paris. "Shocking incoherent stuff, not a word correctly spelt! I tell you, Sir, there is more talent among us commoners, than among the Lords:—No privileged classes, no lords, no"—nothing, I suppose he would have added, but something or other unluckily cut short his harangue, just as he was getting into full swing. Men of this sort mistake turbulence for talent.

'Tis their creed. What! is he quiet, unassuming, contented, then he *must*, in the nature of things, be an ass, and all who don't cry out for reform *must* be paid traitors. It has been well observed that in ancient times there were only seven sages, and each preferred the other in honor. It would now be difficult to find the same number of fools acknowledging their ignorance. Not merely men, but the very women have turned theologians, politicians, and philosophers. Perpetual motion, squaring the circle, finding the longitude at sea, trisecting an angle—Phoo! these are mere trifles. They will first give an exposition of the whole of the Apocalypse, then taking the world to pieces, will in a jiffey put it up together better than *never*. I have met with several such wonderful ladies; they *only* fail in regulating their own families, and being respected.

After the French Hegeira, for several nights there were compulsory illuminations. On the first and most dangerous night of the Republic, our landlord had ensconced himself in his room, and closed the shutters, he was, therefore, wholly ignorant of what was going on outside. I went down and informed him of the illumination; this increased his fears. He was now all bustle to light up, and stuck several wax tapers outside the windows of our suite of rooms, and afterwards had the conscience to demand payment for the candles. He was paid, but I thought it hard and ungrateful in him; since had it not been for me, every window in his house would probably have been smashed, and even then he would have been lucky to have got off so cheap. He was not a bad fellow.

In poor fallen human nature there still remains an instinctive admiration of the noble; long years of injustice and tyranny, if not totally obliterated from the memory,

are for the moment forgotten before an act of self-devotion, even of *interested* heroism. In vain we look for this in the conduct of Louis Philippe, or in that of his two sons, the Dukes Nemours and Montpensier. Of them it may be truly said, what Goldsmith wrote of the Stuarts, that, they expected more than human exertions from their friends, whilst they themselves acted less than men. Louis Philippe, neither in his prosperity nor in the hour of trial, showed the shadow of an elevated sentiment. The citizen King proved a true Buneah. *Personally* he has lost nothing; in truth, he has gained his liberty; for he can now walk or drive about the country without the constant dread of assassination. He was virtually a prisoner in the Tuileries: his sole promenade being the magnificent rooms of the Louvre, which he daily visited at 4 P. M. for exercise, when the public had been excluded. If not for himself, if not for his family, for his people he ought to have acted with courage. Deaf to all rumours, to all counsels, he remained in mulish stubborness just up to the moment when obstinacy was required. Circumstances so vary, that it is impossible to lay down any rules clearly defining the delicate line of separation between firmness and obstinacy. This however is certain, be it the one or the other, a ruler should never be coerced by the rabble: he should give in before matters are brought to extremities, or be prepared to carry his point.

Louis Philippe was advised to fire on the mob; he ought to have done so, in order to save the blood of the well disposed. His excuse of wishing to prevent bloodshed was ridiculous. With his experience, with his wrongly imputed Ulyssean wisdom, he must have been aware that the Military alone could quell the insurrection. On the conduct of Nemours and Montpensier, it was sarcas-

tically observed that they were taking care of the Tuileries! And the nobility, where were they? The people cried "no more privileged ranks," and the nobles disappeared. There was not one among them, whose character was such, that he could show himself in public, that he could dare lift his voice and say "I am a Peer," and be respected. It is a common enough occurrence for the class to be hated, but its individuals honored. Some attribute this dispersion of the French Peers before the breath of the populace to their not being great landed proprietors like the English nobility. Ask the French, and they will tell you, that the nobles had no hold because they possessed neither honor nor principle; they legislated, they lived only for themselves, and their debaucheries had become a by-word.

I had a card for the Chamber of Peers; being able to obtain one at any time, I did not go, thinking there would be many opportunities of viewing this assembly. The day I went not, was the last the nobles met.

Much was expected from the Garde Nationale. At first they did not declare for the king, turning their backs on him because they were dissatisfied. Louis Philippe made no earnest attempt to gain them. Discontented, but not disloyal, they temporized too long. The crisis coming on more suddenly than was expected, they lacked the courage and organization to stem the torrent of anarchy. They then discovered that their power was restraintive: they could prevent, but not quell an insurrection. Having stood aloof when able to act, they are now paying dearly for their error.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE undue influence boys exert over society, is one of the peculiarities of the Gallic Capital. The schools of boys, of young men if you prefer the term, always form a party, and are the most active of partisans. I cannot understand why the Military Seminaries, being Royal establishments, should invariably join against the Government. It cannot arise from some of the professors being probably opposed: this would not be sufficient; there must be other latent causes. We must look for them in the system of education, and in the constitution of French Society. To the latter principally, where moral and religious restraints are few; and where young folks are permitted too great a license of speech and action. I saw nothing in the outward appearance of the Polytechniques to lead me to believe in their superiority over other cadets; and I feel that the Addiscombe lads would be a match for them in every thing but politics. Education makes a vast difference: all our military seminaries are loyal; politics, of all things, are least thought of or discussed: in fact, I can say with certainty, in my day, they very seldom, if ever, formed a subject of conversation. No cadet in these schools, who would not feel it an honor, in case of a disturbance, to serve in any regiment as the junior of the junior grade. Not so the Polytechnique. In the February revolution, he was at the other end, leading, in room of following. It may be a question whether English or French cadets make the more scientific officers, none, which form the more loyal and peaceable subjects. The Polytechniques may possess great theoretical knowledge; it is ridiculous to suppose

they have any practical. Nature points out the absurdity of boys superseding men. In heading a mob, the French cadets had certainly an advantage, for though they knew little, their followers, the rabble, knew less.

In justice to the "many headed," it must be conceded that being for at least twenty-four hours sole masters of Paris, they behaved with no small forbearance. They were guilty of acts of cruelty, to which no Newspaper dared allude, but these were few. Porson, said a Greek newspaper, would have given us more information regarding the domestic economy of that nation, than all their writings that have come down to us. To the journals we must look for a tableau of the people. In no country are the inhabitants so much led, as in France, by the opinion of the Press. I fear here it is a guidance into evil. In a journal this paragraph appeared: "God finished his work in six days: the Provisional Government has been in power eight days, and what has it done?" In another newspaper the sufferings of the people during "the three days" were blasphemously compared to those of our blessed Saviour during the Redemption!

The Press loses much of its power for evil by making it free. Whilst under censorship it has the sympathy of the public: and, appreciating the value of this sympathy, Editors take good care to keep the feeling alive by constant complaints of oppression. Also they throw out hints and innuendos of having secrets they could but dare not reveal! A just Government has no more than an upright individual to fear from a free press. Are its acts unjustly censured, numerous pens are always ready to enlighten and put the public right. Honorable conduct, and the dissemination through society of healthful views by education, are the legitimate regulators of the Press.

I give the following extracts from the leading Parisian

Journal—*La Presse*—deeming them amusing, and affording a clue to the character of the people. Behold, then, "*le peuple en action!* "At the Tuileries a robber was stopped with some gold: they punished him, saying: 'Thou art not worth a cartridge!'" (28th February 1848)

"A young man who guarded a barricade, having demanded money from a citizen for allowing him to pass, the *peuple* were indignant, and compelled him to return what he had received, saying, 'The *peuple* do not receive money.'" (28th February.)

"In the Rue Jannison, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, an armed man was caught stealing a silver spoon; the brave ones who had fought by him took immediate notice of it. 'Thou art not of our cause; we disavow thee: on thy knees instanter, behold how we treat robbers:' and five balls stretched him dead." (28th February.)

"A workman, three days ago, entering a house asked for bread. They wished to give him a leg of a fowl and a glass of wine. 'No!' replied he, "only bread and water. I shall nourish myself better when I work; and that will not be before long.'" (1st March.)

What are these sentiments? Are they not *Hudibrastically heroic?* Not a step, there is scarcely a shade of a shadow of difference between the sublime and ridiculous. We must look, not to the speech, but to the man. What would be sublime from the mouth of one, would be ridiculous from the lips of another person, a fact of which a Frenchman seems quite unconscious. In an educated man, his life and character must be the touchstone of the sublime. A boor may, however, feel a sudden generous impulse above his station. The difficulty of distinguishing the sublime is increased when applied to a nation loving and ever indulging in repartee. What is this

"*esprit,*" the Frenchman's boast? Definition is a tremendous thing: a serious business, not to be hastily undertaken. So little can we settle how to define man, our individual self, that philosophers have not yet done cavilling. Dr. Malthus in a lecture once defined man to be a tool-making animal. His auditors changed tool into fool, and were fools for their pains. The emendation was undoubtedly wrong; for a fling over the ears of a horse before an admiring crowd; or a dog running between one's leg, upsetting, and splitting a spic span bran new *D'Orsay* cut pair of inexpressibles, in presence of a party of ladies, in both cases makes a fool of a man; the agents however are quadrupeds. Seeing, then, the difficulties of definition, I will not attempt it; but the pedigree of "*Esprit*" is an easier task: and here it is Newmarketicé. Sire Vivacity out of Vanity, grand-dam Vacuity. We shall some day peradventure hear a republican, after the fashion of Marius regarding Carthage, say, "that he is seated on the ruins of the Tuileries," and fancy himself an equally great hero.

A reason for the excitability of the Parisian mob is not taken into that consideration it deserves. I mean the conscription. Every man must serve as a soldier or produce a substitute. The young men enlisting at sixteen or seventeen years of age, after six years, the regulation period of service, usually leave the army; thus the discharged, and not the boys in the ranks, are the older Soldiers. The conscription spreads a general knowledge of the use of fire arms, and of movements *en masse*. In a petty state where the services of each individual is desirable, this knowledge may be advantageous: it is otherwise in an extensive empire like France. A French gentleman, high in government employ, said to me, when speaking of mobs: "Your rabble do not employ arms,

because they do not know how to handle them." He little thought how high a compliment he was paying, by this speech, to the British legislature. From my observations in Paris, I am convinced of the wisdom of not arming our police. Staves are sufficient for ordinary self-defence: Military weapons only drive opponents to a similar armament, and lead to bloodshed.

We had plenty of examples in Paris of Lynch law. A Colonel, for some unknown crime—loyalty, probably—was shot dead, at the head of his regiment, by a boy *patriot*, and nothing done to this limb of Satan. In the Tuileries Garden, one of the *patriots* said to another: "That was a good swan, why did you kill him; he did you no harm?"—Bang! and away fled the culprit's life after that of the bird. In going through the rooms of the Tuileries, I observed chalked all over the walls, "Robbers are put to death." The rooms were crammed to the last spare inch with people: yet it was wonderful how *most excellent* order was preserved by a band of ruffian *patriots* armed to the teeth, who were posted in each room. Visitors by *thousands* entered at one door, and, walking through the suites of rooms, went out at another. Though men, women, and children were treading on each other's heels, there was no noise, no confusion, in that throng: no diverging from the line of promenade: every one *instinctively* felt that a slight divergence, a single *faux pas*, and his last hour was come. For several days a number of marauders found prowling about at night were taken up, and, *sans ceremonie*, shot at daybreak. These summary executions were undoubtedly beneficial, tending much towards the preservation of the lives and property of the citizens.

For a time the Provisionary Government were obliged daily to feed upwards of two hundred of the lowest and

most determined desperadoes; who, with their female associates, had taken up their quarters in the private apartments of the palace. They luxuriated on crimson and velvet; making some of the couches serve for tables, whilst they reclined on others. To sleep in the state bed was quite the rage: hosts of both sexes entering it simultaneously. All the exits from the palace were in the possession of the Garde Nationale. No one was allowed to pass unsearched: should any stolen property be found on a person, he was compelled to disgorge it. These bravoes had plundered jewels and other valuables which they refused to deliver up, and as they were only permitted to leave the palace singly, they could not avoid being searched. This treatment not suiting their interests, and being too weak to force the guard, of necessity, they remained in the Tuileries. One of them during the night, with desperate resolution, jumped out of a window, and managed to get clear off with his booty. In time the Provisionary Government stopped the supplies of food, this quickly brought about a capitulation, and the robbers, giving up their spoils, were set at liberty.

I must now quit Paris. What the ultimate destination of this capital will be, who can tell? The revolution of '89 with its conseqences cost, it is computed, the lives of three millions of Frenchmen, and probably three times that amount of lives of other inhabitants of the globe. Will things now be restored to a healthy footing without a similarly tremendous sacrifice, is an important question. Are the French improved in morals and religion since that period? If not, we may be sure oceans of blood will flow.

No foreigner visiting Paris, and going into the quarters inhabited by the lower orders, can avoid being struck with the astounding depravity, the fiendish delight of the

populace, in setting at defiance religion and its restraints. In London people are wicked to gratify their lusts and passions; but the pleasure taken in wickedness here is not on account of its being in opposition to the ordinances of religion: that feeling of atheistical antagonism is unknown to the body of the people in the British Capital. In Paris, it is otherwise, Atheism gives a relish to crime in the eyes of its inhabitants. Many English and other foreign authorities might easily be quoted treating on the morals of the Gallic Capital. I shall however content myself with an extract translated from a work of Louis Blanc on the Organization of Labour. Though the light of this author is at present under partial obscuration, though he has sought refuge in the wilds and deserts of "*Perfide Albion;*" he is still a great authority with revolutionary heroes. Mark him!

After stating that, according to the calculations of M. Tregier, head of the Police, there are above 63,000 of every age and sex, forming an army of evil that Paris contains and supports; he proceeds to describe their crimes: "It daily happens to the *habitués* to mingle blood with the purple wine in which their degradation seeks strength and an outlet at once."..... "For a long time crime was only to be referred to brutal, solitary, and personal impulses; in these days murderers and thieves enlist regularly, and obey the rules of discipline. They have given themselves a code of laws and a moral system; they act in bands and according to learned combinations. The Court of Assizes latterly has successively brought before our eyes, *La bande Charpentier*, which had declared war against moderate fortunes. *La bande Courvoisier*, which had systematised the pillage of the Faubourg St. Germain. *La bande Gauthier Perez*, which attacked the savings of the work-people; and the *Bands*

Auvergnats, Endormeurs and *Etrangleurs.* The force which is refused admittance to the domain of labor, passes over into the camp of crime. Very excellent people affirm that it is impossible by union to rival the ruffians who unite for blood and plunder." And the cause of all this, " For to speak plainly, there is but one, and that is *poverty.*" (P. 41 Org. Labor.)

Louis Blanc rejects the doctrine of Original Sin, calls it blasphemous to state that men are born necessarily wicked. It is all poverty with him, and the want of *his* organization of labor. The withdrawal of all competition, as in his plan, is quite sufficient to condemn it. When all men are born and grow up exactly alike in corporeal and mental abilities, when all think and act similarly and simultaneously,—then—and not till then, will his organization answer. At present the old system—old as the creation of Adam—of rewards and punishments, of inducements and restraints, must remain. Louis goes on and quotes a speech delivered some years ago by M. Bonely, Procureur du Roi. " That Paris, the foun tain of modern civilization, centre of our arts and of our sciences, was the favorite and elected domicile of crime ; that from the mysterious and terrible outskirts of Paris issue the Lacenairs and the Poulmanns, systematic criminals, execrable heroes of an unknown world ; that beneath this mantle of wealth, elegance, *bon ton,* and mad gaiety, are developed dramas to make the hair stand on end ; that a few paces from us there are fabulous irregularities, prodigies of debauchery, improbable refinements of infamy, children killed at slow fires by their own mothers."

Can such be *merely* from the effects of poverty and competition? *Impossible,* Atheism is the true cause of these " fabulous irregularities."

The highest fountain from which social improvements

are expected to flow by the French Philosophers, Statesmen, and Journalists, is what a Christian reckons the lowest, though *absolutely indispensable* in his creed, morality. Even Lamartine, the most honest and disinterested of Gallic statesmen, soars no higher. He believes not, from ignorance, that *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*, in their proper acceptation, can only spring from the Gospel, that harbinger of peace and good will to man. It is from this source, "he is a free man whom *the truth* has made free," France may be made the furnace in which the purity of worldly projects and human opinions are to be tried, but she never, never will be, as Infidel France, the head of the nations.

CHAPTER IX.

BACK again to England! Arrived in London in time for the 10th of April. A fool's day devoted to the monster petition. As a matter of course I went to see the row, urging in defence that curiosity, phooh! I had learnt to take much higher ground. I was impelled from a desire to study mankind in the mass, and where such masses as in London.

"The proper study of mankind is man!"

was the verse on which, after the most approved manner, I rested my conduct.

Excepting a great crowd I saw nothing. But whilst gazing on the countless throng, a foreigner, of a gentlemanly deportment, addressed me in English, and, after

a few remarks on indifferent subjects, asked my opinion "whether the '*peuple*' would suceed." "No chance, nor do we wish that they should," was my reply. This was sufficient, off goes his hat, a bow, and away he went; first however informing me that he was a Belgian. I have suspicions on this point; excited by his marked anxiety to impress on me that he was a Belgian. He probably was a French propagandist.

The desire to serve one's country when the government was threatened, brought forth Eastern heroes of all denominations and ages, from the veterans of Lord Lake's campaigns, to the younger warriors of Lord Gough's battles, now metamorphosed into "Specials!" From whence issued some of these patriotic spirits, judging, from their dress, it would have puzzled all London to discover. The recesses and depths of the Oriental could never have contained them.

It is a strange fact, Indians will be Indians, in spite of all the Buckmasters, Nicholls, and Moses' and Sons. At a glance you may detect them. Walk down Regent Street any fine day, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon, and you will meet hosts of these curious looking creatures. A semi-military strut,—listlessness—mustachios—and a *guyish* manner point them out. Moreover, all are Dandies; each according to his own ideas on this subject: they are Fogies and D'Orsays, but dandies still. What becomes of them in foul weather, and what they then do with themselves, are mysteries that have never been fathomed. The nearest approach to a probable guess was made by a Scotch housewife: who, for a long period having kept a boarding house, had some opportunities of remarking their peculiarities. According to this gude wife, their chief employment is to "waulk and waulk up and doon their room till they dee" —A fine

day, or a "Special"-requiring row is to them a resurrection.

Yet *Qui Haies*, (I use the term as a generic appellation,) whilst still in the service are great travellers. Is there a Church to be consecrated, or a new place of amusement to be opened, or an old one re-opened, herds of them will be at the spectacle. Pshaw! these are trifles; go then to the ridges of the Alps, and there the *Qui Haies* are in position; climb the peak of Chimborazo, and you will meet a party of half-a-dozen, drinking beer in preference to champagne. Mount even the heights of Parnassus, and here you will find D.L.R entrenched.

I never met an Indian, under the rank of full Colonel, who was not dissatisfied; who did not bitterly regret having left the service; and who did not swear there was no place like India. Men find that after being accustomed to the luxuries of the East, they cannot live on a bare pittance, for such is £300 or £400 per annum in England. Nor, from their general distaste to literary employments, their utmost stretch of reading being limited to the contents of newspapers, would three times the amount suffice. A wise man should come home and spend his furlough before he resigns. His regiment may refuse on this account to purchase his step: let him but make it clear that he must come back, and be a hindrance to promotion, and his juniors, in all probability, will change their minds. At any rate it is better to be disappointed in this latter respect, than to take an irrevocable course.

Whilst on Eastern affairs, I may as well knock them all off. It is astonishing with what apathy matters conected with India are generally regarded in England. A good butcher's bill after a battle certainly raises a momentary curiosity, when such questions are asked. "Do you think Sir Charles Napier will be able to confine the Sepoys to

two towels and only one cake of soap?" Yes, if Government will pay for the soap. "Don't the black native officers seated at the mess table look very strange—how do they eat?" But these are nothing to getting next to an old lady, who asks after her Robby, and won't take an *ignorer*.

"Do you know my Robby?" "Beg pardon, marm." "My own dear Robert, Sir." This set us a musing; there was Bob Smith and Robert Brown, Bobby Johnson and Robby Wilson. "Not know Robby," continued the old lady, "he tells me he is still a griff; for every one, he writes, calls him so." "And what is a griff?" asked several ladies of various ages. Women under such circumstances are *so* persevering, not content with giving they will have an answer. "And what is a griff?" was re-iterated. Being hard pressed we were compelled to enter into a description of this *genus homo*.

We explained that steam navigation, a cruel Government order, abolishing Barrackpoor as the griffin's head quarters, and the removal of Mrs. W. to a better world, each and all combining, had made the real *genuine* griff a very rare creature. Many doubt whether the true species is in existence, the late specimens being so tame. We after this, before commencing on so arduous an undertaking, poet-like invoked the pencil of Hogarth, the pen of Boz, the crowquill of Cruickshank—the fine perception of Thack—but the reader must not be kept waiting. "A griff, ladies, is a short griffin, and is a—no—I must first describe what he possesses."

This we thought a masterly stroke, a clever mode of avoiding a definition, for young ladies very properly like to know a young man's *worth*. That is in England. In India we know the dears are more disinterested and above

it, never enquiring aught about Civilians or staff officers. "A genuine griff, marm," addressing the old lady, "is master of two horses, (oh! he keeps a carriage, thought the young ladies,) and a cock-tail, never-tiring, rough and tough, kicking, rearing, biting, fighting, run away beast, ycleped a grass-cutter's tattoo. He also rejoices in a host of dogs of species unknown to naturalists. The griff's apartment, for he occupies only one room in *any* house, is *perhaps* adorned with two or three ricketty chairs, a table with slantingdicular legs, and a bed somewhat in a similar predicament; but for a *certainty* there is no lack of guns, pistols, spurs, hunting whips, dog whips and buggy whips, and dogs collars, intermixed with books on farriery, novels, sporting mags., newspapers, duns, cigars, Torrens revised, empty bottles, boots and saucers, shoes and cups, plates, knives and forks. All these are strewn on the floor in picturesque confusion."

The old lady here stared and sighed: one or two of the youngest giggled.

"But what of the dogs?" "We are coming to that, marm; it is however first necessary to remark that a regular griff is always careless. His actions, whether eating or drinking, talking or smoking, dreaming or snoring, walking or riding, are on the principal of the devil take the hindmost."

Here there was a general and a very encouraging giggle: the old lady looked glum.

"But the dogs?"—Yes, marm, the dogs: (the old lady had an antipathetic tendency to Hydrophobia,) "If a visitor enters *the* room, up jump half a dozen or it may be a few more dogs, and soil his clothes, lucky is he should he escape a gentle tituration of flesh between the teeth of one of them."

"I knew they were all mad!" ejaculated the old lady. "Astonishment sweeps away rage: astonishment at the sight of different and heretofore unknown varieties of the canine species. The first in size and degree, judging from his lying on master's bed with a bearer fanning him, (a positive fact, I have seen the thing with my own eyes) is a *thorough bred English dog*, none of your mongrels or terrier '*bunnows*' He is valued by his owner at a trifle less than one hundred pounds sterling. After ineffectual attempts to discover the *pet's* breed; not *breeding*, for of that he 'arn't got none,' growling most abominably all the time you are in the room, the griff obligingly gives the desired information. A griffin—mind of the genuine species, is a great knowledge diffuser, like the confusion of knowledge societies—or *patriotic* spouters. 'Toby, Sir, was born on board ship, a few hours before crossing the Line, *consequently* he is no nigger. His Sire was a bull-dog belonging to a young brother officer, (another phrase for a brother griff,) his *dam* a spaniel belonging to the boatswain.' What ought to be his nomenclature is left to be inferred. According to Buffon's classification, in England at least, the Pet would be designated nothing more or less than a bull spaniel; the thorough bred English dog of Hindustan."

There are other varieties that would afford the naturalist a vast sphere for observation, as the pointer greyhound, the setter poodle, the terrier King Charles. He could further enlarge his field of speculative knowledge by examining the docked and shaved Lungoor, or the barn-door fowls *transmogrified* into game cocks, by the simple process of ornamentary clippings and trimmings. But we cannot dwell on these, in consideration of our own precious time, and the reader's patience.

A griff is ever ready to show his stables, for he keeps

no "dark horses." After tiffin his obliging humour is such that, for a trifling bet of a chick, or seven and six pence, he is prepared to ride his never-tiring amiable tattoo "Manslaughter" through the meandering maze of the chairs, over the table, into the bed and out again, and then to spiflicate a nigger, be it man, woman, or child, his motto being "first come, first *sarved* out."

"Oh! shocking;" exclaimed all the ladies. The old 'un was nearly fainting, she sobbed out,—"Oh! that is in Bengal, but my Robby is in Bombay." Now reader if you have come so far, you may learn the moral of my tale; that, Indian localities are very indifferently known in England. Laws, manners, rites and ceremonies, history and literature of the east, are all dull subjects. Don't treat on them, or you will be dubbed a terrible bore: but the marvellous is still in repute. Tigers are antiquated, serpents have been thrown into the shade by the "Great Sea Sarpent." The call for stories therefore regarding these creatures is dull: anything however about the "Effgens and Sykes," provided there is plenty of cutting of throats in the narration, is swallowed with avidity. Hinting at their being cannibals will give a relish to the tale. "There is the fear of being found out?"—Tut! I never met a man unconnected with India, who either knew, or cared to know anything about the Afghans or Seikhs, expecting one, a gentleman of fortune. It was amusing to observe the delight it gave him to descant on the history &c. of the Afghans. And, in justice, he was well read on the subject.

If, then, stories you *must* tell, stick to the marvellous, and you will be liked. "And be respected?" That's an *autre chose* and *your* business.

It does not enter my plan to give descriptions of resorts of amusement. I will step out of the way for Banvard's

Mississippi. He of the Egyptian Hall, and not the real Simon Pure of Leicester Square. It is a two hours lie, and, said to be, three miles long. Before the public exposure, a friend of mine of scientific eminence, with two others, having suspicions as to the length of the canvass, tested it in this manner: On the appearance of an object in the painting at one extremity of the stage, they timed its departure at the other: then they judged by the eye of the length of the stage, and knowing the period of the representation, it was easy to come to a result: for instance, suppose it took a minute for the object to go from one to the other extremity, the stage say was 20 feet long, and the representation lasted 120 minutes; we thus have as 1 : 20 :: 120=2,400 feet=800 yards of canvas. The exact length I have forgotten, but they calculated it to be much under a mile. My friend took this trouble because he had doubts of the genuineness of the painting, for he recognised many parts of the picture as having appeared in prints and annuals.

The panorama commences with savage life, exhibiting an Indian encampment, near some curiously shaped clay hills, of variegated hues, and by the action of the weather moulded into forms of domes, turrets, and fortifications; then comes an Indian burying ground. The corpses are wrapped up like Egyptian mummies, and, instead of being placed in caves or under-ground, they are lodged on the tops of trees, or on scaffolding erected for the purpose. Then a Prairie on fire, well managed, borrowed, however, from a print in an annual. After this civilized life commences. The river is studded with most queer looking craft, steamers of all sizes, shapes, and on all principles, from a floating theatre to a paltry tug-boat.

It is the custom of the Yankee skippers to advertise in each town the draught of water of his vessel. Some

warrant their's to draw only from 6 to 10 inches. The less the draught the more the value. A down Easter, determining not to be outdone, warranted his craft to steam it over any part of the country after a heavy fall of dew. Many more "wonderful wonders" was the man relating, when krr-r-kri, and out rushed a number of people on to the platform from below. In the gallery there was another rush, and which, on account of the narrowness of the passage, might have been attended with fatal consequences, for it was crammed with people. The generality of the audience behaved with much self possession. "Shame! Shame! sit down! be quiet! there is nothing the matter, you will only hurt yourselves. Go on, go on, Banvard, with your description!" Such were the exclamations. Banvard proceeded; and the hubbub caused by the creaking of a board of the heavily-laden gallery was in time appeased. All was right again, when a *gent* of portly size, and of pompous air, seated in the first rank of the gallery, arose; "Mr. Banvard, I beg to know the cause of the noise?" Silence in the house; the rustling of a ribbon in a lady's cap might have been heard—"Mr. Banvard!—*Mr. Banvard!* I say," uttered the gent in a deep authoritative voice—"I insist on knowing the cause of that noise." "It was nothing, Sir; I believe only a cat trod upon a walnut shell." "Bravo! well done Banvard!" Then followed hisses at *Don Pomposous*, who sank into his seat with the rapidity of a lamplighter. The cat had burst this bubble of bluster! The self-possession of Banvard was worthy the great counterfeit, —the Gigantic Deceiver—the Mississippi Hippopotamus, and I forgive him my shilling.

CHAPTER X.

Off to the Continent. This time it shall be a tour through Belgium and Germany. An irrepressible longing to travel is the natural offspring of an active mind, desirous of information. Home-abiding friends will not consider this. "Information, humbug! You may get it by the cart-load from charts, prints, panoramas, geographical books, books of travel, &c." True: such knowledge is like motes in the sunbeam, having a real but an unimpressive existence. Men may know, if not too illiberal to believe in what does not square with their preconceived notions, that there are other nations, with various tongues and customs, living under different forms of Government, all in search of the universal desire, happiness, and all obtaining a modicum, and a more *equable quantum* of it, I suspect, than is generally allowed, by devious routes.

Lasting happiness in a transitory world is the modern politician's hallucination. The ancients knew better, and drew her—her, I say, for all nice things are feminine, she-devils always excepted,—with the upper part a beautiful woman, and ending in the slimy tail of a fish. Brother Jonathan, of nomenclature-"fixing" celebrity, would phrase such a chimera; "a regular ring-tail snorter, half horse and half alligator." When was the golden age, this age of happiness?—It may well be asked, since the only authentic record that has reached us represents the second man slaying the third, his brother.

A general idea may be gained from books of foreign countries: to feel, to have human life and manners, with its outward diversity, and its wonderful under current of

similarity, impressed on the mind, it is necessary to travel. The principal objects for notation I do not consider as consisting in a finger-and-thumb calculation of so many pictures here or there; or of the dimensions of this or that Church, Palace, or Public Building. These may be useful and instructive in their way, for catalogues, like other articles, have their use, and it may be their abuse. Railroads have nearly annihilated the "Romance of travel," whilst increasing a peculiar *line* of incidents. The liability of being shot into mid air, touched up, crushed and crammed, rammed and jammed, will not be reckoned a pleasant augmentation productive of romantic occurrences.

A friend of mine recollected places and circumstances, often calling them to mind, by what he had eaten or drank on the spot, or on the occasion: by whether his potation had been of Allsop or Bass, followed by a Cuba or Havannah. A Pilot Cigar was dreadful: its recollection was as bad as the nightmare,—recalling the swamps and flies, the damps and fevers, of Lower Bengal; it, together with the thermometer at 120 degrees, always threw him into a profuse perspiration. With him solids and liquids varying and admitting of much transposition, represented numerous affairs and places; scenes of love and delight, business and pleasure,—parade and pain. Stations from Saugor Island to Jericho, and it may be even further. It is clear he was carrying out, unconsciously perhaps, Kyanam's system of artificial memory. He was not the first man hovering on the confines of a grand discovery; but a step more, and he might have laid down the principles of Gastromnemologomachia, or the art of telling things by eating and drinking; or vice versa, eating and drinking to tell things, like a dictionary, which is one half one language, and the other

t'other. He might have taken another step, for knowledge once set agog is progressive, and drawn conclusions from the effects of food. As Hiccoughs for windy places, as Iceland, Table Bay, and the north magnetic Pole; rumblings and grumblings, insurrectionary spots, as Ireland, Paris, and Poland; a gentle alloverish feeling of good digestion, happy lands, as Britain, Brussels, Hamburgh, and the Sandwich Isles. Poor —— was just, or near, or about, defining the principles of this science that might have led to foretelling events, when his time was come, and he departed, and there at present the discovery rests. "And you have written all this for nothing?" Gently, my dear Sir, it was solely to inform you of a curious fact, and that, not being a professor of this science, I will not give a detail of what I eat and drank at each place, excepting just after a basin of *potage au choux*, a *Fricandeau de veau à la cookoo valse*, and a—but never mind the dinner, Liberté was the word I heard, and it set me a thinking.

What is this so desired liberty? No one could agree. Some thought it one form of Government, others another; all were so far of a like mind that it existed in no country. From the squabbling it was pretty apparent, that each thought the secret of true liberty was, to do as you choose yourself, and at the same time control the actions of others. Liberty is to have power, and, having that, is to govern. The kingdoms of this world are represented in Daniel, "by terrible devouring beasts of monstrous shape:" and is not this the general characteristic of human power? Well, thought I, must I choose, I would prefer despotism, or, as it is more fashionably phrased, absolute monarchy, to republicanism. In the worst light, despotism is the rule of one devil; republicanism, that of a legion of devils: the odds then are an unit to a legion in favour of the Despot.

Despots are not necessarily tyrants. Alexander and Nicholas of Russia, the present King of Prussia, and his father before him, also Frederic the Great, had arbitrary sway. Their subjects, on the whole, were happy and contented, which would not have been the case had they been tyrants. But now-a-days patience and contentment are grown antiquated virtues. Things are changing names; bad we call good; for example, a good licking. More was I going to think, when the steamer arrived at Ostend: all turned out to be a mere reverie, the effects of cabbage!

Continental railways are less expensive than the English; labor being cheaper. The charge on baggage is heavy, probably for the particular accommodation of the *Messieurs Anglais*, for they alone seem to travel with ponderous trunks. The average rate of speed in Belgium and Germany does not exceed fifteen miles an hour. In some parts, the long stoppages considered, it is less; not more than twelve miles. On going to Brussels we pulled up at Bruges, Ghent, Tirlemont and Malines. It was a fine day, and we had a splendid view of a thickly populated and well cultivated country. The crops were luxuriant, the application of the sickle had just commenced, and the season was favorable for estimating the productiveness of the land. The features I thought not unlike the province of Bengal; it is less densely wooded, though covered with fine plantations The mansions and villas are all furnished with regular avenues of trees. Their appearance at first is agreeable; sameness at length tires, and involuntarily calls to mind the look of an useful, but not a very romantic object, a cabbage garden. The landscape verifies the delineations of Dutch Artists; neatness and comfort everywhere meeting the eye. If there be no bold and grand

views, there are also no offensive or degrading sights: a happy medium predominates. Such were my first impressions, and from personal observation, I had no reason to change my opinion. But I have been assured by a Belgian gentleman, that the real state is far different. Instead of abundance and content, there is much misery and sore distress: fifty per cent. of the population are obliged to be supported: and the destitution in the two Flanders cannot be surpassed by that in Ireland.

Brussels, to my taste, is a remarkably neat town, and a most agreeable *séjour*. We lodged in the upper part, close to the pretty little park, which is a delightful and conveniently situated promenade. It is surrounded by trees so cut as to form a curtain; the effect is rather singular than picturesque. The covered-in "Passage" is finer than any in Paris, or in any town of Germany, that of Hamburgh excepted. Among the inhabitants I was struck with the number of hump-back or otherwise deformed people; and was told that, these distortions were attributable to the early and excessive dissipation of the parents. I was also surprised that in so hot a climate, where I have seen the Indian Musquito revelling, the legislature permitted dogs to be employed in draught. Setting aside the cruelty, the dread of hydrophobia ought to be sufficient to forbid this practice.

There is a fine Foundling Hospital. In the ante-chamber I observed a comfortable cradle let into the wall. The building is a humane provision, and should be universally adopted. It is the surest preventive of infanticide, which the police reports too clearly prove exists in England to an awful extent. "This would be encouraging immorality," cries the Saint. Humanity he means.

The inauguration of a statue of Godfroid de Bouillon took place on the 15th August. He was a "Brave

Belge," the first modern King of Jerusalem, and died, it is supposed through the effects of poison, in July 1100. How hard-up these poor people must be, to go back upwards of seven centuries for a hero; when, according to Byron, "every day produces a new one." The ceremony, comprising music and an oration, was a little delayed by a shower of rain; another shower gently hastened its conclusion. The king, queen and royal family were at the windows of the Hotel Grande Bretagne, and we had the honor of staring at them. An hour or two later, I had the still greater felicity of inspecting royalty at the distance of not more than a dozen feet, as they were getting into their carriage from the Museum, which had been opened this day for the grand annual exhibition. The king is good looking, without whiskers, and seemingly between fifty and sixty years of age. Her Majesty is a tall, spare, lady-like woman with a long nose. Two or three persons vociferated—"*Vive le roi.*" The cry was not taken up by the crowd, royalty also disdained to notice its applauders.

During the shower my wife and myself took shelter at a hair-dresser's. Some of his friends came in from the inauguration of Godfroid de Bouillon. One remarked that he was wet and cold.—"Aye!" exclaims Crop, "its *froid bouillon* (cold soup.)" In our obtuseness, we did not at once perceive the pun; which Crop generously explained, instead of leaving us in the dark as we deserved. Liking our wit to be duly appreciated, the moment we caught a glimmer of a glimpse of it, we instantaneously smiled an approval, "*pour encourager les autres.*"

31st July 1848. Monday. We visited Waterloo. The field of battle is about 11½ miles from Brussels. In an hour and a half we got to it in a hired tilbury.

We passed through the village from which the action takes its name. Here there is nothing worth observing, excepting the church with its huge ugly dome. Before proceeding further, I may as well remark that, of the numerous paintings and prints I have seen, none give an idea of the country. All show the monuments and the artificial mound. The ground does not present any marked features for the pencil; the undulations not being sufficiently bold to be seized by the artist, excepting in a model or a survey drawing. Sergeant Major Cotton, late of the 7th Hussars, and a Waterloo man, acts as guide, charging five francs. There are numerous Belgian guides, who know little of the matter. Having first wormed out the *penchant* of the tourist, they relate their "wonders" according to the measure of his gullibility, of which they are excellent judges. Practice having sharpened their perception, at a glance they can tell to a nicety how much the individual will swallow. It is hard work stuffing a staring open-mouthed *gent*.

Cotton appears to be a respectable and intelligent person. His idea is that, without the assistance of the Prussians, if we had not been absolutely compelled to retreat, at best, it would have been a drawn battle. It is true, he says, that the French Guard had been repulsed just as a body of Prussians joined our left; but other detachments of our gallant ally had been engaged, for some time before this period, with the French right, and consequently contributed to harass the enemy, and keep a portion of his troops employed, which otherwise could have been brought against the invincible, but nearly annihilated British Infantry. For entertaining this not unreasonable opinion, Cotton was once obliged to leave a party of his countrymen to whom he was acting as cicerone, for they were *Bullishly* furious at his candour.

We took the road to the field by St. Jean. This farm served for our principal hospital, and is little changed. No Frenchman got beyond it, for a certainty, none ever reached the village of Waterloo, expecting as prisoners. This road leads to France, and may be said to have formed the line of demarcation between our right and left. We came to the monuments. That on the left is to the memory of the officers and men of the German Legion, erected by their comrades. The other, on the right of the road, is Colonel Gordon's, an aid-de-camp of the Duke, and related to Byron: he fell towards the close of the action. Beyond his monument, almost in a line, and about two hundred yards distant, is the artificial mound, crowned by a simple pedestal, and that surmounted by a brazen lion, with a ball under his paw, and looking towards France. The Duke of Northumberland's lion at Charing Cross with his tail on end, would be a more appropriate animal, instead of this tame Belgian Poodle. The perpendicular height of the whole is 200 feet, of which sixty are taken up with the pedestal and beast. Juin 18, 1815, is the only inscription.

Cotton pointed out the spots where those gallant fiery souls—Picton—Ponsonby, and Sergeant Shaw—are supposed to have fallen. All on our left. Shaw by the gravel pit close to the German monument; Picton on the left rear about 100 yards off; and Ponsonby almost on the extreme left, and a great way in advance. We ascended the mound, and had a fine view of the surrounding country. To form a correct idea of the nature of the ground, it is better to be on the level, as then it is easier to judge of the undulations. To the right and left of the rear of the mound there is a narrow lane with the ground in front undulating. It was along the edges of this petty lane that the British Guards were lying down under cover

from the French Batteries, when Wellington gave the celebrated order; "Up guards and at'em." The Imperial Guard was then within sixty paces. Cotton says they never deployed; other authorities state they were in the act of deploying when they were thrown into confusion by the British Artillery; and our Guards at the same moment advancing at the charge, the gleam of their bayonets was sufficient—the invincible heroes of a hundred renowned fields turned and fled,—never again to unite.

I wish the artificial mound had never been erected, for it is a senseless heap of rubbish, or that it had been placed anywhere else. In its present position, it has spoilt the features of the most interesting portion of the battle field. The elevated ground between the left of the mound and the road, is the spot from whence our cavalry charged the Cuirassiers, our men had the advantage of galloping down a gentle slope La Haye Sainte is close to this, on the right bank of the road. Here terrible were the conflicts; the French in the afternoon got possession of it, and it was set on fire. From the hollow, near its orchard, the enemy's cavalry charged the gallent Ompteda, cutting down this fine soldier with the greater portion of his regiment. He was fully aware that the French cavalry were sheltered in the hollow, watching a fitting opportunity to charge, it was therefore contrary to his wishes and judgment, but agreeably to orders, that he tried the deploy from square, and was destroyed in the attempt.

Hougoumont is several hundred yards in advance of the mound, and almost on the extreme right. Its orchard is surrounded by a massive stone wall, which the Spaniards had loop-holed a century or two before. Our troops made more holes, and visitors have enlarged them. There

still remains a primitive shaped window, pierced by a cannon ball, in an out house of the farm. The chateau is completely in ruins; the chapel stands, the proprietor or tenant, in spite of all remonstrances, has newly plastered the interior, and thereby destroyed every vestige of the great names of Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, and Scott, which once, I cannot admit adorned, but more *literally* blackened the chapel walls. It is so natural a desire to leave behind some momento of ourselves, that one can make allowances for the scribblings of inferior minds; these may be the only means by which, for a few years, they can preserve their memory from the dust of oblivion. It is expected from men whose works confer on them immortality, that they should be above such petty vanities.

The gateway still remains of which Sergeant Graham closed the doors after a number of Frenchmen had, with our men rushed into the farm. After closing these, Graham shot the French soldier, who had got on the top of the gateway. How he contrived to get there puzzled me. Cotton confessed that the same difficulty had struck him, and he could not solve it. The man, I suppose, mounted with the assistance of his comrades. The gateway is about fifteen feet high, and has no juttings or objects to sieze with the hands. Unencumbered with arms and accoutrements, it would be a feat to ascend it; perhaps the excitement of battle more than counterbalanced the impediments. Hougoumont was the key to the position of our right.

A military education at Addiscombe, two years campaigning in Sinde and Afghanistan, a careful perusal of Captain Sibborne's account of Waterloo, and lastly, Cotton's verbal descriptions, all assisted me in forming an opinion of the position of the two armies, and of the na-

ture of the ground. The country, covered with cultivation and smiling with peace and plenty, bore an aspect the other extreme of "horrid war." Its grand features, however, are still perfectly discernible. For defensive operations I cannot imagine an equally level and open piece of ground better adapted. The position was the best to be had, and the arrangements to suit it perfect. Although Napoleon, with his usual quickness and sagacity, chose the best ground in his vicinity for an attack, a great portion of our troops were, for a length of time, under protection from his guns. He could not make it an artillery action of distant cannonade: to sweep them down he was compelled to expose his own men. Had the British been driven back, there were strong positions in the rear, consisting of knots of small hamlets and the wood of Soignes. The only question is whether routed troops rallying, would have taken advantage of the favourable ground, or have preferred bolting into Brussels. Numerous instances of rallying and the reverse might easily be cited. Yet he who would answer for the conduct of defeated troops must be a wise fellow! It may be remarked that soldiers are more easily brought into order in the presence of real danger than whilst under the illusions of an imaginary terror.

The panic in the Pine wood of Busaco is the most wonderful on record of modern times, and is thus described by the eloquent historian of the Peninsular war. "One of those extraordinary panics that, in ancient times, were attributed to the influence of a hostile god took place. No enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep and dispersed in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror, until some person called out that the enemy's cavalry were

among them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, and the illusion was instantly dissipated."

This writer, however great his merits, however good his descriptions in general, will in after ages be principally valued, in my humble opinion, for the delineations of his battles. Some Historians may have equalled him in one fight, but the accounts of their other engagements are all alike. He alone, with old Homer, enjoys the peculiarity of striking out at each encounter a new and vivid image. The reader is hurried on in eager expectancy. He finds the second battle has no resemblance, however faint, to the first; nor the fourth to the third, or to prior ones. In short, each is a distinct portrait.

After some refreshments in a little inn grandiloquently styled *Hôtel de Cologne*, we started for Brussels viâ Soignes. This is a short *détour*. The timber has been much thinned since the battle, and there is scarcely any brush-wood. A fine road between an avenue of trees runs through the whole length of it. Good light troops could never be driven out of Soignes, nor, if left to themselves, could they remain there long for lack of water. The trees grow so densely that there is no room to pitch a small marquee.

Cotton, at his house, has a Waterloo Museum, to be seen gratis. The relics, principally old arms, are worth inspection. They are for sale at good prices, and I believe them to be genuine. Lots of rusty nails, bullets, and buttons were brought for sale. We bought none. It is a common practice, I hear, to fire into the trunks of trees, and a few days afterwards to dig out the bullets in presence of relic-purchasing parties; this stratagem usually yields an abundant harvest.

It is now (1848) upwards of thirty-three years since Waterloo: many, many, of the brave have gone to their

long home, the chief still survives. Perhaps there is not on record an instance of a man, who has enjoyed, in so high a degree, so long, and so uninterruptedly, this world's prosperity, its honors and its wealth. After Louis Philippe's flight, Metternich's fall and the numerous examples that history affords of misfortunes most unexpected, and in a few cases (of which these two are none) most undeserved, it would be presumptuous to say, with regard to this existence, that the Duke has been a happy man. We must take the ancient sage's advice and wait until after his demise to pronounce a judgment. So long a life, yet how fleeting are the hours to look back upon, what moments in the vista of eternity! It is natural to enquire, and what is his spiritual state?

We have been contemplating one of the successful of the sons of men, but what shall we think of the early rising and late retiring, the toil and care; the drudgery; the sickness of body and soul; the ceaseless strife against want, and all this through life, and at the end of it, perhaps, to be eternally damned. Is the picture appalling? Is it not true? and is it not the destiny of the ungodly or the majority of mankind? Religion is the only sheet anchor; the only consolation of a truly wise man, be he rich or poor; all else is vanity. Such ideas and thoughts may be reckoned idle and maudlin, but I am of a different opinion, and have Bacon, excepting as to the pleasantness of it, on my side. "The bewailing of man's miseries has been elegantly and copiously set forth by many, in the writings as well of philosophers as divines; and is both a pleasant and a *profitable* contemplation."

CHAPTER XI.

We went to Laeken, a distance of three miles from Brussels. The king and royal family happening to be residing here, the grounds were not open to the public. The chateau externally looks well, being built in a regular and a handsome style of architecture. Passing by the garden, we saw some children with a latch-key about to enter, and persuaded them to let us in. The garden is neatly laid out, and well kept. We went over it. On our way back we met a servant in the royal livery. Guessing his errand, when he bowed, with my best effort I took off my hat. This, together with the man's own good nature, made him give us a civil reception. He told us we must come out, no one being allowed to promenade in the garden whilst the royal family is at Laeken. Their Majesties daily come here, and had only left a few minutes prior to our entrance, walking back to the palace. We thus narrowly escaped a rencontre with royalty. I could not help drawing a parallel between the conduct of this man and that of the bear-keeper in the Jardin des Plants at Paris. Every where I found the Belgians more polite than the French. This difference is not perceptible at first sight, it however exists. It appeared to me there was always a disguised aversion to the English in the French; they seem for ever brooding over Waterloo. I was powerfully struck with this peculiar appearance whilst viewing the Arc d'Etoile at Paris. Whilst examining the sculptured victories, every Frenchman, sentinels included, looked as if he thought: "We will soon have you there; your time is coming." This can scarcely be purely imaginary; for I am not aware of entertain-

ing the remotest ill feeling towards our Gallic neighbours.

With regard to the Belgians, they seem really to like us. Leopold is beloved; and as he is the brother of the Duchess of Kent, the uncle therefore of our equally beloved Queen, and was the husband of the Princess Charlotte, he doubtless has a *penchant* for the English. The Court take the tone from him, and the people from the courtiers. English is much spoken at Brussels. Few educated men, and scarcely any of the better order of shopkeepers, are ignorant of the language. The country folks, judging from the well cultivated lands and the richly adorned Churches, I consider a thrifty and religious race; at present, in some degree, infested with the mania for political changes. Leopold grants every thing that the people have the conscience to demand, but conscience has a fickle appetite, and sometimes a good swallow. His is the easiest, and may prove the wisest policy. Whether Leopold acts wisely is another thing: for the result, modified by peculiar circumstances, may be good, whilst the line of conduct examined on its own basis is wrong. Success alone gives to Government views a favourable reception by the public; but men in power should not give up their private convictions to flatter popular whims.

The priesthood in the small towns and villages perform the duties of spiritual and worldly advisers, judges, arbiters, and physicians. They have great influence, especially over the fair sex, whose religion in all countries proceeds more from feeling than reflection. With many of both sexes it is all faith and no reason. Faith without prior examination is, I suspect, much akin to superstition; and is a blind reliance on any thing, however absurd, provided it be delivered *orthodoxically*, that is according to

the received fashion of the church or sect of the individual. It is to this species, and not to true faith, the infidel's scoff applies, that it begins where reason ends. I cannot understand why there should be such a cry out against human reason, for the Christian religion is essentially reasonable. Its mysteries are above, and not like those of the heathen, contrary to reason. The existence of mysteries is nothing wonderful, for mysteries *must be*, they are as much in the due course of nature, as anything else on this earth. Man being formed of limited powers, all beyond the reach of his capacity is necessarily a mystery. We need not go to the Trinity or the Incarnation: the belief of the Deist in the existence of a God is quite as great a mystery as either of the above. A causeless cause, a being without beginning or end. Who can imagine Him? Yet we all believe in Him.

A man whose *mind* assents not to the truth of Christianity, his religion, at best, is mere superstition. There are necessarily many arguments for the truth, and each will affect persons differently, according to their mental constitution. A first order of intellect, with a naturally good disposition, (I use good in the conventional sense,) on reflection will give his assent, because he perceives the beauty and fitness of the new dispensation as the true panacea for human afflictions. With others, it will be a powerful argument, that there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures which, however strictly followed, leads to evil; it may, and generally does, to worldly happiness, inasmuch as it affords inward satisfaction, the inevitable offspring of faith. Now should the Bible be false and the infidels in the right, according to their own admissions, the believers and unbelievers will be alike in death, and die we all must, what matters then having believed? But if the Scriptures be true, and bear in mind that thousands of

learned men, from diverse motives, have diligently tried, and never could detect the least imposture, if they be true, what a fearful alternative! What a terrible looking forward to judgment, and eternal condemnation!

But to return to sublunary affairs: a little girl conducted us to the church at Laeken, for it is hidden from the road. On our way we passed the residences of three Barons; mere country villas. The grounds attached to two of them were tastefully laid out. We first examined the churchyard. Weeping willows droop gracefully over most of the tombs, with a cypress here and there heightening the solemnity of the scene. This spot had a contemplative beauty; there was nothing to shock, disgust, or terrify, but much inviting to serious meditation. No mound marks the grave; a stone slab is inlaid, or more frequently the ground, belonging to the poor, is planted with flowering shrubs. Wreaths were strewn upon many of the tombs, and pictured forcibly to the imagination the still lingering ties of affection; though separated, the once loved object was still beloved, and present to the mind and thought. Those who could not afford stone supplied the deficiency with wooden crosses, with the name of the deceased and the date of departure painted, on the body and arms of the cross. I like the custom of a married woman having her maiden name also inscribed, it honors both families, and, the truth must out, it more fully satifies curiosity. There were several English graves. Here lay the whole family of the Childs; father, mother, and children. This man, I believe, held some situation in the palace.

The centre of attraction is Malibran's tomb, erected by her husband. Poor woman! Like Byron and Scott she fell a victim to the lancet, having been bled when all remedies should have been applied to recruit her exhausted

frame. Inside the monument is her statue in white marble, as large as life. She stands clothed in a loose robe, with her eyes heavenward directed, her hands open and slightly advanced, whilst her hair falls over her back in graceful luxuriance. The following is the inscription by Alphonse Lamartine:

> Beauté, Génie, Amour furent son nom de femme
> Ecrit son regard, dans son cœur, dans sa voix ;
> Sous trois formes au ciel appertenait cette âme,
> Pleurez terre! et vous, cieux accueillez la trois fois.

Jheefs is the sculptor. His work I prefer to that of the poet. Brussels contends with New York (American impudence) for the honor of having given her birth.

The church is a fine old building, quite patrician, for its walls are covered with coats of arms. Pride revelling in the hall of humility! We returned to the bureau, and there learnt that on any other day we could have had a "vigilant," a dirty carriage, in appearance between a Calcutta keranchee and a hackney coach; this day it had gone to Brussels to fetch the governess of the King's children. What a Court it must be when royalty's instructress descends to, or rather ascends a jarvie! The filthy state of the harness and carriage, together with the dirty and meagre appearance of the job horses on the continent are disgusting. Our nobility have, at least, done one good for their country: their love of neatness in their equipages has led in England to its universal adoption. A Hansom's Cab or an "Atlas" omnibus would, as a "turn out," beat the private carriages of the continental gentry. Whatever profit the nobility receive from the commonality, it is an indisputable fact that cleanliness never climbs upwards but descends.

At the estaminet adjoining the bureau where we were

obliged to take shelter, I saw an elderly, round, muddy, red-faced, heavy-looking, dew-lapped, double-throttled being, whom I immediately set down for a "Jean Bule," and accordingly addressed him. He muttered something which I took to be French. "Well," thought I, "I never in the whole course of my life made such a glaring mistake; I could have sworn the fellow was a cockney grocer or tallow chandler," then came the sad reflection: "but you see even the wisest of men are *sometimes* mistaken: let it pass." Here I took up a newspaper and gulphed my *bière de Louvain.* An Omnibus was at last ready, and into it walked Chubby. I *then and there*, for it is necessary to describe the event with legal exactitude, to my astonishment, had proof positive of his being an Englishman. He told me that he fancied I had addressed him in French. I certainly believed the queer grunting noise that he emitted in reply was some *patois.* On further conversation, to our mutual edification, we discovered that our knowledge in that tongue ran much on a par. What a comfort it is to find a person in these go-a-head days not more learned than one's self! I had told my wife loud enough for him to hear, "that is n't an Englishman:" we then passed a few remarks on his *Bullish* phizog: all of which, if he heard, he doubtless thought flattering. 'Tis to this innocent tattle I attribute that, meeting him several times afterwards, he would never deign to give the slightest token of recognition. In the Omnibus I asked him if he had visited Waterloo. "Oh no," answered he, "there is nothing there but fields to see." Such men would have not only the pools of blood and the corpses, but the very paper of the cartridges and the smell of sulphur to remain on a battle field for countless ages. We parted from Chubby at Brussels.

The transition from all subjects to politics is easy, some-

times so imperceptible, that many often talk rank politics whilst they imagine themselves unravelling the twisted threads of the mysteries of prophecy. I will avoid this whirlpool, glancing only at the Press, which may be deemed a fair criterion of individual and national morality. In this light that of Brussels is, as far as I can judge, of a highly respectable character. An Editorial in the "*Observateur Belge*" pleased me much, for its manly yet conciliating tone. Its date I have not, but it was during the height of French *patriotic* frenzy for the annexation of Belgium. The writer of the leader in flattering and soothing terms tells the French that his countrymen sympathise in their efforts to be free: but the Belgians, already possessing that freedom for which the French are only striving, do neither wish nor intend to change the form of their government, they enjoying, under royalty, all that the French expect to attain in a republic.

CHAPTER XII.

HAVING finished with Brussels, I will now proceed to Antwerp, a town noted for the strength of its fortifications, and to none are there more historical reminiscences attached. It is situate in very low ground; is badly paved, worse lighted, dull and dirty, still the five days I spent here, I much enjoyed. The Museum has a fine collection of paintings; those of Rubens are the chief attraction. Hosts of English are to be seen here daily, and are easily recognised from many peculiarities, especially that of carrying in their hand a Murray, or some

other guide book, which they consult oftener, and with more delight, than they look at the things of which these manuals only profess to give a slight description. An Englishman, a mate in one of the steamers plying on the Elbe between Prague and Dresden, told me that, the majority of his countrymen tourists, instead of viewing the magnificent scenery of Saxon Switzerland, spend the greater portion of their time in the saloon of the steamer; reading, instead of making their own observations, they are satisfied with conning by heart the contents of the guide book. I felt glad that I was obliged to use my own eyes, having purposely avoided taking an itinerary. This was going to the other extreme, and I cannot recommend it, for doubtless, through ignorance, I missed seeing much worth inspection. But my principal aim on setting out was to study the people, and not their workmanship.

Rubens is a great favourite with the Antwerpians. There is a fine statue of him in the Place Vert, or square in front of the Cathedral. It is unfortunate that viewed from one point the statue has rather an indecent appearance, and this defect, as a matter of course, is blazoned forth to the stranger, and which probably not one in a hundred would have observed. There is another statue of him in the garden of the Museum, and in a room of this building a picture of his death-bed scene, his chair, and other personal mementos, and finally his family tomb is in the Church of St. James, situated behind the chief altar piece, and adorned with a production of his own brush. In a Catalogue of his works fourteen hundred and sixty-one paintings and sketches are attributed to him. When we consider that many of the great painters died young, that others were poets, diplomatists and historians, the fertility of their pencil is astonishing. Is there a connoisseur

out of the thousands of collectors of paintings, who does not rejoice in the ownership of at least one or two *chef d'œuvres* of the great masters? A brilliant thought, and here it is. An use for the Catalogues of paintings made by the majority of tourists: let them be employed for the discovery of the sum total of the pieces executed by each ancient master. The result will leave the philosopher ample room to conjecture and ruminate upon the number of *minutes*, after deducting the time indispensably required for food and sleep, each painting must have cost its author. For rapidity of merely manual labor these artists seem far to surpass Voltaire with his seventy volumes, James with his quite as many, and Dumas, that Alexander of Novelists, with his great many more.

I did not fail to inspect, and what in this case is the same thing, to admire, the Descent from the Cross, in the Cathedral. There is a small copy of it in the Museum by Rubens himself; the latter I prefer, confessing, however, that I am no judge. From *the* painting the next move was to the spire of the Cathedral, a terrible haul to the top; and to the very top I went, and was repaid the trouble by an extensive prospect. I then visited the other churches and remarkable buildings. All have been often described, and are too well known to need further comment. Building small houses resting against the sides of the cathedrals and churches in Belgium is a great defect: Mingling secular with the religious, offends good taste, and is subversive of architectural harmony. The French in their attack in 1830 nearly injured this magnificent structure. A shell of the largest size fell at the door of a small house resting against the Cathedral wall—a black daub, representing a sphere, is painted at the bottom of the door to indicate the exact spot; and the shell, which did not burst, is fastened down with iron on one side of the door, where,

in England, would be the scraper. To do the French justice, their commandant was easily persuaded to respect the Cathedral, and ordered to cease firing in its direction.

I met with a character—an elderly labourer, and learnt from him that if conceit be less excusable in a man of education, it is more offensive in a poor man. In appearance he was something like one of Fuzeli's Shakspearian monsters. I was led to thus assimilating him, from the constant use he made of his long skinny bony fore-finger of the right hand, pointing it now up and now down, his staring, wild, conceit-bearing eyes following each of its movements. He was speaking to a fellow countryman of a higher condition of life, who listened with looks of impatient attention. The labourer spoke with loud volubility, and much gesticulation, as if he thought it necessary to pantomize each word, intending by this species of reiteration to make a greater impression. I presume he was engaged in a political harangue, for conversing in Flemish, he was beyond my comprehension.

Through a letter of introduction from a German friend in Calcutta, I became acquainted at Antwerp with his brother Alexander, and received many civilities and kindnesses. He being a bachelor, we went to the *table d'hôte* of St. Antoine, the best hotel here. Some fifty persons sat down to a capital dinner. There were many English, and most of the company appeared to be regular stagers, who came here, as we go to a mess. A *table d'hôte* of this kind has the conveniences of a mess without its disadvantages. The dinner must be good, for that is the chief attraction; the interest of the hotel keeper therefore permits no negligence, and he has every day something new or racy. There is also no bother of management as in a mess, and, it being a ready money busi-

ness, that is an invincible barrier to extravagance. No pay no dinner here, is the improvement on the old "no song no supper."

CHAPTER XIII.

From Antwerp I started alone for Cologne. At Malines up came a little fat Pickwickian Englishman, not much above five feet, and as I afterwards learnt, sixty-four years of age. He was the real *genuine* cut of an arrant cockney, and apparelled in this burning weather, for it was a Belgian August, as if he were *en route* to the North Pole viâ Siberia and Kamtschatka, and obliged to carry the necessary clothing for these climes on his back. Over a thick cloth waistcoat, and the usual linen and flannel vestments and extra wrappers of elderly gentlemen, he wore a coat, over it a paletot, and, as if that were not enough, he surmounted the whole with one of those warmly-padded and lined nine yards round cloaks. Besides this *trifling* weight of clothes, he had an umbrella and a basket in his hands; a large leathern pouch suspended from his neck; and lastly, seemed to carry at least three orphan children in his own bread basket. At the first sight, I burst out laughing. He was a diminutive Falstaff, or an oyster barrel walking on dwarfs' legs;—no,—he was more ridiculous than both; a *sui generis*,—nothing like him, and he like nothing. I had for a time the laugh all on my side, and to myself. A necessary change of rail carriages brought us cheek by jowl, and proved to me the folly of judging from appearances. A thousand pounds

to a brass farthing that he was a thorough Londoner,—had never been beyond the sound of the Bow Bells, and was now late in life, and for the first time, on a Sunday fishing excursion to the river Lee, carrying tackle, worms, and food for himself in the same wicker basket. No one fortunately could divine my thoughts in order to take up this bet.

From his passport I learnt his name; from his cloth, and more particularly from his manners, that he was none of your make believes, but a "real good old gentleman;" and from his conversation that he was "well to do," and resided in his own villa at Richmond. He was *en route* to the foot of the Carpathian Mountains on a visit to some friends, and had been, off and on for the last twenty years, travelling about for his own pleasure. I heard him speak French and German. He said that he knew Italian, having resided several years in Florence, and had a smattering of Turkish; and was a widower after thirty years of connubial felicity. He sighing, pathetically confessed all he wanted to complete his happiness was another wife. I condoled with him; then cheered him with the prospect of being able easily to satisfy his longing for domestic pleasure. "Ah no!" said he, "an old woman would never suit me, and I am too old for a young one." There was modesty! It was impossible to resist a further attempt at consolation. "David married a young woman at a very advanced age." "David, Sir," was the reply, "made a fool of himself by this marriage." Not knowing where or how he obtained this fact, I bowed in deference to his superior information; doubtless the result of advanced years.

Get at a man's weak point, and he is in your hands. To gain this object the first step, and the most difficult with shrewd men, is to find out "their peculiar vanity" as

Boz terms it. For, like madmen, who knowing their failing and having an end in view, conceal with great care the subject of their hallucinations, so the wise, should they talk, will converse on a thousand and one topics without betraying their secret. When this weakness is of an amiable kind, as that of my new acquaintance was, his being a romantic turn of mind, it is easily discovered, and, as in his case, was a source of much harmless amusement and even something more. For having sufficiently gained his confidence for him to speak out without restraint, he freely gave his opinion on the men and manners of the countries in which he had resided; and his remarks, being those of a shrewd eye-witness, were worth hearing. We were to have travelled in company as far as Berlin, where our roads would diverge, but arriving late at night at Cologne, in the hurry and crowd of a Custom House, I lost sight of him, and we never again met. On his first appearance I could not help laughing, and thought that Hobbes was not far wrong in his definition of laughter: although it has been objected to it that according to him, we should say of a merry man—not that he was merry, but proud. I felt a secret pride in fancying myself Mr. ——'s superior: how much I was mistaken, I have related.

In our rail carriage, for a part of the time, there was a priest. He read a few minutes out of a neat looking book with gilt edges,—a missal, probably,—he then commenced mumbling and crossing himself; having in this manner secured his place in the other world, he left his seat in this, and coming close up, he thrust half his body out of the window, much to our annoyance and disgust. He was as ill-mannered as he was ill-favoured, being ugly and pock-marked. The village priests are of the lower order; the majority springing from the better kind

of labourers and petty farmers. They generally travel in pairs. A wise precaution of their superiors, that one may act as a cheek upon the other. They commit the very common mistake of all denominations of religionists and also of secular authorities—that of attaching the importance to their own person which appertains solely to their office. " 'Tis the man who gives dignity to the office," said the Barber on shaving my lady's lap dog; and he was partially right. If in himself a man be truly great, no honest employment, however lowly, can demean him: he is dignified, having brought his honor with him, but the being in that employment, whatever it may be, is not his dignity. This is a distinction without a difference, thinks Mr. Jack-in-Office or Sergeant Goldlace!

We passed Louvain, famous for its handsome Town-hall, and Liége for its manufactories. The country between Verviers and *Aix-la-Chapelle* is pretty. Small glens, well-wooded hills, picturesque rocks, and meandering streams. From the flat unvarying prospect of the Netherlands, this change of scenery was refreshing. I thought less of it on my return, having seen finer and grander landscapes.

At Cologne every one visits the Cathedral: the ruined and unfinished parts are being repaired and completed. When all will be ready is a matter of great uncertainty. This is a huge structure, and undoubtedly a wonderful building. I was somewhat disappointed; and prefer for beauty the Cathedrals of Antwerp and Vienna. When I was there the mass was celebrating. At the altar a little fat paunchy priest, much resembling Friar Tuck, was officiating, assisted by two others. Fatty was cutting it fat; mumbling, crossing, clasping, gesticulating and casting his eyes up, suddenly down came a piece of stone or mortar, much to the reverend's perturbation. The asking for

bread and getting a stone involuntarily came into my mind. One of the Holinesses, not over meekly, ordered a chorister boy to go and speak to the workmen.

I then went to the church of the Jesuits; here also service was performing. The paintings, statutes, and decorations are well worth inspection. Black is what military men would term the facings of the Jesuits. The pulpit, like most Catholic pulpits, is very handsome. In the church of St. Martin in this town, it is supported by a green dragon, out of whose mouth issues the stem bearing the pulpit.

Cologne would match the dirtiest Eastern town in filth. The stench from the gutters was sickening. Not all the Eau-de-Colonge ever manufactured, or said to be, by Jean Marie Farina would sweeten a single street. Apparently it would be no easy task to discover the true manufacturer, the said Jean Marie. For one shop holds out in English "the oldest Jean Marie Farina:" another "the real one," and a third, "the veritable Jean Marie who never fees touters," &c. The stranger is quite perplexed with the rival claims, and will best avoid being deceived by not purchasing.

The Rhine is crossed by a fine bridge of boats. The water was so clear and inviting, that there was no resisting it. I went to a floating swimming bath moored some distance from the bank. It was full of people. When ready to get in, the bathman coming up said something in German, the only words I could distinguish were *schimmin sie*, he then commenced making the usual signs of striking out in water. "Ya! ya! she-wee-im," and in I jumped. Every one that cannot swim, has a rope passed under his arm, and attached to a long pole. One extremity like a fishing rod, the bathman holds, at the other the bather dangles, a floundering porpoise. A

ridiculous spectacle, but a necessary precaution for non-swimmers, as the water is out of a man's depth, and the current very strong. The river running through the bath with great force, it was impracticable to beat up long against the stream.

It took eleven hours by train to Hanover. The distance, I fancy, does not exceed 130 miles. We stopped at every petty village, and ten minutes at each. The difference between English and German trains is at about the average that existed between the now nearly forgotten Quicksilver mail and a lumbering diligence. The Continental rail carriages are far superior to ours. They are on the broad guage. The third class has a light, is more roomy, and in every respect excels our second. I walked about Hanover for several hours, but not liking the town, and it coming on to rain, I continued my journey. The houses here are all tiled and built up with wooden frame work. A common mode in Germany, and may be seen in the old towns of England, in the quarters inhabited by the poor. The great change for the better in a removal from Hanover to England was lost upon the first and second Georges; they preferring their dirty native abode. The third, with better taste, thanked God that he was born an Englishman, and well he might! No guides at Hanover pestered me with offers of their *valuable* service. This I think shows their town is not much visited for pleasure; as the productive faculty of these gentry, give them only idle tourists, would soon find plenty of "wonders."

In two hours arrived at Harburgh. Between the two towns there are immense tracts of heath, and exclusive of the interminable forests, I saw much waste land in most parts of Germany. Emigration is resorted to, rather than bring these under cultivation. There are men, crimps,

whose interest it is to get others to emigrate; these wretches hold out golden hopes, and with them mislead the poor. The latter once expatriated die, or do not write home, excepting the successful few. Their letters come as decoys, for they dwell naturally enough on their own prosperity, and not on the utter ruin and destruction of their brother emigrants.

We passed large flocks of geese and herds of swine. These are to be met feeding in the fields all through Germany. In some places geese, sheep, goats, and swine are all driven together in one herd, and proceed amicably. A father, daughter, and her lover were in the same carriage as myself. The governor was very civil, giving me a glass of excellent port: the old gentleman carrying a bottle with him for the benefit of the inner man. He spoke a little English,—the lover very well, and the girl, no beauty, understood the language. She explained to me, through her future lord, that the German standard, black, red and gold, symbolized in the minds of her countrymen with powder, blood, and liberty. The gold in my ignorance I might have mistaken for plunder having seen that Liberty, at times, and with some people, means license to pillage. The lover is a Merchant; has been in China, and resided seven years in the Sandwich Isles. He gave a favourable account of their climate, and shortly intends returning. When it grew dark, he and his betrothed commenced a few innocent amatory dallyings. This being observed by some young men,—fellow passengers,—they began making noises as of kissing, then remarks in German, followed by a liberal indulgence in laughter. I enjoyed the fun amazingly, though looking as demure as Solomon, the least I could do after the glass of port. From Harburgh we crossed a branch of the Elbe in a steamer, and in half an hour arrived at Hamburgh. Get-

ting into the same droshkey with the lover's party, at their recommendation, I went to "the Sun," and found it an excellent Hotel. It is frequently remarked, and I believe with truth, that there is not a bad Hotel in Hamburgh, nor a good one in Vienna. The distance between Hamburgh and Hanover is about sixty-four miles.

CHAPTER XIV.

STROLLED all over Hamburgh. As a residence I would prefer it to any town on the Continent. The greater portion having been destroyed in 1842 by fire, it has been rebuilt with all the modern improvements. The grand covered-in "passage" is superior to that of Brussels, nor can the Palais Royal at Paris be compared to it: although both these are far more extensive. The basin of water and the parks are well situated, and have all the conveniences for parties of pleasure. It was unfortunately too far advanced in the season for out of door amusements at night. In the park is the Erste Warte Schule: I came upon it unawares, and saw about one hundred and fifty boys and girls, none above six years of age. If cleanliness, plumpness, noise, and romping be true criterions of infantine comfort and felicity, the children in a high degree enjoyed these blessings. Two or three of the little ones voluntarily coming up to the low paling shook hands with me. It is needless observing that they were of the fair sex, and not unlicked cubs of boys. A band linked hand in hand promenaded the play-ground, singing and imitating the *patriotic* republican bands of *la belle France*.

At Hamburgh I became acquainted with Louis, another brother of my Calcutta friend, and received, if possible, a greater amount of civilities and kindnesses. I had called on him during the morning, but he was from home; in the afternoon he came to my Hotel, and we went out *lionizing*. He took me to a number of remarkable places, and at each learnt that I had already visited it. This much surprised him, and in relating the circumstance to a friend of his, he remarked, "that is so like an Englishman;" intimating by this observation, I suppose, that any other foreigner would have remained at his Hotel, until some one came to lead him about like a dancing bear. We went to the shop of Oppenheimar, a connexion of his. It is the finest and most extensive shop I have ever entered. The articles are of much the same description as those in Howell and James', and it may be of less value, but for *show* the Hamburgh shop has the advantage. We visited Altona, a Danish town just outside the gate, which, in spite of the war, was on amicable terms with Hamburgh. An armistice had lately been concluded between the Danes and Germans, and troops belonging to the latter nation were returning home. I met a Bavarian regiment; a fine body of men, about eleven hundred strong. Their uniform was becoming; being Prussian blue, with red facings and red cord.

At night we went to "a hop." The males far out numbered the fair sex; among these I did not observe a single beautiful, scarcely a pretty, face. The dancing was indifferent, nothing like that of Paris. We had plenty of music and comic songs; judging from the effect produced by the latter, they must have been admirable. Each man had a printed copy of the songs, and chimed in with the professional singers and players. A foreigner

will scarcely believe how very melodiously, that to us harsh language, the German, can be enunciated by the natives. When the singing was ended, the people scrambled for long clay pipes from off a stall: these they lighted, and each man smoking, for this was a part of the ceremony, like our cheroot races, walked through a Polonaise with his partner. It was altogether an interesting exhibition. Scenes of this kind, though void of refinement, afford a traveller excellent opportunities of judging of the manners and peculiarities of a nation. The people are here seen under no restraint, but that which their own society imposes, each doing much as he pleases. Should there be nothing revolting, together with a general prevalence of harmony, and such was the case, a peaceable and honest disposition may be fairly inferred. An officer in uniform, who had been a prisoner of war, and had just obtained his liberty by the armistice, was surrounded by a crowd of men and women, who were bantering him He entered into the spirit of their raillery, and kept up a brisk fire of jokes and witticisms. He was a large stout man with a blooming countenance, and certainly showed no signs of being the worse for his *misfortunes*.

We visited several large assemblies, amongst others a political meeting; there was not a single instance of quarrelling; the people seemed to be enjoying themselves without the necessity, so much in vogue with London crowds, of fighting to be happy.

I cannot refrain from giving an instance of German politeness. When walking, one of my boots got a little out of order. We asked a bootmaker to put it to rights whilst we waited. In a few minutes the man brought it back from the workshop, and on demanding what was to be paid, Crispin politely replied in English (which is much spoken at Hamburgh and greatly studied all over

Germany), "Nothing." He received a small sum for the cobbler. The manner of the man was good: he made no charge, not because he was above it, but let it appear that so trifling a job was a pleasure, as permitting him to exhibit his obliging disposition. In the German manner there is a greater show of sincerity than mere outward elegance. It is as if these two qualities, each good in its kind, meeting together, showy elegance was partly submerged by its more substantial companion, sincerity.

The Bourse, when full, is a grand sight. It was crammed with thousands eagerly following Mammon; lying, cajoling, and attempting to defraud each other. Such assemblies are more painful to contemplate than those collected for vain pleasures. When the uncertain duration of life is considered, of which there was a melancholy example on the very day I visited the Exchange, a merchant the night before was at the Café, in vigorous health and brim full of worldly hopes; returning home he was taken ill, and was a corpse in the morning, from Cholera: when this uncertainty is considered, to see men eagerly gambling, or bartering as it is more commonly called, their future happiness perhaps the stake, is far from an agreeable spectacle. I could not avoid thinking that, fifty years hence, not one of them, probably, would be alive. This is so natural a thought, few sensible people passing through life without some such meditation, that none can lay to it exclusive claims. It has been fathered upon Xerxes as a bright idea. This ruffian wept over the prospective end of those, of whose then evil plight, caused by his ambition, and despotism, he was utterly heedless: and here showed the true compassion of a tyrant, for you must die first to be pitied by him.

Our usual resort was the Pavalion Café on the

border of the Basin. It is delightfully situated, and very much frequented by all the commercial leaders. A gentleman hearing of my having lately come from Calcutta, politely asked for information on the state of trade there. I could not help smiling, and called to mind a remark of the son of Sirach. "With drovers their talk is of bullocks." And what else would he have it to be? His was a perplexing question; my friend Louis came to the rescue. He satisfactorily explained that military men are *necessarily* ignorant of mercantile affairs. His object being kind, it was not worth undeceiving him, and telling him that soldiers may know something more than their own profession. I have several times found it excessively annoying to observe in company the tacit taking for granted that an officer, if not a blockhead, is at least, an unread man. It is no use arguing the point,—or citing great generals, who were literary men:—some notorious booby, such as,—refrain my pen, the task is delicate!—is immediately brought forward as a counterpoise—or else, allusions are made to the descriptions of small novelists and ignorant writers for the populace. Take an example from a popular, but not for the populace writer, "As for Capt. Grig, what is there to tell about him? He performs the duties of his calling with perfect gravity. He is faultless on parade; excellent across country; amiable when drunk, rather slow when sober. He has not two ideas, and is a most good natured, irreproachable, gallant and stupid young officer," Fie on thee, Titmarsh! so to pourtray an individual belonging to the body of thy greatest admirers.

Germans in calling attention, instead of using names, or words, or prefaces, like the English "I say," make a noise between a pish and a whistle. It is a convenient mode when one gets accustomed to the practice; it then even appears natural.

CHAPTER XV.

Took the train for Berlin. We passed immense forests and wastes; the soil of the latter, black and full of water, resembled that of the Indian terrais. A young German medical student made my acquaintance, Mynheer Carlo Schroder. He was eighteen months in England, was an assistant to a chemist at Mitcham; had been discharged because the business was not sufficiently extensive to require his services. Carlo then took a passage to Australia as a Surgeon; the ship somewhere was detained five days by foul winds, this delay led him to discover he had left his testimonials at home, the mate told him there was plenty of time to go and fetch them. He went, and on his return, found the ship had sailed. He followed it to several ports, among others to London: all was in vain, he lost his passage, Such was Carlo's tale. I asked him why he had not written instead of going for his testimonials, "Because there was no time for a letter." I let this lame reply pass. Carlo saw my *easiness*, concluded he was making an impression, and proceeded.

"He, together with all the German students, had been compelled to take part in the late actions with the Danes. Thirty-four students were killed and fifty-six made prisoners. He had fired *only* forty-three times, and at each shot killed a man. Did not *exactly* see each victim fall, but being *only* thirty yards off could not miss. Was himself hit in the thigh by a pistol bullet." It *struck* me he had rapidly recovered, but it was cruel to interrupt him. "He was going to Vienna to stand an examination in chemistry."

After this narrative, we had other conversations, Carlo

doing the agreeable, and giving much assistance at the Custom House. I left hungry, so did Carlo; I was going to a restaurateur's, so was Carlo; manifestly this was a concatenation of singular coincidences. We went together. On the road my *friend* voluntarily broached the theme, and promised to look sharp that we were not cheated. I could not feel too thankful. When we had to settle for the refreshments, Carlo said it was a Prussian thaler each. I merely remarked that for the description of house, for we had entered the first we came to, the charge was high. I saw Carlo pay down my thaler and no more. After a little questioning, it came out that the bill was only one thaler; it was then my newly-acquired *friend* honestly confessed, he was in my debt half that sum.

I was going to the Hotel de Hamburgh, so was Carlo: more concatenation. His obligingness had increased; he called a droshkey and in we got. At the hotel he told me he would see me comfortably lodged in my room, and then take his leave. There could be no objection to this solicitude for my welfare. It happened the Hotel was nearly full, only one double bed-room being vacant. I took it on condition of having it to myself. Now was the moment for the grand stroke of policy; if it be missed, like the tide of fortune, it is supposed never to return: although daily experience shows that some men have frequent returns of tides in their affairs, but these may be spring tides. Carlo felt it was now or never, and softly insinuated that as there were two beds, and no extra expense, perhaps I would not object to his occupying one. "Oh, no! I prefer sleeping alone." "You are going to Vienna, shall I call for you?" "Thank you, we can meet at the railway station." My *friend* left, rather crest fallen, and it may be disgusted with my ingratitude. He had a meek quiet look, no baggage excepting two

new German books on Chemistry, which he seemed to be studying hard in the rail-carriage for upwards of an hour before he addressed me. The refreshment business was awkwardly managed, he merely gaining eighteen pence: had he worked on my feelings of pity, he might have victimised me to a larger amount. I saw that he was very poor, and having made himself really useful, he had only to give a hint that he could not afford a dinner, and he would have been treated to one, also perhaps have received something more.

On Carlo's departure, I warned the man at the Hotel. He thanked me, speaking in English, and added that several such cases had lately occurred in Berlin. One at his own hotel. A German had obtained food and lodging at an Englishman's expense, whom he had picked up, much in the same manner as Carlo had *done* me.

Through a letter of introduction from Louis, I got acquainted with a German author. A wretched sickly looking creature, wearing his hair so closely cut as to appear almost shorn, his soul however is of larger growth. He spoke English, and I found him intelligent and obliging. He is a poet and a newspaper politician, scribbling much. A few years ago a computation was made, which on credible authority showed that there were fourteen thousand living authors in Germany, with whom:

> "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble minds)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days."

He was probably included in this number.

The first appearance of Berlin is not inviting; at one glance it is discernible that its paving and drainage are execrable. The Linden is the grand, and a very beautiful promenade. The public buildings and noblemen's abodes

are in this quarter. The summits of these mansions are mostly decorated with statues, but this fashion, not suiting my taste, I am doubtful whether the effect is ornamental. The Théatre Comédie is flanked on each side with two fine churches, both built on the same model, and evidently to harmonize with the façade of the theatre. Their position gives the playhouse an air of grandeur, which it otherwise would not possess. It also suggests, and unfortunately with some truth, that the inhabitants of this city think religion a farce.

I only saw the outside of the palace. The Museum is opposite to it. The two great allegorical and mythological paintings on the walls in front are beautiful for coloring, and for correctness of proportions and perspective. The subjects I neither did nor cared to comprehend. It is time that Christian artists, especially those of England, had done with heathen deities. At the London Annual Exhibitions, both in oil and water colors, many offensive monsters, rough satyrs and fauns with cloven heels, half devils—half goats, skipping round a bunch of grapes, are always to be seen. I never could perceive any beauty, skill, or imagination in these pictures.

The collection of paintings at the Berlin Museum is not of the first order. A man superbly paints meat in the shambles. His bad taste carries its punishment; the more true, the more disgusting. And with this feeling for the object, its author excites no respect. Several representations of Hell and Purgatory are amusing and curious. The Tower of Babel by Paul Bril is the conception of a fine and vast imagination.

I saw a numerous group of statues, and an immense vase outside, and two large marble ones inside the Museum. In statuary the eyes, especially those without pupils, give an appearance of blindness, and call to mind

Milton's description of his own deprivation; when apostrophising light he says—

"——————————— but thou;
Revist'st not these eyes————"

The most worthy of notice are nine cartoons, with the figures large as life, worked on cloth, and extremely well wrought.

In the Public Library there is an immense quantity of books, with nothing extraordinary in their arrangement. I inspected the Bible of our Charles the First, many of the earliest specimens of printing, and manuscripts of Goëthe, Melancthon, and Luther. The librarian pointing to one of Luther, remarked that the British Government had offered twelve hundred pounds for it. This was interpreted by my author friend. For the honor of the British Government, I instantly replied that there must be some mistake, for our Government could never have been so foolish, criminally prodigal would have been a more appropriate term. The manuscript, for which this large sum was offered and refused, was written in a diminutive bad hand, with numerous emendations in red ink. Here was also an indulgence, one of those which, *bona fide*, had been sold by Tetzel; and near this document, a full length portrait of his great adversary.

Having heard so much of the Berlin Opera, I visited it. The interior for its splendid and tasteful decorations is not unjustly praised. The play was *Joan d'Arc*. Mdlle. Mars, (not the famous actress of this name,) suddenly gave a scream, and rushed to the side of the stage. This I took to be a portion of "piling up the agony." Presently the manager came forward to announce another piece, Mademoiselle having been suddenly taken ill. Cholera was raging; I put this down for an attack of it. On

returning to my hotel, the waiter, who speaks English, informed me that this was not the first time she had played this trick, her indisposition arising from too tight lacing; "besides," added he, "she is proud." Here was a puzzler; the connexion between being proud and tight-lacing; between tight lacing and vanity was more comprehensible. "Vain, you mean." "No, Sir,—proud." "What then, has she much pride?" "No, Sir; no pride, but proud." Puzzle upon puzzle; tight lacing and proud, yet devoid of pride. The waiter perceived from my countenance that I was still in the dark. "Proud; she is going to be married, Sir." A glimmer of light now broke in, and circuitously I discovered his proud meant our betrothed.

After a drive in the Park, the author and myself visited the Kroll, a kind of Vauxhall, and the Berliner's boast. It has an enormous hall, or rather three great chambers thrown into one. I paced it. One hundred and four paces, and these, reckoned at thirty inches each, gives eighty-seven yards nearly for the length of the hall. Several small rooms at one extremity are set apart for royalty. The chandeliers were numerous and grand; and when lighted up, I can imagine, that, with the aid of music and a gay throng, the Berliner has just cause to exult in the beauty and grandeur of this resort of amusement. Under the hall is the "Cave," for billiards and the more vulgar description of viands. In the Garden we had a display of equestrianism, tight rope dancing, puppet shows, and jugglery, each good in its kind, but nothing extraordinary.

An old Yorkshire wool merchant was at the same hotel as myself. I met him at the *table d'hôte*, and learnt that for the last twenty years he has been in the habit of visiting Berlin. He spoke highly of the Prussians, reckoned them very intelligent, and the best educated

peasantry in the world. He also much praised the reigning sovereign. His subjects rebelled and called for reform. They obtained the Habeas Corpus Act, a Free Press, suppression of the Gendarmarie, and a promise of a Constitution. The reformers are content, not so the *patriots*. Concessions satisfy them not, they will have nothing short of a republic. The King withdrew the military, leaving the city entirely in charge of the Burgher Guard. These are well disposed, being men who have something to lose, but are tired of playing at soldiers.

To a civilian, at first, it is pleasant to stand sentry, or go the rounds; he feels himself suddenly invested with power; perceives people looking at him; his vanity attributes it to admiration, and his imagination completes the delusion. Behold the hero of a thousand ideal encounters and chivalrous deeds! Time soon dispels the romantic illusion; he learns that "soldiers have duties to perform," for so the phrase runs; and these he finds from experience, are often not of a very agreeable description, even should he escape being made an animated target, or a butt for the winds and floods.

The King during my visit, was temporising; promising to lend the aid of the army whenever the citizens thought proper to apply for it. This promise gave the well disposed a handle against the turbulent; for when these raged, those threatened an appeal to the military. Almost every night there was a commotion. To my oft-repeated enquiry of "what's the row?" The invariable reply, both in English and French was: "nothing—only a little revolution." They had become so common as to excite neither interest nor dread.

In three quarters of an hour by rail, I reached Potsdam. It is an extensive town with some fine buildings, the country in its immediate vicinity is woody and pretty;

but with too much water to be salubrious. The marshes naturally become the head quarters of Cholera and other epidemics. The grounds, woods, and water works of Frederic the Great's palace, Sans Souci, are very beautiful. The exterior of this building is not grand, nor in any way remarkable. I was shown over the palace, having first had to put on list shoes, to prevent injury to the marble and highly polished wooden floors. It contains two superbly decorated saloons, entirely constructed of marble; and also an extensive marine grotto kind of room, having its walls encrusted with shells, so disposed as to represent dolphins and other in-dwellers of the deep. This room in summer must be cool, and when lighted up remarkably brilliant; it is, however, more adapted for show than habitation.

Frederic's chambers were on the extreme right. Little pigeon holes, and now denuded of furniture, excepting of a piano, a music stand, and a writing table. These three were once his property. The last mentioned article is thickly besprinkled with ink spots, mostly spilled, in all probability, whilst inditing his voluminous poetry, which posterity has stigmatised as distorted prose. The library is not extensive; the books are *uniformly* bound of a pale yellow color, and do not look well. Here there was a manuscript written by the Great King in a neat small hand. Not far from it, was placed his enemy-friend Voltaire. In this sketch the arch-infidel is horridly ugly. I am inclined to think that this is a good likeness, for although there is an absence of flattery, there are no signs of caricaturing exaggeration.

The left wing of the palace was, at this time, occupied by members of the royal family or some of the Court, and was closed to the public. It is a curious fact, there is not a portrait of Frederic in his own palace. I several

times requested the guardian to show me one, thinking it incredible that such should be the case.

The palace is Sans Souci in name, did its mighty owner find it such in reality? A greater than him found all things, even those purposely designed for pleasure, a source of vexation. But after all, reflecting on the means and inducements here held out to luxury and repose, there is no avoiding a tribute to the superior soul of Frederic, who both frequently and voluntarily, spurned these syrens; who never, even to the last day of his existence, permitted dissipation or sickness to withdraw him from the toils of government. He died in 1786, and his palace shall see him no more! How melancholy a reflection I felt this to be whilst viewing the building. The old mill, which Frederic wished to remove, and, going to law about it, lost the suit, still stands contiguous to the royal domain. Now no eye-sore to Sans Souci, but its glory; attesting, on the part of a mighty monarch, at least forbearance, if not a respect, for the laws of his country.

CHAPTER XVI.

I FORGOT to mention that whilst travelling with honest Carlo, we had with us two young gentlemen who were brothers. They carried with them a fowling piece, and in another carriage had two sporting dogs. The eldest, a boy of thirteen, had used this gun, a most ricketty looking concern, for five years, and was an *old* sportsman. Carlo acted as interpreter between us. The lads were

studying Latin and English: in the latter, their knowledge was circumscribed to something not exceeding one word; so it struck me, for in other matters they were communicative; in this, close as the first bloom of young official secrecy. They *had* a secret, but find it out who could! The elder, talking of his father, informed us that he was a kind of *prince*, living on his own lands. Perhaps one of those German princes, passing rich on a hundred pounds a year. On the whole they were nice intelligent lads.

After leaving Berlin, and *en route* to Breslau, my patience was much tried. The delays averaged one-third, and low steaming one-sixth, giving a total of one half for waste time; a pretty good criterion that there is not much internal commerce. Breslau is a fine fast increasing town, all towns every where seem to be growing much larger. It was not my intention to stop here, but I was delayed four hours. We passed Rahtibor, then Cosel and Oderburg, between the two last the train is the fastest in Germany

At Oderburg there is an Austrian custom house; our baggage was overhauled, and caused a delay of two hours. The rail carriages were full of Israel's unwashed sons. Their looks call to mind:

> "Thus Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
> Outcasts of earth and reprobates of heaven!
> Through' the wide world in friendless exile stray,
> Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way."

The poet, saw he them now, would soon change his tune. Jews abound in these parts; are generally in comfortable circumstances, and make, in Berlin epecially, a kind of show, having long inscriptions, in the Hebrew character, blazoned over their shops. This can only be

for ostentation, as the vast majority of their customers are ignorant of this species of writing.

After leaving Oderburg I was in the same rail carriage with an English lady married to an Austrian. Seeing Wagram for the name of an inn on the road side, I asked her whether we were in the vicinity of the great battle field. She *innocently* enquired regarding this of a fellow passanger, who was an Austrian officer, and was travelling in uniform, "with his sabre by his side." This was decidedly an awkward dilemma. He however behaved in a very gentlemanly manner; pointed in the direction, and said, it was close to the river. A friend of mine, in the same innocency of heart, asked a guardian in the Louvre to show him the battle of Waterloo! Both these are instances of true John Bullian simplicity. "Why you were licked, what is the use now of making a fuss,—take it coolly, man," thinks honest John. The only features of the battle-field I could observe were hills, a river, and some wood; not much of the last.

In other parts of Germany the delays are long enough, in Austria double the time. Their rail carriages are also inconvenient for ingress or egress on account of having to ascend and descend several steps.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARRIVED at Vienna, I went to the Golden Lamb in the Leopold suburb; and which is reckoned a first-rate hotel. It was dear and the attendance bad. At this grand mansion, capacious enough for an imperial palace, I washed in a sort of pie dish, which also was cracked, and was not formed to contain more than half a dozen ounces of water. The towels had the appearance of dish clouts, torn in halves, and then hemmed up. At a celebrated café opposite the hotel, situate on the banks of a branch of the Danube, I met a gentleman acquainted with my Antwerp and Hamburgh friends Alexander and Louis. He had resided at Nottingham, and spoke English fairly.

According to him the state of Austria at this period was "all liberty;" every man spoke and acted as it pleased him. The well-disposed here, as in all other parts of the Continent, were getting very tired of this "go a-head" freedom; and sighed for the days of restraint and order. It was, in truth, a picturesque sight to behold the numerous bands of *patriots* scampering about the streets, dressed in various and rain-bow costumes; some a little too gaudy, yet the majority exhibiting much good taste. These *patriots* were not unlike the brigands produced on our stage. They wore black hats with one side turned up, and the crown surmounted with red and white feathers; scarfs of the national ribbon, swords with steel scabbards and black leather sling belts; and all carried muskets or rifles, of various kinds, sizes, and denominations. The students commenced the revolution, and have been useful as far as giving an impetus to the removal of abuses. There is no proceeding without

them, and it is wonderful how much they effect. They are good light troops in the field of reform; but the battle must be gained, and the victory consolidated, by other bands, and in a different arena.

All now enacted formed a glaring contrast to Metternich's Machiavellian policy of keeping the populace ignorant, silent, and immersed in sensual delights. For whilst a nation is sunk in brutalising amusements, there is little fear of their enervated minds rising to thoughts of freedom. This is the reverse of Prussian tactics! There every man is in a manner compelled to be educated, and whenever a great soul bursts forth he is no sooner heard of, than enlisted in the ranks of Government; such an one Austria would try to annihilate. Another subtle stratagem of Metternich, was to mould men's minds into an extensive piece of machinery by having recourse to a multiplicity of forms for every business of state: and every thing, however trifling, that a human being could say, desire, or do, was a state affair. A dozen men were employed where one, under ordinary circumstances, would have been sufficient! each official had his office separate and isolated, so that state secrets were with difficulty known, individuals being acquainted with only a portion: and woe to the man who let slip a word. Lucky fellow if he spent not the remainder of his life in a horrible dungeon, suffering daily worse than a hundred deaths.

From spies being well paid and never betrayed, on the principle of honor amongst rogues, every word or act said or done was sure to be known, especially as this abominable espionage system, having been so long in use, had become naturalized to the Austrian; in whose mind the character of an informer, whatever dread it might convey, had but a slight degree of shame attached.

Vienna, (or as an American acquaintance would persist in pronouncing it Vy-enna,) does not exceed two and a half miles in circumference, and of itself, is an indifferent old town. Whatever fine buildings it may contain, are placed in such narrow streets, as to be concealed from view. The Cathedral of St. Stephen is an exception. This is a magnificent structure, with a very high and finely tapering spire. During my stay here, on account of its beauty, I visited it daily. The suburbs are modern and well planned; it is these that cast such lustre over Vienna. The Church of St. Charles is a remarkable building: before it rise two thick sculptured columns, appearing like minarets at a distance. As to the patron saint, his "whence and wherefore," I know not, and for aught I care, he may be our martyred Charles. This reminds me of an anecdote, which shall have an insertion if only for "auld lang syne."

Some nine or ten years ago, when my regiment was at Dadur in Sinde with other troops, our friend T. was taken ill; got into bed, and covered himself with a heap of clothes. His chum Jaggery was then at the mess. On his return, he besought him to read to him something good. Now Jaggery, although he squinted horribly,—and on this occasion had omitted, of course through mere inadvertency, to mix a sufficient quantity of water with his grog,—was too good natured a fellow to be stopped by trifles in obliging a friend,—so out he got the first book, and that happened to be a prayer book. Opening it at random, (probably thinking, with no very great outrage to common sense, that one part was as good as another,) he lighted upon the martyrdom of king Charles,—and at it he went, with heart, soul, and speed. The evil plight of the royal sufferer called to mind in the dozing T. his own pangs,

and made him pathetically exclaim,—"Oh, Jaggery, Jaggery, I am dying!" The patient fancied he was labouring under an attack of cholera, "Never mind, T." was the consolatory reply, "you may go to heaven." This chance or rather permission of Jaggery proved most beneficial, for T. fell fast asleep long before his chum had half finished with poor Charles.

But to our mutton! Another church, not far from St. Charles', is built on the same model, and has attached to it a convent of nuns. The windows of their abode are all barred with thick irons, as in a prison. In this Church I was present during mass, and heard these poor creatures singing. A large massive iron door near the altar, was ajar;—behind this, and invisible to the audience, these much to be pitied women were stationed. How sad their destiny! Instead of being joyful mothers of children, to pass their lives in ill suppressed repinings. The voice faltering under the efforts of compulsory cheerfulness, when sorely oppressed, gave an undisguisable plaintiveness to their singing. From this Church I went to a café in a park, and breakfasted there under the shade of trees, with a fine band playing for our amusement. What a contrast to the convent!

In the town, and near the palace, there is a Church containing the sepulchre of Marie Christina, the wife of Albert, by Canova. I came several times to examine this beautiful production of the chisel. The design is chaste; the old blind man to life, and the angel resting on a lion, sublime. Sandals with wings are incongruous. It looks as if there were puddles in heaven: even on earth, one would suppose an angel to fly over bad ground, and in all places to step so lightly as not to receive or leave a trace behind. In spite of great authorities, I think wings a defect in human figures. To make these

compound animals, angels, fairies, &c. look natural, in accordance with analogy, the formation of their backs and chests ought to be altered. Wings to human figures appear a glued-on *incubus*. The power of flight should in some manner be symbolised, and not materially attached to the body. In statuary, wings might be represented lying on the ground, and in painting the idea of aerial locomotion might be managed by the effects of light and shade. Whilst it is tastefully executed, it matters little how; for even in its present form, the assistance of the imagination is requisite; a flying man or sprite not being objects of which we can judge from occular experience.

In the same Church, on one side, there is a Chapel where Francis the First, in full armour, reposes, and a female figure, in beautifully white marble, with a golden cross in her hand, stands by his side.

The only collection of paintings I visited at Vienna was that of Prince Esterhazy, liberally thrown open to the public. The pictures are numerous, amounting to several hundreds, and some are by the first Masters. I liked best the two rooms entirely devoted to Spanish art. The paintings in these smelt of the Inquisition, if this expression be permitted, when alluding to the effect of sight. They have a sombreness, as of repressed thought. The light portions seeming to portray the intellect, piercing through the vast and dark back ground of superstition. I must not forget to mention that in my daily visits to the numerous Churches, in one of them, I saw a young lady devoutly intent on her *devoirs*, holding a missal in one hand and a newspaper in the other! Strange medley! Eyes open to the affairs of both worlds!

In these days of commotion, the innumerable papers, placards, pasquinades, and caricatures were no sooner

issued than there was a mighty rush to devour their contents. At the corner of every street hundreds of yards of printed "agitation" were stuck up. Single sheets of sedition sufficed not, *whole pamphlets* were affixed to the walls. Hosts of *patriots* read them aloud to the "*peuple.*" At this period, all over Germany, there was a hum among men, not like the hum of busy bees, but of enraged hornets seeking their foe. An Englishman, in all this turmoil, was quite safe, for we are liked. I never met with a single instance of rudeness through the whole length and breadth of the land, but many of kindness. Should a tourist happen to be in an *émeute* he must, of course, risk a chance ball, which will wing an angel coming in its way, as readily as spiflicate a mortal.

A crowd was assembled round the Council Hall on account of the Hungarian Deputation. It was amusing to watch the arrival of the different members. They were all, with very few exceptions, driven up smoking to the door. A cigar in the mouth seemed a portion of their uniform, and betokened, for aught a stranger could tell to the contrary, the puffing out of one government and the lighting up of another.

I made it a rule to walk into all public buildings. If there were no thoroughfare, the Germans, with a great deal more politeness than the English or French, let this soon be known. Having heard that the imperial gallery of paintings was on Fridays open to the public, I entered the palace, and leisurely walked up a flight of stairs. A non-commissioned officer of the palace guards stopped further progress. This I thought odd, and addressed him with, "*est il ouvert au publique?*" "Repoob*l*ique," muttered he musingly,—pronouncing each syllable, especially the second, with slow emphasis, as if to gain time to con the odds to which beam, this, what he fancied to be a new

kick of the political balance, would incline,—to the royal or democratic side,—whether he should still consider himself in place and remain a royalist, or, to prevent ejection, turn a *patriot*. Dr. Johnson was not much mistaken in asserting that the last resort of a scoundrel is to patriotism. It is common enough in India to behold, when all fails, a sporting, drinking, gambling *gent*, go, not under the turf, he has'nt that luck, but *on it*, and become Master of race horses. How he comes by them, is about as mysterious as the sudden rush of disinterested feelings into a *patriot's* bosom. It may be both are tired of paying *interest*, they therefore become *disinterested*. Proh pudor! Beg pardon, Sir, an outrageous pun is always allowable,—vide for my authority, the tomes of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.

"Re*poob*lique," muttered the fellow,—"*Non*," roared I quickly, for "sharp" is the ticket with men bearing swords, and who are apt to act on the spur of the moment,—who then could tell that he might not have sacrificed me to the manes of royalty? For assuredly a palace guardian is not in heart a republican. To be cut down first and then asked—"what do ye mean," is infinitely more expeditious than consolatory! Republic, forsooth, in Imperial Cæsar's palace! "*Non!*" roared I. My vehemence bore the impress of truth, and was perhaps the cause of bringing an officer of a higher grade from out of an adjoining room. The interrupter of my progress spoke something to him, and he addressed me, in execrable French, such gutteral stick-in-the-throat stuff, that none but a German, or a horse labouring under a severe attack of bronchitis, could have uttered it.

A republic was the crochet of the first Cerberus, the second had the Italian question running in his head. Though armed with nothing more formidable than a

small penknife and a lead pencil, and which were invisible, being both in my pocket, he, Cerberus Secundus, set it down all cut and dry that, I could not possibly be any thing short of an Italian assassin. "Are you an Italian ?" demanded he, anxiously. "Non" I was again obliged to roar out. "Non—Ingleesh Ingleesh." Magic words!—both their suspicions, the "baseless fabrics" of their imaginations, vanished at the sound. After a little amicable conversation, such as persons totally ignorant of each other's tongue may be supposed to hold, we all three walked down the flight of stairs with becoming gravity and dignified composure. Here they pointed to another door of the palace, as if this adventure were not enough for one day! I took off my hat in compliment, and walked away much pleased with their real politeness. Though very desirous of keeping up all proper decorum, I was so tickled, that I had not proceeded far, when I burst into a fit of laughter. The looks of the men, wherein amazement, horror, anxiety, and joy were commingled, gave a kind of chiaro-oscuro expression to their countenance, and the sound of their gibberish, all produced an extremely ludicrous association of ideas: but alas, I cannot portray on paper the comicality of the scene.

Why are rich men royalists and poor men democrats ? is a question that has puzzled many a wiseacre. Now, without laying claim to the discovery, for modesty forbids its appropriation, I defy all philosophers and politicians, all wise men and fools, all clever women and precocious children, and, lastly, all learned pigs, to prove that they have seen or read, heard or dreamt, of the following solution, testible by the rules of Natural Magic.

A rich man can see gold, can touch, taste, smell at, and hear the tinkle of gold, his five senses make him sensi-

ble of gold. Now gold is wealth; and the symbol of wealth is money. And what is money? A precious metal with a sovereign's impression. So, then, all his senses can take cognizance of this impression, and once let him be thoroughly imbued with it, it becomes a reality. To such a man a sovereign's impression, is the impress of a sovereign, ergo, he is by necessity a royalist.

The case is the reverse with a poor man: as his coins decrease, the impressions become less numerous. With the expenditure of the last coin, such is the infirmity of humanity, all his senses are thrown out of employment, and if his senses, his sense also. This is natural. Take, for example, a departed beloved one's face, of which we have no representation. Memory at first supplies the deficiency, but daily the likeness grows less distinct in the mind's eye, until, after a lapse of time, it is even lost there, none of the senses retaining the impression. Thus with the last coin goes the impression of royalty, what wonder then if loyalty itself should in due season follow, and hence a democrat. Q. E. D.

Be candid, reader, and tell me have you never been, when low in purse, sensible of some such feeling or impression, I mean slightly, a mere temporary thing, you understand? "No, Sir! never in the slightest degree." Bravo! I see you are an honest man, *just* like myself, and as much a royalist in the bargain; so hang all democrats!

CHAPTER XVIII.

At Vienna they drive with a pole in *single* and double harness. In the former, the horse is placed on the left of the pole, and has a most awkward appearance. I scarcely saw a pair of shafts used. When employed, their extremities are fastened to the collar. The oxen are yoked by the forehead. Whether in this manner they can throw in more weight in counterpoise to the draught, I know not. But when their necks are galled, as is frequently the case on long marches, this mode of yoking might be advantageously resorted to, especially in light draught. The bullocks are shod; a separate rim of iron being applied to each partition of the hoof. In Hindustan we sometimes see a bullock and a buffaloe attached to the same hackery. This is a strange sight, but nothing to what I saw in Dresden; where a pony and a bullock were harnessed together side by side. This immediately called to my mind an expression, which probably was suggested by a similar spectacle. The Apostle Paul forbidding Christians marrying Heathens uses the phrase "be ye not *unequally yoked.*" Both are certainly monstrous.

The grand park of Vienna was a favorite stroll; its avenues of trees are magnificent; and it would be difficult to find a better lounge in summer. I also went to the Diana and Sophean baths, and had good swims in both. The latter is much the best, and is, in winter, turned into a ball-room. At this period all revelry and amusements were hushed in Vienna, which was empty, containing only "myself and a million of vulgar." The King and Court had left, and few people of consequence or wealth

were to be found in the town. The inhabitants that remained were wholly devoted either to political agitation, or to the securing of their lives and property from the impending storm, whose rapid approach was pretty clearly discernible.

I visited Schonbrunn, which is three miles from Vienna, and is a remarkably fine and extensive palace, of a modern fashion, and far superior to Sans Souci. The Emperor was residing here, its rooms therefore were closed to tourists. I walked all over its delicious grounds, and inspected the Zoological garden, which has not a large stock of birds or quadrupeds. The view from the summer house is grand. It is situate directly in rear of the palace, on the brow of a hill, with a clear prospect on all sides. I have, after an examination of the wonders of the East and West, come to the decision that Oriental magnificence is mere tinsel compared with Western grandeur. In the East the greatness is magnified by its contrast with hovels and wretchedness; the structure also surprises from the knowledge of its being the handiwork of demi-civilized men.

Dined at Heitsing, a village in the vicinity of Schonbrunn. Not understanding a word of German, and the waiter being in the same predicament with regard to English and French, I was this day, similarly to the day before, nearly starving in the midst of plenty, and was in self-defence compelled to attempt the sounds of the animals I wished to devour. Being alone, for practice sake, I went through a long carte of birds and beasts, much to my own, the waiter's, and several decent-looking kitchen wenches' amusement and edification, for *dulce est desipere in loco.* With ducks and fowls I succeeded admirably; but wisely eschewed a goose, as it might have given a connexion to what in nature should be se-

perate trains of ideas. A porker was a complete failure, neither my squeaking nor grunting could be recognised. Sermons from stones: yes, here was an opportunity, and I chalked it down; that, even in trifles, knowledge is truly power, though it may be latent power. How many a man has succeeded in the world and left a name and an inheritance to his family, and all from being an adept in some worthless matter. But to imitate the cry of birds and quadrupeds is not so very despicable an accomplishment when, especially, a good dinner is the stake. By the way, Fish would be a stickler in this art. Were whales and porpoises common dishes, a noise might be got up for them, but what is to be done for herrings soles, and oysters?

After this adventure in a civilized country, what are we to think of travellers, who describe and comment upon the religion, *literature*, and customs of barbarous nations, of whose language they are totally ignorant. Depend upon it, with them, it is all imagination. Foreigners, in fancied depth of penetration, have observed the fondness of the travelling English for rump-steaks and roast beef. From my own experience, they ask for these, I believe, in default of not knowing the names of other dishes, which, they expect, would be understood in France or Germany, without recourse to the nomenclature of either country.

I visited also the palace of Luxemburg, which is a country seat. And here I inspected the chambers, even to the Imperial bed-room. All comfortable enough, none grand. The grounds of this Chateau are prettily laid out in labyrinthine twists: once in, I had some difficulty to get out. The distance between Vienna and Luxemburg is seven miles, and by *rail* it took me an hour to go; and an hour and a half to return!!! This is a

positive fact, and a specimen, though certainly the worst, of German travelling. I can compare the stoppages of these rail trains to nothing more closely than to the delays of a three-penny omnibus plying between the Bank and Charing-cross.

The environs of Vienna are very picturesque. On the right we passed a range of hills with villages and towns rising at its foot: whilst detached mansions and noble ruins crown the summit.

CHAPTER XIX.

STARTED for Prague. A crowd was collected round the railway station. They were singing, cheering, and kicking up a row, in honor of a departing deputation of Hungarians; one of whose members from a rail carriage harangued the mob, and covered himself with thunders of applause commingled with dust. No doubt he possessed the gift of eloquence, if the yell of the "many headed," in approbation, be any criterion of having this talent. The Austrian rail carriages are far from comfortable. They are nine paces in length, five feet from the ground, and upwards of six feet high in the interior.

My neighbour in the carriage was a gentleman wearing the Austrian forage cap, a sword, and a military cloak. We had sat silent about an hour, when I addressed him in what was meant for French. He replied in the same language. As an excuse for my jargon, I said something about being English. "Oh, are you; I am an Englishman by birth." "I am," said I, "also a soldier,

and in the East India Company's service." "Indeed, I have a brother in India, he was up the other day in the Khyber Pass." "Was he? I was also there,—what is his name?" From the reply I discovered that we were acquainted, and that the speaker was a connexion of mine by marriage. This having been explained, we shook hands and became very friendly: spoke of the family in general, and of his branch, at Tor Abbey, in particular. My new cousin was a tall, handsome, frank fellow, and had been nearly all his life on the Continent. Having served several years in Walmoden's Cuirassiers, and being entitled to the privileges of an Austrian officer, he has retired and married an Hungarian lady. He has lands at the foot of the Carpathian mountains, and spoke with rapturous enthusiasm of Hungary. Walmoden is a natural son of our George the Third, and an octogenarian, who complains that the Italian ladies will not let him leave their country!

From his position and connexions, he was well acquainted with the men and measures of the Vienna cabinet; and he gave me a long and lucid explanation of the political parties and their views. According to him, the Jews had much substantial power, were daily growing stronger, and many served in the national, guard. After several hours *téte-â-téte*, for we had the rail carriage to ourselves, our roads diverging, we parted, with mutual good wishes and regrets at so abrupt a termination to an acquaintance thus romantically commenced.

It took just twenty hours to the capital of Bohemia. Reckoning the distance at 300 miles, and it is not more, the average rate of speed will be fifteen miles an hour. The country about half way, for dozens of miles, is very beautiful, the rail-road running a meandering course through a succession of well-wooded and well-cultivated

valleys. Near Landskrou it is highly picturesque: also at Chotzan, where there is a fine park and grounds artificially laid out. The approach to the capital for thirty or forty miles is ugly, the land however is well cultivated. Prague is not unlike an Eastern town; its numerous domes and minarets giving it that appearance. There are three towns, the old, new and little; and two bridges. The old one, with its curious statues on the parapets on each side, and the handsome new iron suspension bridge; which, as a work of art, is not surpassed in any part of Germany. The view from it, both up and down the Elbe, is quite enchanting. Prague is a fine old town with many historical reminiscences; Frederic's grand battle was fought in 1744, and few are the youths who have not heard the "battle of Prague" rattled over on the Piano by love-exciting heart-stirring fingers.

I visited many of the Churches. A small ancient one in the upper town is a curious structure. It had a gallery, in the court-yard, containing the tombs and portraits of numerous Virgin martyrs. Opposite this Church is a barrack; there I saw the soldiers feeding. On stone pillars, built expressly for the purpose, and about 3½ feet high, large iron vessels were placed, containing a hotch-potch of meat, potatos and broth. Round these pillars stood the Austrian soldiers in squads, with a piece of black bread in one hand, and an iron spoon, evidently of regulation capacity, in the other. The poor fellows were eating with *puffing* diligence, for the mess was boiling hot. Out side the barrack there were several open tents and men lying on the ground, with merely a scanty shake-down of straw for bedding. It rained hard during the night, the ground was still damp, and these tents were little protection against inclement weather. Such are some of the least of the hardships of the soldiery all over the world.

Yet the luxurious lives they lead is a common and senseless topic of outcry in England.

In the morning, before I was dressed, there was knocking at the bed-room door. "Come in;" and in walked a bare-headed, shaven-crown, black-smocked monk, holding in his hand a printed card in English. A petition for "a mild charity," for so it ran, because his fraternity took charge of the sick of all nations. The fellow was young and lusty. In his person he bore witness to his particular charge not being an unprofitable concern. I gave him a small silver coin, and he seemed satisfied; as much as could have been expected perhaps he thought from a heretic.

The first French Revolution completely shook the power of the Romish clergy, and in France they have never recovered the blow. In 1848 the clergy must have been aware, from the sure intelligence they gain in the confessional, of what was likely to happen. From republicans by former experience, they well knew nothing to their benefit was to be hoped for, yet they neither did, nor strove to do, anything to avert the storm,—and why? Because they were powerless. It is to this fact England is indebted in the Smith O'Brien commotions to no bloodier a contest than that between this Hero and the widow Macleod. The pear was truly ripe, and Lord Clarendon, no doubt, would eventually have put down the insurrection; but had not the Romish clergy, at the critical moment, totally veered round, much blood must have been spilled. It was not that the priests loved our government better or were in any way won over. No;—from the fall of their brethren in France, they had sense, enough to see—that, should the Irish rebels succeed, there was an end to their influence, and *that* was the secret of their conduct.

The German money, the thalers, guldens, guilders, groschens, kreutzers, fennangs, &c. are puzzlers. My usual plan was, and it proved profitable, after purchasing an article, to commence paying for it with the smallest coins, and only one at a time. Pulling out more when demanded, with sighing and groaning, and sometimes with a few damnatory (I mean condemnatory) ejaculations. Do this, and it will soon convince the dealer that you are more ugly than generous. "Ah! but Mr. Brown, you would any day rather be taken for a handsome young man. Fork out, then! it is a tax you must pay for your beauty. That fine black macassar 'd hair, through which your fingers so oft travel, believe me, shines with negro fat, or at best with distilled mummy; fork out, fork out!" Now I will lay a wager that a dozen of my friends take this apostrophe to Mr. Brown, luckily, my dear friend of this name has red hair, as a personally ill-natured allusion. Yes, it was meant for Smith; or, no—it is Jones; be it so.

The Cathedral of St. Veite, is a fine old building; curious in workmanship outside and gorgeously decorated within. The gold and jewels, whether real or sham, how they sparkled! What a tingling was there to rob a Saint or rifle a Virgin. Horrid thoughts! The effects of visiting the shrine of his Tarantullian Saintship.

At Prague there is a fine Hotel d' Invalids. A detachment of Bohemian cavalry were picquetted near it. The horses, with little attention to regularity, were fastened to a long peg by a single rope or chain; their heels being free to kick out each others, or any passer-by's teeth. The animals, in caste and appearance, are much the same as those of our irregular cavalry: and there all comparison between our Irregulars and the Bohemians ceases. For the men we must look for their fellows among the

crack cavalry of Europe. 'Tis a pity these stalwart dragoons are so inferiorly mounted. Their tents, like those of our grass-cutters, are miserable pauls, scarcely long enough to cover the feet of these huge men when lying at full stretch.

In a wooden theatre I saw some capital puppet dancing with wonderful transformations. The show ended with the burning of Moscow. People may laugh at such a stage; did they see the performance, they would be astonished at the display of cleverness and good taste. I had no idea this art had been brought to such perfection. No traveller in Germany should miss going to Prague. I regretted my plans would not admit of a longer stay of a few more days. I left this town by an omnibus belonging to an English steam navigation company. This vehicle in *five* hours accomplished seventeen miles, taking us to where the steamer was anchored; want of water prevented her coming nearer to Prague.

We started at 9 A. M. and at 10 P. M. arrived at Dresden, the distance about one hundred miles. The Elbe was very low, therefore the little vessel, a comfortable craft, could not proceed at full steam. During the first three hours the scenery was tame; ridges of mountains of no height, on the right, covered with vines up to their summits. Each vine is planted separately, and supported by a pole, four or five feet high. This gives an appearance of stunted hop plantations to the vineyards. The scenery now commences to be interesting; growing grander and more grand at each revolution of the paddle wheels all the way down to Dresden. Who will dare attempt to give an adequate idea, by a written description, of the beauties of Saxon Switzerland? The scenery has not the huge towering magnificence of the Himalaya mountains at Nynee Tal; it is however quite as wild,

and a navigable river makes it more picturesque. Fine mountains of various forms, sizes, and hues, covered with dense fir forests; deep glens, dark frowning rocks, every now and then an avenue through the thick masses of trees, with a town, village, or hamlet, making its unexpected appearance round a bend of the deep blue river; solitude broken by flocks and villagers, all conspire to ravish the sight. I know not when I experienced so much pure delight; every object seemed under the spell of an enchantment.

It was rather dark when we reached Festung Konningstein. This celebrated fortress, enjoying the credit of never having been captured, is sixteen miles from Dresden. Napoleon made a fruitless attempt against it, establishing his batteries on the highest hill, on the opposite or right bank. The mate of the steamer, an Englishman, gravely told me that Napoleon's shells fell short on account of the attraction of the water. The great distance from which they were fired was a cause quite sufficient, without the nonsensical addition of water attraction in a river so narrow as the Elbe is at this spot. This attack was one of the many rash acts of the French Emperor urged solely by his vanity. No one had ever before taken the place, so the great Buonaparte must try. The capture attended with the loss of a single life would have been a price too high, for the fort could have been of no use to the victor, and, unless destroyed, even an impediment, as requiring a garrison.

Lower down the Elbe there are vast quarries from which stones are transported to Dresden. The efforts of puny men here visible, contrast forcibly with the works of the Almighty. Taking this feeling, as I did, into Dresden, its grand edifices, the handiwork of this insignificant creature, I viewed with wonder. The unfinished

rail-road along the left bank is a stupendous undertaking: several years will be required for its completion. It will be injurious to the steam navigation company. Tourists may still use the boats; men who value time (if there be any such in Germany, I mean of her own sons,) will prefer the more expeditious conveyance. The attics of the houses alongside of the river are furnished with curiously shaped windows; which appear like the eyes of huge wax dolls, or gigantic puppets taking a peep.

At Dresden I stopped at the British Hotel. The landlord speaks English, and has an idea that the English *travel* for economy, mistaking travelling for residing on the Continent. The Cathedral is the only Roman Catholic Church. The royal family being of that persuasion, there is a passage, built over a street, connecting the Cathedral and Palace. The former is a noble structure. It has in the interior few paintings or decorations, a deficiency favorable to colossal architecture. Besides the Protestant places of worship, there is a Jewish synagogue of an ordinary exterior. I could not obtain an entrance. The picture gallery has the credit, I believe justly, of containing one of the finest collections of paintings in the world. The present edifice is not sufficiently extensive, and is also defective in the distribution of light. Another gallery on a more grand scale, with modern improvements, is in the course of erection, and is near the fine Opera House, which, since my visit, has been burnt down by the *patriots*. I do not profess to be a judge of painting, still I heartily enjoyed the sight of these pictures, and passed several hours most pleasantly and happily in their examination.

Mythological and Allegorical subjects are perplexing; historical, without previous knowledge, do not tell their

tale; but landscape and portraiture are open to the grasp of all, and these are my favourites. I also visited the exhibition of modern art, which contained several unusually good landscapes of mountain scenery. Some horses and a foal starting at a snake in the grass were excellent. The half playful—half frightened posture of the foal, was strikingly true to nature. In several pictures and statues the spear wound in representations of Christ were on the left, I always thought *the right* the orthodox side. In this collection I recognised many old friends; among them, the Chocolate Girl;—an almost naked female figure reading under some trees;—the temptation of Adam and Eve, &c. A picture of the last is decidedly bad, even ludicrous. Eve is as tall and large as her lord,—both have big paunches, and are far from handsome. Their *tout ensemble* is not unlike the South Sea Islanders. The ancient painters, those who preceded what are called the great Masters,—in coloring and in the mode of handling a subject, much resemble the Chinese and Hindustani artists, with this important difference, that they are usually correct, the Easterns never, in their perspective.

I made one of an English party to see the Green Vaults. A mother,—little, square, fat, and I might add forty, only that she was more, with two strapping wenches of daughters, were of the number. Mammy gave vent to her feelings on seeing some jewels. "Oh I wish I had Murray here." Not Lindley, but he, the prince of booksellers. The two young ladies looked aghast at such an exclamation before a stranger. How natural the wish. Fashionables will think how natural the horror. Poor woman! she was below *bon ton* and not above information; her daughters, thanks to a refined education, were equally ignorant, but more contented.

The Green Vaults contain the crown jewels and other

knick knacks, jimcracks and baubles. A representation of the court of Aurungzaib by Dinglinger is a splendid piece of workmanship. The monarch is seated in the Dewan khass, or private hall of audience, receiving embassies, with their concomitants, rich and rare presents, or bribes, from all eastern nations, whose ambassadors with their retinue are introduced, in their several distinctive costumes. The artist formed his model, the labour of eight long years, from the descriptions of Tavernier, Bernier, and others, who have written concerning the Moghul Court. Having seen and admired the original audience chamber with its celebrated couplet in Persian intimating that:

> If there be a paradise upon earth,
> This is it—this is it—this is it.

It was easy for me to judge of the truthfulness of the model. It is exquisite workmanship;—fine imagination, but not the Dewan khass.

Of the rarities and curiosities, a golden egg, the gift of some august Northman to some other great personage, took my fancy, although it cannot be reckoned in the first class for value or artistic display. This egg is the natural size of that of the hen; the top shell being screwed off there appeared the yolk; the lid of the yolk being lifted up, out popped a chicken; from the chicken a seal, and from this issued a ring set with pecious stones. The fittings in of this toy were very neat and gave no clue to what was coming next. After this, I went to the famous shop for Dresden China, which chiefly contains antiques. Here there was a grinning, head-nodding, with-the-hand-approving, paunchy Chinese figure, a fac simile of the grotesque toy that I saw at Sans Souci.

With the town of Dresden, which is as flat as a pancake, I was disappointed, in spite of its being full of curiosities, and its environs possessing many historical and picturesque attractions. The land-lord told me the opera was now open, and was surprised at my not expressing an intention to visit it. The fault, if it be one, of not caring to sit out a long play, arises not from having too little imagination, but it is my weakness to believe that good plays, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should be *read* and not be seen acted. In reading, the fancy is free, and has full swing, according to its own taste and judgment, to clothe the idealities of the author. In pusuit of these idealities it overleaps many contraditions,—want of unity, and even absurdities. But when a piece is performed, the tinsel and lights, the noise and grimace, the struttings and rantings of the actors, to say nothing of their stumbles, skips, and additions, all straiten the imagination. There is no escaping from the idea that the scene before our corporeal eyes is neither nature real, nor poetical nature, but a monstrous falsity.

As to vocal music, it is the fashion to have it all sound and no words; let the ear be tingled, and fine thoughts are not required: a songstress and a nightingale have become synonymous, both in sound and *sense;* if they yield not a *distinct* sound who shall know what is piped or what the author has written? I have seen several of our Great Poet's most admired pieces performed by the best modern actors, and still prefer Shakspeare printed to Shakspeare performed or painted.

CHAPTER XX.

ARRIVED at Leipsic in time to witness a revolution. Several thousand blackguards took it into their wise pates to assemble for the purpose of releasing two of their *patriotic* comrades, incarcerated by their ungrateful and tyrannous, though educated, property-possessing, and peace-loving fellow-countrymen. The rappel beat, horses galloped about, civic guards turned out,—down the muskets' barrel rolled the balled cartridges big with the fate of many, determination breathed in each and every soul of fire; the awful pause,—the thrilling, heart-throbbing, moment—human life is weighed; the balance totters; ready—present—and—and, I regret to say, I fell asleep,—which cuts this vivid description short, much to the damage of my poetic vein; suffice it, next morning I found the houses standing,—shops open, and people promenading;—as for the revolution, it had vanished with the beams of the lunar orb, to revive, peradventure, with the next moonshine. It was one of those *rien de tout; seulement une petite revolution.*

I here met a sister of my Calcutta friend; also an Indian officer, who was an old acquaintance. Received much kindness from the first: and by the latter was brought into the company of a Yorkshire schoolmaster, married to a deformed and monied German lady. She is the second wife of this young man, who has lived upwards of twenty years in this country, and, unfortunately for himself, long enough thoroughly to imbibe the current Atheistical opinions of Germany. This country, where the Reformation had its birth, whose inhabitants had earned the proud designation of the pious German, is

now a prey to French Atheism. The German has gone on refining, until, in the height of his transcendentalism, he has arrived at that bourn of human wit, infidelity.

The schoolmaster shocked us by the boldness with which he asserted his total rejection of the Bible. He professed having read it through several times; which is more than most infidels could with truth assert. To argue with men of this stamp is useless. It may be worse, for should the infidel happen to be a talented well-read man, his arguments might (unbelief being natural to the human heart,) raise doubts not easily allayed. And these doubts will have greater weight with a highly educated than an ignorant person. Then education is detrimental? By no means. It gives a higher standard to faith, for a learned man believes *in spite* of great difficulties. "Men that know nothing in the sciences have no doubts. He never *truly* believed, who was not made sensible and convinced of unbelief;" says the good Archbishop Leighton.

A man must combat his doubts, battle out his own objections by prayer, humility, and a daily perusal of the scriptures. The arguments of pious and learned men can only be auxiliaries. Using them for chief supports, is a very frequent cause of disappointment. It was thus that William Pitt failed. After reading Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, he remarked, that, this book had raised in his mind more doubts than it had removed. Had the nail of belief been first driven in, Butler's arguments would have clinched it. To me they are the most convincing in the world.

In Leipsic here is nothing to prepossess a tourist in favor of the town. Yet I liked it; I love it for its ancient printing presses; for the light and knowledge that have issued from its dark narrow streets.

I heard here the famous Saxon Rifle Band. The instruments were all brass; the timing not to be surpassed. This band has so high a repute that professed musicians attend to hear and criticise. I visited Tivoli and Odeon, dancing establishments, principally supported by servants. The first is the more respectable. It is wonderful how well in both the outward decencies of society are observed. The students of Leipsic in patriotic zeal are not behind their brethren of Paris and Vienna. They are addicted to fighting with swords; a cut across the cheek is the favorite stroke: several were pointed out to me carrying a scar on the face, the effect of their awkwardness or misfortune.

On leaving Leipsic for Eisenach, I passed the university town of Halle, of which university the truly great Indian Missionary Schwartz, *magnum et venerabile nomen*, was a shining light; I also passed Saxe Weimar, Erfurth, and Gotha. Not far from the last mentioned town there are three castles in the mountains within sight of each other. Tradition reports that, a lord of Gleichen owned them all, and had a wife in each unknown to the other wives.

Eisenach is a clean little town, and, with many others in Germany, is still unblest with gas light. The streets are preserved from total darkness by lanterns suspended in the middle. The brazen statue of St. George, over the pump in the square, is a comical production. England's patron saint cuts here a sorry figure. One is, after inspecting this comicality, almost inclined to believe in the reputed cobbler origin of our knight.

I went to the castle of Wartburg, the prison asylum of Luther. It is situate half a mile from Eisenach, on a high hill, with a tremendous pull up to it; the latter portion of the pathway is formed into steps. From the

Castle there is a magnificent view of the town and country. The latter is very mountainous, and still, as in the days of the Great Reformer, covered with interminable forests. The castle and chateau are in a dilapidated state; the latter was undergoing repairs.

The first object that struck my optics on entering the castle gate was a chained fox, partially tamed. Not a bad *hieroglyphic*, thought I, of Master Martin Luther, cunning and wild, yet partially subdued. I was conducted to the identical room in which the Reformer lived. It was a wretched hole, with a fair prospect in the direction of the road to Frankfort. In this room there were several portraits, all executed in the ancient wooden paste boardy style. Correct enough, doubtless, as to the general form of the features, but sadly deficient in expression. Of the portraits, his father and mother are a respectable looking old couple of labourers: his bosom friend Melancthon, from this fine sounding name something *distingué* is expected, a glance and disappointment follows. He is portrayed with a letter-box mouth, of sufficient width to take in the *Times* with a double supplement. There were also several portaits of Dukes; another batch of these grandees deck the walls of the tap room. Their cut and fashion put me in mind of Pathan chieftains the production of Native Art.

In *the* room, Luther exists in three separate pieces of canvass, in each with a bible in hand. The grandest, the *chef d'œuvre* of the artist, be he who he may, is a wonderful phenomenon and no mistake. He has bestowed upon Martin a Brahminee Bull's throttle, an upward asthmatic gaze, as if he had swallowed the pope and would give a trifle to disgorge him, his *tout ensemble* finally is that of a man who despises not good terrestrial things, however much he may value celestial matters. The old

rickety table on which Luther wrote still remains; also the spot on the wall where the inkstand struck, when hurled against Satan, for, according to Hudibras—

> "Did not the devil appear to Martin
> Luther in Germany for certain,"

In the form of a roaring lion, wagging his tail and licking his chaps? The walls have been recently plastered, this sacred spot is left untouched; the stone, a limestone, I think, has either naturally a blackish hue in that part, or has been blackened to represent the stain of the ink spilled on the occasion.

The Chapel is a little vaulted room; its arches rest on a pillar placed in the centre. I ascended the pulpit, and attempted to realize in my mind what must have been the effect on the auditory of those stunning words which once issued from this little desk; how grotesque must have been the appearance of the steel-clad train! The pulpit, the Chapel, Luther's room, and other parts of the castle are literally crammed with the names, sonnets, and remarks, of scribblers. These attest the numerous attendance of visitors, and that the interest felt for all connected with this wonderful being, remains undiminished. Four or five Germans were fellow visitors, and took a vivid interest in the scenes and objects. In the armoury there is a collection of ancient arms and armour the latter had all been worn by some known celebrated persons, or their adherents. There were two knights cap-a-pie mounted on stuffed horses, and these also in complete armour; of the Knights one was Duke Frederic, Luther's friend. Among those on foot were Henry 2nd of France, two little princes, and two attendants: The last were brothers, and huge fellows, measuring nearly seven

feet in height. The armour was identically that which had been worn by these personages, and was so put together, as if their owners were still standing in them. It is surprising how persons thus clad could have moved about. They must have been invulnerable, and only to be cracked like "lobsters in their shells."

I was going on to Annatal when two Germans speaking a little French dissuaded me, for it was getting dark, the distance was great, aud it was necessary to pass woods. The guide was anxious I should go, and much annoyed that I would not. I took advice, reflecting when in doubt, and it is necessary to act, the safest course is the most prudent; it does not however follow that it should be the best. In this reflection I do not include Military affairs, for in those we know, from hundreds of examples, that a bold resolve, expeditiously executed, has the best chance of success, and marks both the man and the general.

After leaving Wartburg, I wandered through a fine woody park; some school boys were scampering about. Several times I thought that I heard sounds of musical instruments; they proceeded from these lads, who made the noise with their mouths, aided by their hands and feet. The love of instrumental music is deeply fixed in the German of all classes.

Returned to the Hotel: I was obliged to draw a bird —such a bird! on the back of the carte in order to get a roasted partridge, which at this season (September) is a common and favorite dish; my artistic skill met with success, the waiter laughed out a "ya, ya!" and quickly produced the dish. A student was at the supper table; a fine large athletic fellow, whose long flaxen hair, blond complexion, and blue eyes, called to mind Tacitus' description of the ancient Germans. He had a cracked

forehead, bound up with plaster, and spoke unceasingly for two hours; and was still descanting when I left the hotel. It was evident that he was the lion of the table, and was perhaps relating some recent *patriotic* encounter. Being tired and sleepy, and unable to understand a word of what he said, I inwardly anathematised the hero for disturbing my repose:

"Fantome injurieux qui trouble mon repos!"

He was too big to tell him to hold his tongue; and from all accounts, and on all occasions German students are to be treated with great deference by lovers of peace.

In seventeen hours I arrived at Frankfort, the distance between it and Eisenach is under a hundred miles. The horses were changed quickly; there were no unnecessary delays; and only one stoppage of twenty minutes for the convenience of the passengers, so far all was proper; but *the pace*, that requires alteration in the *poste diligence*. I had the best seat, No. 1, or the right corner of the coupé; my next neighbour was a polite man, had travelled in Russia, spoke bad French, took much snuff, and savored of the polecat. A nice cheek by jowl companion! Smoking is bad enough, the nasty smell of stale snuff is infinitely more disgusting. He tried, much to my amusement, to palm himself off for a Frenchman. He could not speak German. I believe he was a Polish Jew. I asked him, more plumply than politely, whether he was not a son of Israel. He denied the "soft impeachment," without being in the least offended.

A Mr. M. born in England, naturalized in America, from Albany New York, was another fellow traveller, and an intelligent youth, of gentlemanly manners and appearance. After some conversation, when the first restraints between strangers had in a measure worn off,—I begged

of him to tell me candidly what his adopted countrymen thought of the English. He replied. "The lower order do not like you. The Americans in general prefer the French, but reckon the English the greater nation."

We heard on the road of the *émeute* at Frankfort; and that the fighting had not yet ceased. I foretold that the accounts were much exaggerated, and that on our arrival, we should find every thing settled. Such proved to be the case. Some blackguards, secretly encouraged, it is said, by "the left" in the national assembly, created a row, because of the ratification of peace between Denmark and Germany, about Schleswig Holstein. The Frankforters, in poor imitation of the Parisian fashion, formed petty barricades. The military were called out, and soon dispersed the rabble. The amount of the killed was much exaggerated; in reality they did not exceed forty or fifty. Many of the houses were riddled with grape shot. We found the town in a state of siege, with soldiers posted at all the gates, and in the squares and streets.

M. and myself visited the sights: The street inhabited by the Jews is composed of very, curious looking old houses. The one in which Ludwig, King of Bohemia, was born, was pointed out to us. It has an inscription over the door way intimating this fact. We also saw the residence of Madame Rothschild, who has reached the patriarchal age of ninety-eight, and is the mother of *the* Rothschild. She prefers living, on account of ancient reminiscences, in this old rickety house, badly situated, and worse ventilated, to any of the palaces belonging to her family. The fine statue of Goëthe I both inspected and admired. Franfort is expensive. All down the Rhine an English traveller is looked upon as a rich blockhead sent by fate to be victimised. It seemed to me that, the inhabitants of these parts were the least polite and the greatest rogues of the German population.

CHAPTER XXI.

I LEFT Frankfort by the first train for Biebrich, a village nearly opposite Mayence, and where the steamers of the Dusseldorf Company call for passengers. In the train I became acquainted with a German gentleman who spoke English fairly. He related the following anecdote. About three weeks preceding the time when we were conversing, an American forgot his cloak at the Frankfort rail station. At the first stoppage, missing it, he informed the conductor; who told him to take it easy, that he would telegraph for it, and that it should be forthcoming at Mayence. When they arrived there, Yankee *noodle* asked for his cloak, nothing doubting the man's promise, and it was immediately produced. "Well," says noodle; "we do the thing pretty considerable fast in our country, but nothing like this, I calculate." "To be sure not, but just fork out;" and he had to pay handsomely. The conductor had perceived the cloak at the Frankfort station; with divining sagacity he argued that, sooner or later, it would find an owner, therefore, picking it up, he brought it along with him, hence its mysteriously expeditious arrival at Mayence. It may be remarked that, the talent for roguery, like happiness, seems very equally distributed all over the world. Influx of travellers sharpens the intellect, and polishes the manners of a people, whilst it deteriorates the morals. The opportunities to pilfer with the probabilities in favour of impunity are too much for poor hard-faring ill-appreciated honesty.

I took the steamer at 9 A. M., and passing Coblentz and Bonn, arrived at Cologne at 5½ P. M. We met several steamers crammed with Prussian troops hurrying

to Frankfort, just in time to be too late. The scenery of the Rhine is truly magnificent, and has not been over-rated. The vine plantations appear as countless as the German forests are interminable. The Rhine is a more noble stream than the Elbe: but for scenery wildly grand, I much prefer that on the banks of the last named river. That of the Rhine is tame wild scenery, if the expression be allowable, in it the hand of man is every where visible; also there is much sameness in the features of the woods and mountains. I was not disappointed with the Rhine, only I like the Elbe better. The vicinity of the seven hills, with an island containing a building, half convent—half hotel, is the most picturesque portion of the trip. Coblentz, with the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein on the opposite bank, is grand. I expected Bonn to have been prettier, having heard its beauty much extolled. From that to Cologne, both banks are perfectly flat. This was a most favourable day for an excursion on the Rhine: a blue cloudless sky; and no mist "from early morn to dewy eve." Not liking Cologne, I pushed on the same evening to Aix la Chapelle, a distance of two hours by rail.

Next day I was up at 5 A. M., and in the Cathedral at six o' clock, where service was being performed. This is a curious old building and has no tomb of Charlemagne but a large stone slab in the body of the Church to his memory, let into the floor. I then went to several other places of worship; there was service in all, and each was well attended, even at this early hour. I was surprised at the numerous congregations, the greater portion consisting of labourers in blouses. There they knelt, with both arms circularly extended, muttering a response to the priest's Latin. Poor fellows! it is better that they should attend in ignorance than not all. Their ignorance

is better than that false knowledge which in England leads to endless cavils and schisms. Every conceited creature is ready to give an answer for the reason of the hope that is in him or her, discarding, however, the principal part of the apostle's injunction, and on which the whole stress lays, "with meekness and fear." How often have I heard this verse quoted, but *never* its four last words "with meekness and fear." It was always with assurance and arrogance.

Could aught ever persuade me to the expediency of clothing any portion of knowledge in a learned tongue, to prevent its being abused by the vulgar, that portion, had I the selection, should be all scripture treating on controversial points, and unfulfilled prophecies. I am persuaded these portions are great stumbling blocks to the illiterate, and form the chief strong-holds of rogues and impostors.

The bronze statue of Charlemagne, over an artificial fountain, is upwards of five hundred years old, and is remarkably well executed. It is flanked by two pillars, each surmounted by an eagle. What a comical bird is the black eagle of Prussia! A crown for a top-knot, a golden beak, a sceptre in the right claw, and the globe in the other; and, with wings out stretched and in a good position for skewering. Can he be related to the eagle of the sun, which, according to the show man "flies the 'igherer the otterer it grows?" Aix la Chapelle is passably clean and has pretty environs.

Started for Ostend. Immense crowds were hastening to the Belgian capital to attend the annual *fête* in commemoration of its independence. At Malines we met several cars laden with figures of wood and straw. One was a gigantic ogre. All this brought to my mind the Hindoo Ram Leela. I observed a traveller with a thick steel chain

attached to his purse, which he carried in his trowsers' pocket. The chain dangled outside. This jimcrack appeared to be a doubtful protection, for a dextrous thief would soon empty the contents, by ripping open the purse, without detaching it from the chain.

Whilst at Ostend, I stopped at the Hotel Christopher, kept by an Englishman. A number of his fellow countrymen were at the table drinking grog. They belonged not to the middle nor to the lowest rank, but an intermediate class. A class the most presuming, disagreeable, and worse mannered of our population, and from which the army of "Gents" is so liberally recruited. For want of better amusement I tried to draw out two of them to enjoy an inward laugh at their expense. I asked them, what they thought of France, not caring to distinguish that Ostend was in Belgium. They took me for one arrived by the last packet, raw and inexperienced, consequently they gave themselves the airs of much travelled men, when neither had, probably, been beyond the outskirts of Ostend. "Well," says Gent the first, "it is necessary to know the habits and language of this people to live comfortably." This was uttered in a self-gratulatory tone, as if he possessed that desideratum. Gent secundus remarked, that, "It was *sich* a moonlight when he crossed the channel, that he would never forget it;—he would not have missed it,—no, not for any money." Perhaps his was a moonlight flit.

At Ostend there is a fine promenade beyond the ramparts on an embankment facing the sea. This town, like Boulogue, is half English, or rather wholly sea-portish, exhibiting a curious melange of various national characteristics.

I crossed back to England in the *Ville de Bruges* steampacket. The sea was smooth as a mill-pond. On com-

ing to Ostend we kept close to the Downs and Goodwyn Sands; we now passed within a few hundred yards of Dunkirk This ancient bone of contention, judging by what is to be seen from a vessel, is not worth possessing.

Thus ends a delicious tour: should the perusal of this journal afford a tithe of the pleasure the trip gave, I shall consider myself extremely fortunate. Information, not pleasure, was my chief object; how far in this I succeeded, it does not become me to say.

CHAPTER XXII.

On my return to London, my great amusement was to go rummaging old shops for books; it also was my practice to go and listen to preachers of all denominations, to hear what each had to say in his own peculiar cause. I can truly state that, whether in the Church or among schismatics, the worst preachers I found, were the *popular* preachers. Peculiarity of doctrine, or the manner of delivery keeps up their popularity. In the Christian religion there can be no new light. It came perfect from its divine Author, and was delivered to us in that state by his Apostles. Therefore its doctrines, from the very first, were, at least, as well understood as they can ever be, without a further revelation. It may consequently be inferred that, all peculiarities of doctrine are, at best, specious.

With regard to delivery, I have heard several great *lady-killers*: towards whom:

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

The sock and buskin accompaniment of fine flowing words, —in short,—declamation was the secret of their popularity. "Mark me—what a chap I am!" was the impression they left on my mind; it is on that account I call them the worst preachers: they preached themselves clothed in gospel language.

Several of the finest preachers of this description I saw were Irvingites. This sect undoubtedly strives at effect; and, to say the truth, with much judgment. The light in the Church,—Chapel,—Meeting House,—Room, or whatever it is called, in Berners Street, Oxford Street, is managed for scenical display. The vestments of the Archangels, Angels, Apostles, Elders, Bishops, and Choristers were either Romish or Levitical;—their fashion was much the same, and in very good taste. They shrouded the wearers in a kind of sacred and mysterious halo. The Irvingites have a printed book of prayers of their own, in which they have borrowed very extensively from our ritual, and again with judgment and good taste: appropriating the most beautiful psalms and petitions, together with the Litany slightly altered. In their prayers and discourses, I was struck with the spirit of liberality evinced towards all denominations of Christians, and towards the whole family of Adam. This liberal and truly Christian-like spirit was the more striking, as I found it so very rare, that it may be said not to exist, among other schismatics.

The Irvingites do not exactly pray for the dead; but they petition that the Lord would take charge of the faithful who die, until the day of resurrection. An useless and harmless supplication, unless by it, there is a recognition of any species of purgatory: since the dying in true faith necessarily secures future protection and bliss. So much for the ritual. I was departing much

pleased, thinking how shamefully the poor innocent Irvingites were belied, when close to the door, my steps were arrested by a horrid noise. I returned to learn the cause. An old hag, dressed all in black, rocking to and fro in her pew, was yelling out in sepulchral tones that made me shudder, these or very similar sentences, repeating each several times, with a whining howl. "He has gone before us into heaven." "We stand by him." He was made a sacrifice for us." She then communicated, and, when returned to her seat, she recommenced in the like strain, and was still when I left venting forth. The congregation paid her not the least attention; they appeared as if deaf and blind to her eccentricities.

The case of this poor creature is, without recourse to demoniacal possession or other supernatural influences, easily explicable. Hers was vanity working on a weak ill-regulated mind placed in an irritable constitution. In fact, she was labouring under a species of that extensive class of maladies denominated hysteria. The women at this meeting were three-fold more numerous than the other sex. One side of the building was entirely crammed with them, and in the other they were thickly sprinkled.

I asked the door-keeper whether there would be more noises. He replied, "he could not tell; that that depended upon individuals being moved by the spirit." I further learned from him that in general the spirit is more active during the morning than the evening service. At which I was surprised, in spite of Locke, who urges that there is no affinity between a ghost and darkness. In the evening I again attended this strange meeting; and heard an excellent sermon, well delivered by a handsome man. I observed the——what shall I term them? For want of a more appropriate word—priest. I observed, then, that the priests, of whom three at a time officiated, were

remarkably good looking. Their vestments, no doubt, added somewhat to the grandeur of their appearance; but I cannot help suspecting that good looks receive some favour in ordination, or they lead, at least, to preferment.

The sermon on the whole was orthodox. There was a peculiarity; the preacher assumed that the priesthood had, by divine right, extraordinary power. I am doubtful whether I have rightly phrased this very common doctrine of all sects and countries as a peculiarity; it being as natural for men to grasp at power, as for little pigs to squeak, and both may be done in innocency.

He proceeded: "Power in the church was taken away from the Jewish dispensation after the time of Moses and Joshua: in like manner this power was lost in the Christian Church after the first century." Thus far all was clear: he now became circumlocutive, and, if I understood him rightly, he more than hinted that the power of working miracles was only suspended; that a minister with sufficient faith could revive this gift; and that Irving possessed that miracle-working faith. In another portion of his discourse, a High-Church man would have revelled with delight, it was the Apostolic Succession. To those who believe in it, he must have made out a very clear case, for he gave a regular genealogical descent, and ended it by stating that: "to read the Bible is a good thing, yea, a very good thing, but not *the thing*." And what is *the thing?* With him *the thing* was a very simple matter; only just for the laity to come into complete subjection, and dutifully obey all the commands of him and his brother ministers.

The preacher then glanced at the unsettled state of the political horizon, which in his opinion prognosticated the near approach of the Millennium. The real burthen

or *animus* of this discourse was for his hearers to give up themselves into his and into his brethren's hands, and they, for their docility in this world to them, would secure them a good place in the next: tantamount to giving up the light of reason, in order to fall back upon the dark superstition of by-gone centuries. Whilst mankind remain ignorant, the clergy of all countries will exercise undue influence. The terrors of the other world are the lever with which they move us. Such I fear will ever be the case, for, according to Cæsar: "it is the common vice of nature, that we have the most confidence in, and the greatest fear of things unseen, concealed, and unknown."

After the sermon there was a short prayer. On its conclusion, the organ instantly struck up. The old hag of the morning was still wriggling about in her pew when all the others had left their seats. Had the organ stopped for a second, in all probability she would have broken out; as it was, she felt that her lungs, equal to those of any living creature, had small chance with the bellows of so vast a wind instrument. It may be she had before tried the experiment, and having failed, was now too wise to renew a hopeless contest with the organ.

An elderly gentleman seated behind me seemed also to have a mind to be stirred. He took a long time to clear his throat, and during the greater portion of the service was evidently getting the steam up, by wheezing and groaning most assiduously. When I turned round to observe him, he was looking at his watch; and that may have admonished him to reserve his illuminations for another season.

Sometimes I used to listen to a famous converted Jew; a native of Germany, and who had travelled in Palestine: his discourse was very interesting when he dwelt upon

the ceremonies and peculiarities of his nation mingled with descriptions of Palestine. But this and sound practical doctrines were occasional subjects: the interpretations of prophecy and abuse of the Established Church were his favorite themes. He always managed to haul in a little of the latter, as a sort of remark *en passant*, in every discourse; of course it was all done from Christian love! And I can add that sometimes, it appeared to me, with ludicrous effect. Not that his remark was funny, but the fun was in his making an observation on his darling hobby, which had no connexion with his subject.

His prophetical prognostications were curious and often not devoid of some degree of cleverness. "Brethren, next week I will see whether there is any mention of England by the prophets, and if so, what of her." There was no resisting this down right invitation to all who love England. Sunday at last came; to his chapel I went, and waited for the prayers to be finished in breathless anxiety. The Christianized Jew held forth on the promised topic. Yes, he had found England *clearly* alluded to in the 18th Chapter of Isaiah. The heading of the contents of this Chapter is in our Bible that, "God in care of his people will destroy the Ethiopians." But this is man's addition and of no value. The first and a part of the second verses run: "Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia. That sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters, saying, go ye swift messengers," &c.

"Now," says the preacher, "what does a land shadowing with wings mean? Nothing but having many sails: for what is more like a wing than a sail, and where more sails than in England? So the 'Woe' is for England. And the second verse confirms this: for the swift mes-

sengers of bulrushes mean *steamers.*" Much to my disappointment, he omitted telling us how he made this out: either he thought his *ipse dixit* quite enough, or that the similitude of a bulrush to a *funnel* was too obvious to require any explanation. Well here was England indicated *clearly*, and more particularly her navy, both of sail and steam. Now followed a long and terrible denunciation to our sailors, of which the pith extracted was, that, however cockey they may now be, the time is not far distant when they will get well drubbed.

I declare I heard this *reasoning* in a discourse or sermon delivered by an extempore preacher of no small reputation. A man for whom his admirers have expressly built a large Chapel, and which is always crammed with well dressed people. This absurdity was stretched over a pace of upwards of sixty minutes; which together with the manner, earnestness, and character of the preacher, lessened its force: and probably the audience as a body never observed the folly of his illogical deductions, as they would now do, were they to see it in the form of "concentrated essence." Mr. H. I believe to be a kind man and a true Christian, therefore beg his pardon for my observations. They are penned to clear off a little score I have against him for eternally abusing the Church. We are now quits.

One more example of preachers, and the subject shall be dropped, for were I to write down all I saw and heard of Doctors and their doctrines, a goodly sized tome would not suffice. Elihu Burritt, the Yankee Blacksmith, shall be my theme. Have you ever noticed the caricature of a Methodist parson, a tall, sallow skeleton, with lanky hair, lantern jaws, and a scraggy long neck, enveloped in longer gills. Perhaps not; then call to mind the form of a starved camel. In either behold the great Elihu!

The resemblance is striking, he must have sat for the picture; so I thought, when I beheld him in the pulpit of Ænon Chapel, on a week day, holding forth on the sinfulness of war. His oratory, *without any exaggeration*, was the exact type of what we occasionally meet in newspapers for specimens of American eloquence. *Sesquipedalia verba*—flowers of rhetoric thick as leaves in Valhambrosa, and similes interminable; with their figures so wonderfully wielded on the anvil of his mind, as to defy the utmost efforts of the human intellect to fix the confines of one simile, or to define its boundaries from that of another.

From his style of oratory, it was quite evident that he is an uneducated person, who has learnt a number of "*hard words*" which he strings together with a most awful disregard to rhyme or reason. He had many choice expressions: unfortunately I remember only a few, as, "the Seraphic choir of the cherubimic host," and, "when eternity was young and when eternity shall be old." These formed a magniloquent opening to a piece of matchless reasoning, wherein the incomprehensible was kept up with unvarying and astonishing success. In the fervor of his eloquence, and as a climax to his agumentative absurdity, he used proscribed for prescribed: In justice, I believe, this was a mere slip of the tongue, though of ludicrous effect.

For his congregation's especial edification he described the proceedings of a Court Martial. A Yankee Court, no doubt, for it was unlike any trials that I have ever seen, although, as an Interpreter, for upwards of seven years, I had been a constant attendant on Military Courts.

A tender-hearted Christian, brimful of heavenly love, and so overflowing with the pure milk of human kind

ness, that one unconsciously felt a desire to run for a pail,—was brought by Elihu as a culprit before the august assembly of his brain's coinage. He accused the said Christian of refusing to kill a fellow creature. No witnesses are called, no explanations are tendered, the accusation was sufficient; and the Court, in a summary manner, after the most approved Lynch law fashion, sentenced the culprit to be strung up on the first tree. Of course this was unjust, not from any informality, but because a Christian, it would appear, owes no duty to his country, nor is any oath to serve it faithfully binding on his tender conscience.

After hanging Christian, Elihu proceeded to lug into his harangue, for no obvious purpose, the great names of Napoleon, Wellington, and Washington. He gave Napoleon the credit of maximising, "the worse the man the better the soldier." Before this, I used to think that a British Senator was the worthy author of this immensely *profound* observation, equally creditable to his wisdom and ingenuity; and *for truth*, on a par with the wise saws of private vices being public virtues; and that, the national debt liquidated would ruin England. The latter saw, it must honestly be confessed, has something in it. It may be said to be founded on a kind of experience. We daily see individuals gravely apologizing for not paying their private debts, because they would be ruined—now what is a nation but an assemblage of individuals,—and what is sauce for the goose is sauce also for the gander; ergo, what would injure one (I don't say goose,) would injure all.

The *Iron* Duke then gave his opinion by the mouth of *the blacksmith*;—who a fitter organ. That a man of nice scruples had no business in the army. Most decidedly not. Fancy a fellow a soldier, whose conscience is ever

dividing a hair betwixt "South and Southwest side." Washington was the last brought before the attentive audience. An ancient painter putting to canvass a heart-rending scene portrayed the different figures each with a peculiar and distinct expession of grief on the countenance, indicative of the several degrees of passion. When he came to the principal figure, to show how overwhelming was his sorrow,—how beyond description its depth; the painter entirely concealed the face with his robes, leaving the rest to the spectator's imagination. Thus it was with poor Washington. His name resounded along the walls of the Chapel; the ceiling heard it, and the floor reverberated the sound; it electrified each hearer, and then sank into the realms of silence! Elihu leaving it there, without the least comment; without a reason for uttering Washington, precipitated the panting coursers of his eloquence into the trackless paths of declamatory rant. After a hair-brained career of one and a half hours over the hedges and ditches of custom, feeling, and religion, he, suddenly pulling up, sat down, or rather, "paused for an answer;" for thus he phrased his stoppage.

Though we were in a Chapel, "hear! hear!" scraping of feet, and clapping of hands, followed the setting of this Western luminary—He reversed the proverb "*Ex Oriente lux.*"

A *Gent* then ascending the steps of the pulpit returned thanks, in an audible voice to the Blacksmith, praising his eloquence to the utmost verge of hyperbole. Elihu received the incense with becoming sobriety. After this, the audience were requested to stand up in acknowledgment of their satisfaction. This suggestion was no sooner made than obeyed. I followed the example, thinking it a small enough return for nearly two hours amusement and *instruction.*

Here the matter did not end: an address was got up to the French people: For what? To thank them for the February revolution! The majority of the congregation, having, like myself, probably, come from curiosity, at this juncture took their departure, leaving a host of women with a few male blockheads to sign they knew not what nor for whom.

Elihu is a trump-card with all bellicose world-perturbating associations, which from the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, invariably assume a pacific denomination, as Friends of Peace; or, The Evangelical Alliance Society; or The Family of Love and Unity. Have we not most positive intimation from Scripture that in the latter days there will be an increase of wars and tribulations? Away then with these nonsensical pacificators. As to the Evangelical Alliance Society, are its upholders so ignorant as not to know that, with the vast majority of mankind, their religion consists in differing;—that wranglings and janglings, bickerings and backbitings, are the sum total of their Christian love. They see the motes of others and are blind to their own beams. Why is there no unity? Because in agreement there is nothing exciting; no field for disputation: no easy path to notoriety; in short, it is slow work. If as the ancients fancied their deities looked with delight upon the wars and fights of men, as these do, on the sparrings and encounters of birds and quadrupeds; in like manner, I believe, the devils rejoice over the bitter contentions of co-religionists.

It will be time enough to think of universal peace when we see lambs and lions dwelling together, and a child, with safety, putting his hand unto a cockatrices' hole. Until then peaceful demonstrations will be fruitless, and their abettors no better employed than in "weaving spider's webs and laying cockatrices' eggs."

"The time has come."—Yes, I am half persuaded of

this by the *fraternal* demonstrations of France. But to make "certainty doubly sure," ho! thou universal Pacificator—ho! thou Holy Allaince Agitator, take thy child's hand; if thou hast none, borrow a couple of children from thy confreres, for the first experiment might fail, and put it, thine going in first of course, into a cockatrice's hole. If thou pullest it not out yelling the Millenium has truly arrived.

In conclusion, lest some of my remarks should be thought flippant or disrespectful towards religion, I here avow my firm belief in the Scriptures, and my veneration for them as the word of God. I receive all prophecies, but not their interpretations until fulfilled. I do not believe the object of prophecy was that, it should serve as a fortune-telling almanac. That there is a light to be discerned in unfulfilled prophecy I grant. But it is like the light at the dawn of day, revealing objects afar off very indistinctly. As time draws on, their exposition becomes more clear,—but will not be wholly manifest *until* the event predicted is fulfilled. Among many guesses, for such are prophetical interpretations, some may be a nearer approximation, all will be, in spite of every attempt, far from the truth.

Hopes, whether well or ill founded, still hopes, made me 'bout ship, and, nine months prior to the expiration of my furlough, leave the modern Goshen: the land of light and delight; and here I am once more in India, reader, much at your service.

October, 1849.

THOUGHTS AND STRAYINGS.

THOUGHTS AND STRAYINGS.

THE invasion by the Sikhs in Dec. 1845, I once thought had been undertaken on some plan: I imagined the chiefs had excited their followers to the exploit from a hope of success on account of a deficiency in our preparations; from a reliance on their own courage and skill; and from a trust in the scientific attainments of their foreign officers. They had, moreover, just grounds for confidence in their numerically strong and well-served Artillery. The chiefs may also have possessed plans of attack: for it is more than probable, that that cunning fox, misnamed lion, Runjeet Sing, had been furnished with such plans by his French officers, to be used in case of necessity. He was too wise to be the aggressor. Events have shown such an opinion of Sikh wisdom was ill founded. I gave the barbarians credit for more sense than they deserved. It is now evident, that they had been weighed in the balance, and that a long forbearing Providence has given them up to destruction, that good might come forth of evil. The Sikhs, at all times, have been a most licentious race, but since

Runjeet's death, few nations have equalled, none have ever surpassed them, in the horrid career of crime. Rapine and murder were, with them, atrocities of daily occurrence.

To repel this invasion the Army of the Sutlege was formed; and the 38th Light Infantry from Moradabad was ordered on service. We marched on the 26th December, and arrived at Saharunpoor on the 5th January 1846. Here there was a Sikh chief with seventy-five armed followers. These men, under protection of a Government pass, had brought the ashes of the late Punjab Premier, Jowahir Sing, recently murdered by his countrymen, to be thrown into the Ganges. On their return from Hurdwar, they were stopped by the magistrate, who wished our commandant to take charge of them as far as Ferozepoor; but this honor was declined. Saharunpoor was full of ladies, whose husbands had gone to the wars: it was also the Head Quarters of Lady Gough.

At Booreah, three marches from Umballah, we received instructions to proceed forthwith to that station. At Colonel H.'s desire, I rode in thirty-four miles to enquire into the cause of this haste. The Major of Brigade informed me that some Sikhs had burned a few bungalows at Loodeanah, and were expected to attack Umballah. With his permission, I wrote to the Colonel to make only one forced march, and thus saved the regiment twelve miles of useless trudging.

The people at Umballah were in a terrible state of excitement. A sentry had a regular pitched battle with his own shadow, and fired six shots at it. This much, however, must be said in *his justification*—he was drunk. A barrack in the infantry lines, during the night, was found on fire. Fifty thousand Sikhs could scarcely have created a greater commotion. Wigs, big and small,

were galloping about with heroic devotion in the cause of their country, An officer seated in a chair outside his tent was bellowing out: "*Bearer! Kahan hai putloon*"—(he has but one pair) "call the roll—sound the alarm."

Another officer was awakened by his bearer with "get up, Sir! be quick, for *burra lurrai ho raha hai.**" This man must actually have fancied he heard the firing of cannons. Though great, undoubtedly, was his power of imagination, it falls far short of that of a certain Captain.

This hero, travelling dak, was chased by several Sikh horsemen, on which the bearers, dropping his palanquin, fled. The horsemen immediately took it up and carried him along the road, intending to take him a prisoner to Lahore. Towards day-break, on approaching Umballah, they heard the 38th Bugles! this caused them to halt, put down the palanquin, and hold a consultation. After a time, they made an Oriental salute with the burning flambeau, and, without uttering a word, decamped,—evidently from finding themselves unexpectedly in the proximity of a regiment. The bearers, who had been running in the jungle parallel to the road, observing the departure of the enemy, returned, and carried the palanquin into Umballah with its martial burden. Whatever semblance this may have to a dream, one cannot, for an instant, doubt the word of an officer and gentleman, especially as he is prepared to swear to the fact. A Magistrate on hearing this adventure merely remarked that; "it was strange, for on the Captain's departure, he had despatched two sowars for his protection as far as Umballah." This story is perhaps more amusing, but not more ridiculous than many daily related and received for truth: so gullible are mankind!

* A great fight is going on.

On the 21st, I fell in with a gentleman called Jan Beel by the Natives. Whether John Bull or John Beal I cannot determine. We had a short confabulation; from his speech it was apparent that he was a missionary. His family were carried in two buggies. The first contained two children and two young native women, probably converts. The rear was brought up, in patriarchal style, by the Padre himself, his wife and two more children. They were from Loodianah, having left it from dread of the Sikhs.

'Tis a thousand pities that missionaries and dissenters do not in general conform more to the language of civilized society. Their phraseology, I am convinced, does great injury to their cause. For no sooner a stranger hears certain religious terms, and an interlarding of the conversation with Biblical quotations and pious ejaculations, than he immediately retires within himself; his prejudices, and where is the man who has not some? are excited; and that which he would have listened to in ordinary terms with complacency, he now interrupts by a change of subject; or hears without attention. I have heard it argued, a soldier is known by his swagger, a sailor by the hitching up of his trowsers, a lawyer from his love of disputation, and a mathematician from his everlasting call for demonstration: why then should not a divine have his peculiarity? A divine should be free from this, because his calling is more various, and both of greater difficulty and importance. He should therefore be like St. Paul, "all things to all men, to gain some." But adopting any particular manner is not being all things.

On the 22nd we arrived at Sirhind. This was once a flourishing city: the adjacent country is studded with ruins of magnificent buildings. It belongs to the Pa-

tealah Rajah, and was destroyed by the Sikhs. Having, on duty, preceded the regiment; I was addressed near the encamping ground, by an aged Sikh: "Fly! get away from here; your army is defeated; is falling back, and the Sings are approaching." A Sepoy very properly answered: "Hold your tongue, brute, you lie." I felt inclined to hit him over the head with a switch, but refrained; making allowances for patriotic feelings and the garrulity of old age.

On the 26th we received a letter from General Sir Harry Smith, ordering us to join Colonel Eckford's detachment. We consequently made a march of ten miles across country to Kotla Mullair. Colonel Eckford had charge of the siege train. The guns and howitzers were drawn by elephants harnessed tandem fashion. The first gun had three elephants, of which the leader bore a flag. Nine hundred carts laden with ammunition, together with the baggage, extended our line of march ten miles.

It is not my intention to describe battles; but I may here remark, that, after the affairs of Buddewal and Aliwal several prisoners were taken; their captor paid them a visit, when the following dialogue ensued.

Sir H. S. to Pol. Agent. What is the word for an enemy in Hindustani?

Pol. Ag. There are several, Sir!

Sir. H. (With an oath.) I don't want several; give me one.

Pol. Ag. Well, Dooshman, Sir, is one.

On this Sir. H. doubling his fist and pointing with an outstretched arm to an unfortunate Sikh, exclaimed "You d——d Dutchman what are you grinning at; do you know who I am? I am a British General."

At Aliwal several thousand Sings were killed or drowned, and upwards of fifty pieces of Artillery captured.

The Sepoys, both in this and the Buddewal affair, behaved with great gallantry. The Victory of Aliwal was most fortunate for the troops with the siege train, for the Sikhs had set out with the intention of attacking us. We must have been slaughtered, as our force, not exceeding 3,000 men of all arms, was quite inadequate successfully to defend so large a convoy against the overwhelming host of Sings; and we had no available Artillery, the siege guns being all packed up for travelling.

At Aliwal, whilst charging a regiment of infantry in square, fell poor Swetenham of the 16th Lancers, a friend of mine, and one universally beloved. His modest retiring manner was very captivating. I was so much pleased with his conversation, that, under his auspices, he being Master of Hope Lodge at Meerut, I was initiated into Freemasonry. He possessed a wonderful memory; had studied every work procurable on his favourite theme, and had his heart and soul engaged in the interest of the craft. By application he attained such a degree of knowledge as to be looked up to by the oldest Masons. Only four months ago, he was describing to me, with rapturous enthusiasm, the pleasure he anticipated in shortly working at the Grand Lodge of England. Happy man! he is now in a better lodge; for if gentleness, unobtrusiveness, and harmlessness are any signs of inward piety, he eminently possessed that inestimable blessing.

Is it not a pity that ladies are excluded from the Lodge? When in charge of one, I intend proposing that they may be admittted into the Refreshment Room to see us working. For it is there, observes a facetious correspondent of the *Agra Ukhbar* that the working in earnest commences. I cannot describe the nature of freemasonry, but of this you may rest asssured, that it is an innocent handmaid of religion.

A number of Griffins, agreeably to orders, were proceeding with us to join the Army. Poor devils! few had servants: some were obliged even to cook for themselves. A youth, rejoicing in the name of S——, brought himself prominently into notice. He daily led a grass-cutter's tattoo, which having a sore back, he could not ride. But his imagination had transformed this brute into an animal of great inward worth; for *seeming* worth he had none; so that, in spite of long and hot marches, S. on arriving at the encampment, was to be seen daily, most assiduously cleaning the pony with two towels and a blacking brush! Three other griffs residing together in a very small tent bought a pony each. On hearing a noise at night, one of them got up to see what was the row; and he descibes the sight as *most awful*, for he beheld all three of the animals on their bended knees biting each other. One of them went astray, so the three lads had to ride and tie on two ponies. I have also been informed that several Griffins, seeing a bair, or wild plum tree, ran ravenously to pluck its fruit. This incident made even the Sepoys laugh.

On the 28th, at Colonel Eckford's request, I accompanied his son to see the Nawab of Kotla Mullair. His son went on a demi-visit of ceremony; and I to enquire into the number, &c. of the occupants of the fort of Goghraria, which is a short distance from Busseean. To add to our importance we were attended by a native non-commissioned officer and some sowars of the 8th Irregular Cavalry. At first a fat heavy-looking fellow attempted to palm himself off as the real Simon Pure. I saw through the deception, and made no secret of it. The men then grew very civil, and introduced us to the genuine Nawab. He is at least seventy years of age and was very ill. We gained little information. The

paramount object of him and his followers seemed to be to impress on our weak minds that they were the everlastingly staunch friends of the Sircar Company. To them it was a matter of perfect indifference whether we were swallowed up by the enemy, provided we were gulphed down in the happy delusion of their eternal friendship.

On the 30th we arrived at Busseean. My regiment was left here. Having been appointed Brigade Quarter Master, I accompanied Colonel Eckford's detachment to Ferozepoor. At Bhagah Pooranah a small gun drawn by four horses was seen off the road, Lieut. Plunkett, the Major of Brigade, with several officers and troopers gave chase, and brought it in. The drivers represented themselves to be in the service of the Nabha Rajah, and produced a note in Persian to that effect. It had not the signature of any of our Politicals, but their word was taken, and the gun given up.

3rd Febuary. Arrived at Moodkee. I rode over the battle field and examined it well; as I did that of Ferozeshah on my return from Ferozepoor. The grand stand at Moodkee seems to have been made on the Ferozepoor road. We saw on one spot some fifty corpses of men and half that number of carcases of horses. Judging from the collars strewed on the ground, it was here that the Sikh Horse Artillery had been stationed. Our loss was great, numbering Generals Sale and McCaskill among the killed. They died in the discharge of their duty, and their end was so far happy. A soldier before going into action is supposed to have made his peace with heaven, his after acts are those of a machine under superior influence. It is incorrect to imagine that prior to the battle opponents are actuated by revengeful and sanguinary feelings. Often they have no ill will towards

each other, merely, "fighting," as I once heard a commandant of a very gallant regiment in her Majesty's service express the reason, "one half because they like it, the remainder because they are ordered." To an old man I think the end of these generals as easy as any other: they had lived and enjoyed a long life, but perhaps—

"——————— Like our shadows
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines."

Both at Moodkee and Ferozeshah our dead were buried. At the latter place I saw a grave, apparently of an officer; his face and breast were uncovered, the earth having been removed by some wild animal. Two or three Sepoys of the 38th exclaimed; "this is a Sahib," and with their feet re-covered the corpse with its kindred dust. I was pleased with this exhibition of feeling; no more could have been expected, for we know an Asiatic's aversion to touch any corpse, even that of a relative.

The Sikhs were unsepultured, and strewed the ground in hundreds. A lady might be proud of the head of hair of any of these rascals. An officer informed me that, he and a Doctor passing by one of our dead foes, were struck with the quantity of hair he had. They measured it; and it was three times the length of a stick in the Doctor's hand, which was a yard long, and the man was six feet in height, making the total length of the monster fifteen feet !!! This is not my story.

Several of the irregular cavalry accompanied us over the field of Moodkee. A sowar with a grin, pointing to the corpses, said: "These men, Sir, gave out that they intended to rule as far as Dehli." The irregulars are individually the most intelligent of our native troops. I cannot account for this otherwise than by supposing them to be of a better class, and that their being con-

stantly detached, singly or in small parties, serves to sharpen their intellect.

Much has been said of the Government despatches, and severe comments passed on them, on the Generals, and on the troops. It is not my intention to stand up as an advocate, or make this a case of special pleading. The world requires information regarding the proceedings of an army, and the public insist upon details, at a moment when it would be folly to expose errors and madness to discourage the troops by finding fault. By judicious praise to cause men to believe themselves heroes, is half to make them so. The despatches, therefore, could not have been written in the style desired.

"To constitute a truly great commander, requires an extraordinary union of many of the highest qualities." Now such an union must necessarily be rare; what wonder, then, that our Generals were not altogether perfect. They did their duty to the best of their knowledge, and that is as much as we can reasonably expect. As for our troops, there is a *slight* difference between detracting from their merit, and surpassing their advance under the fire of a hundred well-served pieces of artillery. Obvious as this must be, some people, to hear them talk, appear not to be aware of the distinction.

At a General Officer's table I heard the following anecdotes. At Ferozeshah, in the evening, a Commandant with some twenty men and the colors of his regiment came up to a General, and commenced a most pitiable tale. "There, Sir!" said he, "are the sad remnants of an once gallant corps." This he repeated dozens of times, changing his doleful theme, whenever a cannon was fired to, "Oh! that horrid gun; there, it has killed some one else." The next morning the General, seeing a regiment mustering strong, had the curiosity to ride up

to it; and, to his amazement, he "then and there" discovered the other remnants of the "sad remnants." Ever since the Commandant has rejoiced in the *soubriquet* of "The sad remnant;" which is so much the more amusing on account of his barrel shape.

Some persons tried to console a wounded soldier with the idea of having won a medal. He replied: "I don't like such kind of meddling." Another, describing the battle of Ferozeshah, remarked that, "it was so close an affair as to be won merely by an ek-ball (*ik-bal*) of the Company." For my friends in England, I must explain that the first means "one ball," and the other, "good fortune or prestige."

Had we lost the fields of Moodkee and Ferozeshah, our empire in India would have been shaken to its foundation. People may please themselves in believing that our power is upheld by our humanity, justice, toleration, and good government, 'tis all fancy, these may assist, and do undoubtedly contribute their mite, or even *might*, to the stability of our rule, but the true hold is the opinion of the sword; the idea of our invincibility. I very much doubt, in fact I do not believe, that our rule is popular, for it is in the nature of man to rebel against superior authority, however good. I think our laws somewhat unsuited to the condition of the natives, being too far in advance of their *moral* civilization. Less law and more justice is the desideratum.

Paucity of civil officers, and the custom of the country making them almost inaccessible, precludes all hope of a speedy amendment, for every thing is done through third parties. Our demands would be moderate could exactions be prevented, but there is not a native official who does not take his *dustoorie*. Speak on this subject to an in-

telligent, disinterested native, and he will tell you that, "it is the custom of the country, (the all applicable phrase) for both parties—whether plaintiff and defendant, or Zamindar and ryot, to make presents." To add to the other evils, there is no road to distinction left open for the native gentry. Our fall may be regretted by the Government functionaries: what are they in comparison to the populace? The sepoys, when young, have little to lose, are buoyed up with hope, and would be glad of a change; when old, they become pensioners or entitled to pensions, and are so far more attached to us; but unfortunately their attachment and their power to do good service generally proceed in inverse proportion. As to their influence, we know that no hireling has any.

The Hindustanees have more than a fair share of credit for forethought; they are acute enough where their interests are concerned, still they are, after all, only mortals; and experience teaches how little these said mortals are troubled in their actions by the thoughts of future consequences. Few men like the Sepoys better than I do. A thoroughly versed native in Torrens Revised is a new creature, he has half divested himself of the shackles of superstition and prejudice, and is a worthy fellow. But I have a secret misgiving that the native Army will finally prove ——— here I will hold, lest I should commit myself by saying our most formidable foe.

"Knowledge increased is ignorance revealed" a truthful apophthegm applicable to the individual, and also to the relative position of two nations, though in another sense. Were I Governor General—bless my impudence to think of being a Governor General even in fancy, when the smallest appointments have ever eluded my grasp!—but were I Governor General, nothing should persuade me to decrease the amount of the European

soldiery; and whether in *peace* or war, my earnest and unremitting endeavour should be to augment their number. The expense! Well, Sir, the expense; the abolition of abuses, jobs, and a free application of the pruning knife to the numerous over-paid situations, would more than cover the extra disbursement. Two regiments of European Infantry would cost much less than our teeming irregulars. I wonder if two regiments of Europeans and the said teeming legion of irregulars were brought face to face, which side a wise man would choose in the encounter.

At Misrewallah an artillery officer arrived and took charge of the ten-inch howitzers for the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Huri-ki-ghat. On the 5th of February the siege train reached Ferozepoor. Here a field work has at last been constructed. As far back as 1840, I had remarked the need of such a fortification. At this period it contained upwards of eighty captured cannons.

6th. I went down to Kundah Ghat, four miles distant, and had a row in a pontoon, which is composed of four iron canoes: two are lashed stern to stern and placed at ten or twelve feet, parallel to two others similarly joined. The intermediate space is covered with boards.

9th. Captain ——— arrived with some more breaching guns. His detachment consisted of details from several European corps. There being neither commissioned nor non-commissioned officers to whom the men were personally known, it was all confusion, and the soldiers scarcely under any control. One day some of them dragged into Capt. ——'s presence the commissariat agent and writer, with ropes round their necks, and civilly asked permission to hang them.

Captain (*With surprise*) Hang them!

1*st European*. Yes *plase* yer honner, we hung one at Candahar.

2nd Eu.—Look at this here biscuit, Sir, it's heliphant food, and I ain't got the jaws of an heliphant.

One night there was a false alarm in his camp, the troops were turned out and formed in square, and an eighteen pounder was loaded. A soldier on this occasion was heard to say to his comrade.—"Come Jim (cocking his piece) let's begin, I sees one of 'em." Fortunately he did not fire, for, in all probability, he would have brought down one of our own troopers, whom he had taken for the enemy, "for, sure, ain't he black."

Another time, a tumbril laden with gun-powder passing by Captain ———'s tent, he saw a European soldier quietly smoking, seated on the top of it. Undressed as he was, Captain ——— rushed out of his tent, half frightened lest the fellow should be blown up before he could be apprised of his danger, and called to him. All the reply he got for his philanthropic pains was: "What are you hollering at?"

10th Feby. The 6th N. I. was this morning to have marched to Ataree Ghat to join General Grey's force. Half the baggage had started when the march was countermanded. I intended going with this corps as far as the Ghat, and then pushing on to the Head Quarters camp; for since our arrival at Ferozepoor, I was a gentleman at large, my temporary appointment having been knocked on the head. About 7½ A. M. the guns at Sobraon opened. 'Tis not my intention, as I was not present, to describe this battle. It is allowed on all hands to have been a most gallant affair. The loss of the enemy is estimated at ten thousand men.

On our side General Dick and Colonel Taylor, Commanding H. M. 29th Foot, were among the casualties. I knew both at Meerut, men beloved in life and honored in death. Sobraon was all *dash*, and this leads me to the reflection that, it is a strange circumstance men possess-

ing great *dash* have seldom much mind, and perhaps the converse also holds good. In the latter case Cicero, Demosthenes, and Aratus may be instanced. The two first are *celebrated* for their timidity. The third's conduct was such that, Plutarch remarks it had become a subject of disputation with Philosophers, "whether the palpitation of the heart, and change of color on the appearance of danger, were arguments of cowardice, or only of some natural defect, some coldness in the constitution." For an example they used to quote Aratus, "as an excellent general, who yet was subject to these emotions on the occasion of a battle." Marlborough confessed at a siege that his courage was only sustained from fear of the opinion of the world.

There is little doubt, in this respect, we are what we are born. A fiery man is constitutionally brave, a cautious one is courageous from reflection. The latter's being an effort of the mind, and not an animal impulse, is justly, as to the individual, entitled to greater praise. Fear being infectious, I have often thought if a machine could be attached to a cannon ball, or placed inside a shell, which, on being fired, would emit sharp piercing noises and horrible groans, and continue these sounds whilst the projectile was in motion, that such a ball or shell, without being more destructive, would add vastly to our terribleness, for of all organs, through the ear we are most susceptible of fear; as proved in hares, deer, and other timid animals. The Roman generals were well acquainted with this circumstance, and in foreign countries, were in the habit of parading their men, simply to accustom them to the terrific yells of the barbarians. Marius, prior to engaging the innumerable hordes of the Cimbri, for a long time, drew out daily his legions, to listen to their howling. I have somewhere read that the crew of a British Frigate on

nearing a French man-of-war gave three cheers, British cheers! These were enough, they had such an effect that "Mounseer" forthwith hauled down his flag.

At 4 P. M. of the 10th, the 6th N. I. marched for Kundah Ghat. I rode on ahead to the tent of my friend Alex. T. where a number of Engineer officers were assembled. About 7½ P. M. the pontoons and boats for the bridge started. I accompanied my friend in the leading pontoon. A mile and a half down the river we came to a sand bank, across one extremity of which a channel had been dug by our sappers. The pontoons were quickly hauled through this channel into the main stream of the Sutlege. About 9 P. M. the troops arrived. They had made a *détour*, going up the river, and heading the branch of the stream on which Kundah Ghat is situated, they thus marched down on dry ground.

During the night six regiments of Native Infantry and Garbett's troop of Horse Artillery were rowed over. The river was about one hundred and fifty yards in width, and each pontoon carried twenty-five sepoys standing. Several struck against each other and precipitated a number of men into the water. A few lost their muskets, and the worst any one suffered was a ducking. A Sepoy splashed me all over; in return I could not help laughing at his astonishment when he found himself in the river, for standing with his back to the water he was taken by surprise. The arrangements were excellent, and the enemy had little idea of how we crossed. The night was bitterly cold, and the dew very heavy, from the ground being covered with brushwood.

11th. The troops who had crossed in the night were during all this day under arms; thinking they would be detained here another night, I went back to Ferozepoor to return with a detachment of my regiment to Busseean,

which had now become the permanent head quarters of the unfortunate 38th.

Our troops marched to Lahore without opposition. It is said that at a levee Sir Hugh took up the boy Dulleep Sing in his arms, and kissed him. I dare say the lad was much frightened and struggled. Cannot you fancy Sir Hugh exclaiming: "Arrah, ma vourneen, can't ye be aisy."

On my way back to Busseean, whilst out deer-stalking, I was seated on a mound, when a muscular old Sikh, dressed almost entirely "in nature's garb," with a thick cudgel in his hand, approached. When five or six paces distant, partly in joke, partly from distrust, I told him to halt, and threatened to fire should he advance. The man grinning replied: "No; you will not shoot me;" and coolly walked up to the mound. There was a rectitude of purpose in his countenance, which instantly disarmed all suspicion. He looked at my gun, and was surprised at its having double barrels; he then asked for news, and was informed of the calamities of his countrymen at Sobraon, without evincing much sympathy for their fate.

This man, though a common rustic, had much natural and an independent kind of politeness, quite the reverse of Hindustanee fawning; showed great self-possession, and, on my mounting my horse, of his own accord, he held the stirrup. His conduct speaks in favor of the European character: he must have thought well of it to have approached an armed stranger, in spite of a not-over-gently-uttered threat, and this at a period when the two nations were at daggers drawn.

You are too well acquainted with India to require descriptions of its dirty villages, and much filthier inhabitants. This part of the country is fertile, and the men a fine athletic race. In praise of the women much cannot

be said—they are nastiness personified. Whilst the face is concealed, they care not what other parts of the body may be exposed. The Sikhs have a very high notion of the courage, and its general concomitant, a wholesome dread, of the European soldiers. They imagine, it is said, that we keep our soldiers chained up until the day of battle, and feed them on blood. This is probably an Oriental hyperbole, and simply means that our European soldiers are bound with the chains of discipline, and, instead of ottah and rice, are fed on flesh.

During this brief, glorious, and sanguinary campaign, six thousand of our troops have been put *hors de combat;* of which one half, chiefly Europeans, have been killed, or have died of their wounds. The Sikh loss some estimate at twenty thousand. It is impossible to form even an approximation to the correct amount: if we say that it doubles ours, it will be both gratifying to our vanity, and not over much exaggerated.

The result of the campaign has been that, besides money in indemnity, we have taken all the Sikh country on the left bank of the Sutlege and the Jullunder Doab. The former computed to yield a revenue of £340,000, and the latter £500,000 per annum. Whether we have acted wisely in not annexing the whole of the Punjab time will show. Half measures are at all times of doubtful policy; but with barbarians they are invariably wrong. It is dangerous to prophesy, yet, in my opinion, we have only put off the day. No native rule can keep the Punjab quiet; we shall have constantly to interfere; therefore, to save trouble, the simplest plan is to take the country.

March, 1846.

THE KOTE MASOOL.

THE KOTE MASOOL.[1]

A SERIO-COMIC TRAGEDY, WITH A PATENT FINISH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Lane near a Regimental Bazar, with an ADJUTANT *of a Native Corps and three* ORDERLIES: *in the distance the* CULPRIT, *a Sepoy of the regiment.*

Adjt. Holloa! you rascal, what are you doing here? Why are you not present with your guard?

Culp. O preserver of the poor! I have been to drink water, and am now on the way to my guard.

Adjt. It is a lie, you suer![2] for I just saw you smoking and talking with those fellows yonder.

Culp. Your highness is my father and my mother;[3]

(1) *Kote Masool.*—So the Sepoys call Court Martial.

(2) *Suer.*—Hog.

(3) *My father and my mother.*—This and all other queer expressions are literal translations of the common modes of address employed by natives.

under the shade of your protection I am nourished, and your slave humbly entreats to be allowed to represent to his lord that he never smokes.

Adjt. Here, you Sookul,[4] did you not see this man smoking, and you Ditchet and you Chowbey?

Orderlies. (All at once) Bundenawaz[5] we saw him in the very act.—(*Each turning to the Culprit addresses him*) O you rascal,! O you low hound! O you brute! do you dare to lie before the Sahib? Are you not ashamed to dishonor the pultun's[6] name?

Adjt. Run Chowbey, bring that Bunghy[7] and Kainchnee[8] to my house, they must be witnesses. (*To the other Orderlies)* Take him off and confine him in the Quarter Guard. [*Exeunt Orderlies with Culprit.*

(Adjt. solus) I will do for that brute, he is a slovenly rascal, besides which, he is short and ugly, and spoils the look of the Regiment. Now for old Frowsey.

(4) *Sookul, Ditchet, Chowbey,* show the persons addressed are Brahmins. The following are names by which Brahmins can always be distinguished: they are never borne by any other caste: viz. Ojah, Chowbey, Pandy, Tribady, Sookul, Tewarry, Ditchet, Pattuk, Bajpai and Thakoor.

(5) *Bundenewaz, Gurreeb purwar,* and *Deendyal* all mean much the same thing, nourisher of the poor.

(6) *Pultun.*—Regiment.

(7) *Bunghy.*—Nightman.

(8) *Kainchnee.*—A lady of easy virtue.

SCENE II.

A Commanding Officer smoking an immense hukka in a small room, a verandah slip, with papers, orders, &c. lying in picturesque confusion..

Enter ADJUTANT.

Adjt. Good morning, Colonel.

Col. How are you? Any news?

Adjt. Why nothing particular, *(Brushing up his hair, being a small man to give height to his importance)* but, I am sorry to say, Luchha Ram, Sepoy of the Light Company, has just been guilty of a most grievous breach of military discipline, subversive of all order in the interior economy of the regiment, and, in fact, Colonel, I don't know what to do with the man. He actually had the impudence to tell me a lie!

Col. Indeed! hem! *(whiff, whiff)* What sort of a looking man is he?

Adjt. A horrid blackguard; he is only five feet ten inches without shoes; he spoils the look of the whole regiment, and, in short, it would be a good thing to get rid of him: shall I bring him before a Court Martial.?

Col. Why, he is rather short; *(whiff, whiff)* and you said, I believe, horridly black. O! of course, have the rascal up. I will never allow the interior economy to be upset; orders must be acted up to: when I was in the Burmese war, things were carried on in a very different style:—I hate those small men.

[COLONEL 5 *feet* 4 *inches; the* ADJT. *half an inch higher.*

Adjt. So do I, Sir! and no doubt you saw a good deal of interior economy in Burmah.

Col. That I just did. *(Looking very wise and puffing away.)*

Adjt. Well, I will have the Court Martial in to-day's orders.

Col. Pray do so.

Adjt. Good morning, Colonel.

Col. Good morning, Tomkins. (*Whiff, whiff with redoubled energy.*)

[*At the door* CHOWBEY *comes up with the* BUNGHY *and* KAINCHEE; *the lady more than half covering her face looks down with bashful timidity.—The* BUNGHY, *with both hands stretched forward in a supplicatory attitude, waits to be addressed.*

Adjt. (*To* BUNGHY) you must be a witness against Luchha Ram.

Bunghy. Yes, Sahib, whatever your Highness orders.

Adjt. What did you see him doing?

Bunghy. What you please;—you are my father and mother and——

Adjt. Silence, you suer! Did you not see him smoking?

Bunghy. Truth, my lord—you are my——

Adjt. Choop[9] rascal.—Take him away, and the woman too.

SCENE III.

ORDERLIES *and* CULPRIT *on the way to the Quarter guard; the guard house in the distance.*

Culpt. (*To* ORDERLIES) Why did 'nt you say you could not see me smoking? Is this the return, Ditchet, for letting my brother be a witness in your defence, by which means you escaped being sent to jail with hard labor?

(9) *Choop.*—Silence.

You are well aware my brother knew nothing of the matter till I told him what to state to humbug the Sahib log[10];—I am sure the Quarter Master did n't understand half what he said, for I put him up to speak in the ganwaree bolee[11].—Well let it be!

But for you, Sookul, you who come from the same village, and whose fields are adjacent to mine; you, who when last on leave used to drink the milk of my cow: may the flesh of that cow rot in your mouth; may the curses justly deserved light on your ungrateful head!

Sookul. Now don't be angry, brother! for you must know the Adjutant Sahib came too suddenly upon you, and was too close to be mistaken, so we could not but agree with him; and I expect next step to be promoted, how could I, then, in this case, tell a lie? However, I have a hickmut for doing the Sahib—listen, Ditchet.

Ditchet. Proceed, brother, I am ready, and my bustewalla Chowbey I am sure will join me, in helping any Hindoo out of this vile Fringee's clutches.

Sookul. Well then swear by the Gunga,—swear by your son's head, that you will not betray me, and say whatever I shall teach you.

Ditchet. I will; may our sons die in their infancy;—may our wives grind in another's house;—may they turn harlots, if we give evidence against this, our brother.

Sookul. Bravo, that's spoken like a Brahmin, but here we are at the Quarter guard.

(Turning to Culprit.)—We must leave you here for the present,—be of good cheer, we are off to make an ar-

(10) *Sahib log.*—The usual term for European commissioned officers in contradistinction to Sirdar log, the native commissioned officers.

(11) *Ganwaree bolee; Patois.* A common trick, and a regular puzzler to poor Interpreters.

rangement with the Sirdars; let's away on our holy errand;—Ram, Ram.[12]

[*After delivering the* CULPRIT *over to the guard—exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A hut in the Lines belonging to a SUBADAR, *President of the Court Martial ordered to assemble.*

The PRESIDENT *and* SENIOR MEMBER *seated at the door with* SOOKUL *in the distance.*

Phuslou[13] *Tewarry (President).* O Pandy, terrible news for us, Luchha Ram of the Light Company has been put under arrest by the Adjutant Sahib, and there is no way of saving him; there can be no doubt he was absent from his guard smoking with some budmashes. Oh my money, my money, *my money!*[14] he owes, *he owes* me twenty rupees at two annas a month for each rupee.

Lomry[15] *Pandy (Senior Member).* Alas Tewarry, I am worse off than you, for he owes me fifty rupees at three

(12) *Ram, Ram.*—Common Hindoo salutation.

(13) *Phuslou* from *Phuslana.*—To humbug.

(14) My money. Though lending money to Sepoys is strictly forbidden, there is not a native corps in which the Hindoo commissioned officers do not practice it to an extensive amount. If the Mahommedans infringe not this law, it is that, being spendthrifts, they have no money to lend. What follows? The lenders, being the judges, the chances are in favor of the culprit. Villany and debt in such cases generally going hand in hand, the greater the villain the larger are his liabilities, and, in proportion, his chances of escape.

(15) *Lomry.*—A fox.

annas a rupee, and then he is the most regular in his payments of all my other customers, for he daily wins large sums in the Chuklas[16]—Hai, Hai, Hai! what have I done that such a misfortune should overtake me?

Phuslou Tewarry. Be comforted. I am president and you are the next senior, and of the other three members, who are all Jemadars, two are Brahmins of our caste; the other is a filthy Mussulman; that's unfortunate!

Lomry Pandy. Four against one,—call you that bad luck? No, I only fear Sookul, the chief witness, for he is close on promotion, and that will perhaps induce him to speak the truth. To gain him over will be a matter of serious trouble; how shall we silence him?

Phuslou Tewarry. Yes, indeed! his mouth must be stopped, be it even with money; let me see, Sook-Sook-Sookul, Ah! now I think of it,—he comes from the same village as Luchha Ram, and his village is next to mine.—I must frighten the wretch with losing his caste,—of having his hukka bund,[17] and therefore not being able again to visit his home.

Lomry Pandy. Wah![18] that will do splendidly,—but ajjub,[19]—here is Sookul himself.

Sookul. Salam, Maharaj *(To President)*; Salam Sahib *(To S. Member)*.

P. and L. Ram, Ram, brother, you are welcome, be seated.

Phuslou Tewarry. Have a pull at the Chillum.[20]

[SOOKUL *nods and smokes.*

(16) *Chuckla.*—A collection of houses of ill fame.

(17) *Hukkabund.*—Not giving one the Hukka, sending him to Coventry.

(18) *Wah.*—An exclamation of surprise.

(19) *Ajjub.*—Wonderful.

(20) *Chillum.*—Top of the Hukka, which contains the tobacco.

Lomry Pandy. The army has greatly fallen off since I entered it forty-five years ago; in those days a Brahmin was a Brahmin, and these impure dogs of Fringees daren't have looked upon a Brahmin, but now-a-days they fine, imprison, and even hang Brahmins. May their carcases rot without sepulture, the hog-eating vile brutes.

Phuslou Tewarry. True, O Brother! times indeed are changed for the worse; I hear a Sepoy, a Brahmin, has just been put under an arrest, for nothing, in the Quarter Guard,—for nothing, absolutely.—Do you know his name, Sookul?

Sookul. Maharaj! It is your friend Luchha Ram,[21] and he has sent me with his salam to you, for he knows that your Highness is the abode of mercy, and as full of justice as the Ocean of water; he trusts that you will save a true Brahmin, and not suffer one of your own caste, the caste superior to that of kings, to suffer degradation by digging the earth or mending the roads, like a Bilder or Cooley.

Phuslou Tewarry. You speak the truth, our caste is above all,—but how can I lie before the Sahib log? How can I take a false oath? No, this cannot be. Luchha Ram must suffer for neglect of duty. What think you Pandy?

Lomry Pandy. It, alas! is but too true, it behoves us as Sirdars to perform our duty, and however it may be

(21) *Luchha Ram.*—Here he is made a Brahmin though contrary to note No. 4! True! Ram is not a Brahmin affix, but there being a just dislike to Brahmins, ands an order limiting their enlistment, they therefore, on this and other accounts, get into regiments, under false names. It is not uncommon for three own brothers to be in the same regiment, perhaps in the same company, with different terminations to their name and thus passing off as being of three distinct castes. With Europeans a woman is generally at the bottom of a regimental squabble; in a native corps it is a Brahmin.

against our religion, if it can be, yet we must do justice. Nevertheless, Maharaj! your mercy, your kindness to the poor Brahmins is proverbial! therefore, we venture to hope by some hickmut (sleight) you will save Luchha Ram.

Sookul. O Maharaj! Pandy has spoken the just sentiments entertained by the corps regarding you; for the love of all that is dear to you, help us; I will say anything you order, and the other two witnesses have sworn to do your bidding.

Phuslou Tewarry. Well, well, go to the Culprit, tell him I will consider over the matter; be off sharp, for there is not much time to spare.

[SOOKUL *salams several times to both, and exit.*

Phuslou Tewarry. This matter, Pandy, has been easily settled, nothing but our good deeds could have made heaven so propitious to us, that he, whom we most feared, should prove a most powerful assistant in our cause.

Lomry Pandy. True, Tewarry, all things happen for the best to a true Brahmin,—what is to be, is to be; there is no kicking against fate.—*(Sings.)*

Jaisa ho hoti brita, taiso upje boodh,
Honehar hirde busse, bisur jai sub soodh. (22)

But the time for rest draws near, I must away to sleep.

[*Salams and exit.*

(22) According as the future is to be, so understanding is given!
That which is to be occupies the mind, all else is forgotten.
This couplet is from the Prem Sagur; or, Sea of Love, a section of Hindoo scriptures. It is generally supposed that predestination is peculiarly a Mahommedan tenet, but from this and many other quotations it can easily be proved that the Hindoos equally hold that doctrine.

SCENE II.

The interior of the Quarter Guard, a dark, dismal, long room; CULPRIT *and* JEMADAR OF THE GUARD *at the further end of it.*

Jemadar. Is this the way you dare to get me into a scrape? By whose orders did you leave the guard?

Culprit. Well, that's good, ha, ha, ha! what has come over you, Jemadar Sahib, that you have forgotten the permission you gave me!

Jemadar. I give you leave! it's a lie; call the Havildar; I'll produce witnesses to prove you went away without my consent—Ho, Havildar![23]

Enter HAVILDAR.

Havildar. Bundenawaz, what are your Highness' commands?

Jemadar. Here is this man, he accuses me of having given him leave to be absent from his guard;—is this the case?

Havildar. No, Sir, but when you were asleep, he quietly sneaked away.

Jemadar. How came that to happen,—where were you?

Havildar. I had just gone to relieve sentries, and did not see the prisoner.

Culprit. It's a lie;—whilst you, Jemadar Sahib, were sleeping, this Havildar was smoking and playing Pucheesee[24] with the Sepoys of the guard, instead of attending to his duty.

(23) *Havildar.*—A sergeant. There are four grades of Native officers Subadar, Jemadar, Havildar, and Naick. The two first bear commissions, and of which, there are no corresponding grades in the English army. Naick is a Corporal.

(24) *Pucheesee.*—Indian draughts.

Havildar. You lying infernal———

Jemadar. Hold—not another word—be silent—no abuse here, else I'll bring you to a Court Martial; it's all your fault.

Havildar. Yes, if you had kept awake and not gone to sleep on duty, I dare say, I would not now be accused falsely of any neglect of mine.

Culprit. You see, both of you are in the wrong; however, there is not much to apprehend, for you know, Jemadar Sahib, I would do anything for you, *therefore*, when the Adjutant Sahib saw me some distance from here, I told him I had gone with your leave to drink water.

Jemadar. Indeed! that's a fine way of getting me into trouble.

Culprit. Just the contrary, Sahib, for on hearing you gave me leave, the Colonel Sahib will know that you were awake, and the Havildar mindful of his duty, for, of course, I obtained leave from you through him.

Havildar. Ajjub Hikmut! (Wonderful invention.)

Jemadar. You are a great rascal; not content with getting yourself into a scrape, you are for making us partners in your guilt. Were it not that you would be eternally ruined I would report against you.

[*Here the* CULPRIT *and* HAVILDAR *exchange knowing glances.*

Culprit. You are the sea of kindness, the strengthener of the helpless, the support of the poor sepoys; may you live for ever, and soon be promoted to a Subadar is the prayer of your most abject slave.

Enter a SEPOY *in haste.*

Jemadar. Well, what's the matter.

Sepoy. The daywallah[25] Sahib is coming.

Jemadar. Run, Havildar—fall the guard in—fall in—fall in.

[*Exit* HAVILDAR *and* SEPOY *at a trot.*

Jemadar. (*To* CULPRIT) Take care of yourself, not a word against the Havildar or others.

Culprit. I will stick by you as long as the Gunga flows.

Jemadar. I must be off to receive the Sahib. [*Exit.*

Culprit. (*Solus*). Ha, Ha, Ha, I knew I could catch the fox; the lazy hound goes to sleep and thinks with such an example I'll do my duty;—I am as knowing as he is; his affection for me is like that of the wolf for the sheep.

[*Here he lies down, and, with a mind at ease, goes to sleep.*

SCENE III.

A hut in the Lines belonging to NIMUK HULLAL ALI, *the Senior Mussulman Subadar; several native officers and sepoys, all followers of the Prophet, seated near the door, under a tree, smoking.*

Nimuk Hullal Ali. Alas, our grievances are as sad as the mournful subject for which, at this season, all the faithful sorrow. Again another year has come round, and we have no tazzea, because, forsooth, the Mohurrum and Hooly[26]

(25) *Daywallah.*—The usual appellation for the subaltern officer of the day.

(26) *Mohurrum* and *Hooly.*—The first is a Mahommedan festival of sorrow, the other a Hindoo one of joy, and like our Easter, both being moveable feasts, they often come together, when, if extraordinary precautions are not taken, there is invariably a disturbance.

come together, therefore are our sorrows to be drowned, —the idolaters complain our weeping disturbs their diabolical rites.

Mirza Subadar. Hai, afsos,[27] such is the case. Is this the much-vaunted justice of the Fringees? Are we not to receive the same indulgences as the vile Hindoos, because they are many and we few?

Sepoys. Shabash! shabash! shabash![28]

Dungabaz Khan Jemadar. Were all as good Mussulmans as we, such a state of things would not last long; but now-a-days men care only for their belly, whilst that is full, they think not of their degradation nor their religion.

Nimuk Hullal Ali. Aye, were they the faithful in heart, and not in name alone, we should soon have a king of our own; our Prophet, (on whom be peace), would then receive universal homage, all idolaters and impure Fringees, (for where is the difference between them?) would be compelled to acknowledge him.

Sepoys. Shabash! shabash! shabash!

Mirza. What madness hath seized you all? For the love of the Prophet forbear giving way to your feelings, if this noise is heard the consequences will be dangerous. We are few and they numerous, let us then patiently await the decreed time, and not hurry ourselves into destruction, it has been destined from above that we should not this year keep the Mohurrum. It is our fate, so let it be.

Nimuk Hullal Ali. True it is, Mirza, in this point our destiny is unpropitious, we ought, therefore, to bear up contentedly, but to-day a fine opportunity has occurred of crushing an idolater, moreover, in this case, we shall

(27) *Hai, afsos.*—Alas.

(28) *Shabash.*—"Bravo."

be able to injure Tewarry and that high priest of Satan, Lomry Pandy, for I know the Sepoy under arrest is deeply indebted to both, particularly to the latter. You are next, (*turning to Dungabaz Khan*) Jemadar Sahib, for Court Martial duty, and now you have a fair field for revenge.

Dungabaz Khan. I swear, by the head of the prophet, (on whom be peace) as I am a true follower of Ali, I'll leave nothing untried to injure the vile brutes of Hindoos But alas, in this even our luck is bad, our fate cross-grained, for the other four members are Hindoos. Tewarry is president, and next him is that serpent Pandy, what can one do against four? If that cursed viper were removed, I should not despair of success: All the world has heard of Pandy; the Sahib log know he is acquainted with all the "Standing Orders," nay some, from his superior knowledge, have suffered for their ignorance of them. Remember you not how, some years ago, he complained against a Daywallah for keeping him waiting in the sun when he went to his house to make a report, and how the Sahib had to apologize. He gained his point all from a knowledge of the "Standing Orders."

No mistake, he is a viper indeed; it is dangerous meddling with him, not only because he is a lawyer, but because he is of the highest caste of Brahmins; not a Hindoo is there in the regiment who is not under his thumb; he frightens them with his knowledge of the Shashters and Puranas, a portion of which he daily reads aloud hours before day-break. His influence with the Sepoys is greater than that of the Colonel and all the Sahib log put together. What can *one* do in such a case? Though I cannot destroy him. I can annoy him—that's some consolation.

Sepoys. Shabash! shabash! shabash!

Mirza. What! again this noise, will you not desist? I have been watching for some time and have perceived several minions of our arch foe pass close by, no doubt they come to pick up scandal against us, let us disperse and go to our huts, we have been too long together, enough to raise suspicion.

[*Here they Salam to one another and exeunt.*

ACT III.

A large sparely furnished room, with five NATIVE OFFICERS *composing a Native Regimental Court Martial, and three* EUROPEAN OFFICERS, *viz. Superintending Officer, Adjutant, and Interpreter. The* PRISONER *and a* SENTRY *with a naked bayonet in his hand.*

After the COURT, SUPERINTENDING OFFICER *and* INTERPRETER *have taken the prescribed oaths of doing justice, keeping secret each member's vote, &c. The* ADJUTANT *hands a paper with the charges to the* SUPERINTENDING OFFICER.

Sup. Officer. Let us to the business. (*Reads*) "I charge prisoner Luchha Ram Sepoy Light Company 99th Regt. N. I. of conduct subversive of all military discipline and the interior economy of the Regiment, in the following instances.

"1*st Count.* For smoking on the morning of the 18th June, 18—, between the hours of 5 and 6, A.M.

"2*d Count.* For telling me a lie then and there, between the above-mentioned hours.

"3*d Count.* For being absent from his guard without leave.

"By order
(Signed) "JOHN TOMKINS, *Brevet Captain,*
"*Adjutant 99th Regiment N. I.*"

[*The* INTERPRETER *here translates the above to the* COURT *and* PRISONER. LUCHHA RAM *and the number of the corps very intelligibly, the remainder not quite so; on hearing* Bhitur ka bundobust,[29] *for "interior economy" the Court and Prisoner stare.*

Interpreter (To Court). Do you understand the charge, Sirdar log?

Phuslou Tewarry. Yes, Gureebpurwar, there is no mistaking any thing you say.

Interpreter (To Prisoner). Are you guilty or not of the charges just explained?

Prisoner (Salams, the military salute.) Bundenawaz, you are my father and my mother, your slave is whatever you determine.

Interpreter. I asked you a plain question, and you suer will you give me a direct answer, are you guilty or not?

[*Here the Prisoner stoops forward and with his arms extended in a supplicatory attitude is about to speak, when the* ADJUTANT, *in a voice of thunder, after a few delicate allusions to his mother and grandmother, sisters and aunts, nieces and daughters, cousins and other female branches of his family, orders him to stand erect like a soldier, with his hands extended down the seams of his Pantaloons.*

Are you guilty or not?

Prisoner (*Somewhat confused.*) Your slave is not guilty.

Sup. Officer. Well I have scored him down "not guilty;" now Tomkins let's have your statement.

Adjutant. As I was coming from my house for the purpose of going to see whether the guards were ready—no —how the recruits were getting on in their drill—well—as I was coming from my house, I saw the prisoner Luchha

(29) *Bhitur ka bundobust* and *Ghur ki bat* for interior economy, is like the Frenchman's "fine stroke on the eye" for a fine prospect.

Ram Sepoy of the Light Company, with three or four other men smoking; however, I am not certain whether there were more than four men, yet I think I am right in saying there were only four—well—it appeared to me strange that the prisoner should be in the company of, or I had better state, associating with, these four or more men, so I—

Sup Officer. Oh! for goodness sake, Tommy, do make as short an affair of it as you can.

Adjutant. So I could, only that old fool, *(alluding to the Colonel)* would immediately think the man not guilty, because of the brevity of my statement, and refuse to confirm the Court's sentence.

Sup. Officer. Well then, cut along.

Adjutant. Where was I? When I went to see the rec- -

Sup. Officer. No! No! the last was, associating with these four or more men.

Adjutant. When I saw these four or more men, I suspected there was something wrong, especially as the prisoner had a chillum in his hand; but whether he had just had a pull at it, or was going to have one, I am uncertain, but think the latter, so I went up to the prisoner, and on his denying that he was smoking, I confined him for conduct subversive of all military discipline and the interior economy of the regiment.

[*Here the* INTERPRETER *translates the above elegant and luminous matter of fact statement to the Court and Prisoner; substituting this time for* Bhitur ka bundobust, Ghur-ki-bat[29] *for "interior economy," and apparently with equal success.*

Question by Court. Was the chillum lighted or not?

Adjutant. I am not certain, but as I saw some smoke, I presume it was lighted, or had lately been so.

[TOMKINS *here addresses the Court with all the importance and dignity appertaining to his exalted situation.*

The prisoner, Sirdar log, is a great rascal—a regular budmash.[30]

[*The Court shake their heads, and* PHUSLOU TEWARRY *replies*

Yes, gureebpurwar.

Interpreter (*To Court.*) Do you understand the Adjutant's statement.

Phuslou Tewarry. Yes, Gureebpurwar, every word.

Sup. Officer. Call the first witness.

Enter SOOKUL.

Interpreter. What's your name and company?

Witness. Deendyal, my name is Sookul, I belong to the Grenadiers.

Sup. Officer. Do you recognize the Sepoy sent to the quarter guard this morning by the Adjutant?

Witness. Yes bundenawaz.

Sup. Officer. When you saw the prisoner what distance was he from his guard.

Witness. I did not count the paces.

Sup. Officer. Can you tell by guess how far he was.

Witness. No, I cannot.

Lomry Pandy. What! have your senses deserted you? can not you inform the Sahib whether the prisoner was 10, or 15 paces away?

Interpreter. Mind you have solemnly sworn to speak nothing but the truth.

Witness. (*Hesitatingly*) I think about ten paces.

(30) *Budmash.*—A blackguard.

Adjutant. This is a lie, Sirdar log, (*Mutters*) The lying hound, the man was half a mile off—I'll mark him.

Sup. Officer. (*To Adjt.*) Pray keep quiet, we shall never get this business over. Have you any questions, to ask witness?

Adjutant. (*Sullenly*) No; not after what he has just stated.

[*Looks fierce.*

Sup. Officer. (*To Court*) Will you ask any questions, Sirdar log?

Dungabaz Khan. Yes, Sir; ask the witness how could the prisoner be close to the bazar when seen by the Adjutant Sahib, if he was not more than ten paces from his guard.

Lomry Pandy. What is the use of that;—there is no mention made of the bazar in the charges, nor in the Adjutant's statement, it is therefore illegal, according to the regulations for conducting Courts-martial to put that question.

Sup. Officer. Pandy is right, we must ask no direct questions, and only adhere closely to what is said in Court.

Dungabaz Khan. Well, let it be, (*Mutters*) what further can I do?

[*The witness then is told to leave the court.* DITCHET *and* CHOWBEY *are called in one after the other—sworn—asked the same questions, and give precisely the same replies. No remark is made on the wonderful similarity of their answers; such coincidences being of daily occurrence, at least, at native Courts-martial.* DUNGABAZ KHAN *opens not his mouth again, but looks daggers; and as for poor* TOMKINS, *his rage has added an inch to his stature, and increased the distance of* LUCHHA RAM *from his guard*

from a half, to two and a half miles. Such are the tremendous effects of wrath!

Sup. Officer. Call in the other witness.

Enter BUNGHY.

[*Here some delay occurs, for it is necessary to call in the* KHANSAMAHJEE,[31] *who comes with a bottle of Brandy, and pours a little into the* BUNGHY'S *hands, who swears by the liquor never to forsake it; an oath seldom broken; he further swears may the liquor forsake him if he lies; a thing which oftener happens.*

Sup. Officer. What do you know of this affair?

Bunghy. Whatever pleases my lord.

Lomry Pandy. You know *nothing* of this affair, do you?

Bunghy. No, Subadar Sahib.

Adjutant. What! don't you know *any thing* of this?

Bunghy. Everything, my lord.

Interpreter. What is it *then?*

Bunghy. Nothing, your highness.

Sup. Officer. Ah! that's satisfactory—turn him out.

Pundit (*with a supercilious air.*) Challe-ja[32]——

[*You can supply the epithet.*

[*The* KAINCHNEE *now enters, with downcast eyes and a modesty irreproachable. The* MOULVEE *swears her in by putting the Koran, carefully wrapped up in cloth, into her hands.*

Adjutant. What do you know of this matter?.

Kainchnee. Your highness!—know you well.

Adjutant. I did'nt ask about myself but—

Sup. Officer. What do you know?

(31) *Khansamahjee.*—A Messman, steward.

(32) *Chulle-ja.*—Be off.

Kainchnee. Your slave knows your excellency also, more or less.

Adjt. and Sup. Off. (*Both together.*) Hold your tongue you ——

[*She salams at the professional compliment.*

Interpreter. It is of Luchha Ram you are asked.

Kainchnee. Never saw him, my lord.

[*Here she puts out her red tongue and places the fore finger of her right hand on it.*

Adjutant. The lying devil, there is no managing these women; no getting them to say any thing, they are always talking or thinking of something else—love, dress and money are all they understand, all they care for.

[*The* INTERPRETER *orders her out, and the* SUP. OFFICER *writes down,* "this witness has nothing to say for herself." *The Court look on with bashful reserve, never attempting to afford assistance.*

Sup. Officer. There are no more witnesses for the prosecution, so let's have the defence.

Adjutant. I suppose I may go; it is no use bringing a rascal before a Court-martial. I know the man will be acquitted.

Sup. Officer. So do I, however you can go, if you like.

[*Exit* TOMKINS, *brushing up his hair.*

Interpreter. (*To Prisoner.*) What have you to say in your defence?

[*Here the prisoner, turning towards the Court, enters into a lengthy, lying, self-contradictory statement, dwelling much upon his services, and finishing with something about leaving his guard with permission to drink water.*

Sup. Officer. (To Interpreter.) What shall I put down?

Interpreter. I am sure I don't know, the rascal is going on at a devil of a rate with some lying rigmarole. Say, the Prisoner states in his defence that he is not guilty, that he got leave to go and drink water.

Sup. Officer. Any more.

Interpreter. That's all.

Sup. Officer. Clear the Court.

[*The prisoner is taken away and the doors closed.*

Sup. Officer. Now, Sirdar log, is he guilty or not?

[*The Court whisper together for a few minutes,* DUNGABAZ KHAN *does not join in, but looks on with sullen contempt.*

Lomry Pandy. (Half to Sup. Officer and half to Court.) Bundenawaz it appears the prisoner certainly did leave his guard, but as it was merely to drink water, he is only guilty of not asking permission; *thus,* he is innocent *of all* the charges brought against him by the Adjutant, Sahib *(turning to Dungabaz Khan.)* Is it not so, Sahib?

[DUNGABAZ KHAN *nods and mutters, "what can I say?"* PANDY *then looks to the other members, who also assent: after this he addresses the* PRESIDENT.

Lomry Pandy. Maharaj, all have decided not guilty.

Phuslou Tewarry. (*To Sup. Officer, salaming*) not guilty, gurreebpurwar.

Interpreter. By Jingo! what consciences these fellows must have.

Sup. Officer. I can't help it: I am devilish glad my tour for this stupid duty is over.

Interpreter. Nor do I care: if government through mistaken kindness are too lenient to the native soldiery it is their look out. In my humble opinion, a Regimental

Court should be, by a tacit understanding, not so much for the decision of innocency or guilt, but rather for the adjustment of punishment proportionate to the crime. No prisoner should be brought before it for trifles, nor when there is any doubt. There should be a general feeling in the regiment that his case has been duly weighed by the commanding officer, and that of his guilt there can possibly be no question. Also, that if once before the Court, he will be surely, speedily, and *severely* punished.

Sup. Officer. Achha, Sirdar log,[33] you may go.

[*The Court salam to the* SUP. OFFICER *and to the* INTERPRETER;* *they then go off to their lines rejoicing in having gained their end; regardless of having committed perjury, for they could easily have elicited the truth from the witnesses had they wished to do so.*

AND HERE ENDS THE "KOTE MASOOL."

1842.

(33) *Achha, Sirdar log.*—Very good, gentlemen; the hint to make themselves scarce.

*NOTE.

The Interpreter, my friend, after twenty-five years service "in all the four quarters" of India, retired a year or two ago,—it is said from disgust. He had applied, in vain, for some small appointment —the smallest he was not above,—but somehow, though always on the list of Governor Generals and Commanders-in-chief, which he could produce written documents to prove,—his name never rose to the culminating Staff point. He has now gone to the "Diggings," leaving some notes of his "experiences" in my hand. I will give an extract

as a specimen of his style; and should my friends advise, and I be able to procure his permission, the world may some day see the whole of the manuscript in print.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTES OF THE INTERPRETER.

A COURT OF INQUIRY.

After fighting eighteen pitched battles, innumerable skirmishes, and several single combats: and receiving six medals and twelve clasps—ah! those were the days for the army—George Wasp was now for the first time on a drill parade, to practise that most useful and scientific manœuvre styled by a French friend of ours—"*de goose*," whether in waggish allusion to the step—or tyro—or to his teacher, it is hard to determine. Parade was scarcely over, when George, after a hurried breakfast and "a dry polish," found himself, here again for the first time, at a Regimental Court of Inquiry, on a young officer, for using improper language towards a gentleman of the Civil Service. George was rather late, the Court having been assembled for some time at the Mess-house, so that he missed the preliminary proceedings, but on his entrance into the room he saw the President seated at the head of the dining table with a member on each side. The Plaintiff was also on his right, but a little removed: the Defendant had taken up his position at the lower extremity "of the mahogany." The President, Members and Defendant were all smoking cigars. One of the Members had his legs on the table. The only difference perceptible between the Court and Defendant was in the slightly removed position of the latter: they however appeared on very amicable terms, indulging in a gentle but irregular flow of conversation on the merits of several greyhounds belonging to officers of the Regiment. George at first mistook the Plaintiff to be the culprit, for he was the only man in the room, who appeared in the least concerned or anxious for the result. The Court were waiting for an answer from the commanding officer, to whom the President had written for instructions how to conduct the proceedings. Shortly after George's entrance, the President received a note accompanied with a book. These were from

the Commandant, who stated that he did not know how such investigations should be managed, but sent Hough for the Court's guidance. "What a d — d fool!" exclaimed the President, "he never knows any thing." If silence be the test of consent, the members fully agreed with him. Wasp was on the point of offering his services: he did not do so; not altogether liking the look of the President, who fumbled away at the pages of Hough, whilst the rest whiffed their cigars. How long the party might have continued in this quiescent state is uncertain: Johnson, the Defendant, was the first to break the silence. "Mr. Butler," said he, addressing the Plaintiff, "can I for a moment speak to you apart?" "Most certainly," replied Mr. B. The two antagonists, without demanding "with your leave or by your leave" of the Court, left the room.

When in the Verandah, Johnson pulled out of his pocket half a sheet of foolscap—"This, Mr. Butler, is my apology, if you do not accept it, I am ruined." Here he re-thrust his cheroot into his mouth, with astounding composure for a lost man. Butler was too glad to get even the semblance of an apology, for he had no ill-feelings towards his opponent, whom he had prosecuted in self-defence. "I can assure you, Mr. Johnson, that I am perfectly satisfied, and trust we shall in future be friends." The Subaltern, with admirable resignation to his fate, responded: "I hope so." They then returned to the Court. As they were re-entering the room the President exclaimed—"D——n this Hough, I never can find any thing in it." George felt a rush of blood to his face, for Hough he revered. He had studied D'Aguilar, Simmons, Keith Young, Drake, *cum multis aliis* on Military law—but Hough—Major Hough was his stand by. His writings and the Government Despatches, Ensign Wasp reckoned the perfection of human wit. It is doubtful whether the President observed George's speechless indignation; however, having delivered his sentiments on this exquisite volume, he was about to hand the book over to the Senior Member, when Mr. Butler interrupted him: "The matter is settled, her is Mr. Johnson's apology."

The President held the paper in his hand; the recumbent member took his legs off the table, and all "dousing the glim" of their cigars sat at attention. The President, after adjusting his spectacles and clearing his throat, read out: "I am very sorry for my conduct: it was by mistake I addressed you: I thought you had insulted me: I beg your pardon for the mistake.

(Signed) "C. JOHNSON."

The *Apology* had neither address, superscription, nor the formal ending, however the reader was pleased to observe it was satisfactory, "Very," joined in the members; "Quite," uttered the Plaintiff, taking up his hat, bowing, and leaving the room. The Court immediately broke up, for the President informed the members that he would write out the "d—— d things," (meaning the judicial formula,) at his own house, and send the paper for their signature. They then went into an adjoining room, where a number of officers, the greater portion without coats or waistcoats—some with the fronts of their shirts open and the sleeves tucked up, were, enveloped in clouds of smoke, criticising a match at billiards. "Well, Charley," asked one, "how is the matter ended?"—"How is it?" exclaimed several others. "O! a trumpery apology." "I thought it would be so," was uttered by two or three; the attention then of the assembly reverted to the players ....
....

Here follow some grave remarks that I do not feel myself at liberty, without permission, to divulge—but I will give another extract on a different subject—viz.

WASP STUDYING THE VERNACULAR.

The particulars of their conversation has not transpired, we may however guess the tendency, for next day George was to be seen hard at work at the Vernacular. His study was a long room, furnished with a camp table and a couple of chairs. He and his tutor, the Munshi, were seated vis-a-vis at the further extremity of this room, and behind the Munshi was the punkah-puller, an almost naked nigger, perched on a stool, ingeniously formed with three tent pegs and a round piece of wood, usually placed under earthen-ware water-pots. The points of the pegs, well sharpened, slightly protruded through the wood, as "persuaders to exertion." This stool was taken from that modelled by the humane Colonel Tareum, C. B., the same who invented the patent goad for the gun bullocks.

"Well, Munshi, how long will it be before I know the languages?" "A very short time, Nourisher of the Poor, for you are so clever that an examination will be to you child's play." "All right, I feel that I can easily conquer the difficulties," said George smiling. The Munshi smiled infectiously. "What is the meaning of this phrase—it has an allusion apparently to the freshness of the rose?"

Jawanmurdi—Down wrote George, for he took notes, *Jawanmurdi*, a full blown rose. Further on he again interrogates his tutor: "What does *ab-hyat* mean?" "Himmut." "And what is Himmut?"

Jawanmurdi. Another full blown rose thought the scholar; but he continued: and what *Jawanmurdi*? *Nashist-burkhast*? And this? "Bund-o-bust." And what is *Bund-o-bust*? *Jawanmurdi*.

Here we are compelled to confess that George had been, for the last few minutes, rather testy, casting forth a naughty ejaculation or two, which could his good aunt in England have heard, would have caused her much pain. The explanation of *Bund-o-bust* was the climax of the lesson, for no sooner had the Munshi articulated its meaning, than he loudly eructated for the twenty-third time in fifteen minutes: the noise startled the nodding punkah puller, and down he tumbled from his Tareumnian stool with a terrific yell. The rope slipping out of his hand hit the Munshi on the head, and away he flew through the door. George was struck "all of a heap" with astonishment. The sudden flight of his tutor, and the nigger's continued yell: (for this poor wretch having lately "kept it up" was so *bhanged*, that in his descent, finding the stool sticking in his posteriors, he fancied the dread ogress Kali had him in her clutches, and was roaring in terror,) all quite confused Wasp; he thought there was an earthquake, and fancied he felt the shock.

The Munshi was not heard of until he reached the lines, and there he related to the Sepoys—his near martyrdom—his miraculous escape, in short, from the hands of "Wisp, Sahib." Though struck from behind, such is the luxuriancy of fancy, such the power of imagination in the East, that it led him to believe the blow came from the front, and, of course, from his pupil's arm. He took his oath on the Koran never to enter Wasp's house, and kept it solemnly until the next day. George had also, though a few seconds later, rushed out of the bungalow but was, after due search, found in the mess at tiffin.

THE DUEL.

THE DUEL.

A FARCE.

SCENE I.

A bed-chamber, with LIEUTENANT STUBBS *fast asleep. Time sunrise.*

Enter BEARER.

Bearer. Sahib! Sahib! Huzoor, Ghurreeb purwar, Sahib! Khudawand![1]

[STUBBS *at each appellation emits a snort louder and louder proportionably to the increase of the nigger's* sotto voce; *at last starting up exclaims:*

Stubbs. Kya hai; you suer[2]!

Bearer. Here is a note from Mr. Dobbs: his servant says that he was ordered to deliver it to your highness, whether your excellency were khata, peta, ya jugta sota.[3]

[STUBBS *rubs his eyes, sniffs, snorts, yawns, and soliloquizes:*

(1) Sir, Your Excellency, *impoverisher* of the poor, master, my lord.

(2) What's the matter, you hog.

(3) Whether eating or drinking, awake or asleep.

Stubbs. Here is a go! prefaced—"most private and confidential" ah! he has proposed, the cunning rascal;—hem! [*reads*]

"My Dear Stubbs, [*Hem!*]

"An affair of the most momentous kind, (*sniffs,*) obliges me to trouble you thus early (*snort*) Pray come over without delay, as otherwise it may be too late. *(A sniff, snort, and yawn.)*

"I remain, in haste,
"Your very attached friend,
"John Dobbs."

Stubbs soliloquizes: Bless me! what can he mean! He has'nt taken poison—has he? I was'nt drunk last night—was I, for I feel head-achy? It can't be an affair of honor—hem!

[*Drawls out*] Here alone I stand predestined by fate,
Beloved of women; object of men's hate;
Had Chloe said she would be only mine,
I'd reply, I am, sweetest, ever thine.

Hang this note; I am forgetting all my poetry: I composed this only last night for that she-devil, Mother Green's daughter—dearest Julia! but—Qui hai[4]? bring a looking glass.

Re-enter Bearer *with a mirror.*

[Stubbs *draws his fingers through the greasy hair—looks at himself with admiration, and sniffs.*

Bearer. Khudawand![5] Mr. Dobbs' man is waiting for an answer.

(4) Who is there? The usual call for a servant.
(5) My lord.

[STUBBS *slaps the Bearer's face, half jocosely, for disturbing the train of his pleasant cogitations;*

Stubb. There, you rascal! Tell him to say I will be over immediately, and order my horse quickly.

[*Exit* BEARER *at a trot.*

Stubbs (*Whistles, dresses and soliloquizes.*) This is a funny world—very. Here I am going to go about a thing, I don't know any thing about: but 'tis always the way: nothing can be done without me. One asks me to dinner; another to propose for him, and many to lend them money!

[*Here he falls into an immoderate fit of whistling, the tune the cow died of, with emendations.*

Enter BEARER.

Bearer. Sahib! the horse is ready.

Stubbs. Bring my hat, whip, and spurs.

[STUBBS *mounts a wretched pony which he calls a horse, and canters off. Going at a devil of a pace, for his beast is faster than he looks, the tat suddenly stops.* STUBBS *lands on his ears, and is saved being sent further by the opportune arrival of the groom: who with one hand seizes the bridle, and his master's leg by the other.*

STUBBS *on the ear of the pony.*

Stubbs. Dash the brute! here I am on the horns of a dilemma; [*To the* SYCE,] Kya kurta, suer.[6]

Syce. (Patting pony,) Ho ho beta! Ai mera bhai! aste, aste![7]

(6) What are you doing, hog.

(7) Ho! ho! my son, O my brother, gently, gently.

Stubbs. Choro, you suer: jane do.[8]

[*The pony makes a fresh start, and* STUBBS *is carried safely to* DOBBS' *door.*

SCENE II.

A wretched dilapidated bungalow. DOBBS *meets* STUBBS *at the threshold; and heartily shakes him by the hand.*

Dobbs. (Vehemently,) My good fellow,—just in time,—excellent place in compound,—cannot save commission, must fight,—kicked him,—kissed the woman every day for the last month,—just call him out,—all settled,—will be over in minute for that fellow is a d — d fool,—very illiterate,— I know it.

Stubbs. Gently, gently! I really don't understand.—Who do you mean?—what do you say?—where do you want me to go?

Dobbs. (Excitedly,) Only to shoot—no, I mean to call him out to be shot—capital place in my compound all ready.

Enter Captain BALDLOCK, *and is introduced.*

Stubbs. This is a pretty affair, Captain Baldcock; but I don't exactly understand Dobbs, whether he wishes me to fight, and with whom.

Baldlock. It is, my good Sir, the simplest thing in the world imaginable; you are only required to call out Ensign Sprout for insulting Ensign Peters.

Stubbs. Oh! is that all? I would suggest that, perhaps, you may be equally able to do the needful; for you see,

(8) Hands off, you hog; let him go.

I am a perfect stranger to both parties, and do not know the grounds of the quarrel.

Dobbs. Capital ground in my compound, and—

[BALDLOCK *interrupts him.*

Baldlock (*To Stubbs,*) The very reason you are the most fit man for the affair, as you cannot be charged with personal enmity or interested motives. I would be happy to lend a hand, but am too well known at Head Quarters, —too often mixed up in these matters: they know I am for ever fighting.

Stubbs. Ah! Yes! Certainly! there is a great deal in what you say; but pray what is the ground of dissension between these two gentlemen?

Dobbs. In my compound capital pl—

[BALDLOCK *interrupts him.*

Baldlock. Oh! a mere trifle; Ensign Sprout knocked down Ensign Peters; called him a blackguard, and kicked him.

Enter Ensign PETERS.

Dobbs. (To Peters,) Did'nt Sprout knock you down, and kick you?

Peters (With a vacant stare,) Oh dear no! he called me a blackguard, and only said that he would kick me.

Stubbs. (Hems and sniffs,) And pray what did *you* do?

Peters. (Simply,) Nothing! I only told him that he was a liar, and I would do the same to him.

Stubbs. Why! this is an intricate affair. I think the best plan would be for Mr. Peters to write to Ensign Sprout, and ask what he meant: whether he really intended to offer an affront: if so, add— *(looking at* PETERS) that you are ready to give him satisfaction.

Dobbs. Capital! this never struck me before.

Stubbs. What think you, Captain *Baldcock?*

Baldlock. I wholly agree with you, and entirely leave the affair in your hands, having full confidence in your feelings of manly honor.

Stubbs. Send for pen, ink and paper; and Mr. Peters can commence the note without delay.

[*He hums pathetically whilst thinking of Julia,*

Pen and ink, pen and ink, pen and ink and paper;
Envelopes, envelopes, sealing wax and taper.

Dobbs. (To Stubbs,) Ensign Peters is horribly illiterate *(turning to* PETERS,) are you not?

Peters. I don't know; they tell me so?

Stubbs. Well! you had better dictate whilst Mr. Peters writes.

Dobbs. Just the thing.

[BALDLOCK *and* STUBBS *communicate apart.* DOBBS *commences dictating and* PETERS *writing; a terrible scrawl, each letter three quarters of an inch long and very* Slanting-dicular. *With* DOBBS' *assistance,* PETERS, *after three several attempts on as many sheets of paper, produces the following elegant* morceau.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"This comes hoping to find that you are not out; I wish to know the meaning of your saying that you would knock me down and kick me. You are a blackguard—I know you are—I am ready to fight you with any weapon whatsoever and wheresoever you may think of,

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Your obedient Servant,
"SAMUEL PETERS, *Ensign,*
"92*nd Regt. of Infantry.*"

"P. S.—I want you to return my tent, which I lent Mrs. Smith, for I cannot see what proper connexion can exist between you and her."

[*This elegant production is read out, approved of, sealed, and despatched.*

Dobbs. Ah! that postscript is a tickler—won't it stick in her gizzard: I told you so, Stubbs, Peters is so amazingly illiterate that he does not know the form of addressing a letter, and, in fact, he could never have written one without my assistance. Could you, Peters?

Peters. I don't know—I think with a dictionary I could.

Dobbs. (*Snappishly*) No you couldn't. (*Smiling*) but let us withdraw to the parlour.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

A parlour, and in it a dingy-colored, frizzle-haired LADY, *seated alone, with a half empty tumbler of beer.*

Enter DOBBS *leading the van, followed by* CAPTAIN BALDLOCK, LIEUTENANT STUBBS *and* ENSIGN PETERS.

Dobbs. (*With a patronizing air,*) *To the lady,* Let me introduce to you Lieutenant Stubbs—Mrs. Baldlock, Lieut. Stubbs:—Lieut. Stubbs, Mrs. Baldlock.

[STUBBS *bows and exclaims with an awfully theatrical emotion.*

Stubbs. Bless me! Madam! I have all the morning been calling your husband, Captain Baldcock.

Lady. (*Smiling*) O pray don't mention it: a mere trifling mistake—a very slight one, for Baldlock and Baldcock are equally euphonious.

Dobbs. This is a terrific affair.

Baldlock. Very.

Stubbs. Tremendous.

Lady. Outrageously horrible!

Baldlock. Just fancy when little Emily was asked what she was doing playing in the sun; she replied "that ugly little Mr. Sprout is with my Mamma, and will allow no one to enter the tent."

Lady. Fie! fie! Scandalous! Shameful to set such an example to a child. Baldy, my dear, I never did such a thing before our children—did I, darling?

Baldlock. No, my love! but the baby is crying.

[LADY *bolts out of the room frantically.* BALDLOCK *and* STUBBS *light their cheroots, put their legs on the table, and converse philosophically on the nature and formation of babes.* PETERS *dozes; and* DOBBS *whistles.*

Enter a Servant with a note, which he presents to DOBBS.

Dobbs. Here is the answer. By Jingo, Peters! your own note, with a lady's hand-writing on its back. (*Reads*)

"Mrs. Smith returns Ensign Peters' snobbish production. She refuses to give up his tent, as that would be very inconvenient. Her connexion with Ensign Sprout is purely platonic, and perfectly correct. For further particulars she refers Ensign Peters to Ensign Sprout, who is ready to thrash him."

Odd! She might have written her note on a separate piece of paper, before she called mine a snobbish production—But never mind, Peters, now he must fight. (*Turning to* STUBBS,) Since I am on the sick list do just go and look at the ground behind my stables. Won't it do? A beautiful piece of sward!

Stubbs. I am very much obliged to you, but this does not seem a very creditable affair, so I must be off, especially as I have to go and play a match at billiards.

[*Bows and exit.*

Dobbs. Poor Peters! His commission is gone, if he does not fight, now what's to be done?

Peters. I will fight that fellow, though he is a liar!

Baldlock. Stubbs is a d——d disobliging fellow: I buttered him up, and trusted to his honor; honor, indeed! he hasn't a particle, that's all. Dobbs as you are on the sick list, and I am too well-known at Head Quarters as a great fighter, ever ready to strike, I think the best plan would be for Peters to go down to the dak bungalow, and see if he cannot make some arrangement with Ensign Sprout.

Dobbs. Just the thing! Capital idea! Peters you had better go at once.

Peters. Very good. I will do as you tell me, for I don't understand a word of the matter.

[PETERS' *pony is ordered, he mounts and exit.*

SCENE IV.

A dak bungalow, the abode of vermin and travellers. Five young children playing in the verandah; ENSIGN SPROUT, *a diminutive fellow, with his arms round the waist of a fat middle-aged woman. Both looking out of a window fronting the main road.*

Mrs. Smith. Dearest! how happy we shall be when once we are settled; though thingumbob's tent is comfortable.

Sprout. Just so, my own Peggy! but we must send home those five brats.

Mrs. Smith. Home, love! why they hav'nt got no friends, and where is the money to come from?

[SPROUT *is puzzled at this question, and, with a deeply meditative air, whistles "Jim Crow."*

[EMILY *runs up quite out of breath.*

Emily. Mamma, mamma, here is Mr. Peters.

Sprout. (*With a convulsive start*) Who—what—where is he?

[EMILY *points to the direction,* SPROUT, *in slippers and pyjamas,*[9] *minus hat and socks, darts out, siezes the unfortunate* PETERS *as he is about to enter the gate of the compound, drags him off his pony. The two grapple by the hair and fight.*

Khidmutgar of D. B. Dekho—dekho—bibi ke waste lurten.[10]

Cook of D. B. Wah! Wah! donon mutwalle hain.[11]

[*Here several niggers, with great thick sticks in hand, as if about to drive off two furious bulls, run up and separate the combatants.* PETERS *having received satisfaction, mounts his pony and returns home.* SPROUT *retires to the arms of his lady love; and*

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

1843

(9) Drawers.
(10) Look look, they are fighting for the woman.
(11) *Wah, wah!* an exclamation of surprise: They are both drunk.

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