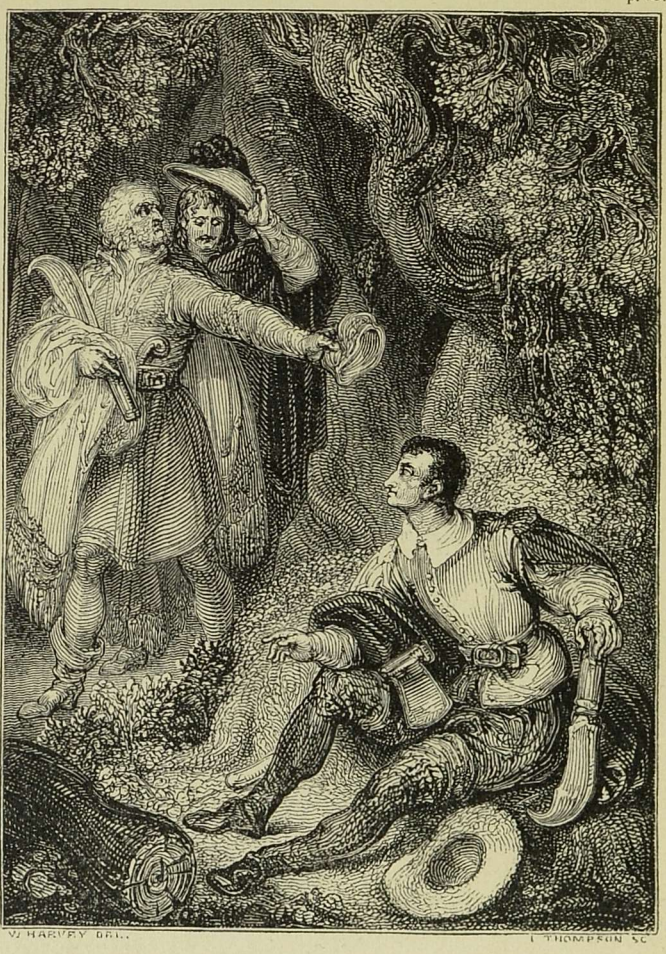
Daniel Stock

a present from Brighton

Xmas 1800

AUSTIN HALL.

C. Baldwin, Printer, New Bridge-street, London.



CHARLES THE SECOND IN THE WOOD AT BOSCOBEL.

AUSTIN HALL;

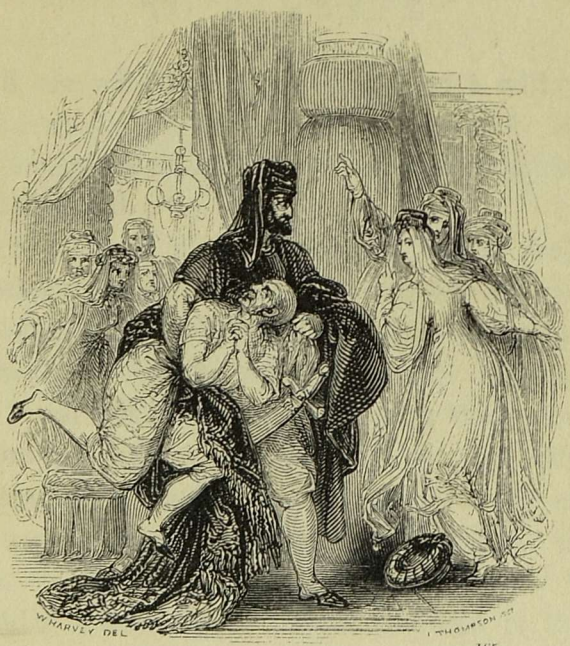
OR,

AFTER DINNER CONVERSATIONS,

BETWEEN

A FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN,

ON SUBJECTS OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.



p. 165.

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BALDWIN AND CRADOCK.

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PREFACE.

TO PARENTS.

"Tell me with whom you live, and I will tell you what you are," said the satirist. And why? Because it is by conversation, by daily intercourse, that character is chiefly formed.

The royal road to knowledge is that of oral communication: you prove the necessity of this when you first puzzle your children with essays and grammars, and then resolve the difficulties into question and answer; and Franklin justly remarks that you must even converse with your own judgment, by putting an argument into a regular *pro* and *con* statement, ere you can know justly and clearly how to decide on any subject.

Familiar intercourse with our children is the best mode of education. If we add to their pleasures, and participate in their occupations, by showing them that we too read, and that information gives zest to our conversation, as well as employment to their school hours, we shall then see them more instructed and less

pedantic; they will then neither hate reading as tiresome and anti-social, nor boast of it as a merit; they will be ashamed of ignorance rather than vain of knowledge; they will learn to interweave and connect the subjects of their reading, and will be taught to use that moral lens which forms the light of truth, by the concentration of the most opposite colouring.

I give you here the plan of a daily hour of society which we all enjoy and improve by, and not less the elders of our family party than the children. By associating with them, we get into "true nature and simplicity of manners, so much nearer innocence—that is truth,—and infancy—that is openness;" and, whilst they profit by our experience, and become enlightened by our knowledge, we are purified by their guilelessness, and our affections are re-animated by their generous ardour. The union of a family party must ever be beneficial to the different ages of which it consists; and those who are employed in preserving their children from the corruption of evil communication will find their society in turn a powerful corrective of that worldly-minded spirit which gradually obtains possession of the best and noblest,—which is first prudence, but finally selfishness.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST CONVERSATION.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

TENTH CONVERSATION.

ELEVENTH CONVERSATION.

ERRATA.

Page 116. Chap. III. .. *read* Chap. VII.
137. Chap. X. .. „ Chap. IX.

AUSTIN HALL.

CHAP. I.

"I HOPE we shall not be desired to go to the dining-room after dinner," said Amy Lumley, to her cousin Florence, as she was changing her dress for the evening.

Florence. Yes, I am sure we shall: when there is no company, we are always sent for. The little ones do not stay above half an hour, and then Gerald and Edward, and Charlotte and I, stay with papa and mamma till our bed-time comes too: so very soon! Coffee is brought in at nine, and that is generally the signal for "Good night."

Amy. *You* find it different, I dare say, at home; but, when you were abroad, that going in after dinner was the only thing I disliked at

Merton in the holidays. I am too tall to be crammed with cakes and fruit like the little Mertons, and people think it kind to notice me in some way or other, and so they talk of me, and to me, as if I had neither sense nor feeling. The last day I was there, one old lady nodded graciously to me, and said, "Papa's mouth;" another answered across the table, "Mamma's nose." "Yes; but not the least of the Indian complexion." "Quite the Indian eyes, though." As it was a sort of family party, there was no conversation going on: every body turned to stare at me. Miss Williams, who sat next to me, good-naturedly began to talk to me, and began, as she began every day, to ask me how many brothers and sisters I had. Mrs. Merton called from the head of the table, "She is an only child, Miss Williams;" and added in a low voice, "an heiress:" every body stared again. Miss Williams then asked, as usual, if I was fond of the harp, and *supposed* I should be delighted when mamma and papa returned next year from India. The gentlemen then spoke of the Burmese war, and the cholera morbus, and all those horrible Indian complaints. Every thing they said made me doubly anxious; it is so long

before I can hear if papa is safe, and mamma well, they are so very far off; as mamma's letter to-day says, "half the circumference of the globe is between us."

Florence. But that is nothing now, Amy; the steam-vessel will bring them home in two months; and now we are settled at home, you will spend all your holidays with us: but make haste, you will be late. This visit to papa is the pleasantest time of the day; we seldom see him at any other time, for he is engaged all the morning. I hope you have a good memory; we are all in turn required to tell an anecdote or a story, and that papa calls our "wine and walnuts." But make haste: it is almost seven, our usual hour.

Now Amy was seldom ready for any thing: though she was not idle, she was indolent, and disliked leaving off one employment, because there was always some trouble in beginning another. Sometimes she would sit at the harp till she scarcely knew one air from another; but, if her music happened to be in another room, and she had no young companion at hand who would find it for her, in the confusion of the music-stand, she would take up the first book she saw,

and read till the arrival of her music-master made her regret she had not spent the time in practising for him. If any body would paste the paper on her drawing-board, or draw the pattern for her work, her drawing and her work were done; if not, week after week passed away in listless idleness. She had continued to put in stitch after stitch in her embroidery, notwithstanding repeated intimations that it was time to dress; and her toilette was not completed, when Charlotte Austin, with somewhat of the impatience of ten years old, burst into the room, exclaiming, "Florence, make haste: dinner is come out; dinner is come out. Oh! I am glad to see *you* are ready: papa will forgive Amy, and not send us all away for being late."

Florence. Hush, you little rude thing: Amy is a visitor, you know. But mamma will be very angry with you, Charlotte: you have been watching on the stairs, as usual.

Charlotte. No, indeed, Florence. I stood at the library door, and only took one little peep.

Florence. I wish you would do *exactly* what mamma bids you: you *went* to the school-room, but why do you not *stay* there?

Charlotte. Miss Fanshawe was in her own

room, and it was so lonely; but I will another time.

Florence. Do, dear Charlotte, and you will not get into so many scrapes; but come down: Amy is ready now: we shall not be too late; it still wants five minutes of seven.

SATURDAY EVENING.

The young party were welcomed with many kindly greetings by Mr. and Mrs. Austin, and their eldest son Gerald, and were soon seated round a cheerful fire. Amy had not seen Gerald before, for he had been absent from home. He was a tall, slight, gentlemanly, youth, and his first address reminded her of what she had heard the family apothecary say before dinner, that Mr. Gerald was a good scholar, a very good scholar, but a *leetle* of the dandy. It must be confessed he had somewhat of the eldest son in his manner, but he was generous, honourable, and affectionate; studious in his habits, and fond of music, poetry, and general literature.

When the young children were dismissed to the nursery, Mr. Austin said, "I think it is your

turn, my little Charlotte, to furnish us with an anecdote."

Charlotte. Oh papa, I forgot it was my turn. Florence, what *shall* I do? I must not tell the story of Alexander and his Horse, that was called Bucephalus, because it had the head of a cow; nor "Cæsar's Fortunes;" nor Caractacus. Did I tell the story of the Frenchman who was employed to bring two coffee plants to Martinique, and when there was so little water on board the ship that he only got a very little for his own share, he divided it every day with the two plants, just as mamma would do with Willy and Jessy, and saved their lives?

Florence. I am sorry to say we have heard that more than once.

Mr. Austin. It is early yet: we will give you time to think of something. Amy, where did you walk to to-day? I saw you at a distance, as you were crossing the park, and called to you to wait till I came up, but the wind was high, and prevented you hearing me.

Amy. I wish we had, dear uncle: we had such a pleasant walk on Clansdown.* I never

* In Surrey.

saw any thing so pretty as the dark yews in the snow: it is a pity that most of them are hollow. Florence, and Miss Fanshawe, and I, took shelter in one of them when the shower came on. I wish I had a work table made of one of the solid ones.

Mr. Austin. In spring the contrast of the white thorns in full blossom on the Downs is perhaps even more beautiful than the snow at this season; but I forgot your peculiar admiration of snow. Susan, do you remember her extravagant delight the first time she saw a hail storm after she came from India?

Mrs. Austin. Yes, when she said the angels were throwing down comfits, because she had been a good girl, and had said her lesson well.

Gerald reminded his mother of Saladin and the Knight of the Leopard, in the Talisman, and Mr. Austin continued:—

"Those yews on Clansdown, Amy, are upwards of eight hundred years old; they are registered in Doomsday Book. Our ancestors would have been much surprised at the proposition of making a lady's work table of the wood."

Edward. What use was made of it, papa?

Mr. Austin. The yew is the best wood for

bows, and archery was the pride of England. For the use of the bowmen yews were always planted in church-yards, because they were secure from injury. Every parish was by law obliged to practise archery at stated times in the year; and, after the bow was almost entirely laid aside as a weapon of offence, archery was enjoined to youth as a healthful exercise. By the original statutes of Harrow School, in the reign of Elizabeth, every person who sent a boy to the school was ordered to allow him a bow, three shafts, bow strings, and a bracer; and when I was there, in remembrance of the old custom, we had an annual shooting match for a silver arrow.

Edward. I wish archery was a sort of school lesson now: there would be no danger of accidents if we were all in lines like soldiers shooting at a mark. I wish I had lived at the time of the battle of Cressy; how I would have shot my arrows with the Black Prince: he was not much older than I am, only five years.

Florence. Gentlemen were not bowmen, I believe: they fought with a lance and sword. When was the bow laid aside in war, papa?

Mr. Austin. Archers were employed long after the introduction of fire-arms. One half of

the troops Henry the Eighth, sent at different times into France, were of that description. Bluff Harry was himself a famous archer. In Elizabeth's letter to the Sheriff of Lancashire for the levy of troops to be sent to Ireland, the proportion of bows is equal to the harquebuses, as the heavy muskets of that time were called; and the comparative merits of those two weapons was long a subject of dispute among warriors; and, but for the superior powers of heavy artillery, the bowman might still have ranked among our troops. The archers also served, as marines do now, on shipboard, fifty bows to a first-rate man of war, and smaller ships in proportion; and both in France and England archers were employed in civil matters in aid of the magistrates, whenever an armed police was required. In 1643, during the civil wars, the Earl of Essex endeavoured to raise a company of archers. But the last mention we have of bowmen in modern times is in 1660, when the Marquess of Montrose employed them with success against the Scotch.

Florence. Do you remember the bow we saw at Naples, which was brought from Herculaneum, Gerald? You said it was made of a goat's horn.

Gerald. Yes, like the bow of Pandarus, in the fourth book of the Iliad :—

> "'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil,
> A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil;
> The workman join'd, and shaped the bended horns,
> And beaten gold each taper point adorns."

Mr. Austin. Well remembered, Gerald. I doubt not your memory would furnish us with many instances of belomancy or divination by arrows from the classics.

Gerald. Herodotus mentions the Scythian mode of divination by arrows, but I don't recollect that it was customary amongst the Greeks and Romans. It was much practised by the eastern kings, when they were at war. The names of four or five cities were written on different arrows, which were put into a quiver, and whichever was taken out first decided the city they first laid siege to.

Mrs. Austin. That explains a passage in Ezekiel, which Florence and I were reading this morning :—"The King of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways to use divination: he made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver.

At his right hand was the divination for Jerusalem."

Mr. Austin. The more extended our knowledge of antiquity the more we become aware of the extraordinary truth and accuracy of the Holy Scriptures. The Arabs practise something similar in our own times :—they put three arrows in a quiver, one is blank, one inscribed "God willing," one "God not willing." If the former comes out first, their troops disperse : if either of the others, the legend decides for or against the enterprise in agitation. The Laplanders now use magical arrows in the silly incantations they are so much addicted to, and the charmed bullets of Der Freischutz remind me of the charmed arrows of our English archers of yore. In the time of Mary, of popish memory, a poor fellow was severely punished for shooting at a mark with arrows which, his accusers said, were enchanted, by which he earned two or three shillings a day.

Charlotte, who, during this conversation, had been weighing the comparative merits of the different anecdotes her limited knowledge of history furnished her with, now exclaimed in delight, "I know a beautiful story of archery.

The French book I am reading is William Tell: you shall hear all about his shooting the apple off his son's head."

This story was of course familiar to the whole party; but Edward, who was not old enough to dislike hearing the same thing twice, applauded her choice.

Florence. You are greatly changed since this morning, Edward, when you told Charlotte you could not bear *Tell-tales*.

"Well, I *don't* like tell-tales," said the little boy, quite unconscious of her meaning.

"Florence, you are incorrigible," said Gerald; "that is the third forfeit you owe me to-day for punning. *We* don't mind these stupid little stories; but really Miss Lumley, (turning to Amy), it would be too bad to inflict William Tell on you: a tale of Robin Hood there might be some poetry in."

Mrs. Austin. You must not be so formal, Gerald, though you have entered Oriel; and though you have not seen your old playfellow Amy these three years, you must not call her Miss Lumley: she will think she is not at home if you do.

"I hope she will never feel more at home than

at Austin Hall," said Gerald, with that mixture of natural kindness and artificial politeness which were peculiar to his manner, and which showed that, though he thought much of others, he thought more of himself.

Amy, like most indolent people, was acute in her perceptions of the ridiculous in others; and, though she felt obliged, her countenance betrayed that she was amused at Gerald's pompous manner of doing the honors of his father's house. He caught the expression of her eye, and could not help laughing at himself. Throwing off the fine gentleman, he held out his hand with boyish frankness to his pretty cousin, and said, "You shall be Amy again."

"And you shall be my own dear Gerald again," she replied, adding, in a low voice, "I did not much like the dandy Mr. Austin, junior."

Gerald. Well, then, Amy, we must make a new treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive.—As your story is, I am sorry to hear, to be but short, help me to persuade the higher powers to put those two parrots, Edward and Charlotte, in their cages, or at least to forbid them to speak.

Charlotte. You need not put us up in our

cages, as you call it. Papa, I dare say, will tell something for me, as you think me so stupid since you went to Oxford. I don't know much about Robin Hood. Papa, will you tell Gerald his real history?

Mr. Austin. I will some other evening; but at present I know nothing of the biography of Robin Hood and Little John, except what may be gleaned from the ballads which were the favorites of my boyish days.

Edward. Little John was about my size: I suppose a sort of page to Robin Hood.

Mr. Austin. Though "he was a sweet lad," as the ballad says, I hope you will never be his size: he was called Little John ironically:—

"This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
Which name shall be changed anon,
The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John.

He was, I must tell you, but seven feet high,
And maybe an ell in the waist."

Mrs. Austin. Quite a Patagonian.

Charlotte. A Patagonian: what is that, mamma?

Mrs. Austin. A common expression for a very tall and large person, from a race of giants supposed to live on the southern shores of America, near the Straits of Magellan.

Mr. Austin. There was something more than supposition in the idea.

Charlotte. Then there have been real giants?

Mr. Austin. Not such giants as Pliny and Plutarch speaks of, from sixty to ninety feet high! Plutarch relates, that when Sertorius was in Africa, he ordered the tomb of Antæus to be opened—

Florence. Antæus, who was smothered by Hercules?

Mr. Austin. Yes; and when he found the skeleton to be ninety feet long, he was seized with such awe, that he closed the tomb, and ordered a sacrifice.

Florence. How much is a cubit? Goliath, in Scripture, was six cubits high.

Mr. Austin. A cubit is about a foot and a half. Goliath was about nine feet high, which was also about the stature of the Roman emperor Maximin. The Mauritanian giant was ten times as tall; but these fables are not confined to the classics. In the dark ages many

skeletons were reported to be found in southern Europe: one, for instance, near Rome, in the reign of the Emperor Henry II., so tall, that, when sitting, he could look over the walls of the city! Observe, that no historian goes so far as to say that these prodigies were seen *alive*,—bones only were found,—probably those of the larger kinds of animals, as the elephant or the mammoth. Whilst comparative anatomy was little known, superstition mistook them for the remains of heroes and demi-gods. At present the animals that formerly existed in a country can be as accurately known from fossil bones as those that walk about the fields with their furs on. You all recollect the hyæna bones at the Geological Society, which were dug up in a cave in Yorkshire.

Charlotte. *I* do; but don't you say that there are *real* giants?

Mr. Austin. Men of large stature, from six to seven and eight feet, have been seen by various navigators on the southern coast of America. Magellan was the first who saw them, near the Straits which bear his name.

Amy. When did Magellan live?

Mr. Austin. Magellan was a Portuguese of

noble birth; he served with much reputation under Albuquerque in the East Indies, at the siege of Malacca, but becoming discontented, he offered his services to Charles V., King of Spain (not the famous Emperor). He obtained the command of a fleet, and in 1519 discovered the straits between the main land of America and the Terra del Fuego, which bear his name. The rigour of the season obliged him to winter there, in St. Julian's Bay, 49 degrees south of the line. This is one of the most desolate regions of the earth. As they saw neither trees nor herbage, they concluded that it was uninhabited, when, to the astonishment of the grave Spaniards, a savage of enormous stature came towards them, frisking and frolicking, dancing and singing, with all the vivacity of their European neighbours—the French. When he came near he stopped, put dust on his head in token of amity, and when they did the same—(by this action he probably meant to intimate that they were all brothers; children of one common mother—the earth) —he joined them, and went on board their ships without fear or suspicion. He was, probably, about seven feet and a half high; for the head of a middle-sized man reached to his waist;

his hair was white; his complexion a dark copper colour, like the North American Indians; his face broad, and painted many colours and patterns; both his cheeks were marked with a heart; he was dressed in skins, and armed with a bow. Magellan made him eat and drink, and he was quite happy amongst his new friends, till he happened to look in a mirror they had given him, with some other trifles. At the sight of his own face he started back with terror, and doing so threw down two men who were standing behind him. It was a long time before he could recover from his affright; but when he did, he was so gay and good-humoured, that the sailors took great delight in his company. He brought some of his tribe to the ships next day, who were equally gentle and vivacious. Magellan wished to take some of them to Europe, and the sailors decoyed two into his ship. They put fetters on their feet, which the innocent Patagonians thought were intended for ornament, and amused themselves at first with the clinking noise they made; when they at last discovered the design of their treacherous hosts, they implored the aid of some superior being, by the name of *Letebos*, and then, animated by the hope of his assistance,

they exerted their prodigious strength, and rent their fetters with the ease of a Sampson. The resistance of one in particular was remarkable; he was thrown on the ground, his arms and legs bound with strong cords. Nine men were in vain employed to secure him; he burst away from them all, and regained his native mountains uninjured.

Edward. What a shame for Magellan! I suppose the Patagonians were afraid to come near strangers again?

Mr. Austin. Many navigators have seen individuals of the same race; but Byron, the uncle of our great poet, seems to have met the greatest number of them together. His account is amusing, and you may read it to us; it is confirmed by Carteret and Wallis. Captain Wallis, however, limits their stature from five feet ten to six feet and a half. Those he saw were strong and bony; their hands and feet remarkably small; their hair strait and stiff. They were dressed in the skins of the guanacoe, a small camel, and they lived principally on the flesh of this animal and the ostrich, which they killed with a sling, and eat raw. All accounts represent them as religious, honest, well disposed, and lively.

Charlotte. But they were not real giants after all. Edward, do get the amusing account papa spoke of.

Mr. Austin. Bring the first volume of the Collection of Voyages you will find in the lower shelf of the first bookcase on the right hand side of the library. But observe my rule of doing every thing properly at the first attempt; if you bring the wrong book you shall not go back again.

"Take care, dear Edward," said Charlotte, "or we shall not hear the story—the lower shelf of the first bookcase." "You need not tell me, Charlotte, I know, I know;" and in a few minutes Edward returned with the right volume, and began to read as follows, Charlotte eagerly looking over him, and from time to time saying the words out loud before he could articulate them:—"Just as we came to an anchor, I saw with my glass a number of horsemen riding backward and forward directly abreast of the ship, and waving something white, as an invitation to us to come on shore. As I was very desirous to know what these people were, I ordered out my twelve-oar'd boat, and went towards the beach with Mr. Marshall, my second lieutenant, and a party of men very well armed. Mr. Cumming, my first

lieutenant, followed in the six-oar'd cutter. When we came within a little distance of the shore, we saw, as near as I can guess, about five hundred people, some on foot, but the greater part on horseback. They drew up upon a stony spot, which ran a good way into the sea, and upon which it was very bad landing, for the water was shallow, and the stones very large. The people on shore kept waving and hollowing, which, as we understood, were invitations to land. I could not perceive that they had any weapons among them; however, I made signs that they should retire to a little distance, with which they immediately complied. They continued to shout with great vociferation, and in a short time we landed, though not without great difficulty, most of the boat's crew being up to the middle in water. I drew up my people on the beach, with my officers at their head, and gave orders that none of them should move from that station till I should either call or beckon to them. I then went forward towards the Indians, but perceiving that they retired as I advanced, I made signs that one of them should come near. As it happened, my signals were understood, and one of them, who afterwards appeared to be a chief, came towards

me. He was of gigantic stature, and seemed to realize the tales of monsters in a human shape. He had the skin of some wild beast thrown over his shoulders, as a Scotch highlander wears his plaid, and was painted so as to make the most hideous appearance I ever beheld. Round one eye was a circle of white, a circle of black surrounded the other, and the rest of his face was streaked with paint of different colours. I did not measure him, but if I may judge of his height by the proportion of his stature to my own, it could not be much less than seven feet. When this frightful Colossus came up, we muttered somewhat to each other as a salutation."

Charlotte. How droll they must have appeared just then.

" I then walked with him towards his companions"—(don't you wonder he was not afraid, Charlotte?)—" to whom as I advanced I made signs that they should sit down, and they all readily complied. There were among them many women, who seemed to be proportionably large, and few of the men were less than the chief who had come forward to meet me. I had heard their voices very loud at a distance, and when I came near I perceived a good number of very old men,

who were chaunting some unintelligible words in the most doleful cadence I ever heard, with an air of serious solemnity which inclined me to think it was a religious ceremony. They were all painted, and clothed nearly in the same manner. The circles round the eyes were in no instance of one colour, but they were not universally black and white, some being white and red, and some red and black. Their teeth were as white as ivory, even, and well set; but, except the skins, which they wore with the hair inwards, most of them were naked, a few only having upon their legs a kind of boot, with a short pointed stick fastened to each heel, which served as a spur. Having looked round upon these enormous goblins with no small astonishment, and with some difficulty made those that were still galloping up, sit down with the rest, I took out a quantity of yellow and white beads, which I distributed amongst them, and which they received with very strong expressions of pleasure. I then took out a piece of green silk ribbon, and giving the end of it into the hands of one of them, I made the person that sat next take hold of it, and so on as far as it would reach. All this while they sat very quietly, nor did any of those

that held the ribbon attempt to pull it from the rest, though I perceived that they were still more delighted with it than with the beads. While the ribbon was thus extended, I took out a pair of scissars, and cut it between each of the two Indians that held it, so that I left about a yard in the possession of every one, which I afterwards tied about their heads, where they suffered it to remain without so much as touching it while I was with them. Their peaceable and orderly behaviour on this occasion certainly did them honour, especially as my presents could not extend to the whole company. Neither impatience to show the new finery, nor curiosity to gain a nearer view of me, and what I was doing, brought any of them from the station I had allotted him. It would be very natural for those who have read Gay's Fables, if they form an idea of an Indian, almost naked, returning to his fellows in the woods, adorned with European trinkets, to think of the monkey that had seen the world."

Charlotte.

In cities long I passed my days,
Conversed with men, and learnt their ways;
Their dress, their courtly manners see,
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye——

Edward. Do have done, Mrs. Parrot; you are always interrupting me. There now, I have lost my place.

Mrs. Austin. Patience, Edward, I will find it for you. You may go on here:—

"The people, however, whom I had adorned, were not wholly strangers to European commodities; for, upon a closer attention, I perceived among them one woman who had bracelets either of brass or very pale gold, upon her arms, and some beads of blue glass, strung upon two long queues of hair, which, being parted at the top, hung down over each shoulder before her. She was of an enormous size, and her face, if possible, more frightfully painted than the rest. I had a great desire to learn where she got her beads and bracelets, and inquired, by all the signs I could devise, but found it impossible to make myself understood. One of the men showed me the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, which was made of red earth, but I soon found that they had no tobacco among them, and this person made me understand that he wanted some. Upon this I beckoned to my people, who remained upon the beach, drawn up as I had left them, and three or four of them ran forward, imagining that I

wanted them. The Indians, who, as I had observed, kept their eyes almost continually upon them, no sooner saw some of them advance, than they all rose up with a great clamour, and were leaving the place, as I supposed, to get their arms, which were probably left at a little distance. To prevent mischief, therefore, and to put an end to the alarm which had thus accidentally been spread among them, I ran to meet the people who were, in consequence of my signal, coming from the beach, and as soon as I was within hearing I hollowed to them, and told them that I would have only one come up with all the tobacco that he could collect from the rest. As soon as the Indians saw this, they recovered from their surprise, and every one returned to his station, except a very old man, who came up to me, and sung a long song, which I much regretted my not being able to understand."

Mr. Austin. That reminds me, Amy, of you, when you first came from India, and used to sit on my knee, and sing me Hindostanee songs, when you could not speak a word of English, nor I understand a syllable of your Hindoo chaunt.

Mrs. Austin. It is surprising how quickly children learn and forget a language. In three

months Amy spoke English fluently, and only recollected a few words of her eastern dialect.

Amy. I am sorry I have forgotten it: I should like to be able to talk to mamma in a language that would be almost peculiar to her in this country. She generally speaks to the native servants in Hindostanee.—I beg your pardon, Edward, I see you want to get on.

Edward. There is only a little bit more, and I may as well finish it:—" Before the song was well finished Mr. Cumming came up with the tobacco, and I could not but smile at the astonishment which I saw expressed in his countenance upon perceiving himself, though six feet two inches high, a pigmy amongst giants; for these people may indeed more properly be called giants than tall men. Of the few among us who are full six feet high, scarcely any are broad and muscular in proportion to their stature, but look rather like men run up accidentally to an unusual height; and a man who should measure only six feet two inches, and equally exceed a stout well-set man of the common stature in breadth and muscle, would strike us rather as being of a gigantic race, than as an individual accidentally

anomalous."—Very hard words, indeed; I don't understand it; do you, Charlotte?

Charlotte. Oh yes! well enough. Go on, I'll tell you when you have done.

Edward. "Our sensations, therefore, on seeing five hundred people, the shortest of whom were at least four inches taller, and bulky in proportion, may easily be imagined. After I had presented the tobacco, four or five of the chief men came up to me, and as I understood by the signs they made, wanted me to mount one of their horses, and go with them to their habitations; but as it would on every account have been imprudent to comply, I made signs in return that I must go back to the ship: at this they expressed great concern, and sat down in their stations again.

"I observed that they had with them a great number of dogs, with which I suppose they chace the wild animals, which serve them for food. The horses were not large, nor in good case, yet they appeared to be nimble, and well broken. The bridle was a leather thong, with a small piece of wood, which served for a bit, and the saddles resembled small pads that are in use among the country people in England."

Mrs. Austin. These Patagonians seem to have been about as tall as the giants that are occasionally exhibited amongst ourselves, but more robust. There is one very remarkable difference, they seem neither to have been unhealthy nor imbecile. *Our* giants are generally the one or the other, like the unfortunate dwarfs we see.

Charlotte. Dear mamma, papa has told us of giants, you must tell us about the unfortunate dwarfs: I dare say there is a people of them too somewhere or other in this *great* world.

Mrs. Austin. Perhaps there may be; papa shall help me to find it out, and I will tell you all about them when it comes to my turn. But where is Gerald all this time?

Gerald. Here I am, behind the Indian screen, finishing Woodstock.

Mrs. Austin. Then I can almost forgive you: the interest of the Waverley novels is so overpowering; but you must not desert us again; it is contrary to all rule and good manners.

Gerald. I have done now. Rednosed Noll is inimitable! But I wish the account of Charles's escape was more historical.

Mrs. Austin. To atone for your absence

without leave this evening, you shall give us the *historical* account of Charles's escape to-morrow.

Mr. Austin. You will find Boscobel and Clarendon in the library, and you may prepare your account for us by Monday evening: your mother forgets that to-morrow will be Sunday, when you will be engaged in more appropriate reading.

Mrs. Austin. It is strange that I should have forgotten the day of the week; the assembling of all our party for the holidays should have reminded me of Saturday evening.

CHAP. II.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Charlotte. What do people mean by saying that we are in the third age of the world? I thought an age was a century, or a hundred years. Is it not a great deal more than three hundred years since the world was made?

Mr. Austin. Yes, silly child! it is nearly six thousand years since the creation. By the three

ages of the world we sometimes designate the three great religious eras: namely, the era of the natural or unwritten law from Adam to Moses; the written law from Moses to our Saviour; and the law of grace at our Lord's coming, under which we now are. You will also sometimes hear of the seven ages of the world, which are marked by the most important events in Scripture:— 1. The age of the creation, from Adam to Noah. 2. The age of the deluge, from Noah to Abraham. 3. The age of the covenant, when God, by the calling of Abraham, chose a peculiar people to preserve the knowledge of himself and the promise of the Messiah revealed to Adam: this age of the covenant was from Abraham to Moses. 4. The age of the delivery of the written law to the Jewish nation by Moses. 5. The building of the temple by Solomon. 6. The restoration of the Jews, and the foundation of the second temple, under Cyrus; and, 7. The birth of Christ.

Florence. Until the restoration of the Jews under Cyrus I think I have a clear idea of Scripture history; but from that time to the commencement of the New Testament I am not acquainted with the history of the Jews.

Mr Austin. That period does not fall within the canonical books of Scripture, which is the reason you cannot read of it in the Bible; but as I think it very important that you should be acquainted with it, I will, next Sunday evening, give you a slight sketch of Jewish history, from the building to the destruction of the second temple. As I think one branch of knowledge is always more firmly fixed in our minds by its connection with another, I will now tell you the periods of profane history, which accord with those I have mentioned of the Scriptures:—Of the first age of the world there is no record except from the book of Genesis. In the second age Nineveh was built, and the kingdom of Egypt established. The pyramids of Egypt were built at this period, and those astronomical observations of the Chaldeans were made, which were given to the companions of Alexander when he conquered Babylon. In the third, or the age of the covenant with Abraham, the ancient kingdoms of Greece, Phœnicia, and Tyre were founded. The fourth, or age of the written law delivered to Moses, [B. C. 1184,] was also the epoch of the taking of Troy, and of fabulous history generally, when heroes and demi-gods were supposed

by the ancients to have ruled the earth—as Hercules, Theseus, Castor and Pollux, &c. In the fifth age, or the building of the Temple, we find the foundation of Carthage, [869,] the first and second Assyrian empire, and Rome, [750,] within little more than a century of each other. Sardanapalus and Nebuchadnezzar flourished at this time. The sixth age is the age of the union of the Medes and Persians under Cyrus, who destroyed the Babylonish empire [538]. This is about the period of the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome. It is from this time that I am to give you the sketch I have promised of the history of the Jews, and as I do not wish to give you too much chronology at once, I shall only now observe, that Semiramis and Jephtha were contemporaries, and lived at the period of the siege of Troy; that the seven sages of Greece flourished about the time of Cyrus; that Isaiah, Hesiod, and Homer were nearly contemporaries, and that Herodotus, the father of profane history, wrote about the time that Ezra and Nehemiah arranged the books of sacred history from Moses to their own times.

During the seventy years of the Jewish captivity the ancient Hebrew language was nearly

lost. The Jews mingled it with that of their Chaldean conquerors, which nearly resembled their own, and wrote the Hebrew with the Chaldaic characters. Some portions of Daniel and Ezra are written in the Syriac or Chaldee tongue. The Samaritans, however, retained the ancient manner of writing, and preserved the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses, in the original Hebrew letter and language.

Amy. From what we read of Solomon's Temple, and other buildings in Scripture, the arts in those times seem to have been in great perfection amongst the Jews.

Mr. Austin. Both the first and second temple were chiefly built by foreign workmen. The Jews principally applied themselves to the cultivation of the earth, and they traded with the superabundant produce of their fruitful land, which was, according to the promise, "Flowing in milk and honey, fertile in corn, and wine, and oil." In the enumeration of the trade of Tyre, in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel, it is said that the Israelites traded in the markets of that great city in wheat and honey, and oil and balm. The balm-tree grew anciently only in Palestine, or, to speak more correctly, that of other countries

was not held in esteem. It seems that the produce of the various countries of the East were universally exchanged at Tyre for the "multitude of the wares of its making." The prophet says, "Arabia brought goats and sheep; Damascus wine and white wool; Tarshish spices, precious stones, and gold; Syria emeralds, purple, embroidered work, fine linen, coral, and agate." Other nations brought silver, iron, tin, lead, *shining* iron (or steel), vessels of brass, cassia, calamus, ivory, ebony, cedar, and rich apparel; some traded at the Tyrian fairs in horses and mules; and others "in the persons of men." From this great emporium, close to their own shores, the Jews were therefore abundantly supplied with all the luxuries of life. But we have had enough of Jewish history for the present. It is our custom, Amy, to choose in turn some virtue, which it is my task to find one model of from Scripture: as you are—I will not say the stranger—but the latest arrival, you shall choose to-night. What shall it be?

Amy. Obedience to parents.

Mr. Austin. A good choice, Amy; for the worst parents are anxious for the virtues of their

children, and, generally speaking, the observance of this one duty leads to the fulfilment of all the other commandments. Gerald, what would you illustrate it by?

Gerald. I think I would choose the example of Isaac, in the land of Moriah: he seems to have been perfectly resigned to the will of his father.

Mr. Austin. The name of Isaac means laughter or mirth; and his obedience rendered him always the joy of his parents. Amy, what would you choose?

Amy. I would choose a more certain example of resignation than Isaac in the same situation—Jephtha's daughter: she is more than resigned to his will; she is *happy* to be the price of his glory.

Mr. Austin. Her reply does, indeed, convey this idea, and it is a beautiful example of the devotedness of your sex: "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth: forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies." Florence, what example would you choose?

Florence. I would choose the kind-hearted Ruth: "Orphah kissed her mother in love, but Ruth clave unto her."

Charlotte. I would choose Queen Esther, who minded all her uncle Mordecai said to her (just as Amy minds you, papa), and saved him, and all her nation. What a pretty story that is, and what a beautiful palace she lived in, the pavement of porphyry and blue marble and alabaster, the hangings of green and white and blue, fastened with purple cords and silver rings to pillars of marble, and even the bedsteads of gold and silver.

Edward. I would choose Samuel when he was a child, and stood with Eli in the Temple, and was so obedient to him when Eli's own sons were so wicked.

Mrs. Austin. I think you have rather named an instance of disobedience than of obedience, Edward.

Edward. Then choose for me, mamma.

Mrs. Austin. I would name a higher than all these. Samuel was consecrated from his birth, and was *called* by God as a child in the first temple to hear his will; but I would name that Holy Child, to whom the will of his Father

was shown from all eternity, and who yet, after declaring it to the learned of Israel in the second temple, meekly returned to live with his human parents, and was subject to them in all things, till he entered publicly on his divine mission.

Mr. Austin. All human example of virtue must of course fall infinitely short of this divine model; but the one I had chosen to illustrate the virtue of obedience has received the express approbation of God himself, who commanded Jeremiah to set it before the eyes of the disobedient Jews, as at once a model and a reproach.

Mrs. Austin. I do not recollect what you allude to.

Mr. Austin. I mean the example of the Rechabites. Edward, do you remember anything of Jehu?

Edward. I think it was he who killed that wicked Jezebel, when she painted her face, and dressed her head, and looked out at the window.

Mrs. Austin. Yes, it was he. During the short time that Jehu walked in the law of God, he destroyed the worshippers of Baal, and he chose on that occasion Jehonadab, the son of Rechab, "to come with him, and see his zeal for the Lord." This Jehonadab he employed to

clear the house of Baal of the worshippers of the true God, that they might not be involved in the destruction of the idolaters. Jehu soon relapsed from the virtue he had so boastingly displayed, and fell into the idolatry of Jeroboam; but his friend, who had made no vain glorying, terrified at the wickedness of his nation, determined to separate his own children from it, as he had, on the day of the fearful destruction made by Jehu, withdrawn the people of God from the house of Baal. He, therefore, commanded his children and their posterity to live in tents, "to build no house, nor plant vineyards, nor sow seed, nor drink wine all their days." From the days of Jehu to Jeremiah they continued faithful to his injunctions, and were, like the Nazarites, distinguished for the holiness of their lives. Some have believed them to be the same as the Essenes, who were a simple and upright race, spending most of their time in prayer and meditating on the law, had all their goods in common, and were remarkable for their plain diet and pure manners. Jeremiah was commanded to bring the Rechabites into one of the chambers of the temple, and set wine for them to drink, but they refused to partake of it, alleging the commands of Jehonadab, and

saying to the prophet, "Neither have we house nor vineyard, nor field nor seed, but we have dwelt in tents, and have obeyed and done according to all that Jehonadab, our father, commanded us." Jeremiah was then commanded to expostulate with the Israelites, to set before them the example of the sons of Jehonadab, who had done all that *he* had enjoined them, whilst the men of Judah had not observed the commandments of God, sent to them early and late by the prophets. And Jeremiah said to the Rechabites, "Because ye have obeyed the commandments of Jehonadab, your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you, there shall not a man be cut off from Jehonadab, the son of Rechab, to stand before the Lord for ever."

After a few brief observations on this example of the observance of the precepts of the fifth commandment, and the fulfilment of its promised reward, the conversation was discontinued, that it might not interfere with the duties of Sunday evening.

CHAP. III.

MONDAY EVENING.

On Monday morning Gerald was principally employed in preparing himself for the account he was to give of the escape of Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester; and when Mrs. Austin reminded him of the task she had enjoined him, he began his relation, without preface or explanation, to the great perplexity of the juniors of the party.

"You must stop, Gerald," said Mr. Austin, who soon perceived that Charlotte and Edward misunderstood much of his narrative; "you forget how young some of your audience are: Amy and Florence of course understand you, but I dare say neither Edward nor Charlotte know *what* Charles you are speaking of."

Edward. *I* do, papa. Gerald is talking of Charles Stuart, who was dressed in woman's clothes, and took such long steps up and down the old house in the highlands, that the lady

was frightened, and told her husband, "She was afraid of that big woman who was taking such unco long strides in the ha'."

Mr. Austin. No, not that Charles Stuart: that was Charles Edward, the Pretender. We are speaking of Charles the Second. You both remember the shocking death of his father, Charles the First.

Charlotte. Oh yes; and I remember what you wrote in Florence's abstract, "That he died greater than he had lived."

Mr. Austin. That is the remark of Bishop Burnet, a writer of those times, who justly says, that Charles the First, in his sad captivity and tragical death, showed that which has been often observed of the whole race of the Stuarts, "that they bore misfortune better than prosperity."

Mrs. Austin. That is not unusual with selfish and self-willed people, who, when they can no longer follow the impulse of their own passions, can neither injure themselves nor others in action, show a great deal of passive endurance in misfortune. That same dependance on self, which has made their prosperity so giddy, gives their outward demeanour an appearance of dignity in adversity. But the last hours of the un-

fortunate Charles had more than this seeming merit, for he seems to have been truly religious.

Mr. Austin. Immediately on his death the Scotch (who had delivered him up to the English), proclaimed his son king, and sent Sir George Wincam to the island of Jersey, where Charles the Second then was, to negociate for his return to Scotland. The conditions proposed to the young king were sufficiently hard, but he agreed to them, not knowing what better to do. On his arrival in Scotland he was very ill obeyed, or rather very strictly governed, and was obliged to conform to some things contrary to his best feelings, as the signing of papers condemning his father's memory and actions, and to others which were at variance with his previous habits and the vivacity of a youth of about twenty-one. "He wrought himself," says Burnet, "into as grave a deportment as he could."

Florence. Poor fellow, how I pity him!

Mr. Austin. This forced hypocrisy was a serious injury to his character at an after period. "He heard many prayers and sermons, some of a great length: in one fast day there were six sermons preached without intermission." The Bishop I here quote was present at this tedious

service, and not a little weary of it, as he confesses. "And if at any time there had been any gaiety at court, such as dancing or playing at cards, he was severely reproved for it. And all this was managed with so much rigor, and so little discretion, that it contributed not a little to beget in him an aversion to all sort of strictness in religion." None of his father's friends were suffered to approach him, and because the common people showed him some affection, the crowds that pressed to see him were driven back by force. An army was assembled to support his title, but he was only once allowed to visit the camp, lest he should gain the affections of the soldiery.

This army was one of the finest that the Scotch had ever brought together, but it was badly commanded. Cromwell lost no time in marching into Scotland, and got into such difficulties near Dunbar, that "he looked on himself as undone." The folly of the Scotch preachers, however, who fancied themselves inspired warriors, gave him battle and victory. Charles is said to have been much rejoiced at their defeat, as he hoped it would humble the pride of the Duke of Argyle and the Scotch government. But, on the con-

trary, the fanaticism of the times attributed every public misfortune to the wrath of heaven at his individual faults; he was called on to acknowledge this in a public document, and was altogether so harassed, that losing all patience, he made his escape from Stirling in the night, with the intention of joining a body of the old cavaliers (as the royalists were called) at Dundee. This design was frustrated; but he was better treated after this attempt to recover his liberty, as the Scotch government, knowing what consequence his name was to their cause, was afraid of driving him to some desperate resolution. In the beginning of the following year Charles was crowned at Scone (Cromwell had possession of Edinburgh), and with the crown acquired some of the authority of a king. He took the field about July, 1651; his army was numerous and well ordered, his artillery excellent, and the position he occupied, on the banks of a deep river, almost impregnable. Cromwell in a few days would have been forced to retire from want of provision, and any check, in the unsettled state of the English nation, which was then wavering between him and the king, would have been ruin to his cause; but, by the treachery or cowardice

of General Brown, he was suffered to gain the passes of the river, and the situation of the two armies was reversed. Cromwell had now got behind Charles, so as to cut off his supplies of provisions, and therefore Charles adopted the bold resolution of marching into England, as he was now much nearer that country than the English army. Scotland could not maintain the war another year, and he was led to believe that the northern parts of England were well affected to his cause. He marched into England accordingly, but was disappointed in all his expectations. His English subjects did not flock to his standard, and his panic-struck soldiers fled before Cromwell at Worcester, almost at the first onset. The victory cost so little blood, that little cruelty was exercised by the victors towards the prisoners taken on the spot, and even the menial servants of the king were set free three days after the battle. But many of those who ran away were barbarously used by the country people: some were killed; some were starved to death; and others were bought and sold as slaves for a small price! Those who were found in the town of Worcester (chiefly Charles's English adherents, for the Scotch had deserted the town,)

" were driven like cattle with a guard to London; many perished for want of food; and, being enclosed in little rooms till they were sold to the plantations for slaves, they died of all diseases."* Such are the horrors of civil war!

I think, Gerald, your young audience will now understand you if you begin the narrative of Charles's escape after the battle of Worcester, which Cromwell, in his puritanical cant, called " his crowning mercy."

Gerald. As I am quite a cavalier, I must have you all confess that the battle was not lost by any want of courage or conduct on the part of the king: his troops were ill disciplined and disunited,—a motley crew, disagreeing in religious and political principles. " There were few to command, and none to obey." All the night previous to the battle Charles was on horseback, visiting the stations of the troops: he charged in person; and, during the engagement, rode up and down, hat in hand, entreating the soldiers to stand to their arms like men; and, finding their entreaties in vain, desired them " to shoot him, rather than keep him alive to see the consequences

* Clarendon.

of that fatal battle." The highlanders behaved like brave fellows, as they always do, fighting with the butt-end of their muskets when their ammunition was exhausted, but the cavalry gave way at once. At the first onset Charles met a party flying, and begged them to turn and follow him a little, that they might see there were no enemies pursuing! At six in the evening (3d September, 1651), the enemy having got possession of the town, he retreated from Worcester, through St. Martin's Gate, accompanied by the main body of horse, as yet safe and sound. "Though he could get few to fight with him, there were but too many to fly with him;" and about half a mile from Worcester he halted on Barbon's Bridge, to consult with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and others, whether it were not still possible to recover the day. They decided in the negative, and a retreat into Scotland was resolved on. This might have been effected if good order had been maintained; but there was, as Lord Clarendon says, "paleness in every man's looks, and jealousy and confusion in their faces;" and the king's confidential friends agreeing that scarcely any thing worse could befal *him* than a return into Scotland, they

persuaded him to separate from the main body of fugitives, and to seek a temporary concealment in the hiding places of the Catholic priests, till some means could be devised for his escape to the continent.

Mr. Austin. This was the wisest plan they could have devised; for the Catholics were but too well accustomed to all the shifts and stratagems that persecution gives rise to, and it was principally owing to the exertions of some monks of the order of St. Bennet that Charles finally escaped; and this was one cause of the inclination he showed towards the Catholic religion, if indeed religion he could be said to have any, in his maturer years.

Mrs. Austin. I cannot help remarking, that that religion can be but unstable which is influenced by any favor received from man.

Gerald. The king's friends, in pursuance of this plan, brought him first to a place called White Ladies, from having been formerly a convent of Cistertian nuns, about twenty-six miles from Worcester, and close to Boscobel,—the house of William Penderel, a royalist farmer, where the Earl of Derby had been concealed a short time before.

Lord Derby brought William Penderel into the inner parlour, where Charles was, and said, "This is the king—you must preserve him, as you did me."

Charles then blackened his hands and face with the soot of the chimney, took off his blue ribband, had his hair cut close, put on a coarse shirt, and Richard Penderel's green suit and leathern doublet, and hurried out of the house by the back door, there taking a sorrowful leave of two or three who were in the secret. It was well he made such haste, for he had not been gone half an hour, when the house was visited by a party of rebel troopers. William Penderel conducted him to the thickest part of a wood called Spring Coppice; Richard, Humphry, and George Penderel kept watch on the outskirts, and John, the fifth brother, went with Lord Wilmot, who had resolved to lurk about within a few miles of the king, till he could procure some means of his leaving the kingdom.

About sunrise on Thursday morning, Richard Penderel and the king reached the closest part of the wood; but the thickest tree in it afforded little shelter against the torrents of rain that fell. Richard went to the house of his sister, and

borrowed a blanket for the king to sit on, and desired her to bring some food as quickly as possible to the hungry and weary fugitive. She prepared a mess of milk, and brought it with some butter and eggs to the wood. Charles was startled at seeing her, but said in his own cheerful frank manner, "Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?" She answered, "Yes, sir; I will die rather than discover you."

On Thursday night, when it grew dark, Charles left the wood, with the intention of proceeding towards Wales, but before he set out on this perilous journey, he went into the house called Hobnal Grange, to visit Dame Penderel. Here he completed his disguise, was furnished with a woodman's bill, and took the name of Will Jones.

About two miles from Hobnal Grange stood Evelin Mill, where they met with an unpleasant alarm. The miller was a staunch royalist, and had a party of cavaliers concealed in his house: he was standing on the watch at the outside, when Richard unfortunately suffered a gate to clap; and when the loyal miller, in no friendly voice, called out "Who's there?" he thought he was in pursuit of them, and precipitately leaving the

road, led the king to a deep brook, which they were obliged to wade through, nearly up to the middle; and the wetting of their garments added much to the discomfort of their march. The night was so dark, that the rustling of Richard's coarse clothes was the best guide through the brook and the thick woody paths they crossed.

Mr. Austin. The miller, I dare say, was just as much alarmed as they were. This mutual distrust was a part of the miseries of the times.

Gerald. In this uncomfortable plight they walked on, and reached Madely about midnight, within half a mile of which Charles had hoped to cross the Severn. Penderel took him to the house of a friend on whom he could depend. The family were all in bed, but when he told the daughter of the house that the king was with him, she willingly let them in, and gave them immediate refreshment. Mr. Wolf, the master of the house, told Charles it was not safe for him to remain in the village, and before daylight took him to a barn at a little distance. On inquiry, he found that all the bridges over the Severn were guarded, and the passage-boats secured, and he advised Charles to return to Boscobel until some plan could be devised for his escape. Mrs.

Wolf, observing that the colour of the king's hands did not accord with the rest of his disguise, stained them with walnut-juice: he left the barn at night, and at three on Saturday morning again reached Boscobel. Penderel left Charles in the wood whilst he went to see who might be in the house. He there found Colonel Careless, one of the royalist army, "who had seen the last man killed at Worcester," and he brought him to give his attendance to the king, whom they found sitting at the foot of a large tree. Charles went with them to the house, and ate heartily of bread and cheese, while Dame Penderel got ready a posset of thin milk and small beer; and she prepared the still greater comfort of warm water, to wash his swollen and lacerated feet. They gave him dry clothes and whole stockings, of which he was much in need, and as there were no shoes in the house that would fit him, the good dame dried his own with hot wood embers. Colonel Careless acted barber, and cut the king's hair quite close to the top of his head, but leaving it long at the ears, in the country fashion. They then returned to the wood, where William helped Careless and the king to mount into a thick-leafed oak, and throwing up a cushion for Charles

to sit on, they persuaded him to lay his head on his faithful friend's lap, and take some sleep, whilst the Penderels kept watch for his safety. Charles slept in this manner a part of the day, and bore all his hardships and anxieties with admirable patience.

Edward. That tree was the royal oak, I suppose, where the soldiers passed under. I wonder they did not see the two men when they looked up.

Mr. Austin. There is no mention of that circumstance in the narrative called Boscobel, which was dedicated to Charles himself, and Blount would scarcely have failed to notice it, if it had been true; therefore I suppose it is only a popular story.

Florence. As yet there appears to me nothing very marvellous in the narrative: Charles slept by day, and walked by night, and got food and dry clothes in the morning, and had always some friends with him.

Mr. Austin. And do you allow nothing for the miseries of his mind? Reckless as he was, he must have felt something for a lost kingdom and slaughtered friends, and the continual fear of discovery; and, besides, so much did he endure

from fatigue, and these same night walks, sometimes without shoes to wear, which you think so little of, that more than once he resolved to give himself up, rather than bear the torture he suffered from his limbs. Inexperienced as you are, my dear Florence, guarded from fatigue and privation, you can form little idea of the real miseries of life: few of your class and sex can; and you often are amused in reading a tale of suffering, when, if you could feel but one throb of the real anguish of the sufferer, you would think you could never close the book soon enough.

Gerald. At dusk the king returned to Hobnal Grange, and seeing the secret place where Lord Derby had been concealed, he agreed to trust to that. Humphry Penderel had been that morning at Shefnal to pay his taxes, when he met a colonel of the rebel army, who had heard that the king had been at White Ladies. Humphry was the miller of the White Ladies' Mill, and was closely questioned on the subject, was offered a thousand pounds if he would discover the king, and threatened with death for high treason if he aided in harbouring him; but honest Humphry was

not in the least moved by anything that was said to him, and kept the secret so well, that the Roundheads' suspicions were quieted.

Edward. That's right! Go on. Those brothers were brave fellows! I wish you and I had a king to hide, Gerald.

Mrs. Austin. Heaven forbid! It would be too costly an amusement.

Gerald. This evening Charles fared daintily at supper, for Dame Penderel dressed him some chickens, and he had also something like a bed, (which he had not enjoyed for five nights), sleeping soundly on the pallet they spread for him in the hiding place, whilst the brothers watched the avenues of the house. Before he retired Colonel Careless asked him what meat he should like next day; but, on consulting with the family, he found that it would be dangerous to buy the mutton the king wished for, as it was not the usual custom of the family to buy meat, and would cause suspicion of a stranger being at the house. However, they hit on an expedient; and early the next morning Colonel Careless and William Penderel went to the sheep-cote of a neighbouring farmer, who rented a part of Bos-

cobel grounds, and chose the fattest sheep. Careless stuck it with his dagger, and William brought it home on his shoulders.

Charlotte. Was not that very dangerous? I wonder the farmer did not miss his sheep, and make a great inquiry about it. I think it was stealing too.

Mr. Austin. Charles's predecessors would certainly have hanged a man without mercy for killing a wild deer in any of the forests of England; but his hosts thought that an unfortunate king was at least entitled to a mutton chop in his own kingdom. The farmer was probably of their own party, and easily satisfied for the loss, or rather proud of having supplied something to his sovereign's necessities.

Gerald. The king rose early, for his sleeping place was close and inconvenient. In an adjoining gallery he was observed to spend some time at his devotions, (he was religious then, at least in this time of danger,) and, on being informed that all was safe, he came down to an inner parlour, where he was attended by Colonel Careless. William Penderel brought a leg of the mutton into the parlour: his Majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops,

and pricked them with the knife's point, then called for a frying-pan and butter, and fried the collops himself, of which he ate heartily, Colonel Careless the while, being but under cook (and that honour enough too), made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan.

Edward. I shall know how to dress mutton chops upon an occasion, Gerald.

Gerald. When you are a second Careless. You would only be under-cook though, and make the fire and turn the chops,—not aspire to the honour of dressing them.

Charles spent this day pleasantly enough at the Grange, for he could adapt himself to every situation: sometimes he sat over a porch that overlooked the road; sometimes in a pretty arbour on a mount in the garden, amusing himself by reading, or chatting with Dame Penderel, whilst the brothers kept guard.

All this time Lord Wilmot, regardless of his own safety (except as a means of preserving the king), had been employed concerting the means of his escape with Whitgreave and Huddleston, a Benedictine monk, and on Sunday evening he sent John Penderel to bring the king to Moseley, where there was a hiding-place, known to the

Catholics only, called "The Priests' Hole." Here it was proposed to conceal him till Huddleston could procure the means of his removal to Bristol.

Charles, accordingly, set out early in the night, mounted on Humphry Penderel's mill-horse: the five brothers and their brother-in-law, well armed, escorted him, resolving to sell their lives dearly in his defence, should they meet any of the rebel troopers. Humphry Penderel was a man much above his class, and possessed a good deal of natural wit: his conversation much amused the facetious king. As they went along Charles complained that he was mounted on the dullest jade that man ever rode. "My liege, can you blame the horse for going heavily," replied the witty miller, "when he has got the weight of three kingdoms on his back?"

About two miles from Moseley they were met by Whitgreave and Huddleston, at the place appointed, a small grove of trees, from whence Charles was to proceed on foot. As the monk was hurrying him on, he forgot to bid the Penderels farewell, but quickly recollecting himself, he returned to them, and saying, "My

troubles make me forget myself—I thank you all," gave them his hand to kiss.

Amy. A cold enough farewell, I think, for such services.

Mr. Austin. Strong emotions will not always allow us to say much, Amy; but it must be confessed that Charles, though constitutionally good-natured, was not remarkable for gratitude. At this period, however, he does not seem to have been so utterly selfish and heartless as he afterwards became. Lord Wilmot was overjoyed to see the king; for as, owing to the darkness of a very wet night, Charles was two hours later than the appointment, he feared something fatal had happened. He knelt before the king, and embraced his knees. Charles kissed him on the cheek, eagerly inquiring "What is become of Buckingham, Cleveland, and the others?" Lord Wilmot could give no tidings of their fate, and, addressing himself to Whitgreave and Huddleston, said, "Though I have concealed my friend's name all this while, now I must tell you this is my master, your master, and the master of us all." They had, however, already penetrated the secret, though there was little in the

appearance of the fugitive monarch to betray his rank. He was dressed in a leathern doublet, a coarse suit of green, a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because embroidered, a pair of old shoes, cut and washed, a pair of stirrup stockings, an old grey dirty hat without a lining, and a shirt of the coarsest linen: his face and hands as brown as walnut juice could make them. After taking a glass of sack and some biscuit, he retired for the night to one of "the priest's holes." The monk and Whitgreave kept watch, and Lord Wilmot exacted a promise that in case any soldiers should come to search the house, they should discover him first, which might satisfy them, and favor the king's escape.

Florence. How generous!

Mr. Austin. Lord Wilmot was a man of the highest honour and truest virtue: he is less known, however, than his profligate son, the witty but wicked Lord Rochester.

Edward. What a pity that a good man should have a wicked son: I hope that will not happen in your family, papa.

Mr. Austin. I hope and trust not, my boy; but the excellent Lord Wilmot was spared the greatest of all afflictions: he did not live to see

the evil courses of his son. There are few things more adapted to our lot than blindness to futurity. If Wilmot could have foreseen that the king, for whose safety he devoted his life, would one day, by his bad example and evil companionship, pervert all the fine qualities of his highly-gifted son, lead him to the very verge of perdition, and leave his name a proverb of profligacy, his loyalty would perhaps have lost none of its activity, (for loyalty was a sort of sacred principle with the cavaliers, who venerated the king, whatever he might be,) but it might have lost all the happiness of its hearty affection.

Mrs. Austin. I have always grieved for the perversion of the highly-gifted Rochester; but it is consoling to think that his conversion was, in the end, effected by Burnet, although too late to set an example of amendment in action.

Mr. Austin. Our usual hour of separation is already past. As Charles is safe for the present, we will leave him on his pallet in the "Priest's Hole," and hear the rest of his adventures to-morrow evening.

CHAP. IV.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Gerald. Whilst the king was at Moseley, the heroism of Lord Wilmot was very nearly put to the test, and he had a narrow escape of being delivered up in place of the king.

Charlotte. Oh! how was that?

Gerald. On the night after his arrival Whitgreave had fortunately timely notice that some soldiers were coming to apprehend him, on information that he had been at the battle of Worcester. The king was then sleeping in his bed. He was hastily roused, and he and Rochester were sent into the hiding places. The chamber doors were then left open, and Whitgreave went boldly down to meet the soldiers, and bringing witnesses that he had not, for a fortnight, left his own house, his calm assured manner lulled the suspicions of the soldiers, and they went away without making the dreaded search. The same day Mr. Gifford, the owner of White Ladies, was also in danger for having received the king. A

cornet of the royal troop had confessed that he had been with Charles at his house, and Gifford, with a pistol at his breast, was summoned to confess the hiding place of the king, but he would own nothing more than that a party of cavaliers had been at his house on the evening of the battle, and had eaten up all his provisions and departed; and begged, "if he must die, that they would allow him to say a few prayers." One of the soldiers answered, "If you can tell us no news of the king, you shall say no prayers;" but, after all, they spared his life. They searched every corner of the house; tore down all the wainscotting, and in the end vented their rage on the faint-hearted cornet, beating him severely for having made them lose their labour. Charles spent much of his time at Moseley, in a room over a porch which commanded the roads which lead to it, and from this he one day recognised two highland soldiers of his own regiment.

Florence. The brave highlanders: did he do nothing for them?

Mr. Austin. It was not in his power. Setting his own safety out of the question, any notice of them might have compromised his hosts. One of the miseries of such a situation is the hard

necessity of being obliged to shut one's eyes to the distresses of others.

Gerald. Wilmot and Whitgreave adventured much about the country in the service of the king; Huddleston sat much with him; and Mrs. Whitgreave, a venerable old lady, kept watch below stairs; whilst three boys, Huddleston's pupils, kept a sharp look-out from the garret windows.

Edward. So they were in the secret? How happy they must have been.

Gerald. They did not know the king was in the house, but supposed they were employed in the service of their tutor only. One evening Sir John Preston, the eldest of the three, said to his companions at supper, without being aware how truly he was speaking, "Come lads, let us eat lustily, for we have been upon the life-guard all day." The king was much amazed on hearing this, and also at a story Mrs. Whitgreave told him, of a countryman who came to her house to bring her the good news that he had beaten his enemies at Warrington Bridge; and told her, moreover, that there were three kings come to his assistance. "Surely then, Madam, they must be the three kings of Cologne, come down from

heaven," said Charles, "for I can imagine none else."

On Tuesday night a Colonel Lane, by the appointment of Lord Wilmot, came to Moseley, to escort the king to his father's house, where a plan was to be executed for his safe conveyance to Bristol. Charles took a kindly leave of the old lady, and directed Huddleston and Whitgreave to a merchant in London, who would, on emergency, supply them with money, and a passage out of the kingdom; assuring them he was fully sensible of the risk they had run in harbouring him, and promised them, in turn, kindness and protection, should he ever be restored. This promise at least he kept: he favoured the Benedictines highly, and appointed some of the order to offices in the establishment of his queen, Catharine of Braganza. The night was dark and cold, and Charles was happy to accept Huddleston's cloak, as his own clothing (and that the gift of his humble friends) was but thin. Huddleston and Whitgreave left home for a time, and concealed themselves with their friends, and the king got safe to Bentley with Colonel Lane.

Edward. And what became of the three boys? And when their masters left them I suppose they had holidays?

Gerald. I dare say they tormented the old lady not a little. But I really cannot inform you: indeed I know nothing more about the matter, for I have not yet digested Clarendon's account, as my father calls it.

Mr. Austin. You have done enough. I will save you that trouble; and as I should like to give Amy and Florence a specimen of the sage Chancellor's style, I will read what he says, if you will bring me the book from the library: his reflections seem to give the very body of the times. I see you have applied, not unfrequently, to the notes I advised you to make. These fireside narrations are no bad preparations for the more complicated relations you will have hereafter to make in your intended profession.

"I must observe, as an honourable trait in the character of the king," said Mr. Austin, before he commenced his reading, "that he would not go to Mr. Lane's house till that gentleman was informed of the name of the guest who solicited his hospitality, that he might have the option of declining the dangerous honour, should he think the risk too great. So now to begin Clarendon's relation of his adventures after he left Moseley.

"The king found he was welcome at Mr.

Lane's house, and conveniently accommodated in such places as, in a large house, had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered. Here he lodged and ate very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety.

"In this station the king remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, and of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used to inquire for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were offered to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him, by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might get near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself; and he was now near the middle of the kingdom, saving that it was a little more to the northward, where he was utterly unacquainted with all the ports, and with that coast. In the west he was

better acquainted, and that coast was most proper to transport him into France, to which he was inclined. Upon this matter he communicated with those of this family to whom he was known; that is, with the old gentleman (the father), a very grave and venerable person, the colonel (his eldest son), a very plain man in his discourse and behaviour, but of a fearless courage, and an integrity superior to any temptation, and a daughter of the house, of a very good wit and discretion, and very fit to bear part in any trust. It was a benefit as well as an inconvenience, in those unhappy times, that the affections of all men were almost as well known as their faces, by the discovery they had made of themselves in those sad seasons, in many trials and persecutions. So that men knew not only the minds of their next neighbours, and those who inhabited near them, but, upon conference with their friends, could choose fit houses, at any distance, to repose themselves in security, from one end of the kingdom to another, without trusting to the hospitality of a common inn; and men were very rarely deceived in their confidence upon such occasions, but the persons with whom

they were, at any time could conduct them to another house of the same affection.

"Mr. Lane had a niece, a very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr. Norton, a person of eight or nine hundred per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons also, to whom, in any extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved, that Mrs. Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections; and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service; and that a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging: there Wilmot had notice given to meet; and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel (Col. Lane) keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, when there were any fields at hand, war-

ranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging, and about the close of the day, for it was in the month of October, far advanced, so that the long journeys they made could not be dispatched sooner. Here the Lord Wilmot met them, and their journeys being there adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night; so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. In this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr. Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Wilmot, who continued the journey in the same exercise.

" There was great care taken, when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Mrs. Lane declaring ' that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father had lent her to ride before her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free;' and by this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the

best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself to hinder others from doing it.

" There was no resting in any place till they came to Mr. Norton's, nor any thing extraordinary that happened in the way, save that they met many people every day in the way, who were very well known to the king; and the day that they went to Mr. Norton's they were necessarily to ride quite through the city of Bristol, a place and people that the king had been so well acquainted with, that he could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which had been made there after his departure from thence; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him round about it."

Mrs. Austin. How could he be so silly; so careless of Mrs. Lane and himself?

Mr. Austin. There was, it must be confessed, a strange indifference, or wonderful philosophy, in his character, (religion, unhappily, he had little,) during the whole of the time he was thus riding about: whenever opportunity offered he diverted himself with little household sports in as unconcerned a manner as if he had had no loss,

and had been in no danger at all. He never seemed to lay any thing at heart, and was as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been.

Mrs. Austin. At what period had he been so much at Bristol?

Mr. Austin. He commanded in the west during the last three or four years of his father's reign, and resided chiefly at Bristol.

"They came to Mr. Norton's house sooner than usual; and it being a holiday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the people played. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs. Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was than she lamented the condition of 'a good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague,' and desired her cousin that a chamber might be provided for

him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs. A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to show him to his chamber, who was very glad to be thus freed from so much company as there was below.

" When it was supper time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs. Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler who waited at table to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently. The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin, a spoon, and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating.

" The butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him ' he was glad to see his majesty.' The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him ' what he meant.' The man had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some things which the king had not forgot. Thereupon the king conjured him ' not to speak of what he

knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man.' The fellow promised, and kept his word; and the king was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

"Dr. Gorges, the king's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place, and allied to Mr. Norton, supped with them, and being a man of cheerful conversation, asked Mrs. Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful, by sending up meat to him, to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good nature, and without telling any body, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to bed; on which the doctor left him, and went to Mrs. Lane, and told her 'that he had been with Wil-

liam, and that he would do well, and advised her what she should do if the ague returned.' "

Mrs. Austin. He certainly would have had a shivering fit if the good doctor had visited him again.

Mr. Austin. Luckily he went away the next morning without asking to see his supposed patient. A more welcome visitor, Lord Wilmot, came to the house with his *managed hawk*, " to see Mrs. Lane," and so conferred with William, who was to consider what he was to do. They thought it necessary to rest some days, till they were informed what port lay most convenient for them, and what persons lived nearest to it, upon whose fidelity they might rely; and the king gave him directions to inquire after some persons, and some other particulars, of which, when he should be fully instructed, he should return again to him. In the meantime Wilmot lodged at a house not far from Mr. Norton's, to which he had been recommended.

" After some days' stay here, and communication between the king and Lord Wilmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he

was very glad; for, besides the inclination he had to his elder brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunstar Castle, where the king had lodged when he was in the west. After the end of the war, and when all other places were surrendered in that country, he likewise surrendered that upon fair conditions, and made his peace, and afterwards married a wife with a competent fortune, and lived quietly, without any suspicion of having lessened his affection towards the king.

"The king sent Wilmot to him, and acquainted him where he was, and that he would gladly speak with him. It was not hard for him to choose a good place where to meet, and thereupon the day was appointed. After the king had taken his leave of Mrs. Lane, who remained with her cousin Norton, the king and the Lord Wilmot met the colonel, and in the way he met, in a town through which they passed, Mr. Thirton, a servant of the king's, who well knew the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the king to be there; yet that day made the king more weary of having him in his com-

pany upon the way. At the place of meeting they rested only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst the colonel projected at what place the king might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find; there being so great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel outward-bound to take in any passenger.

"There was a gentleman, one Mr. Ellison, who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of the Worcester party.

"Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be; yet there was in it a

master of a bark, of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him 'when he would make another voyage?' and he answered 'as soon as he could get lading for his ship.' The other asked 'whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchant;' in conclusion he told him 'he should receive fifty pounds for his fare.' The large recompence had that effect, that the man undertook it; 'though,' he said, 'he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected, for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned.' Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rode to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Wilmot being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved, that on such a night, which, upon consideration of the tides, was agreed upon,

the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and being at sea, should come to a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the Lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide honestly, and if any thing fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place, where they intended the king should be the day before he was to embark.

"The king being satisfied with these preparations, came, at the time appointed, to that house, where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do; of which he received assurance of

the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board, and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the aforesaid inn, and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it: the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked.

"They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again, to return to the house where

they had left the colonel, who they knew resolved to stay there till he was assured that they were gone."

Florence. What a terrible disappointment, just as they thought they should get away! I should have been afraid to trust any one again.

Mr. Austin. They were no doubt full of fear and perplexity as they rode home to Colonel Windham's house, which they had left in the confident hope of having all their anxieties quickly terminated. Every thing must now be begun again, and the danger seemed hourly to become more imminent.

Charlotte. Oh, read on, papa: I am quite afraid they will be taken, after all.

Edward. You know the king escaped at last; but poor Lord Wilmot—

Mr. Austin. He escaped too; but you shall hear the rest:—

"The truth of the disappointment was this—the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel, he had stayed in his house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen,

and other things which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her 'that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready.' She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore that he should not go out of his house."

Charlotte. Swore! oh, for shame!

Mrs. Austin. So much for passionate women, who will have every thing their own way.

Edward. That is to remind you of the school-room door yesterday, Charlotte.

Mr. Austin. No tales out of school. The ridicule that always attaches to the idea of a woman in a passion is quite enough to cure any little girl of her silly vehemence.

Our captain told his wife "he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he

should be well paid. His wife told him she was sure he was doing something that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor, to be examined, that the truth might be found out." The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, (what odious words when a woman is in question!) was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise, and so went to his bed. If he had been passionate too, Edward, the King, and Lord Wilmot, and Colonel Windham, and many others, would have been immediately apprehended.

"It was very happy that the king's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was a solemn fast day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the king and all those who were loyal to him; and there was a chapel in that village over against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villany imaginable against the old order of government; and he was then in the chapel preaching to the people, when the king went from thence, and telling the people that

Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out. The passengers who had lodged in the inn that night had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost. The smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure his four shoes had been made in four several counties, which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true. The smith going to the sermon, told this story to some of his neighbours; and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done."

Gerald. Luckily for Charles, it was no doubt a very long one, and gave him time to get away.

Mr. Austin. Yes, for once in his life, Charles confessed that a sermon could not be too long.

"The preacher immediately sent for an officer, and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses, and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rid those

horses, and positively declared that one of them was Charles Stuart.

"When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and, without any further delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt in Hampshire and Sussex, where Colonel Windham had no interest. They must pass through all Wiltshire before they came thither, which would require many days' journey; and they were first to consider what honest houses there were in or near the way where they might securely repose; and it was thought very dangerous for the king to ride through any great town, as Salisbury or Winchester, which might probably lie in their way. There was between that and Salisbury a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and had served the king during the war. The king was resolved to trust him, and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Philips to come to him; and when he had spoken with

him, Mr. Philips should come to the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were now sent from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief. (Desborough was Cromwell's brother-in-law.)

"These marches were likely to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham's, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and presently after met Desborough walking down a hill, with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers."

Mrs. Austin. Hair-breadth 'scapes enough to content you now, Florence!

Mr. Austin. "The next day, upon the plains, Dr. Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Philips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards chief justice of the King's Bench, and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother, a house that stood alone from neighbours and from any highway; where, coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who were accidentally in the house, which could not be well avoided; but the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room which had been made since the beginning of the troubles, for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a malignant family."

Edward. Why did the king go amongst *malignant* people? Would they not deliver him up?

Mr. Austin. The republicans and the sectaries

called all who differed from them in religious and political principles, all who adhered to the old monarchical and church government, *malignants;* and as it became a mere party word, and expressed no moral condemnation, the royalists adopted it without scruple. Clarendon frequently uses it to designate his own party.

With this *malignant,* or, as we should say, royalist family, the king "lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither for many days, the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge. From Stonehenge, Charles and Lord Wilmot went to Brighton, and there embarking in a small fishing vessel, were safely landed in Normandy."

Through the whole of this perilous period, Charles showed not only constant cheerfulness, but much patience, great presence of mind, and cool intrepidity,—for there is more real courage

required to pass your deadly enemy with an unblanched countenance, when the slightest suspicion would deliver you to his malice, without any other resource, than to defend yourself against his mere bodily strength by force of arms. On the other hand, in those who favoured his escape, there was "a concurrence of good nature, charity, and generosity, in persons of the meanest and lowest extraction," who, though they did not know him personally, were yet well aware that he was some one of sufficient consequence to entitle whomsoever should deliver him up to a reward from the existing government; and the courage, loyalty, and activity, of those who did know him, was not less admirable.

Charlotte. How happy he must have been when he got to France!

Mr. Austin. He was rejoiced, no doubt, to escape from such constant fear and danger, but his situation was sufficiently pitiable, for "he had not one shilling towards the support of himself and his family, and his mother was in debt both to her servants and for the very provisions of her house." This of all things must have been the most irksome to one who all his life never cared for any thing except for money to support his

extravagance. It is thought that if Cromwell would have given him a pension, he would willingly have resigned his title to him: but the able usurper was sufficiently secure without that, and Charles lived on in penury and exile, till the death of the Protector, on the fifth anniversary of the battle of Worcester, made him an object of more consequence to foreign states. He was then become an object of consequence to all parties at home and abroad, and the incapacity of Cromwell's son effected his restoration. Such was the adulation at first paid to Richard Cromwell, that a popular preacher blasphemously prayed "that he might be made the brightness of his father's glory, and the express image of his person." It was the fashion of the Puritans to use the words of Scripture on every occasion, and sometimes with a degree of force none others could give. The royalists answered the sectaries in their own language; and the war of Scriptural citation was often as furious, and scarcely less destructive, than the combat of the sword, tending to exasperate fanaticism on the one side, and to engender a fatal levity on the other; making that trite with the royalist which should have been sacred, and leading their enemies to pervert the Word

of God, by forced application, to their own actions.

Mrs. Austin. And what do you say of the custom of the present day of pointing the ridicule of a work of fiction, by ludicrous quotations from Scripture, at which the infirmity of human nature will first smile, however it may, the instant after, condemn the practice?

Mr. Austin. Fortunately there are few subjects that will admit of this. Were it general, I think no one device could be so effectual to destroy the reverence with which all sacred subjects should be treated.

Charlotte. When did Charles return?

Mr. Austin. On the 29th of May, 1660; about two years after the death of Cromwell, when he was hailed with universal joy. The nation seemed unanimous in their sentiments.

Edward. Did he make a good king?

Mr. Austin. I will read you an extract from the character given of him by Burnet, who knew him personally, and you shall then judge for yourself whether such a man could have been a good sovereign.

"The king was then thirty years of age, and, as might have been supposed, past the levities of

youth and extravagance of pleasure. He had a very good understanding. He knew well the state of affairs both at home and abroad. He had a softness of temper that charmed all who came near him, till they found how little they could depend on good looks, kind words, and fair promises, in which he was liberal to excess, because he intended nothing by them but to get rid of importunities, and to silence all further pressing upon him. He seemed to have no sense of religion. He was affable and easy, and loved to be made so by all about him. The great art of keeping him long was the being easy, and the making every thing easy to him. He had made such observations on the French government, that he thought a king who might be checked, or have his ministers called to account by parliament, was but a king in name. He had much compass of knowledge, though he was never capable of much application or study. He understood the mechanics and physics, and was a good chemist, and much set on several preparations of mercury, chiefly the fixing it. He understood navigation well; but above all, he knew the architecture of ships so perfectly, that in that respect he was exact rather more than became a

prince. His apprehension was quick, and his memory good. He was an everlasting talker: he told his stories with a good grace, but they came in his way too often. He had a very ill opinion both of men and women. He thought that nobody did serve him out of love; and so he was quits with all the world, and loved others as little as he thought they loved him. He hated business, and could not easily be brought to mind any; but when it was necessary, and he was set to it, he would stay as long as his ministers had work for him. The ruin of his reign, and of all his affairs, was chiefly occasioned by his delivering himself up, at his first coming over, to a mad range of pleasure."

Mr. Austin. Gerald, you will find the consequences to which such a character would lead, in himself and others, fully developed in the bitter, but too just summary which the same historian afterwards gives of this king's disgraceful reign; and you will observe, of how much more consequence, even to temporal concerns, virtue is than ability. To have reigned as gloriously as any king who has ever swayed the English sceptre, Charles possessed all things, except religion and probity; and he is now cited as the most

despicable, excepting, perhaps, the mean and cruel John.

Gerald. Is he not said to have died a Catholic ?

Mr. Austin. In his last moments the rites of the Church of Rome were administered to him by the same Huddleston who so mainly contributed to his escape from Worcester ; and James the Second, on his accession, published some papers written by him on religion, which showed his tendency to that faith. This was considered an ill-judged measure, " for the greatest kindness that could be shown to his memory would have been, to let both his papers and himself be forgotten."

Such is the judgment of impartial history, and to such sad degradation does the want of true religious principles (from which sound morality flows as a natural consequence) lead in public and private life.

CHAP. V.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Charlotte. Papa, I have an anecdote to tell you; and then, you know, according to your old rule, you are to tell me about any thing I like to hear. You promised you would find out the real true history of Robin Hood.

Mr. Austin. I promised I would try. But tell me your anecdote.

Charlotte. King Charles—the very King Charles we have been talking so much about—had a little sister called Anne, who was just as clever as he was, and was much better, though I dare say he was good too, when she was alive; for mamma says, that during his father's troubles in the rebellion, the poor prince was much neglected in his education, and that when he was wandering about abroad, he got into the society of a great many bad companions; so that is some excuse for him.

Mr. Austin. I cannot admit it, Charlotte: adversity should have corrected whatever might

have been defective in his education, and his example should have amended his companions.

Charlotte. I suppose so, papa; but, at any rate, the little princess Anne was a very good and very wonderful child, and it was a great pity that she died when she was only as old as dear little Jessy. She bore her very painful illness with great patience, and did every thing she was desired with good humour. When she was very ill indeed they desired her to pray to God, and she said, "I am not able to say my long prayer —meaning the Lord's Prayer—but I will say my short prayer: *Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.*" Poor little thing! was it not a pity she died?

Mr. Austin. No, my child; your inexperience alone could think so. Her fate, I doubt not, was often envied by the survivors of her family. How happy would it have been for her father, if he had died at the same early age.

Charlotte. I wish he had, poor man. Now tell me my story.

Mr. Austin. There are two pedigrees assigned to your favourite hero—one makes him a man of low extraction, bred a butcher; the other states him to have been an earl, reduced

to outlawry from the consequences of riotous living.

Charlotte. I am sure he must have been an earl.

Mr. Austin. Then so much the more to blame for his misconduct: but perhaps both stories may be reconciled, for a third account says that he was created Earl of Huntingdon for his valour and military services. You have the authority of Rapin on your side for his nobility; so we will call him Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, and assert that his mother was the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and his father the ranger of the royal forests in the north of England, that he had an uncle named Gamwell, of Gamwell Hall, and that his parents resided near a small village called Soocy, on the borders of Sherwood Forest.

Amidst all other doubts regarding him, there is no doubt that Robin Hood was born in the latter part of the reign of Henry the Second, and ruled the outlaws of Sherwood Forest in the reign of Cœur de Lion, and ballad history records a visit paid him by the king and his lords, disguised as monks.

Charlotte. You know the ballad, I am sure, papa.

Mr. Austin. Stay a little, pussy; you must hear how Robin got there. Robin was, like all other young gentlemen, sent to school; and, as all young gentlemen should do, he distinguished himself for the progress he made in learning: he was the pride of his master, who loved to exhibit him to his learned visitors, and he acquired great fame by his correct and prompt answers to the questions that were put to him. His renown reached the ears of his uncle Gamwell, who requested that the young scholar should be allowed to pass the Christmas holidays with him. Robin was generous, brave, good-natured, and gay; acute and ingenuous in conversation; the best archer on record, and expert at every manly exercise, and equally expert at tricks with cups and balls, which altogether so entirely gained the old gentleman's heart, that he made him his heir.

Edward. How lucky that was.

Mr. Austin. On the contrary, it was the most unfortunate thing that could have happened; for, coming very young into possession of his father's wealth and his uncle's, he thought his riches could never be expended. His castle was opened to all ranks, and was the seat of boundless profu-

sion—he feasted the great, rewarded the skilful, and relieved the poor, but with so little discretion, that lands, and treasures, and jewels were soon all given away; his debts quickly equalled his gifts; suit after suit was entered against him—he had no choice but flight or hopeless imprisonment: he chose the former, and, not answering in the courts, was outlawed. He was then twenty-three, and of undaunted courage, and skilled in every martial exercise: he might have won fame and fortune in the service of some foreign prince, or have joined his own, the brave Richard, in the Crusades; but stung with what he called the ingratitude of the wealthy, he determined to obtain a portion of their riches by force, and share it with the poor. For this purpose he established himself in Sherwood Forest, and soon became the chief of a band noted for courage, strict discipline, and generosity. They took no lives, except on desperate resistance; robbed the rich only, protected women, and relieved the poor: not only those who accidentally crossed their sylvan haunts, but the sick and needy of a large district were the pensioners of their chief, who acquired the name of "The Gentle Theefe."

Florence. *Thief!* that is an ugly word; bandit would sound much better.

Mr. Austin. Yes, it would; but *thief* he certainly was; and if he were now on Clansdown, I should hope soon to hear of his being hanged, or at least transported.

Mrs. Austin. There is a sort of moral perspective, which often diminishes crime in our eyes, when at a distance of time or space. The bandit is a romantic character, a thousand miles off, or after the lapse of centuries;—our judgment would be very different if the robber were at our own doors.

Mr. Austin. Robin Hood's chief enmity was towards the wealthy churchmen of his time; for abbots, friars, and prelates had been companions of his riots, and of all men were the least merciful to his misfortunes. The ballad makes him say, that "a clergyman was first his bane, which made him hate them all;" and when Cœur de Lion went to visit him in the wood, disguised as a monk—

> He took the king's horse by the head;
> "Abbot," says he, "abide;
> I'm bound to rue such knaves as you,
> That live in pomp and pride.

" I never yet hurt any man
That honest is, and true;
But those who give their minds to live
Upon other men's due.

" I never hurt the husbandman,
That used to till the ground;
Nor spill their blood that range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.

" My chiefest spite to clergy is,
Who in these days bear sway;
Bishops, fryars, and monks,
I make my chiefest prey."

" But we are messengers from the king,"
The king himself did say;
" Near to this place, his royal grace,
To speak with thee does stay."

Robin took the king's horse by the head,
And led him to the tent;
" Thou would not be so used," he said,
" But that my king thee sent.

" Nay, more than that," quoth Robin Hood,
" For good King Richard's sake;
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
Till a hundred and ten of Robin's Hood's men,
Came marching all of a row.

And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee,
O! thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And comely sight to see.

Within himself the king did say,
These men of Robin Hood's
More humble be than mine to me;
So the court may learn of the woods.

So then they all to dinner went
Upon a carpeted green,
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
Most curious to be seen.

Venison and fowls were plenty there,
With fish out of the river;
King Richard swore, on sea or shore
He never was feasted better.

I can only remember a verse here and there; but presently Richard discovers himself, and pardons the outlaws, and they all go merry fellows together to Nottingham. The inhabitants, thinking that the outlaws were come "to rule all as they list," fly in all directions to escape them:—

The plowman left the plow in the field,
The smith ran from his shop;
Old folks also, that scarce could go,
Over their sticks did hop.

* * * * *

They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood, with all his train ;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again.

But if he went to London, as the ballad says, he did not long stay there, but resumed his wild life in Sherwood Forest, where he robbed and ruled for twenty years. At the end of that time he was struck with remorse for the life he had led, and he retired to Berkley Monastery. He fell sick, and the ruthless monks, believing that neither his illness nor his penitence would be of any long duration, resolved to destroy him by treachery, and one of the order who practised physic bled him to death.

Edward. How could he be such a fool as to trust them? I hope his bowmen came and shot them all.

Mr. Austin. No, they fled beyond sea; and Robin was buried under a "fayre stone, by the way side, that all men might without fear or dread take their journeyings that way, which they durst not do in the lifetime of the said outlaw."

Thus he that never fear'd bow nor spear,
Was murder'd by letting of blood;
And so, loving friends, the story doth end
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.

CHAP. VI.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Florence. Papa, will you not tell us some anecdote this evening?

Mr. Austin. No, I mean to be obstinately silent for at least a week: it is now my turn to be amused; and so, young lady, I will even retort upon you. Will *you* not tell us some anecdote this evening?

Florence. Pray excuse me till to-morrow: I think I must adopt Charlotte's expedient, and procure some kind proxy. Mamma, *will* you? wont you be my proxy?

Mrs. Austin. Willingly, Flory: to confess the truth, I expected some such request, and have been prepared to answer the question you put to me a few days ago,—whether there was a

nation whose stature fell as far short of ours as the Patagonians exceed it?

Amy. Is there a nation of pigmies, or Lilliputians?

Mrs. Austin. No, my dear Amy, there is not. The relations of Dean Swift and the ancients are equally fabulous. There are no Brobdignagians nor Lilliputians; no giants like Plutarch's, sixty feet high, no nation of pigmies in the centre of Africa, a foot and a half in stature, waging continual war with the birds; but we know that there is a tribe of Patagonians, and there are little men called Kimos, still more diminutive than the Laplanders.

Edward. And where do they live?

Mrs. Austin. They inhabit the high mountains in the centre of the island of Madagascar, which you know lies off the eastern coast of Africa.

Gerald. Madagascar, if I recollect right, lies within the tropics, in the torrid zone, and the stunted Laplanders inhabit the Arctic regions. How does it happen that the coldest and the hottest climate should equally produce people of a smaller stature than those of the temperate zone?

Mrs. Austin. I was not prepared for that query: your father, perhaps, can answer it.

Mr. Austin. The mountains of Madagascar, where the Kimos have been seen, are amongst the highest in the world, and so many *feet* of altitude have been found to produce a change of climate equivalent to so many *degrees* of latitude. If, for instance, on the downs close by there was a mountain, like Cotopaxi of the Andes, twenty thousand feet high, I might agree to ascend the mountain whilst you travelled northward to Johnny Groat's house, to Christiana, to the North Cape, and to Spitzbergen. When I got higher I should see pines like those of the magnificent forests you would admire in the neighbourhood of Christiana; a little farther on I should be obliged, like your Lapland deer, to dine on lichens; proceeding on our different travels, we should both, at last, only find the fungus tribe (as in the caverns of the earth); and, finally, all vegetation would cease. From the rarity of the air, and the extreme cold, we should both find a difficulty in breathing; you would, therefore, turn towards home, pass from Spitzbergen to Lapland, from Lapland to Scotland, from Scotland to Surrey. I should descend eighteen

thousand feet of the mountain whilst you had travelled as many hundred miles south, and we should meet in the farm meadow, sit under the oaks, and rest upon the luxuriant grass.

Amy. Then ten feet above the level of the sea is about equal to a mile in latitude.

Mr. Austin. That will do well enough for a rough guess. Humboldt has calculated all that with the greatest nicety, but I am ashamed to say I forget the proportions of his scale, and I have not his "America" to refer to.

Gerald. It is easy to understand this, as it refers to climate; but I don't see how it applies to the human species, and why the Kimos should therefore be still less than the Laplanders.

Mr. Austin. Because the climate of their elevated abodes, although between the tropics, is still colder than Lapland; and the human species, like the vegetable productions of the earth, is found to be smaller in cold climates.

Gerald. I thought that the *kinds* only of vegetables varied in different latitudes: is the *size* of the same kind affected by climate?

Mrs. Austin. I thought as you do, Gerald, till I saw a beautiful herbal which was brought home by one of Captain Parry's officers from the northern expedition. I was much surprised to

see some of our common English flowers so extremely reduced as to look as if they were intended for fairy garlands. They were not otherwise changed, except that the leaves and stalks were covered with a thick down.

Mr. Austin. That down serves as a defence against the cold. The winter garb which the stunted Samoiede provides for himself from the chase, the diminutive flower of his plains receives from the bountiful hand of Nature!

Amy. Are the Kimos fair, like the northern nations, or is their complexion like the other inhabitants of the torrid zone?

Mrs. Austin. Their complexions are nearly white, though they have the features of their African neighbours. The only peculiarity that would bespeak them a distinct race, and not bleached and diminished negroes, is the great length of their arms; their hands touch their knees without stooping, and from this circumstance they have sometimes been mistaken for apes.

Edward. What a great affront! It would be droll to see them in a passion at a person who made such a mistake.

Mrs. Austin. Perhaps it would not be so

easy nor so safe to enrage them as your school-boy notions of fun would lead you to think. They are very mild, but very brave, defending their cattle from the inhabitants of the plains with darts and arrows.

Mr. Austin. They seem to be as warlike as the dwarf of Charles the First's reign, who was a captain in the army, and killed a man in a duel.

Edward. The brave little fellow! I hope he was a cavalier.

Mrs. Austin. Oh, that of course; for a dwarf in those times was a favourite personage in the households of kings and nobles. James the First had a dwarf, a giant, and fool (or jester), in his establishment; and the royal pedant's greatest amusement was to set them a squabbling. To see little Jeffreys ride round the lists, with the air of a hero of chivalry, offering to defend his honour against his unwieldy adversary, was a constant scene of mirth to his semi-barbarous courtiers.

Gerald. A sort of living Tom Thumb! How could any body *help* laughing?

Mrs. Austin. To see human nature degraded always disgusts me. I cannot but wonder at the taste that takes people to see exhibitions of giants and dwarfs, and "fat girls," and living skeletons.

Mr. Austin. For ladies to attend exhibitions of human monsters I think the last degree of bad taste and vulgarity. I wish, however, you had seen the little German dwarf, Nannette Stocken, who played so well on the pianoforte: she was graceful and elegant, and beautifully formed; her arm, her foot, and her hand, might have served for the model of a miniature Venus; her manners were graceful; her dress the prettiest imaginable; and her mind seemed as highly finished as her exterior, at least so I thought when I saw her; but thirty years will make a great change in our tastes. Count Borwlaski, too, the Pole, who was so long in this country, was a gentleman, "aye, every *inch* a gentleman."

Mrs. Austin. I have heard my mother speak of him: she spent some time with him in a country house in Ireland. He played cards well, and related anecdotes of the different courts he had been at in a very spirited manner. He was a well-informed and accomplished man, very well made, with remarkably fine eyes, and a sweet countenance. I have heard that he afterwards married a very tall woman, who used to set him on an old-fashioned high chimney-piece whenever

he displeased her. He was about as tall as little Willy—three feet four.

Mr. Austin. Borwlaski was very different from Baby, the favourite dwarf of Stanislaus, King of Poland: he was very beautiful till about sixteen, when he grew deformed and imbecile. He was presented in a plate to be baptized, and was nursed in a shoe stuffed with wool; and at three years old his own shoes were only an inch and a half long. Like Gulliver, he was very nearly lost in a field of standing corn; and a thicket of underwood, into which he one day strayed, was to him what one of the trackless American forests would be to a man of robust body and mind. Baby is the last dwarf we hear of as a part of the establishment of any European court, and he died about the beginning of the late king's reign.

Mrs. Austin. How long it is before such barbarous usages entirely wear out! Half a century before the death of Baby, Peter the Great of Russia assembled all the dwarfs in his dominions by proclamation, to attend the marriage of a pigmy man and woman, which was to be celebrated in the presence of his whole court and the foreign ambassadors. Some were unwilling to obey, and, as the punishment of their

reluctance, they were obliged to wait on the others at the wedding feast. Every thing provided for the little company was in miniature,—plates, tables, glasses, and seats, to suit their size. They contended for place and precedence like other men and women, till the czar ordered that the least should take the lead, and then nobody would move! But at last all was settled, and after the feast the bridegroom (measuring three feet two) opened the ball with a minuet. The poor dwarfs, who knew they had been assembled only to make sport for their superiors in station, if not in sense, were at first rather sulky; but so much was done to please them, that at last they grew as gay as the spectators, and became very sprightly and entertaining.

Florence. I should always endeavour to make the best of an awkward situation, and try to make those laugh *with* me who would otherwise laugh *at* me. In this instance, however, the czar showed that his taste was very *low*.

Gerald. Another forfeit! you have not transgressed this long time. I was in hope I had cured you of spoiling conversation,—disenchanting the most delightful subject by a stupid pun. When one's ideas are taken to pieces this way,

like the portions of a Chinese puzzle, it is too much trouble to put them together again.

Florence. Only that mamma would say I was pert, I would say something about "*Sir Oracle.*" But suppose that, when we are all tired looking at the form and fashion of your wisdom, I do slip out one little piece of what you have so mathematically put together, and fitting it on some neglected side, present you with a new and bizarre figure,—what then? would not my wise brother condescend to smile at my haphazard combination.

Mrs. Austin. I must be umpire. You, Gerald, must not be so magisterial: the slightest reproofs, like the finest edged instruments, are the most penetrating. And you, Florence, must recollect, that the effect of wit on a subject (and I don't dignify by that name the exuberance of your present childish vivacity,) is like that of the wrong end of a magnet, which has a high dispersing power, and drives off to the circumference every thing which the attracting power of sober reason has brought to one central point. Those who are so fortunate as to possess a mind of this double power should know when to apply each end of the magnet, using their reason when

improvement is desired, or the solid concerns of life are in question, and applying their wit occasionally to disperse the clouds of petty cares or trifling vexations that will sometimes darken the most peaceful scene.

Mr. Austin. Such a magnet, my dear Susan, not a few of your sex seem to have been gifted with. I could be more particular, but you tell me I must not set Gerald an example of being too complimentary.

Florence. I am sure I cannot accuse him of that error: he reserves his lordly privilege of finding fault for my particular benefit.

Mrs. Austin. A very common thing for a brother to do! Amy runs away with your share of civil things.

Gerald. Shake hands, Florence; I wont act *Don* any more.

Florence. You are a dear fellow always, and I wont tease you with my folly any more. I own it must be provoking, when you have a mind to be sensible.

Mrs. Austin. So, now the compact is settled, "Good night."

CHAP. III.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Florence. Mamma, I have been endeavouring to use the attracting power of the magnet all day to collect my thoughts: Miss Fanshaw says I have not been so steady for a long time.

Mrs. Austin. For her sake, as well as yours, I am glad of it; for I have often admired the patient good humour with which she awaits your return from your flights of fancy. This over vivacity must be still more tiresome to a teacher than absolute dulness. I wish you would learn to confine your attention to understanding and applying exactly what she explains to you, instead of endeavouring to devise what *you* think some compendious method of your own, which leads you into error, and, after repeated trials, great waste of time and ingenuity, occasions so much disgust, that you get out of temper, and give up the point, declaring "you don't see the use of the higher rules of arithmetic, or why, in

your musical exercises, you should write the same stupid things over and over again in every key, when one key is (according to you) a sufficient example of the different steps of the Logierian system."

Mr. Austin. You certainly are improved of late, Florence. I have not heard you for some weeks exclaim over your abbreviated music, "I wonder what I meant by this mark? I must go back: there now: no, no, that part comes in after the other page;" and thus baulk me of my favourite air by some forgotten contrivance to save half an hour in copying. Nor have I lately seen any of the daubs you used to bring me in such triumph, saying, "I was only so many hours, or so many days, doing this, papa."

Florence. I have taken a great deal more time about my drawings since you made a general collection of my hasty sketches, and burned them all.

Mr. Austin. You would soon have filled the whole house with these proofs of genius!

Florence. No, no, papa, not genius. I only thought—

Mr. Austin. Ah, Flory, conscience answered there: there *is* a *little* self-conceit at the bottom of

all this: I will compound willingly for *only a little.* But what will it signify next month whether the drawing you showed me to day had been finished in one week or in three? The excellence of its execution will then only be thought of even by you! Believe me, whatever is bad has the effect of the negative sign you use in your arithmetic, and must be subtracted from the general sum of your merits, however brief the portion of time which has produced it, even if, according to John the carpenter's phrase, it had been "*done in no time.*" Do not fall into the common mistake, that because you do a multiplicity of hasty faulty things, such as introducing false cadences into your songs, drawing your buildings out of perspective, speaking a variety of foreign languages fluently, without sufficient attention to their peculiar construction, you are therefore universally clever. You are young enough to learn to do well whatever you undertake; and this, Florence, I enforce chiefly with a view to character. The *quantity* of acquirement you know I value but little. Whether my daughter plays on three instruments or none, whether she draw in one style or ten, is a matter of indifference to me. Let me have "*good sentences, and well pro-*

nounced," in any one language, rather than folly and incorrect diction in four or five. Let sound judgment be seen in her acquirements, and it will appear in her conduct. How can the woman who is continually passing false judgments on her daily occupations, and perverting her understanding by self-conceit, show good sense in greater matters ?

Florence. I have become a little aware of this since Amy came here. Mamma wears the cap she worked for her, and you have the drawing she did for you in your portfolio: not one of my numerous performances has been so honoured.

Mrs. Austin. And yet your patterns are prettily fancied, and your outlines generally good. However, as I consider myself a deputy mamma to Amy, I must point out to her faults of an opposite nature. Whilst you are too fickle and too impetuous, a little of the Indian indolence shows itself in her unwillingness to change from one occupation to another: she will continue at whatever she is set down to rather than take the trouble of making a new arrangement for herself, or thinking of the convenience of others. She is seldom ready for dinner; her work-frame or her easel are still in the school-room when the

dancing-master comes to give his lesson; and she practises the same piece of music rather than begin another, till her fingers execute it so mechanically, that all expression is lost. When your mamma comes home, Amy, she speaks of giving up the management of your father's house to you, and expects to find you, like her favourite Lady Joanna Bailie, "*a helpful child.*" Your chief care will then be arranging commencements for others as well as for yourself. You may observe, for instance, that I devise ten frocks for little Jessy for one I make. Active industry of thought—the power of lending attention to a variety of objects in succession—is of vital consequence to the female character.

Florence. Then, after all, Amy, I am nearer the character of a good housewife than you are.

Mrs. Austin. You deceive yourself, as usual, by hasty conclusions; for you never give what I call real attention to anything: your mind is continually diverging from the point you are required to consider. Amy, on the contrary, continues the same thing mechanically till she forgets every thing except the needle, or the brush, or the strings she touches.

Amy. We must endeavour to improve each

other. Florence must teach me to find change no trouble, and I will endeavour to make her love sameness.

Florence. That is something very like contentment, is it not? Then the fable I am going to relate will be very *à-propos*.

Edward. Make haste, Florence, for I have something to tell will amuse you all very much, —at least mamma and papa, for they are more easily pleased than you all are, and don't laugh at one, though they are so much wiser.

Florence. But who shall we *ever* find so indulgent as mamma and papa? Yet as they will not let us *talk* sentiment, I will obey you, and make haste with my fable of Jupiter and the Horse:—

"Father of men and beasts!" said the horse one day to Jove, when the Thunderer was in a good humour, "they tell me I am the most beautiful of animals, and I am inclined to think so myself; but superb as my form is, it might still be improved." "And how?" inquired Jupiter, smiling. "Let my legs be longer and more slender; give me the arched neck of the swan; and as my destiny is to carry the lord of this

nether world, let a natural saddle spring from my back."

"Behold the form you covet," said the god; and in the same instant the hideous camel appeared on the plain.

The dauntless steed had never felt the sense of fear: "triumphing in the fulness of his might, he had joyously neighed to the shrill trumpet of war, had mocked at death, had advanced his breast to the brandished sword and shaken lance, and with fixed eye-ball met the dazzling shield;" but at the sight of this appalling form an unusual tremor shook his frame; he was convulsed with horror!

"Behold," said Jupiter, "long and slender legs, the arched neck of the swan, and a natural saddle."

"Good Master Jupiter, leave me as thou hast made me," said the horse, averting his eyes from the camel.

"Then begone, and learn contentment with thy condition, and confidence in the wisdom of Heaven."

Away went the swift courser, swifter than ever he had crossed the desert plain before; but the

same thrill of horror always darts through his frame whenever he accidentally meets the camel.

Mr. Austin. A pretty fable,—Lessing's, I believe. You have well introduced the expressions of Young's fine version of the sublime description of the war-horse from Job. Gerald, if I had attributed this fable to one of the classics, how could you best have proved my mistake?

Gerald. From *internal evidence:* the ancients did not use saddles nor stirrups.*

Mr. Austin. Just so. This is the great test of the authenticity of any work, and, as I said a few evenings ago, the greater our knowledge of antiquity, the more forcibly we are struck by the *internal evidence* of the truth of the Holy Scriptures.

Edward. Gerald told me such a funny story the other day about an ancient people who were the first to teach horses to dance.

Gerald. The Sybarites.

Edward. Yes, the Sybarites; and so they taught their horses all sorts of figure dances; but when they were going to war, one of their

* The first mention of saddles amongst the Greeks or Romans is in the year 340, in the wars between Constans and Constantine.

enemies came slily to their town, and learned the tunes they played to them, and taught them to his countrymen; so when they were all in order of battle, they began to play these tunes, and the horses of the Sybarites, instead of coming on boldly to the charge, began to dance, and danced on till their masters were either killed or taken prisoners by the Crotonians.

Mrs. Austin. You have kept your promise, Edward; you really have amused me.

Edward. That is not the story I was going to tell: you will be much more entertained: it is about Robinson Crusoe. He was a real man, Alexander Selkirk.

Mr. Austin. You don't say so!

Edward. You are quizzing me, I see, papa. I thought mamma would be surprised; but *you* know every thing.

Mr. Austin. Not quite every thing; but, as far as Alexander Selkirk goes, if you forget anything, perhaps I can help you out.

Edward. Thank you; but I hope I sha'n't require help, for I read the account over many times, and I have made notes, like Gerald. [*Here the little boy pulled out a blotted paper, with letters half an inch long.*]

Mr. Austin. Well, proceed; I perceive your mamma is all impatience.

Edward. When Captain Rogers was sailing round the world, he stopped at Juan Fernandez, and the first of his sailors that went on shore there brought back to the ship a great quantity of cray-fish, and a wild-looking man, clothed entirely in goats' skins. This man, whose name was Alexander Selkirk, had lived four years and four months on this uninhabited island. He had been master in the ship of a Captain Stradling, who had quarrelled with him, and had left him behind for spite; but in Captain Rogers' ship he was so lucky now as to meet with an old acquaintance, Captain Dampier, who was very glad to see him, and said he recollected he had been the best man on board Captain Stradling's ship; and so Captain Rogers, when he heard this, besides promising to take Selkirk to England, appointed him the mate of his own vessel, the 'Duchess.' When he first went on board, he had so forgotten how to speak, for want of custom, that they could scarcely understand him; he spoke only the half of his words, and they had to guess the other syllables. He did not like the taste of their provisions, he had been so long without salt; and

he would not drink grog with the sailors, as he had not tasted anything stronger than water for four years; but, however, he soon became a great favourite with the sailors, who called him Governor, and set him to catch the wild goats for them, for he was grown just as active as they were, and not one of the sailors, nor even their bull-dog, could keep up with him. He followed the goats up the steepest rocks, killed them, and carried them home on his back, sometimes three or four in a day, which was very useful to the sick sailors, who were tired of tasting fish and salt meat. When he learned to speak again well enough to be understood, he told them that he was born at Largo, in Scotland, and was bred a sailor.

Charlotte. That's where "*the boatie rows:*"

"We cast our lines in Largo Bay."

Edward. So it is, Charlotte; I'll get Amy to sing that twice as often, now I know that Robinson Crusoe (I mean Selkirk) fished in Largo Bay. I dare say he often sung, "*Weel may the boatie row; weel may she bide*"—

Florence. You are forgetting your story all this time.

Edward. Well, he sailed from Largo with

Captain Stradling, and when they got to Juan Fernandez they quarrelled, because Selkirk said the ship was leaky, and he was afraid to go in her; and when he found out his mistake, the captain was so much affronted, because he had spoken ill of the ship, that he would not let him come on board, but sailed away, and left him alone on the island. They left him his clothes and bedding, a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some religious tracts, and his mathematical books and instruments. There, I have told you quite right all the things I put down in my list—that was exactly all he had. He was very melancholy in this place at first, and sometimes very much afraid. He built two huts of Pimento wood, thatched them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats. He had plenty of clean water near his huts, and beautiful trees, such as the pimento and pepper tree, and myrtles with a sort of moss that had the taste of garlic, which seasoned his food, and he had wild sorrel, purslain, water cresses, cabbages from the cabbage-tree, and plenty of Sicilian radishes and turnips, which had been sown in the island by Captain Dampier's crew. He had fish enough, and made

broth of goat's flesh; so that you will think he was not badly off for food; but the want of one very common thing, which you and I waste every day, Charlotte, prevented him liking any thing, and he never ate till he was forced by hunger.

Charlotte. I guess what you mean; he had no salt. Why did he not make shallow pools, and fill them with salt water, and let them dry up in the sun, and then he would have had salt enough?

Edward. Perhaps the sun was not hot enough; perhaps he never heard of that method, for I suppose he was an ignorant man, except in what concerned his business as a sailor.

I forgot to tell you that he got fire by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together. His little hut served him for a kitchen; he slept and sat in the large one, where he employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying.

His clothes were soon worn out in running about in the woods, and he made himself a cap and a coat of goat skins, stitched together with slender thongs of the same skins. He had no needle, but used a nail; and when his knife was worn out, he made another, as well as he could, of some iron hoops that were left on the shore,

which he bent strait, and ground upon stones. He found some linen cloth, and sewed his shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted he pulled out from his stockings. He had his very last shirt on when Captain Rogers found him on the island.

He amused himself marking his name, and the days he spent there in the island, on one of the trees near his hut. At first he was terribly plagued with rats; they ate his clothes, and even gnawed at his feet when he was asleep; however, he tamed some wild cats by feeding them with goats' flesh, and they delivered him from the rats. He tamed some kids, too, to amuse himself, and would dance and sing with them and his cats, and at last he grew quite contented with his solitude; and I have told you he got away at last, when he was thirty years old, and I dare say was quite happy at home.

Charlotte. He must have been so pleased when he got his cats and his goats. Did he write his own history; or did any thing more remarkable happen to him when he came home?

Mr. Austin. Nothing of note, I believe. He made a rough sketch of his adventures in the solitary island, from which De Foe wrote your

favourite and my favourite book of Robinson Crusoe.

Edward. Old Mr. Leslie told me that he saw, about thirty years ago, the chest and musket which Selkirk had with him in the island: his great nephew, John Selkirk, a weaver, kept them in his house at Largo, in Scotland; so I suppose Crusoe died there.

Charlotte. You remember the pretty lines—

> " I'm monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute,
> From the centre all round to the sea;
> I'm lord of the fowl and the brute.
> Oh! Solitude, where——

Gerald and *Edward.* Off! Off! Off! No lines! No Cowper! No spouting!

Mrs. Austin. Charlotte, we must submit to the pleasure of the house, and retire.

CHAP. VIII.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Florence. Papa, it is a long time since you have told us a story—a real story—that is, I mean an *untrue* story, in your own way. It is your turn now, and I wish you would tell us something very amusing, and not at all historical or biographical.

Mr. Austin. That request is so characteristic of you, "Florence, of the light step, busy finger, and wandering mind." To speak in the language of our favourite Ossian, "Let the repose-loving maiden, of the soft speech and calm mind, relate a tale of old," as we have all done, and I will comply with your demand.

Amy. I know you mean me, uncle; and as you all say I am so indolent, I will tell you the story of the Seven Sleepers.

"Not even active enough to defend your own faults, Amy," said Mrs. Austin to the gentle girl, whose mild unaffected manners and singleness of heart made her a general favourite. "Florence, to all her other almost innumerable occupations,

must add the undertaking of teaching you the noble art of self-justification."

Florence. Indeed, mamma, I have almost forgotten that science, since you made me read Miss Edgeworth's essay.

Mrs. Austin.. Well, I confess you are improved, and we must not bear too hard on you; for your constant good humour and cheerful acquiescence in reproof obtains the pardon of all your faults.

Mr. Austin. But I expect better things from Florence than being content with being *pardoned.* Her cheerfulness and good temper must be the companions of her merits, not the allies of her faults.

Florence thanked her parents for even this qualified commendation; for though profuse in kindness, they were sparing in praise to their children, and the slightest expression of their approbation, therefore, bore the value which always attends that which is not made too common; and Amy began her story as follows:

" I asked Mrs. Bernard one day what was meant by the story of the Seven Sleepers, which was so often alluded to, not only in children's books, but in those we read to her, and she told

me that it was a Monkish legend of seven noble Christian youths of Ephesus, who fled to a cave to conceal themselves, in the great persecution of the Emperor Decius. I remember all the names, for she made me write them down in my journal."

Mr. Austin. That is an excellent plan, as all Mrs. Bernard's modes of instruction are. Names and dates serve as pegs to hang one's knowledge on. A *word* often recalls a long series of *facts* to the memory. Those who remember facts only, soon confound one thing with another, but a recollection of the names to which anecdotes belong, enables us to class our information clearly and accurately, and makes it of use to others. There is, I think, one great distinction between the information of your sex and ours. Your minds are stored with a variety of confused ideas; but whatever we know, we know distinctly. Florence, for instance, tells me many amusing stories of "some general," or "some king," or "some queen;" but for what general, king, or queen she is talking about she is obliged to apply to Gerald, whose more methodical education has taught him the value of exact detail. But pray proceed in your story, Amy, and tell

me all the names of your actors; and first, when did the Emperor Decius reign? I am sure Mrs. Bernard did not fail to tell you that.

Amy was a little startled by this unexpected question; but, after considering a little, replied, "Some time in the third century. I believe he was the thirtieth emperor, and succeeded Philip, who had favoured the Christians, but had not openly professed our religion. Not even the cruel Emperor Domitian so barbarously persecuted the Christians as Decius did, and partly, it is thought, because Philip had favoured them. The seven youths were traced to their cave, and the cruel Decius ordered its entrance to be walled up. There they remained for a hundred and eighty-seven years, till the time of Theodosius the younger, when the wall of the cave was accidentally taken down. The sun then shone strongly into the cave, and awoke the youths, who had been sleeping there ever since, like the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. They felt very hungry, and sent out Jamblicus, one of their number, to try to procure them some food. He set out with great fear and caution, and thinking that Decius was still reigning, was much astonished to see the sign of Christianity on what he

had recollected as the heathen temples of Ephesus. This gave him courage, and he went into a shop to buy some food, but every thing was changed, and the people scarcely understood what he said or what he wanted; and when he offered some of the Emperor Decius's coin in payment, they concluded, from the strange account he gave of himself when interrogated, that he had unlawfully possessed himself of some hidden treasure, and they took him to the magistrates to be examined. His strange dress, and his strange story, surprised the magistrates, who took him to the emperor. Theodosius himself, accompanied by the Bishop of Ephesus, went to the cave to ascertain the truth, and when he got there the seven youths (as they appeared to be, though they were more than two hundred years old) just lived to hear of the establishment of their divine religion, gave their benediction to all present, and peaceably expired."

Charlotte. What a pretty story; but *can* it be true, papa?

Mr. Austin. No: Amy told you it was only a Monkish legend. It was, however, universally believed by the Christians of the middle ages in Abyssinia, Italy, and the remotest parts of the

north of Europe; and not by Christians only, but by Mahommedans, for Mahommed introduced it into that tissue of fables called the Koran, which he compiled by the assistance of a renegade Monk and an apostate Jew; and thus this pretty story has been repeated by every nation in Europe, Africa, and Asia, and is constantly alluded to in Oriental and European literature. To reward Amy, as I know her predilection for any thing Eastern, I will tell you an Oriental tale, brought to Europe by Doctor Russell, in a collection of Oriental apologues from Aleppo.* It is as descriptive of Eastern manners as any of the Arabian tales, or even the modern Hadji Baba, which afforded us so many entertaining selections last winter. I shall take my usual liberties with it, abridging or enlarging as I like.

Mrs. Austin. I know the story you alluae to. It is a long and an interesting one; and as we are unusually late, perhaps you had better defer the recital till to-morrow evening. Edward is tired with the long ride he had with you to-day, and it would be better for him to join the usual juvenile party of the Seven Sleepers.

* Translated by Beloe.

Edward. Thank you, mamma: I am very tired, but still I could listen, I am sure, and to-morrow will be Sunday, and papa won't tell it to us then.

Mr. Austin. An additional reason: there is no reprieve now. I should not like to have your heads running all day to-morrow on an unfinished tale, which would be as injurious to you as a Saturday night's play or opera is to your seniors. But you are yawning even now, and that you know always entails good night.

CHAP X.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Mr. Austin. I promised you last Sunday evening a sketch of the history of the Jews, from their restoration after the Babylonish captivity, and the building of the second temple under Cyrus, to their banishment from Palestine under Adrian, and the destruction of every fragment of even the foundation of the temple, under Julian

the Apostate. But before I begin, tell me, Florence, what you know of the captivity.

Florence. The people of Israel, as the first Samaritans were called, were carried into captivity by Salmanazar, king of Assyria, above a hundred years before the two tribes, which composed the kingdom of Judah, were conquered by Nebuchadnezzar.

Mr. Austin. These ten tribes of Israelites never returned to Palestine. Their lands were taken possession of by colonies of Assyrians. These strangers, in time, became proselytes to a sort of imperfect Judaism, and worshipped on Mount Gherizim, in opposition to the Jewish temple on Mount Moriah.

Florence. Nebuchadnezzar came three times against the Jews, as the two remaining tribes were now first called, and before he carried them all away to people his great city of Babylon, he burned the temple, and destroyed the city of Jerusalem.

Amy. Were all the Jews taken into captivity?

Mr. Austin. A few poor vine-dressers were left to cultivate the earth, but they shortly after fled to Egypt. Then the land of Judah was

entirely desolate; no living soul remained to cultivate it; the place of the ancient inhabitants was not supplied by strangers; and, as it is said in the Second Book of Chronicles, "The Lord kept sabbath for seventy years." You know that the Jews observed a sabbath of every seventh year, in which they left the earth uncultivated; and this is the reason that a week, in prophetic language, means seven years. It was during this period, as I told you last Sunday, that the ancient Hebrew language became so much corrupted by the mixture of the Chaldee, that after the restoration the priests first read the Scriptures to them from the ancient Hebrew into the Syriac of that day, and finally translated them into that language. The reading of the Scriptures is interdicted to the laity of the modern Jews as to the modern Catholics, lest they should be converted by the study of the prophecies concerning the Messiah. The Bible Society have had a translation made for their benefit, which is eagerly sought for by the Polish and German Jews. It will doubtless produce the effect intended, as they acknowledge that the period for the coming of their Messiah is entirely elapsed, and an impartial study of Scrip-

ture must convince them that all their prophecies were to the letter fulfilled in the mission of our Lord. During the captivity in Babylon the Jews were generally well treated; their learned men were much esteemed; they were permitted the exercise of their own laws, and possessed the power of life and death amongst themselves. Jeremiah predicted the period of the captivity, and Daniel the time of the coming of the Messiah.—Gerald, what were the other remarkable prophecies of Daniel concerning this period?

Gerald. He foretold the conquest of Babylon by the Medes and Persians under Cyrus, and the conquest of the Persian monarch by the Grecians under Alexander the Great.

Mr. Austin. If I were to enter minutely into the Jewish history, you would probably not so clearly recollect it, and I will therefore confine myself to a mere outline, which you may all fill up at a future period for yourselves. Cyrus was so much impressed by the Jewish prophecies concerning himself, that two years after the conquest of Babylon he permitted the Jews to return to their own land, and rebuild their temple. But 50,000 returned at that time; and the number was increased afterwards by those dispersed in

the East and in Egypt; and under the Assyrian kings they enjoyed, on the whole, peace and prosperity. When Alexander the Great, in turn, subverted the Persian empire, he was much irritated by the Jews refusing to supply his army with provisions, as they had served that of Darius, and marched against them with the intention of destroying Jerusalem; but, on seeing in the person of the High Priest, who went out to meet him, the same man who had appeared to him in a vision, he was so awe-struck, that he left the temple unviolated; and on reading the prophecies of Daniel concerning himself, he granted the nation more privileges. Fifteen years after his death his empire was, as you know, seized by the generals, who had been governors of the provinces, his two sons, and his brother Philip, having perished in that time: his kingdom was then, as Daniel had also foretold, divided into four great monarchies. Syria, Judea, and Phœnicia fell to the share of Lysimachus; but Ptolemy Soter, who had obtained Egypt, did not long remain contented with this division: he marched into Judea, surprised the Jews on the Sabbath-day, when they, by their law, could make no defence; made a great

slaughter of them, and carried away a hundred thousand captives to Egypt; but, as they had proved faithful to their former rulers, he employed them in his armies and garrison, and he and his successors granted the nation many privileges and immunities. His son Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was famous for his love of literature, employed seventy of the most learned of the Jews who were settled in Egypt to translate the Scriptures into Greek, and this is the version we now know as the Septuagint. This version is the one referred to by the apostles as known to the Greeks and the heathen nations generally.

Shortly before the birth of our Saviour, the Romans extended their conquests into Syria, and conquered Judea under Pompey, who slaughtered twelve thousand of the priests, and profaned the temple by entering the sanctuary, which the great Alexander had refrained from. He did not, however, rifle the temple,—that was reserved for the avaricious Crassus. The Romans made Herod king of Judea, who was not a Jew by birth, but one of the proselytes conquered by the Maccabees. Under Herod the Jews enjoyed the exercise of their peculiar laws. This

Herod repaired or almost rebuilt the second temple, which had fallen into decay about five hundred years after the restoration. The temple, as finished by Herod, much exceeded the magnificence of either of the previous edifices: the stones of which it was built were each twelve yards long, four in height, and six yards deep. You remember the exclamation of the disciples, "See what manner of stones are here!" and our Lord's reply, "There shall not be one stone left upon another that shall not be thrown down!" The Herod I am now speaking of was remarkable for his cruelties, for the murder of his own relations, and for the slaughter of the young children at the birth of Christ. During his last sickness, he assembled all the principal men amongst the Jews at Jericho, and ordered that they should all be killed the moment he expired, that there might be a general lamentation for his death.

Florence. What cruelty! Were his orders obeyed?

Mrs. Austin. No, they were released on his death, when the Romans divided his kingdom according to his will between his three sons. These were called the tetrarchs. Under Herod Antipos, Pontius Pilate was appointed governor

of Judea and Samaria, and the Jews were then first deprived of the power of life and death amongst themselves. The reign of Herod Antipos was the period of our Lord's mission.

Charlotte. What was the end of Pontius Pilate?

Mr. Austin. He was deprived of his office by Vitellius for his injustice and cruelties, was banished by Caligula, and killed himself in despair.

Herod Antipos was succeeded by Herod Agrippa, his uncle, called Herod the King, in Scripture, whose son, Herod Agrippa, was the King Agrippa whom Paul preached before, and he was the last king of the Jews.

The oppressions of the Roman governors provoked the wretched Jews, now visited by the wrath of God, to frequent rebellions, in which they were encouraged to the last by false prophets.

Nero sent Vespasian and his son Titus against them, who, in four years, accomplished the entire destruction of Jerusalem. The Jews out of Judea were also treated as the common enemies of mankind; thirteen thousand were murdered in one night at Scythopolis, in Syria; fifty thousand

at Alexandria, in Egypt; and at Damascus ten thousand more. Many prodigies are recorded to have preceded the destruction of Jerusalem, the most remarkable of which is the circumstance of a countryman, four years before the war commenced, crying out continually, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" He redoubled his cries on feast-days; and from that time no other words proceeded from his lips but this appalling cry. He was punished by the magistrates, and banished the city, but he wandered about the country, still repeating "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" During the siege he returned to the ill-fated city, and night and day wandered round the walls, crying with all his strength, "Woe to the temple! woe to the city! woe to all the people!" till at last he added, "Woe to myself!" and was killed by a stone from an engine.

Florence. Oh, papa, don't tell me anything more of that dreadful siege; it makes my blood run cold. I never shall forget the shocking account we read of it. Only tell me if the Christian Jews escaped. I know Titus wished to save the temple, but that a soldier, seized by "a divine impulse," set it on fire.

Mr. Austin. The Christians had all with-

drawn before the siege commenced, as they looked for the city's destruction as foretold by our Lord. The temple was burned on the same month and day on which it had been formerly burned by the Babylonians. Titus, on viewing its ruins, declared that "God himself had assisted him in vanquishing the Jews." The city was razed and utterly destroyed, and the same tax was laid upon every Jew, wheresoever living, to be paid to the temple of Jupiter, on the capitol, which they had formerly paid to the temple of Jerusalem. Such of the Jews, however, as were not destroyed within the city, still remained in Judea: they were again encouraged by false prophets to rebel, till they were banished by Adrian from their native soil, and cruelly persecuted in every country under his sway.

About the year 362, the Emperor Julian, called the Apostate, endeavoured to rebuild the temple; but its foundations, which were then visible, were destroyed and entirely dispersed by an earthquake. A Turkish mosque now stands in the centre of the site of the temple, and the Mahommedans, on payment of a certain tribute, permit some Christian monasteries within the walls.

CHAP. X.

MONDAY EVENING.

Florence. I think, papa, you said that the story you promised us on Saturday evening was about Haroon al Rasheed. Was there ever such a person, or is he only the hero of the Arabian Nights?

Mr. Austin. The khalif Haroon was surnamed Al Rasheed from his love of justice: he was the contemporary of Charlemagne, whom he equalled in ability and power, and much exceeded in magnificence; for the court of the French emperor was rude and barbarous, whilst that of Bagdad was the model of the oriental luxury which is pourtrayed in so lively a manner in the Arabian Tales. Al Rasheed was in correspondence with Charlemagne, and sent him, in token of esteem, a tent, a water clock, an elephant, and the keys of the Holy Sepulchre.

Amy. Then he had possession of Judea.

Mr. Austin. Yes, his dominions compre-

hended Palestine, Asia Minor, and Egypt. The Greek empire, under Constantine and Irene, and Nicephorus, paid him a yearly tribute; and he even laid siege to Constantinople, but was baffled by the effect of the Greek fire, then a recent invention, known only to the besieged of that city; but, like all other destructive inventions, it in time became common to all nations.

Florence. What was the Greek fire?

Mr. Austin. That is not accurately known at present; but it is thought to have been a composition of bitumen, sulphur, and resin. It was ignited by the contact of the air alone, and continued to burn in water.

Amy. How was it used?

Mr. Austin. In sieges it was poured from ramparts in large boilers, or sent through the air to a greater distance in red-hot balls of stone or iron, or on darts and javelins; and at sea it was blown from ships through metals placed on the prow, and shaped like dragons, or other fabled monsters.

Florence was about to speak, when Edward stopped her by saying, "Don't ask any more questions, Flory, but do let papa begin: we shall wander on from one thing to another till it will be

too late for us to have the story to-night, and so it will be one evening after another. You can ask what you like when it is done."

Mr. Austin. I feel some compassion for Edward; for I have often felt the mortification of being entirely foiled in society in my endeavour to be informed on any particular circumstance. In vain have I persevered, time after time, in making the faint openings; and even when the person I have applied to has been as anxious to relate as I to hear, some unlucky question has changed the whole current of conversation, and finally disappointed us both. So now, Edward, we will not tantalize you any longer. You must picture to yourself a palace hung with silk, embroidered with gold in some of its least costly apartments; whilst in others the walls were encrusted with gold and pearls, and where even the slaves were dressed in gold and gems; where there were trees of gold and silver, with little birds of the same on their branches, singing as well as my best musical snuff-box; and where on state days a hundred lions were brought out, each attended by a keeper, sumptuously dressed, to intimate the awe-inspiring power of the possessor. The lights were extinguished in this magnificent palace of the khalif of Bagdad, the keen sabres of

Damascus guarded its avenues, the mutes watched at the doors of the sultan's apartment; but his sumptuous couch, more richly adorned than I can find words to describe, afforded him no rest. Could it be supposed that so great a man could lie awake, and suffer others to sleep? The sympathy of his subjects was the least he had a right to expect, and clapping his hands as he lay supine, the slight signal raised his attendants, and in a few minutes Giafar, the grand vizir, appeared in his presence. Giafar prostrated himself three times before the regal couch: "Father of the faithful, commander of the earth," said he; "Alla grant my lord a long life and happy reign! Wherefore has the welcome summons rejoiced his devoted slave?"

"Rejoice not, good Giafar," said Haroon al Rasheed; "I—I *cannot* sleep! devise me some amusement for the weary hours of night."

"Let the commander of the faithful visit the Tartar gardens, repose under the lofty trees, inhale the fragrance of the violet, and listen to the bulbul warbling to the sweet rose his sweeter song."

"No, no, good Giafar! I should ill exchange this gorgeous canopy for the dark shade of trees; the perfumes I inhale are more fragrant far than

the violet's breath: Zuleika sang to me ere while, till my ear grew dull; the bulbul could but repeat her lays: the charm of sweet sounds cannot divert my melancholy."

"The pictures of the suburban palace tell the story of other times; there the actions of your royal predecessors—"

"No, no! are they not the same as yesterday? May I not see them unchanged to-morrow? *They* will not serve to divert my melancholy."

"The museum, then, of the sage Murad, where the gem is seen as in its native bed, the bird of distant lands seems living on its native tree."

"No, no; neither is this our pleasure! Giafar is dull as night, and our melancholy blacker than the brow of the dark slave Mesrour."

Poor Giafar gave up all for lost: he feared the result of the khalif's melancholy, when his good genius fortunately whispered to him to propose a ramble through the streets of the capital. Pleased with the thought, the khalif sprang from his couch, a disguise was quickly procured, and, escorted by Giafar and the black slave Mesrour, sword-bearer and executioner, he issued by the secret door of the seraglio.

He walked on through the silent and deserted streets of Bagdad; the khalif's moody fit began

again to possess him, when his attention was arrested by the voice of a man singing in the gay tone of careless mirth. Looking up, he saw an upper chamber brightly illuminated, and on the opposite wall the shadow of a man with a drinking cup in his hand. Haroon al Rasheed, turning to Giafar, said, "Certain I am that nothing this night will divert my melancholy, unless I can converse with that jovial fellow who is drinking yonder: knock at his door." Giafar obeyed: the man approached the balcony. "Who knocks at this unseasonable hour?" said he, in an angry tone. The vizir replied, with great civility, "We are strangers in this great city; night has overtaken us; we fear to fall into the hands of the night guards. In pity, therefore, let us in. Alla will reward your humanity." "Not I, indeed; you are a set of impudent vagrants, I make no doubt. All you want is to get into my room, devour my food, and drink my wine. Begone, and leave me in peace." A hearty laugh from Haroon al Rasheed delighted Giafar's ears. All's well now, thought he; the cloud is dispersed. "Indeed, sir, we are only merchants," said the vizir. "Tell me," asked the man at the balcony, "have you supped or have you not?" "Thanks and praise be to Alla," returned the khalif mildly,

"we have supped long since, and heartily." "Then you may come up; but mind, whatever you may see me do, you must not presume to make any impertinent comments: no, not if what you hear displeases you ever so much." "We will sit deaf and mute," replied the khalif, on which he and his companions were admitted. "Go into that corner, and sit quietly down," said the uncourteous host. Haroon al Rasheed silently obeyed, whilst the chief executioner endeavoured to smooth his grim features to the fashion of his master's assumed humility. The man seated himself at a table, on which were placed a pitcher of wine (which you know is forbidden to Mussulmen), several kinds of fruit, roast meat, preserves, and confectionaries. "Where do you fellows come from," said he; "and where are you going?" The vizir told him a plausible tale of their being merchants who had lost their way to their khan. "I don't believe a word you say: you are no merchants: you are spies and thieves! you with whiskers like a bear! Never did I see so villainous a countenance! And you, Mr. Blackface, what do *you* mean by casting a hawk's eye on my provisions: I'll break all your bones if you dare to

touch one morsel." To show that this was no vain threat, the man got up, took an immense cudgel, and putting it under his arm, sat hastily down again.

"Contrive by some means or other to learn this man's name and occupation," whispered the khalif to Giafar. The vizir vainly represented that the man was evidently intoxicated, and might lay them all prostrate with his ponderous club before any assistance could be procured. "I *will* be obeyed," said the khalif; "demand his name, and why he thus passes the night." Barem observed them whispering, and becoming more good humoured as he became more intoxicated, said in a milder tone, "What are you fellows prating about?" Giafar proffered his request in the name of hospitality and friendship. "You beseech me in the name of hospitality! Pray when did this hospitality commence between you and me? Friendship like ours, to be sure, must be of very long standing! You promised to ask me no questions: begone!" Giafar entreated. "Well, then, if I condescend to tell you my secret, and the history of my life, let no man, if he would escape instant death, presume to interrupt me." "O! we agree to that,"

hastily replied his illustrious visitor. "Know then, curious intruders, that my name is Barem, my trade a blacksmith; I delight in sports and pastimes; I am a stout wrestler; my body is large and robust; and my trust in Alla secures to me a necessary provision of wine and food. The man who provokes me to strike him will retain the sound of the blow for a twelvemonth." "May Alla," said they apart, "preserve us from your rage!" "What," resumed Barem, "does any one of you think of contradicting me? Let him beware! Every day I work as a blacksmith; before afternoon prayer I can earn five drachms. Then I proceed to the bazaar: with one drachm I purchase flesh, another drachm goes in wine, another is spent in candles, another in nuts, cakes, and fruit; the fifth procures me oil for my lamps, and two loaves of bread; and I always take care that for the next day not a single aspre remains. Thus day after day my hours are spent invariably the same; in the evening I come home, and, as you see, put every thing in order: I light up my candles, I trim my lamps, eat a little roast meat, then I set down my leather pitcher and my glass, and never have any companions whatever. Now you, Mr. Mer-

chants, or Spies, or whatever you are, you have the whole of my history."

"In truth," said the khalif, "it must be allowed that you are a man of resolute mind, and no less strange in your mode of life; but in thus separating yourself from society, you avoid many inconveniences."

"I have lived thus for twenty years: every night has my apartment been lighted up and furnished as you see; and never once have I been molested or interrupted."

"But, my friend, suppose the khalif should to-morrow put a stop to the trade of blacksmith, and pass a decree that any one who should open his shop, and work before the end of three days, should be hanged. In that case, what would you do? Could you then light up your apartment, and enjoy your dried fruit and your delicate wine?"

"Disturb me not with your supposes and ill omens. Twenty years have I lived secure from superfluity and want, till this night that you come to vex me, and confuse my mind with unpleasant suggestions. I conjure you to begone! How could I be such a fool as to admit you, and expose the secret of my life?" "But suppose it

should happen, what could you possibly do, as you never leave an aspre for the next day ?"

" Should the khalif do to-morrow as you say, I would search *you* out in every corner of Bagdad, and nothing should deliver you from my hands. How dare you repeat your words and bad omens ?"

On this the khalif was obliged to stop his mouth with the corner of his robe to prevent his laughing aloud. He then took his leave, and, as morning approached, entered the seraglio by the secret gate.

Al Rasheed retired to his couch, and enjoyed a refreshing slumber. Day broke, he arose, performed his morning devotions, and proceeded to the chamber of audience. Emirs and vizirs surrounded the prince, but he thought only of Barem, the blacksmith. Calling, therefore, for Giafar, " Send," said he, " to the governor of the city, and let it be proclaimed through the streets of Bagdad that no blacksmith shall open his doors, or labour in his occupation, for three days, on pain of death."

The royal proclamation was published with the greatest pomp. Six heralds, splendidly attended, made known through the different quarters of

Bagdad the will of the sovereign: the people wondered and obeyed.

When night approached, the khalif, who thought of nothing but Barem, sent for Giafar. "I wonder," said he, "how that poor blacksmith manages to night; he sits, doubtless, in a melancholy mood, with an empty stomach, and an unfilled jar. Send for Mesrour: we will make him a visit for our amusement." Giafar remonstrated in vain: they again disguised themselves, and went as before.

All was dark and silent till they reached the blacksmith's house; but you may suppose how much they were surprised to see his chamber lighted as usual, and Barem, with a glass in his hand, singing merrily. "The condition of our friend does not seem in the least altered; our decree does not seem to have affected his affairs," said the khalif; "knock, Mesrour; I am all impatience to learn his adventures." At this moment Barem, into whose head his wine began to ascend, was thinking of his guests, and wishing that he might meet with them. He went down, and admitted them.

"We are come," said the khalif, "to inquire after your health, and enjoy the pleasure of your

conversation. Throughout this whole day our thoughts have been employed about you, and this prohibition of the blacksmiths' trade has excited both our wonder and indignation." "All that has happened," replied Barem, "is on your account, and comes from your ill omens and impertinence. I told you last night not to interfere in my affairs, yet you would intrude, and pretended to say that the khalif would do so and so. Now I don't want you here: you are come to vex me: take care how you presume to repeat any of your conjectures." They promised obedience, and entreated him to tell them how he had been supplied, and he began his recital in his own boasting way, to the great amusement of the khalif.

"I have lived thus, as I have told you, for twenty years. When I went this morning to the shop as usual, I found it shut: 'You little dog,' said I to the boy who sat on the outside, 'why don't you open the door? If any thing be the matter with the lock, I will clench my fist, and with one blow make the bolts fly, or if the folding window is out of order, I will draw the nails with my fingers.' On this the master came up: 'There is nothing the matter with the lock,' said

he, 'but the royal proclamation forbids us to work, on pain of death, for three days. This misfortune *you* have brought on us, who for twenty years have never abstained one night from drinking wine; get out of my sight, and never venture to show yourself here again. Go, sir, go, and beg for these three days.' 'Oh that I could meet with my impertinent guests,' said I; 'their words have proved true: from the moment they uttered them, I knew it would be an unfortunate day.' The master of the shop had already gone in, and I own I went away with a heavy heart, but Heaven had provided an occupation for me: I by chance entered a bath, intending to wash there; I met a youth I had once shown kindness to; he came up to me, kissed my hand, and said, 'Welcome, Hadgi Barem, my friend and patron; is there anything in which I can serve you?' 'Oh,' said I, 'that cold-blooded khalif, Al Rasheed, has put a stop to the trade of blacksmith for three days, and, Caled, you very well know I have not an aspre to spend this evening, and if I shall leave off but for once my old habits, I doubt not but some great mischief will come upon me. Alas! I know no other trade.' 'O,' said Caled, 'don't make yourself uneasy,

Barem; you shall work with us for three days, and then go back to your old employment.' He told me what I was to do, and gave me what was necessary. In a short time several people came to the bath, and Caled sent me to attend them. I performed my office as well as I could: the first gave me two drachms, another one, some one piece of money and some another, and before afternoon prayers I had made up my five drachms. I then dressed myself, went home, took my leathern pitcher, my dish, and my basket, and went to the market. I laid out one drachm on mutton, which I left with my dish at the cook's shop; I bought wine for one drachm, and laid out a third in wax candles and flowers; with the fourth I bought pistachio nuts, sweet pastry, and fruit; with the fifth I bought oil of sesamum for my lantern, common oil for my lamp, and two loaves of bread. I then returned to the cook's shop, where I found my meat ready dressed, came home, took off my clothes, cleaned my room, and set it out as you see. And now, a fig for the khalif! I am Barem, and my provision is from above. A fig for blacksmiths and khalifs both! I will die the servant of a bath—

a trade ten times better than that of a blacksmith."

Al Rasheed made signs to the vizir to enter into dispute with Barem. "Hadgi Barem," said he, "suppose the khalif were to prohibit the baths; what would you do then?"

"I desire to hear no more of your omens; I was quiet and happy before you came to disturb me. Let our wise khalif prohibit blacksmiths if he likes; Alla has provided me with another employment. A fig for the khalif! he thought to put me down, and starve me. Who cares for the khalif?"

"I'll see whether I don't make you care for him," muttered Al Rasheed: "to-morrow I'll prohibit the baths. I wonder what you'll do to-morrow night." Barem then began to sing. "He is so jovial a fellow, and his songs are so ingenious," whispered the khalif to Giafar, "that angry as I am, he forces me to be good-humoured." They shortly after took their leave. "Hadgi Barem," said the vizir, "we will come and see you again." "Begone," replied he, "and never let me see you any more; no good attends the sight of you." They went away

laughing, and again entered the secret door of the seraglio.

In the morning the khalif held a solemn divan, and prohibited the baths for three days. "What can this mean?" said the people one to another; "yesterday the blacksmiths' shops, to-day the baths; to-morrow the khans will be shut up, perhaps. There is no safety but in Alla!"

"What can I do now?" said Barem, as he was driven with contumely from the bath where he had procured the provision of the preceding day; "I have not an aspre in my pocket; I must not work as a blacksmith, the baths are shut: what trade next?" Then, thinking of his guests, he set out in search of them, resolving to sacrifice them to his fury. He spent a great part of the day in this quest of course in vain. "To-night," said he, "I must be supperless; no meat, no fruit, no wine, no lights, no flowers!" He then returned home, dressed himself in his evening suit, put his sash round his head in a cubical form, and taking the cloth used for prayer, he said, "This will I sell, and provide myself as usual." In his wanderings he came near a school and a mosque: "Here," said he, "I will perform my ablutions, pray that this evil be removed, and

my occupation restored." When he had done so, his anger at his guests was somewhat abated. He stood in the portico with the cloth thrown over his shoulders, undetermined to what bazaar he should carry it to sell. Whilst he was thus pondering, a woman approached, and seeing Barem a fine tall fellow, with a sash round his head, she imagined him to be a wakeel, or officer of justice belonging to the cadi. "Pray, sir," said she, "are you a messenger, or wakeel?" "I am," answered Barem, "if you desire it, a potent messenger, or if you choose I am a judge, who can sit here and determine between parties; I have the power of divorcing and confirming; in short, I can do for you whatever you desire; only acquaint me with your business." "O, Hadgi," said the woman, "these are many words; but I have a just claim on my debtor."

"Let me know," said Barem, "who this debtor is, that I may carry him before a cadi who has not his equal in the world. Let me be your wakeel."

"I desire," said the woman," to complain of my husband, who is in debt to me for clothes for five years, besides five dinars and a para for expences, as will be seen by the marriage contract."

"If you will make me a liberal consideration, you shall see what I will do for you: in an hour your husband shall be in prison." Upon this the woman cut off two drachms from the string of coins she wore round her head, which Barem snatched with the avidity a hawk seizes his prey, saying, "I am Barem; my provision is from above." They then proceeded together to the kissarin, where the husband was. Before entering Barem took care to make his turban as high as he could, and to bare his arms, to give himself more the appearance of the character he assumed. The woman, by a sign, pointed out her husband, a sallow, meagre, diminutive man, employed in saying his Friday prayers. Barem, without saying a word, took him up carpet and all, to carry him off. "Hadgi, Hadgi, what's the matter?" said the astonished husband. "You have only to show respect and obedience to the noble law." "Set me down at least, that I may put on my outer vest and my slippers. By my head and my eyes, I will go with you; but do not carry me in this manner." Barem then set him down, whilst all the people in the kissarin came crowding about them. "Who is my creditor?" asked the

captive. "Your wife is your creditor: my suit is for her allowance for clothes for fifty years."

"We have not been married these five years; and how can she claim for fifty years, when I am not yet forty years old?" "I know nothing of all that: you and your creditor may settle it before the cadi."

They then proceeded towards the mahkamy, the woman walking before them; but they had hardly got half way, when the man said to Barem, "Learned Hadgi, I entreat your fetwa" (opinion or decision in law). "What fetwa of mine?" "Only that you will accept of a present, and permit me to depart. My wife and I will soon make it up, but in her present humour I should certainly be committed to prison; so let me begone." What have I to do with the woman, after all, thought Barem; so turning gravely to his captive, he said, "Sir, we must be paid for our fetwa." The man with great humility presented him with three drachms, which he secured in his cincture till they came to a crowd in the street, when they separated. Barem looked at his five drachms, and said, "I will die a messenger of the law," and hastened to purchase his usual provision.

While Barem was thus employed, the khalif expressed a wish to know the success of his orders for shutting up the baths. "I wonder," said he, "what is become of our friend Barem: he must be in a miserable plight; in a dark chamber, supperless, and his pitcher empty. I am determined to visit him." "My lord," replied the vizir, "he threatened us all three in his best humour; what may we not expect from him now? O, Ameer al Moumaneen! the pitcher does not always return unbroken." "Peace!" exclaimed the khalif; "I will be obeyed."

They accordingly hastened to Barem's abode, who at first refused them admittance, but at last yielded to their entreaties. They found every thing disposed as usual, and took their seats in silence. "Now," said Barem, "that you have promised you will practise no enchantment against me, (for every thing you have said hitherto has proved as true as if engraven on stone,) I will tell you what has been done by that blockhead the khalif. From his ragged beard and want of understanding, he issued a decree for shutting up all baths for three days. This reduced me to such distress as no mortal ever experienced before. It was indeed a dismal day:

the numerous tribe of bath-men were starving, and the people astonished." He here entered into a circumstantial detail of the adventures I have related to you, and concluded by saying, "The khaliff may now shut up the mahkamy, and provoke the people to insurrection, but for my part my resolution is fixed to die an officer of justice; and now a fig for his ragged beard."

The khalif was almost out of patience at having occasioned so much inconvenience to the city at large, and having deprived so many poor people of bread without affecting the condition of Barem in the least: "To-morrow, however," thought he, "I will make an example of this drunkard;" and to-morrow I will tell you the remaining adventures of the fortunate Barem.

Edward. By your saying *fortunate* Barem, I hope he got the better of the khalif after all. How much Al Rasheed must have been provoked by his contemptuous way of speaking.

Mrs. Austin. A good lesson of humility to him; but the struggle was scarcely fair between them.

Mr. Austin. As long as one man is left his personal freedom in this sort of struggle against another, he will not unfrequently baffle all his

enemy's malice. The impotence of human power to inflict real injury has been often proved in more serious history than that of our friend Barem.

CHAP. XI.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Charlotte. I am glad that Willy and Jessy are gone at last. Now, papa, will you begin?

Mr. Austin. Yes, I will begin; but I have a great mind to send *you* to bed.

Charlotte. Oh! papa; what for? I was not late. Mamma can tell you I have done all my lessons well. I have not quarrelled with Edward. Tell me, dear papa, what I have done wrong. You never punish me without a cause. Could it be any harm to say, I was glad Willy and Jessy were gone? Mamma herself says that, and more sometimes; for she calls them troublesome monkeys when they *are* gone.

Mr. Austin. Yes, and I concur with her heartily in the justice of the appellation at

times. But we don't speak crossly to them, and look at the timepiece, and say, "only ten minutes more, Willy;" "only seven minutes more;" and, "indeed you need not ask for that;" "indeed you need not look at this, for you'll not have time." You must not let your kindly feelings to others be locked up in the love of amusement. It is, I am sorry to say, what we every day witness. Our liking for others is often more influenced by circumstances, over which they have no control, than by their own merits. When the course of conversation has brought on any subject you do not find amusing, you are delighted to keep your little brother and sister to amuse yourself with them; but when you expect a story, you fidget and fret, and "wish that little children were never let out of the nursery."

Charlotte. Indeed, papa, that is a great shame; for Willy, poor little fellow, runs after me to give me a share of every thing he gets, and Jessy does every thing I bid her. I wonder I could be so ungrateful to them.

Mr. Austin. We are all, I fear, more or less unjust in the same way. So now for the story, the expectation of which rendered my kind-

hearted little Lolotte so ill-tempered and overbearing!—

The day after the last attempt of the khalif to mortify the blacksmith, he was seated on his throne, surrounded by the emeers, vizirs, and great officers of his court. Giafar entered the divan, and prostrating himself before the throne, wished increase of years and prosperity to his master. "Giafar," said the khalif, "let strict inquiry be made concerning the messengers of justice: let those who are of long standing be retained, with increase of salary; but let those who have intruded themselves without due recommendation, be punished with the bastinado, and dismissed."

Edward. The bastinado! that's not fair.

Mr Austin. No, I think it was not: as the khalif had set his power against the poor blacksmith's ingenuity to procure a day's subsistence, to play the game fairly he should have been content with dismissing him from his self-constituted employment; but it is Mussulman manners. No lasting disgrace is inflicted by corporal punishment; and mere bodily pain, we all know, is forgotten with the occasion.

Barem, unconscious of the decree of his potent antagonist, rose gaily a little after sunset, and exclaimed as he tied his turban and combed his beard, "Grant, kind Heaven, that I may die a messenger of the law. I have been rather to blame in neglecting my vocation." He then sallied forth, locked his door, and proceeding to the mahkamy, mingled in the crowd of messengers attending the cady's divan. When the order of the khalif was delivered to the cady, he rose from his seat, and, in token of respect and obedience, kissed the paper, and raised it to his forehead. "Let the instruments for the bastinado be brought in; let all the messengers be ready to appear when called for," said he. Barem, who attentively observed all that passed, was much disturbed at this order. The first messenger stood before the cady with his hands crossed, and his eyes fixed on the ground. "What is your name," asked the cady; "your father's, and your grandfather's name? What allowance have you? and by what recommendation did you get into office?"

The messenger advancing two steps, replied, "My name is Magid, my father's name Salem,

my grandfather's Napha. My allowance is three dollars, and a vest of cloth once a year. I inherited the office from my ancestors of old, and was recommended by such and such persons." The cady ordered a present for the man, and examined the next. Barem was called in his turn. "What is your name?" demanded the cady. "Barem the blacksmith." "Since when did you become an officer of justice?" "I entered into the law yesterday: but oh! cady, I am a man of wonderful abilities; when I please I can be a cady or a wakeel." Neither the cady nor the spectators could refrain from laughing, and we may hope that the bastinado inflicted on Barem was lighter in consequence. He returned to his house mortified and melancholy, and sat down to ponder, but he soon recovered his spirits, and starting up, he seized a piece of an old palm-tree, which had the form of a sword, and supplying it with a belt, girt it to his side. "I have now neither friend nor master in this city: I must therefore go elsewhere. How, alas, shall I find this day's provision? Yet the world is before me." He sallied forth, and wandered from one street to another. As he went swaggering along, swinging his right and left arm alter-

nately, and grasping a twig of an almond-tree in one hand, every one considered him to be a bildar belonging to some great man. Lost in thought, he wandered on till he reached a market place, where a crowd was assembled round two men who were fighting. He began to exercise his almond twig, to make way for himself; and the crowd, taking him for an officer of the khalif, fled on all sides. Observing the impression that his gigantic figure made on the crowd, he approached the combatants, and finding that he was mistaken for a bildar, he put one hand on the hilt of his wooden sword, and flourishing the almond twig in the other, approached the combatants, and dealing a blow or two to each, put an end to the fray. The sheih of the market now came up to him, gave him five drachms, and requested him to carry the offenders before the khalif. Barem securing the money in his girdle, muttered to himself, in the thoughtfulness of his heart, "I am Barem; my provision is from above!" He seized the culprits, and walked off with one under each arm; but the crowd following him, entreated him to reconcile and dismiss them: Barem, glad to get rid of them, consented. "It is a matter fixed," said he; "I will now be a

bildar. I will go to the palace, and visit my colleagues." He did so, and taking his station among them as they stood in a row, was much surprised at their delicate make and rich garments of various colours, which gave them the appearance of a bed of flowers in a garden. Whilst he looked rather contemptuously down upon them, their chief observed him, and taking him for a bildar belonging to one of the emeers, he said to one who stood near him, "We must find something for this stranger to do, lest it be said, a brother came to visit us, and the chief of the bildars had no power to be of use to him." "O chief," replied his companions, "*if you mean to do a liberal action, never ask advice, or consult about it.*"

Gerald. An excellent maxim.

Mr. Austin. Yes; but not if followed up in the Turkish style, as you shall see:—

The chief bildar went to the Treasury, and procured an order, countersigned by Giafar, commanding a certain rich confectioner to come, without delay, and pay the sum of 5,000 drachms, due from him on several accounts specified in the paper. "Ho! bildar," he cried to Barem, "carry this to Mallim Ottman, requiring the pay-

ment of 5,000 drachms. You know your business: if he behaves as he ought, take whatever he offers you, and go in peace. We do this to serve the visitor and friend."

Barem, not a little elated, in honour of his new dignity, mounted one of the asses which stand in the streets for hire, and went slowly along, bestriding an animal not half so big as himself, till he reached the well-furnished shop of the rich confectioner. Ottman was seated, superintending his workmen. "I am Barem the blacksmith." No notice was taken of him. "Here is an order for your appearance at the palace, as you have the honour of being the khalif's debtor. You would do well to rise and accompany me to the palace, not forgetting the 5,000 drachms." Ottman, starting from his seat, looked attentively at Barem, approached submissively, took the paper, kissed it, and raised it to his head. "O excellent bildar, how highly am I favoured by your visitation," said he; "I am your slave and servant; do but alight, and I will do all you desire." The young man of the shop assisted the new bildar to alight, who turned round with assumed dignity, gave the driver of the ass half a drachm, and dismissed him.

The confectioner placed Barem on the seat from which he had risen himself, and sent for ten pounds of cabab from the bazaar, wrapped up in thin slices of bread. In the meantime he spread a napkin on Barem's knee, and set before him an orange cut in slices, some pounded mint, a cake of sweet pastry, and some honey. Then followed a bowl of the choicest sherbet, made of distilled yellow water-lily, sprinkled with musk dissolved in rose-water; then the cabab, and finally three fat fowls, richly stuffed, and washed down by a second bowl of sherbet; each of which Barem declined at first with the air of a man of consequence, but finally condescended to take at the humble request of the obsequious Ottman, who was not a little amazed at his prodigious appetite. "This man," said he, to his assistant, "breakfasted at the palace: if he had come fasting, what would he have done? I believe nothing less than a camel roasted whole, and stuffed with forced meat, could have satisfied him. I wish I were rid of him." He then went into the back shop, and filled a large cone of thick paper with the finest dried sweetmeats, while in another paper he put twenty drachms.

"My lord," said he to Barem, "you have been kindly indulgent to your poor servant; favour him with your protection; in a few days I hope to make up the sum required. If I were to take only a part, you know bastinado and imprisonment would be the consequence; therefore, I entreat of your kindness and generosity to dispense with my going with you to-day. Carry this paper of sweetmeats to your little children, and desire them to accept this other, containing twenty drachms, for the expence of a bath."

Barem now began to understand why the bildar had sent him to Ottman, and his command "not to bring him if he behaved well." "Mallim Ottman," he replied, "my advice to you is, that you do not stir out of your door this day, nor this week, nor this month, nor this year, and then there will be no necessity for you to go to the palace." He took his leave, after a profusion of compliments on both sides, ejaculating, as usual, "I am Barem; my provision is from above!"

The khalif was engaged in business till a late hour; but as soon as Giafar and Mesrour appeared before him at night, "What," said he,

" do you imagine poor Barem's situation to be now?" " His situation, my lord," said Giafar, "is that of an unfortunate, who has been publicly disgraced—he sits in the deepest affliction. The flame of a dull lamp only serves to show him his empty pitcher, his useless dish, and the gloom of his formerly cheerful apartment." " I will visit him to-night," said Al Rasheed, " to see how he bears his misfortune."

" Let not my lord leave his palace, where he commands, to be assailed by this rude slave, now the prey of grief, hunger, and disappointment," replied the vizir; but his remonstrance not prevailing, he added, " let us at least carry him some food; for, as the proverb says, ' If you feed the mouth, the eyes brighten up.' " " Feed him!" interrupted Mesrour, who could not forgive Barem's rough gibes—" Feed him!—with a dagger! Every night he drank his wine, devoured his dainties, but never offered us a morsel!"

" I approve much of your advice," said the khalif to Giafar, not noticing the rage of Mesrour; " the poor fellow must be hungry; therefore provide what you think fitting."

Edward. There he was quite mistaken. I

hope Barem had provided a good supper, and plenty of lights.

Mr. Austin. Yes, he had expended ten drachms instead of five; had doubled the number of his wax lights, and put two wicks to each lamp, so that his visitors were astonished at the blaze of light they saw when they reached his house.

The khalif exclaimed, in amazement, "This drunkard fairly baffles me. I am weary of the trouble I have taken to disappoint him. I cannot succeed for one night. Knock and get admittance, if you can."

"O Hadji Barem, pearl among men, and son of liberality," said Giafar, "we have brought with us a small repast, and request you would be pleased to open your door, and accept of it." "You are more in want of it than I," said Barem, from the balcony. "I am in the midst of plenty. I have gained as much to-day as I was wont to gain in five days: but begone; get to a distance from me, nor look in my eyes; for were you to speak of the Nile, its current would stop. You, who are envious of other men's prosperity! You only want to laugh at

my way of life. I have no more to say to you: depart in peace."

"If you will not open your door, Hadji, at least let down a basket, and see what we have brought you."

Barem did so; and on seeing five fowls, and other dishes, laughed heartily, saying, "This is wonderful!" but, returning the basket, added, "Now begone, as you have delivered your present." However, on further entreaty, he at last admitted them, after they had each vowed never to visit his house again.

Barem continued carousing, without concerning himself about his guests, till the khalif requested, as being the last night of their meeting, that he would favour them with some of his facetious discourse, or with a song.

"Most cheerfully and willingly," replied Barem. "You must know, my guests, that the spring is the prime of the seasons, and the day of roses the most delightful of all others. It was long ago said, by Hippocrates the physician, that the man who does not rejoice in the spring, and rapturously taste the vernal breezes, must have a faulty constitution. Some Persian philosophers, speaking of the spring, compare it to beauty of

countenance—a smile that discovers fine teeth—grandeur and symmetry of stature—graceful motion—liberality of mind, and suavity of disposition." After this grave harangue, Barem entertained his guests with a number of pleasant songs, taking his wine between each, and smelling to the roses, which were strewn on the table, and to which his songs often made allusion.

Mrs. Austin. He reminds me of Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith!

Mr. Austin. The khalif, much delighted, requested to hear the adventures of the day.

"I will relate them to you," said Barem; "not to afflict your hearts with sorrow at my misfortune, but that you may admire the strange vicissitudes of life." He then related what I have already told you. "All this good which has happened to me," said he, in conclusion, "has happened in spite of Haroon al Rasheed, though this morning I thought that blockhead and I could never live in the same place, and I had resolved to leave Bagdad to him, and seek my fortune elsewhere; but now, in spite of him, I have taken money and sweetmeats; I have eaten fowls, and I will die a bildar! Now I think of it, *you*, blackbeard, are somewhat like

Giafar, whom I saw this morning in his hall of audience, when I stood with my fellow-officers in the palace: there is this difference, however, between you—*he* is respected by Al Rasheed, and *you* are a paltry meddler in other people's business; a guest who obtrudes himself where he is not welcome."

"This must be a fortunate fellow," said the khalif, in a low voice to Giafar: "to-morrow, however, I will try if I cannot find some means to mortify him."

It being now midnight, they rose to take their leave. "We beg your permission to retire," said they. "You are your own masters," replied Barem, without moving from his seat. "The permission is with yourselves. Adversity will afflict the man who wishes *you* to visit him." They laughed heartily at this farewell, and returned as usual to the palace.

Next morning, soon after sun-rise, Barem starting up from his sleep, "A new day, a new provision," said he; "I will die a bildar." He dressed himself as he had done the day before, combed his beard, twisted his whiskers, and sallied forth, little expecting what was to happen. On his arrival at the palace, he placed himself

among the ten bildars, who were in daily waiting. When the khalif came into the divan, his eyes were employed to discover Barem among the bildars, and he soon recognized him. Then calling Giafar, who prostrated himself before him, "Observe, Giafar," said he, "our friend Barem yonder; you shall see how I will perplex him."

Charlotte. Ah, poor Barem! what can he do now? How foolish he was to go to the very palace. I hope they won't bastinado him. How could he go near the khalif!

Mr. Austin. You forget he did not know the khalif was his nightly guest and daily persecutor; but you could not be more alarmed than *he* was when the chief bildar called out, with a loud voice, "Bildars, it is the pleasure of the father of the faithful, that all you present do now appear before him." The order was instantly obeyed, and Barem arranged himself with the others in the divan, and thought, "What can all this mean? Yesterday was the reckoning with the cady; to-day it is with the khalif in person. This will be the vinegar to yesterday's oil."

Al Rasheed asked the bildar who stood next him, "What is your name, the name of your

father, and what your allowance?" "Oh! commander of the faithful, my name is Khalid, my father's Majid, my allowance twenty dinars, besides mutton, flour, sugar, and pomegranates." "Do you stand aside," said the khalif; "let another be called." Khalid lifted both his hands to his head, and bowing low as the ground, retired backwards. Whilst the others were examined Barem became more and more alarmed, saying to himself, "One mischance is worse than another. Till this day no such thing as this review was ever heard of! Oh! black hour! why did I not leave Bagdad yesterday! When the khalif asks, 'What's your name, and your father's name, and the amount of your allowance,' what shall I answer? If I say Barem the blacksmith, will he not say, 'You heater of iron; you spy; who made you a bildar?' 'You! who are you, that you should dare to pollute my palace?' Alas! there is no trust nor help in man!"

The khalif was much amused, observing Barem's embarrassment, and could scarcely preserve any tolerable degree of gravity.

The last of the bildars was now examined, and Barem remained alone in trembling appre-

hension, his eyes cast down, and confusion depicted in his countenance. Al Rasheed, with the utmost difficulty, refrained from laughing, when he ordered him to advance. The order was repeated three times; but Barem, as if insensible, remained fixed to the spot. The chief of the bildars at length aroused him with a push, saying, "You fellow, answer the khalif." Barem, starting, as if from a dream, asked hastily, "What's the matter?" "What's your name?" "Meaning me, Hadji?" said Barem, in great perturbation. "Yes, it is you I mean." "Is it to me you speak, Hadji Khalif?" The khalif calmly answered "Yes;" but Giafar said, in an angry tone, "You shred of bildars, answer the commander of the faithful speedily, and speak with more respect, or the sword will be applied to your neck." After a pause, during which the khalif recovered his gravity—"And so," said he, "you are a bildar, and the son of a bildar?" "Yes, yes, Hadji Khalif, I am a bildar, and the son of a bildar, and my mother was a bildar before me." At this reply the khalif, emeers, vizirs, and bildars shook the divan with laughter. "So then you are a bildar, and your allowance is

twenty dinars, and five pounds of mutton?" "O yes, yes, Emeer al Moumaneen, and may the decrees of Alla be your protection."

Edward. I am glad he has got off.

Mr. Austin. Softly, he has not escaped yet: a greater perplexity succeeded. A criminal whom the khalif had determined to pardon was brought forth, and Al Rasheed, knowing the secret of Barem's wooden sword, desired him to strike off the culprit's head. He took his stand behind him, but without moving his sword. "I am lost now," thought he; "how can I manage the sword? In a few minutes it will be found to be a piece of a date tree. I shall be the public jest, and lose my head!" He then took his sword from the belt, grasped the hilt in his right hand, and rested the sword on his left arm. The khalif was highly diverted at this manœuvre, but called out to him, "You bildar, why do you not unsheath your sword?" "My lord," replied Barem, "it is not good that a naked sword dazzle the eyes of the Emeer al Moumaneen." "Strike off the head of your prisoner!" said the khalif, in a stern voice. Barem bared his right arm, and walked three times round the kneeling criminal. "If you are thirsty," said he, "I will give you drink; if you

are hungry, I will feed you; if innocent, say with a loud voice, I am an innocent man!" The criminal, accordingly, said with a loud voice, "I am an innocent man!" "That's not true," said Barem; "but I have a secret which I will not disclose except to the khalif himself." He then approached, and kissing the ground, said, "O mighty khalif, hear me only two words. I have along with me a treasure which has been long in our family. My mother inherited it from my father, and from my mother it descended to me. It is this sword. If this man is innocent, the sword, when unsheathed, will appear to be wood; but if he is guilty, it will emit a flash of fire, which will consume his neck as if it were a reed." "Let us have proof of this prodigy," said the khalif. Barem now unsheathed his wooden sword, exclaiming, with an air of triumph, "Innocent, my lord!" to the great diversion of all present.

When the laughter he had occasioned had ceased, the good-natured Barem wished to put an end to the fear of the kneeling criminal: addressing the khalif, he said, "O Hadgi Khalif, this man was unjustly condemned: let him be set free." The khalif willingly consented, and ap-

pointed Barem a bildar. He ordered that he should be completely equipped for his new dignity, and gave him moreover a hundred pieces of gold; the vizir and Mesrour also made him presents in money; so that Barem, the blacksmith, found himself at once a rich man. He soon became a companion of the khalif in his private hours of relaxation, and rose in time to be chief bildar.

Charlotte. A very amusing story: thank you, papa, for letting me stay to hear it.

Edward. The khalif was a powerful king, you say: how odd it is that he should make a companion of a blacksmith.

Mr. Austin. That is common enough wherever the Mahommedan religion is established, where there are but two ranks in society,—master and slave. In the eyes of the despot *all* his people are equally mean, and in the eyes of the people his favour exalts the lowest.

Mrs. Austin. How oddly extremes meet. In a pure democracy, or republican government, there is no rank but that which the offices of state give, as bailiffs, chief magistrates, or whatever the term is; and in a pure despotism, there is none but that possessed by those whom the

sovereign for a time vests with a share of his authority, under the name of vizirs, cadys, bildars, or whatever they may be called, like our friends Giafar and Barem.

Edward. But I don't understand what sort of king a khalif is: is he like the Emperor of Russia, or the Grand Signor, or what?

Mr. Austin. There are no khalifs now,—at least no sovereigns so called. They were originally the successors of the impostor Mahomet, the founder of the Mahommedan religion. They were a sort of Mussulman pope; they were absolute princes in temporal power, and esteemed infallible in matters of religion. Their spiritual office was to expound the Koran, the book of Mahommedan law and religion, and to preach and pray publicly in their mosques. It is remarkable that their office arose about the same time as the popedom; but about three hundred years after their first institution in the East, the governors of the provinces deprived them of their temporal office, and confined their functions to the priesthood. The Mussulmen, at different periods after this event, established three great empires,—the Mogul, or Indian empire, the Persian monarchy, and the Turkish, comprising

Greece, Asia Minor, Arabia, and Egypt; the two latter, that is, the Persian and Turkish empires, are subdivisions of the conquests of the Saracens, who also established themselves in the Spanish peninsula for eight hundred years, and would probably have extended their dominion over a great part of continental Europe, but for their timely defeat by Charles Martel, in the year 732, at Tours, in the heart of France.

Florence. Who were the Saracens, papa?

Mr. Austin. The Arabian tribes between Mecca and the Euphrates were comprised under that general term by the Christian nations of the middle ages. I don't know from what language the term is derived, nor, consequently, exactly what it originally meant. The magnificence of the Saracens established in Spain, their love of the arts, and cultivation of the sciences in the dark ages, you know something of, from Russell's Modern Europe.

Florence. Yes, but a great deal more of them from the introduction to Florian's beautiful story of their expulsion from Spain under Ferdinand of Arragon, which mamma made me read to her when I had finished the story. I had not patience to attend to it at first.

Mr. Austin. Without some such parental revision, fictions founded on history make a sad confusion of the false and true in young heads, but with that revision I think they are delightful aids to knowledge, leading the mind to dwell on particular periods of remarkable importance.

Florence. Gerald read to me and Amy from to-day's paper that Lord Cochrane was gone to assist the poor Greeks: they were conquered by Mahomet, were they not, in the fifteenth century?

Mr. Austin. Mahomet the Second, who took Constantinople [May 27, 1453], was the eleventh sultan of the Turks, and it is said secretly derided the religion of the *first* Mahomet, who flourished eight centuries before him, though he professed it in public, as a means of political power.

Florence. Eight centuries between them! and I always thought they were the same persons.

Mr. Austin. No unnatural mistake, from the similarity of name and character between these two able, but cruel and sensual conquerors. I will give you a slight sketch of the history of the first Mahomet, and for the second we will amuse ourselves to-morrow evening by reading Miss Baillie's affecting drama of the Fall of Constan-

tinople, where you will find the Christian hero admirably pourtrayed in Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Grecian emperors, more noble in his fall than the Turkish conqueror in his victory.

Florence. From what you say, I believe, papa, that Mahomet the First was an Arabian or Saracen, and that Mahomet the Second was a Turk. Where did the Turks come from?

Mr. Austin. The name of Turk is derived from a martial tribe formerly inhabiting the ridge of mountains, called Imaus, in the centre of Asia. The monarchy commenced about the year 524, and its founder, like Romulus, was said to have been suckled by a she-wolf. A similar tradition alleges the elder Cyrus of the Persians to have been preserved by a canine nurse, in fact, by a woman, whose name might be so interpreted. Few things, I think, are more amusing than to follow the same story in its progress round the world, modified by the prejudices and superstitions of the various nations who adopt it. In the ninth century, the Turks were introduced as guards in the palace of the khalifs, whose faith they had adopted. There they acted the part of the Prætorian bands of ancient Rome, or the Janissaries of modern Constantinople; and finally

advanced a bold leader of their own nation to the throne of the Saracen khalif. In the fourteenth century they were permitted to establish themselves in Greece, by the mistaken policy of the Christian emperors of Constantinople, who sometimes sought their aid in their civil wars, and sometimes their protection against the princes of the Romish church; and in the fifteenth century you know they possessed themselves of Constantinople itself, under Mahomet the Second.

Florence. Why this is like the ancient Britons and the Saxons. As you say sometimes, similar causes producing similar events.

Mr. Austin. Yes, it is so. Unhappily, such was the bigoted hatred of the Greek church against the Latin church in those days, that the infatuated inhabitants of Constantinople, in their utmost extremity, declared they would rather see the turban of the Mahommedan than the tiara of the pope in their ill-fated city! Their intolerance has been punished by four centuries of cruel slavery.

Florence. I don't know what is meant by the Greek and Latin churches.

Mr. Austin. The points of difference in their doctrines and ceremonies it would be useless to

explain to you; but when the empire of the east and west was divided, the Greeks had their own patriarch, and the Latin kingdoms of the west of Europe acknowledged the Bishop of Rome as universal pastor or pope. Russia is the only kingdom of modern Europe which has followed the Greek church.

Gerald. I wonder, then, that the Russians are not more anxious to assist the Greeks at present.

Mr. Austin. I cannot enter into that question with you now, Gerald; for it would be neither amusing nor profitable to the rest of our little party.

Edward. I am glad to hear you say so, papa. I like to hear any story, but I don't understand much about the Turks and Saracens, except that they call the Christians dogs, and kill the poor Greeks without the least pity.

Mr. Austin. I do not expect you to understand all I say to Florence and Gerald, nor must *you* expect that I should refuse to answer their questions, in order to tell amusing stories to you and Charlotte. Our conversation has been so desultory, I don't know whether it has been very

intelligible. Let me hear, Amy, what you have learned from it.

Amy. Mahomet, the false prophet, flourished *in the seventh century*, in Arabia, and introduced a religion called the Mahommedan or Mussulman religion, made great conquests, and established a sovereignty like the popedom much about the same period.

Mr. Austin. Yes. In the year 606, Gregory the Great, bishop of Rome, received the title of Universal Pastor from the execrable tyrant Phocas; and in 608 Mahomet commenced his imposture in the caves of Mecca. Go on, Amy.

Amy. The khalifs, as these princes were called, extended his conquests into Syria, Egypt, and Persia. *In the ninth century*, the Turks, who came from the mountains in the centre of Asia, were introduced as guards into the palace of the khalifs. The Turkish generals deposed the khalifs, and became sultans. *In the twelfth century*, the Greek emperors allowed the Turks to establish themselves in Greece; and *in the fifteenth century* the Turkish sultan, Mahomet the Second, took Constantinople, where the grand signor has reigned ever since. The professors

of Mahommedanism have at different periods established three great empires—the Persian and the Turkish, still existing, and the Mogul, or Hindostan, which is now possessed by the East India Company.

Florence. How did you recollect all this, Amy? I should have made a great confusion of centuries, I fear.

Amy. I am interested by every thing about Hindostan for papa's sake, and therefore Mr. Bernard, a short time ago, gave me an abstract of the whole subject; but I don't know the history of Mahomet himself, and I should like to hear it.

Mr. Austin. To-morrow evening you shall. But I forgot that this is the last day of your holidays: it is not very late yet; and the leading circumstances can be briefly told, which account for the origin and progress of the Mahommedan faith.

You are all acquainted with the three marked natural divisions of Arabia,—the Desert, the Stony, and the Happy. The latter, however, is so called chiefly from contrast, for the capital city, Mecca, is situated on an arid plain, at the foot of three barren hills, which produce little for

the subsistence of the inhabitants, not even pure water, for the springs are disagreeably brackish. Arabia, however, is fruitful in frankincense and myrrh, and in ancient times was the great mart for the pearls of the Persian Gulph: it is the native country of the horse and the camel, and by the aid of this latter laborious and hardy animal, aromatics and pearls were transported to Damascus, and food, arms, and other manufactures, brought back in return, Mecca being the great emporium of trade. At the birth of Mahomet, Arabia was *nominally* a province of the Persian empire, as it is now of the Turkish; but, from the nature of the country, its interior government has always been comparatively free, and in ancient times it was the great refuge of the exiles of every nation.

Mrs. Austin. The America of the Old World.

Mr. Austin. Much the same. When Babylon was conquered by Cyrus, the Sabians or Chaldeans fled to Arabia, and brought with them the worship of the sun and moon, and the seven guiding powers of the seven planets. When the Persians were expelled, in turn, by Alexander, they also fled to Arabia, and introduced the religion of the Magi. The Jews, under Titus

and Adrian, likewise sought refuge there, and the various sects that arose among the early Christians fled thither from the persecution of whatever party prevailed in the church. Mecca also contained the Caaba, or Temple of the Black Stone, which was worshipped by the Arabians themselves, in conjunction with three hundred and sixty idols, in the form of eagles, antelopes, and lions, and the great statue of Hebal, holding in his hand seven arrows, without feathers or heads, for divination. The custody of the Caaba had for some generations been consigned to the family of Mahomet, who were also the first in the state. Surrounded by so many differing creeds, his family the guardians of an idol in which he placed no trust, Mahomet early learned to consider religion chiefly as a means of governing the multitude. Like the generality of his countrymen, he was so illiterate that he could neither write nor read, and therefore, though a translation of the Scriptures was then extant in Arabic, he was only acquainted with their contents orally. From the Jews he adopted the unity of the Divinity, the Mosaic account of the creation, the flood, and the descent of the Arabians from Ishmael; and amidst all the quarrels of the semi-idolatrous Christians who

surrounded him, he imbibed a high veneration for the person and character of our blessed Lord. It is of more importance to us to trace the causes which gave rise to the scheme of imposture he so successfully executed than to follow minutely his personal biography. I shall therefore relate his personal history as briefly as I can. He was early left an orphan, his whole inheritance one female negro slave, and five camels, and in his youth was occupied in trading to Damascus, in the service of a widow, whom he married at twenty-two. He thus acquired opulence; and his eloquence, personal beauty, courage, general abilities, and the political and sacerdotal offices of his family, gave him considerable influence in his native city. The Jews of Mecca still expected their Shiloh or Messiah; Mahomet determined to announce himself as the prophet of God, and long flattered himself in vain that that nation would accept him as such. However, he gained other converts, and in his fortieth year announced himself as the sixth and last prophet.

Florence. Who were the other five he acknowledged?

Mr. Austin. Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Christ. So slow was the progress of Ma-

hommedanism at first, that in the fifth year of his pretended mission, Mahomet had gained but thirty-nine converts, and but for the protection of his uncle, who was at the head of the government, he would have been put to death as an impostor. He now composed the Koran, with the assistance of Abdia Ben Salon, a Persian Jew, and Sergius, a Nestorian monk, who had been banished from his convent for some great crime. This latter unhappy wretch was put to death by Mahomet as soon as the task was complete, that the secret might be kept. The Mahommedan party by degrees became considerable, but the confirmation of miracles being demanded, he invented the fable of his ride on the prophetic horse, Alborak, through the seven heavens (each at the distance of 500 years' journey from the other,) of silver, of gold, of precious stones, of adamant, of emerald, of carbuncle and pure light, where he saw the stars as large as mountains hanging by chains of pure gold, saw angels in the shape of beasts and birds, and conversed with Adam and the patriarchs. Alborak was as white as milk, and as swift as lightning, but had been so long unused to a rider, that he would not suffer

Mahomet to mount till he had bribed him by the promise of a place in paradise.

Florence. Mahomet's angels are like the idols in the Caaba! What did the people of Mecca say when they heard this fine tale?

Mr. Austin. They called the inventor an impostor and a cheat; many of his own disciples revolted from him, and he was obliged to seek safety in flight. One cave near Mecca had been the scene of his former visions, another now afforded him concealment: his pursuers advanced to its entrance, but perceiving a pigeon's nest on a large spider's web, they concluded no one could have lately entered it.

Edward. What did he do then?

Mr. Austin. The pretended prophet would have sunk into insignificance, and perhaps his name would never have reached our ears, had he not been invited to Medina by some heretical and apostate *Christians,* who went over to his party in order to obtain the ascendancy over the Jews of the same town. At Medina, with their aid, Mahomet established his chief residence for the rest of his life, and soon extended his dominion over all Arabia, but still, in the plenitude of his

power, he preserved the primitive simplicity of the Arabian manners: he lighted his own fire, swept the floor of his own house, milked the ewes, and mended the coarse woollen garment, which, with his walking staff, was long treasured amongst the regalia of the mighty khaliffs who succeeded him. But cruelty, rapine, and sensuality, marked his career, and it affords an awful lesson to hear that the same pretence to an inspired mission which raised him to power, and in eighty years established an empire mightier than that subdued by ancient Rome in a period of eight hundred years, was the cause of his painful and ignoble death.

Florence. How did that happen?

Mr. Austin. He had taken the city of Caibar, inhabited by Arab Jews, by storm, and established his quarters at the house of Hareth, one of the chief inhabitants. Hareth's daughter, Zainoth, prepared a shoulder of mutton for his supper and poisoned it, saying that "If he were a true prophet, he would know that the meat was poisoned, and it would do him no harm; if he were not a prophet, she would do well to rid the world of so wicked an impostor." Mahomet ate without suspicion: he did not die, however, at the time, but suffered lingering torture, complaining,

on his death-bed, three years after, of the torments he had endured from the time he had tasted it.

Mrs. Austin. Shoulders of mutton were destined to play an important part in the history of Mahomet. The fragments of the Koran, which he produced from time to time as his affairs required them, were sometimes inscribed on the blade bones of mutton, sometimes on palm-leaves.

Florence. How did he know the meat was poisoned?

Mr. Austin. His friend who supped with him, and ate plentifully of it, died instantly: Mahomet ate but a small portion of the fatal viand. His most brilliant successes were after this period; but what pride could he take in them, whilst the prey of incurable disease, treading painfully the downward path to the tomb! He died calling on Heaven for the pardon of his sins, and left no son to uphold the earthly glories for which he had committed them.

Florence. How seriously our conversation has ended. You have made me quite melancholy, papa.

Mrs. Austin. We have, indeed, made a wide

digression from the nightly rambles of Haroon al Rasheed to the career of the founder of his faith, —" the king of fierce countenance," whose kingdom is so clearly described in the prophecies of Daniel.

Mr. Austin. Conversation between such intimate friends as we and our children I trust will ever be, has always this discursive tendency : it is thinking aloud. The total inability to divine what new combination of thought will arise in our minds from the suggestions of others, makes the great charm of intellectual intercourse. What is so tiresome as the common routine of commonplace small talk, where we know as accurately what is to follow from each sentence as our ear anticipates the key note from the final cadence in music.

Mrs. Austin. In general society there never can be this unrestrained intercourse. You would not surely advise Florence and Amy to display the latest piece of information that floats buoyantly on the upper current of thought, or to apply to the casual stranger for the solution of each rising doubt.

Mr. Austin. No ; that is the privilege of domestic society, where conversation that deserves

the name can alone be enjoyed. Did not the most worldly-minded of maxim makers long ago pronounce that the heart furnished much more to conversation than the head? To be enjoyed in perfection, social intercourse must be distinguished by the attributes of Christian charity; there must be no envying, no vaunting, no being puffed up, no rejoicing in iniquity, but rejoicing in truth; there must be a readiness of belief, a patient endurance of dissent. Without these, the tongues of angels and of men, the gifts of the inspired, will not give the soul-satisfying delight of free and confidential conversation, where every rising thought is fearlessly given to the honour and the benevolence of the partial auditor.

Florence. I am so sorry that Amy will not be at any more of our after-dinner conversations. She had a letter to-day, papa, from Mrs. Bernard, to say she must return with Miss Bernard, who leaves Ashbrook early to-morrow.

Mr. Austin. I am very sorry to part with you so soon, my dear Amy; but you will join our little party again at Midsummer, when I hope we shall all find you much amended of the indolence which your aunt says is your only fault; and I doubt not, when you next year become

permanently our inmate, Florence will acquire from you that soberness of judgment, without which her ceaseless activity will only serve to make her friends lament a useless waste of ingenuity. When your father and mother return, I hope they will find both their daughter, and their daughter's friend, worthy of their love and esteem.

Her parents' names were always overpowering sounds to the gentle and affectionate Amy. She tried to speak, but burst into tears in making the attempt. Her uncle kissed her affectionately, and said, "There, there, I know all: you want to say we are very kind, and you are very happy with us, and you will try to be all we wish;" and Mrs. Austin added, "You will always be a fourth daughter to me, Amy, for you know aunt Susan has long been your second mamma." Amy dried her tears, and consoled herself and her young friends with the prospect of soon again visiting Austin Hall.

THE END.

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