

LEIGH HUNT'S

LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1834.

No. 6.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A HUMAN BEING, AND A CROWD.

We had intended to make merry this week, in our leading article, with some light subject, but a late event in the metropolis (of which we are not going to speak politically) and the perusal of the affecting Romance of Real Life which is given in our present number, have set us upon graver thoughts, to which it may not be unsalutary to give way.

The reader will allow us to relate him an apologue.—A seer of visions, walking out one evening, just before twilight, saw a being standing in a corner by the wayside, such as he never remembered to have seen before. It said nothing, and threatened him no harm: it seemed occupied with its own thoughts, looking in an earnest manner across the fields, where some children were playing; and its aspect was inexpressibly affecting. Its eyes were very wonderful, a mixture of something that was at once substance and no substance, body and spirit; and it seemed as if there would have been tears in them, but for a certain dry-looking heat, in which nevertheless was a still stranger mixture of indifference and patience, of hope and despair. Its hands, which it now and then lifted to its head, appeared to be two of the most wonderful instruments that were ever beheld. Its cheeks varied their size in a remarkable manner, being now sunken, now swollen, or apparently healthy, but always of a marvellous formation, and capable, it would seem, of great beauty, had the phenomenon been nappy. The lips, in particular, expressed this capability; and now and then the creature smiled at some thought that came over it; and then it looked sorrowful, and then angry, and then patient again, and finally, it leaned against the tree near which it stood, with a gesture of great weariness, and heaved a sigh which went to the very heart of the beholder. The latter stood apart, screened from its sight, and looked towards it with a deep feeling of pity, reverence, and awe. At length, the creature moved from its place, looked first at the fields, then at the setting sun, and after putting its hands together in an attitude of prayer, and again looking at the fields and the children, drew down, as if from an unseen resting-place, a huge burthen of some kind or other, which it received on its head and shoulders; and with a tranquil and noble gesture, more affecting than any symptom it had yet exhibited, went gliding onwards toward the sunset, at once bent with weakness, and magnificent for very power. The seer then, before it got out of sight, saw it turn round, yearning towards the children; but what was his surprise, when on turning its eyes upon himself, he recognized, for the first time, an exact counterpart of his own face; in fact, himself looking at himself!

Yes, dear reader, the seer was the phenomenon, and the phenomenon is a human being, *any care-worn man, you yourself, perhaps, if you are such, or your London Journalist*;—with this difference, however, as far as regards you and us; that inasmuch as we are readers and writers of things hopeful, we are more hopeful people, and possess the two-fold faith which the phenomenon seems to have thought a divided one, and not to be united; that is to say, we think hopefully of heaven and hopefully of earth; we behold the sunset shining towards the fields and the little children, in all the beauty of its double encouragement.

A human being, whatever his mistakes, whatever his cares, is, in the truest and most literal sense of the word, a respectable being (pray believe it);—nay, an awful, were he not also a loving being;—a mystery of wonderful frame, hope, and capacity, walking between heaven and earth. To look into his eyes is to see a soul. He

[SPARROW AND CO. CRANE COURT.]

is surely worth twice, thrice, and four times looking at and considering,*—worth thinking what we can do for him, and he for us, and all for each other. Our general impressions of things (as the reader knows) are cheerful and ready to receive abundance of pleasure. Our greatest sorrow, when we look abroad, is to think that mankind do not extract a millionth part of the pleasure they might, from the exceeding riches of Nature; and it is speedily swallowed up by a conviction, that Nature being so rich, and inciting them to find it out, find it out they will. But meanwhile, we look upon the careful faces we meet—upon the human phenomenon and his perplexities,—and as long as our sorrow lasts, an indescribable emotion seizes us, of pity and respect.

We feel a tenderness for every man when we consider that he has been an infant, and a respect for him when we see that he has had cares. And, if such be the natural feelings of reflection towards individual faces, how much more so towards a multitude of them,—towards an assemblage—a serious and anxious crowd?

We believe, that without any reference to politics whatsoever, no man of reflection or sensibility looked upon the great moving mass and succession of human beings which assembled the other day in London, without being consciously or unconsciously moved with emotions of this kind. How could they help it? A crowd is but the reduplication of ourselves,—of our own faces, fears, hopes, wants, and relations,—our own connexions of wives and children,—our own strengths, weaknesses, formidable power, pitiable tears. We may differ with it, we may be angry with it, fear it, think we scorn it; but we must scorn ourselves first, or have no feeling and imagination. All the hearts beating in those bosoms are palpitations of our own. We feel them somehow or other, and glow, or turn pale. We cannot behold ourselves in that shape of power or mighty want, and not feel that we are men.

We have only to fancy ourselves born in any particular class, and to have lived, loved, and suffered in it, in order to feel for the mistakes and circumstances of those who belong to it, even when they appear to sympathize least with ourselves: for *that* also is a part of what is to be pitied in them. The less they feel for us, the less is the taste of their own pleasures, and the less their security against a fall. Who that has any fancy of this kind, can help feeling for all those aristocrats, especially the young and innocent among them, that were brought to the scaffold during the French revolution? Who, for all those democrats, not excepting the fiercest, that were brought there also—some of whom surprised the bye-standers with the tenderness of their domestic recollections, and the faltering ejaculations they made towards the wives and children they left behind them? Who does not feel for the mistaken popish conspirators, the appalling story of whose execution is told in our this day's Romance of Real Life, with that godlike woman in it, who is never to be passed over when it is mentioned? Who does not feel for the massacres of St. Bartholomew, of Ireland, of Sicily, of any place; and the more because they are perpetrated by men upon their fellow-creatures, the victims and victim-makers of pitiable mistake? The world are finding out that mistake; and not again in a hurry, we trust, will any thing like it be repeated among civilized people. All are learning to make allowance for one another: but we must not forget, among our lessons, that the greatest allowances are to be made for those who suffer the most. Also, the greatest number of reflections should be made for them.

Blessings on the progress of reflection and knowledge,

* *Respectable, respectabilis* (Latin) worth again looking at.

which made that great meeting the other day as quiet as it was. We have received many letters from friends and correspondents on the setting up of our Journal, for which we have reason to be grateful; but not one which, has pleased us so much (nor, we are sure, with greater leave from themselves, to be so pleased) than a communication from our old 'Tatler' friend, S. W. H., in which he tells us, that he saw a copy of it in the hands of "one of the sturdiest" of the trades' unions, who was "reading it as he marched along;" and who (adds our correspondent) "could hardly be thinking of burning down half London, even if the Government did continue bent upon not receiving his petition."

May we ever be found in such hands on such occasions. It will do harm to nobody in the long run; will prevent no final good; and assuredly encourage no injustice, final or intermediate. "To sympathize with all" is the climax of our motto. None, therefore, can be omitted in our sympathy; and assuredly not those who compose the greatest part of all. If we did not feel for them as we do, we should not feel for their likenesses in more prosperous shapes.

We had thought of saying something upon crowds under other circumstances, such as crowds at theatres and in churches, crowds at executions, crowds on holidays, &c.; but the interest of the immediate ground of our reflections has absorbed us. We will close this article however, with one of the most appalling descriptions of a crowd under circumstances of exasperation, that our memory refers us to. On sending for the book that contains it to the circulating library, (for though too like the truth, it is a work of fiction) we find that it is not quite so well-written, or simple in its intensity, as our recollection had fancied it. Nothing had remained in our memory but the roar of a multitude, the violence of a moment, and a shapeless remnant of a body. But the passage is still very striking. Next to the gratification of finding ourselves read by the many, is the discovery that our paper finds its way into certain accomplished and truly gentlemanly hands, very fit to grapple, in the best and most kindly manner, with those many; and to these an extract at this time of day, from Monk Lewis's novel, will have a private as well as public interest.

The author is speaking of an abess, who has been guilty of the destruction of a nun under circumstances of great cruelty. An infuriated multitude destroy her, under circumstances of great cruelty on their own parts; and a lesson, we conceive, is here read, both to those who exasperate crowds of people, and to the crowds that, *almost before they are aware of it*, reduce a fellow-creature to a mass of unsightliness. For, though vengeance was here intended, and perhaps death (which is what we had not exactly supposed, from our recollection of the passage) yet it is not certain that the writer wished us to understand as much, however violent the mob may have become by dint of finding they had gone so far; and what we wish to intimate is, that a human being may be seized by his angry fellow-creatures, and by dint of being pulled hither and thither, and struck at, even with no direct mortal intentions on their parts, be reduced, in the course of a few frightful moments, to a state which, in the present reflecting state of the community, would equally fill with remorse the parties that regarded it, *on either side*,—the one from not taking care to avoid offence, and the other from not considering how far their resentment of it might lead;—a mistake, from which, thank heaven, the good sense and precautions of both parties saved them, on the occasion we allude to.

"St. Ursula's narrative," says Mr. Lewis, speaking of a

sympathy in the *generositas adolescentulis*, which Chidiock Titchbourne would have felt for them!

A letter written by Chidiock Titchbourne the night before he suffered death, unto his wife, dated anno 1586.

"To the most loving wife alive; I commend me unto her, and desire God to bless her with all happiness; let her pray for her dead husband, and be of good comforte, for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my Maker and Redeemer in the most joyful throne of his glorious kingdom. Commend me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charitie to pardon me, if I have offended them. Commend me to my six sisters, poore desolate soules, advise them to serve God, for without him no goodness is to be expected: were it possible, my little sister Babb, the darling of my race, might be bred by her, God would reward her; but I do her wrong I confesse, that hath by my desolate negligence too little for herselfe, to add a further charge unto her. Deere wife, forgive me, that have by these means so much impoverished her fortunes; patience and pardon, good wife, I crave—make of these our necessities a virtue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I knowe not the order of the lawe, piteous it hath taken from me all, forfeited by my course of offence to her majestie. I cannot advise thee to benefit me herein, but if there fall out where-withal, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourselfe with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it known to my uncles, and desire them, for the honour of God, and ease of their souls, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sisters bringing up; the burden is now laid on them. Now, Sweet-cheek, what is left to bestow on thee, a small joynture, a small recompense for thy deserving, these legacies following to be thine owne. God of his infinite goodness give thee grace alwaies to remain his true and faithful servant, that through the merits of his bitter and blessed passion thou maist become in good time of his kingdom with all the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessaries for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where, until it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell lovinge wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!

"By the hand from the heart of thy most
faithful lovinge husband,
"CHIDROCK TICHEBOURNE."

VERSES,

Made by Chidiock Ticheborne of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason.—1586.

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of cares,
And all my goods is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fleet, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
I saw the world and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"I sought for death, and found it in the wombe
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
I trade the ground, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!"

XI. ONE OF THE SHORTEST AND SWEETEST OF ALL STORIES.

MR. WALSH, a gentleman of large fortune, who died about fifty years back, bequeathed an estate of four thousand a year to his niece, Mrs. Benn; but from negligence, resentment, or some other cause, neither explained or understood, left his next male heir, and near relation, unprovided for.

With an addition so important, and at a period which calculates, to a nicety, gratifications and expenses to keep pace with, or exceed the most enormous rent-roll, the majority of mankind would have sat down passively contented; or if any solicitude interrupted their brilliant dreams, it would have been anxiety to determine in what species of luxurious superfluity the new acquisition should be expended. But Mrs. Benn, a very epicure in the theory of real and substantial luxury, declared that her present income was adequate to all her wishes and all her wants, and reserving only a little Berkshire villa, endeared to her by early habits, and in which she had passed some of the happiest hours of her life, presented, and by legal conveyance made over this considerable bequest to her neglected cousin; a free and gratuitous gift, neither demanded nor expected, vast in its amount, and worth, at its lowest valuation, A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

XII. ANOTHER, OF THE SAME CAST.

The law of divorce decreed by the national convention had passed but a short time, when there applied to take the benefit of it a young couple, who had been generally considered by their neighbours, as patterns of connubial felicity. The young woman was beautiful, rich, and married to a lover without fortune; but a few days after the divorce had taken place, they were again united in

wedlock; a transaction, which exciting considerable surprise, was thus explained.

Their first union having been what is called a love-match, the lady's guardians, actuated by laudable prudence, had the whole fortune settled on the wife, absolutely independant of her husband, whose moments in the giddy raptures of the honeymoon, rolled on with facility and pleasure. But when time and reflexion had sobered his senses, he complained that his hands, by the illiberal distribution of his wife's fortune, were tied up from engaging in agricultural, professional, or commercial pursuits, so admirably calculated for giving a zest to all enjoyment, by occupying those intervals of life which are otherwise so apt to stupify our faculties in the listlessness of leisure, or the gloom of inactivity. For such evils, this excellent wife saw and provided a remedy. By dissolving their first marriage she became the uncontrolled mistress of her fortune, and gave an effectual proof of her liberality and affection, if not of prudence, by making her husband, on their second marriage, the unfettered master of all she had. The happy husband was thus enabled, by love, the great arbiter of destinies, to whom we are indebted for supreme happiness, or harassing inquietude, to devote a portion of his fortune to elegant or useful occupation.

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1834.

THE death of Mr. Stothard, at the venerable age of eighty-four, has grieved all the lovers of art, though it has been long expected. But they regret to think that they can have no "more last words" from his genius—no more of those sweet and graceful creations of youth, beauty, and womanhood, which never ceased to flow from his pencil, and which made his kindly nature the abode of a youthful spirit to the last. An angel dwelt in that tottering house, amidst the wintery bowers of white locks, warming it to the last with summer fancies.

Mr. Stothard had the soul in him of a genuine and entire painter. He was a designer, a colourist, a grouper; and above all, he had expression. All that he wanted, was a more perfect education, for he was never quite sure of his drawing. The want was a great one; but if those who most loudly objected to it, had had a tenth part of his command over the human figure, and even of his knowledge of it, (for the purposes of expression,) they would have ten times the right to venture upon criticising him; and having that, they would have spoken of him with reverence. His class was not of the very highest order, and yet it bordered upon the gentler portion of it, and partook of that portion; for since the days of the greatest Italian painters, no man felt or expressed the graces of innocence and womanhood as he did. And his colouring (which was little known,) had the true relish, such as it was. He loved it, and did not colour for effect only. He had a bit of Rubens in him, and a bit of Raphael—and both of them genuine; not because he purposely imitated them, but because the seeds of gorgeousness and of grace were in his own mind. The glowing and sweet painter was made out of the loving and good-natured man. This is the only process. The painter, let him be of what sort he may, is only the man reflected on canvass. The good qualities and defects of his nature, are there; and there they will be, let him deny or disguise it as he can. In youth, Stothard was probably too full of enjoyment, and had too little energy at the same time, to study properly. In the greater masters, enjoyment and energy, sensibility and strength of purpose, went together. Inferiority was the consequence; but inferiority only to them. The genius itself was indestructible.

Mr. Stothard, for many years, was lost sight of by the public, owing to the more conventional elegancies of some clever, but inferior men, and the dullness of public taste; but it was curious to see how he was welcomed back again as the taste grew better, and people began to see with the eyes of his early patrons. The variety as well as grace of his productions soon put him at the head of designers for books, and there he has since remained. What he did of late for the poems of Mr. Rogers is well known, and his picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims still better, though we cannot think it one of his best. Many of his early designs for Robinson Crusoe and other works, especially those in the old Novelist's Magazine far surpass it; and so do others in Bell's British Poets. There is a female figure bending towards an angel in one of the volumes of Chaucer in that edition, which Raphael himself might have put in

his portfolio; and the same may be said of larger designs for editions of Milton and Shakespeare. See in particular those for Comus, and for the Two Gentlemen of Verona, where there is a girl in boy's clothes. Nothing can be more true or exquisite than the little doubtful gesture of fear and modesty in the latter figure, blushing at the chance of detection. Stothard excelled in catching these fugitive expressions of feeling—one of the rarest of all beauties. But he has left hundreds, perhaps thousands of designs—rich treasures for the collector and the student. He is one of the few English artists esteemed on the continent, where his productions are bought up like those of his friend Flaxman, who, we believe, may be reckoned among his imitators; for Stothard's genius was richer than his, and included it.

The lovers of wit, patriotism, and poetry will be glad to hear that there is a small bust to be had, of the famous Andrew Marvell, done in a composition imitating marble, by C. Stephens. It is copied from an old print, which is reckoned his most genuine likeness; and is probably superior to it, inasmuch as the sculptor has added a certain refinement, not to be found in the original, but such as might reasonably be expected in it, when we consider that Marvell was a man of sentiment as well as wit, and worthy to be the friend and champion of Milton; to whose busts by the way, this new one of his brother patriot (the first, we believe, that has appeared) may be deemed in every respect a companion. The costume is the same; they were companions in their lives; and on mantle-pieces they "ought not to be divided." Marvell should go along with his friend in *bust* as he does in *book*; for the noble lines are his, which are generally printed before the *Paradise Lost*, beginning "When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold."

Paganini has brought forth his viola; the grand viola, he calls it. In his hands, it is indeed grand. We have not as yet heard him play any of his most interesting performances on it; none of those melodies of Mozart or Haydn, with which he has enchanted us on his violin,

"Con simplicia parole, e puri incanti,"

but we have heard his handling still, and his is "a master's hand," worth hearing, for its own sake alone. It has been said that it is no novelty; that it is like his violin playing. This is in some respects true. It is like his violin playing, but it is lower, and *finely* lower. It has enabled Paganini to descend, like another Orpheus, into the lower regions, with all his beauty. It is less brilliant, of course, than the shorter-stringed instrument; but fuller toned, with a sweetness and mellowness in the harmonics, and a compass, rich in loveliness. We long to hear him play "Possenti Numi!" the finest of bass songs, upon it; or "Qui Sdegno," the most beautiful.

A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

THE rare sight of a Rhinoceros in England,—(a sort of hog-elephant, or mixture of elephant, hog, tapir, and cattle-mouth, cased in compartments of armour, and with a bit of horn on his nose,—whence his name,—Rhinoceros signifying Nose-horn,*) will give double zest to the following description of a hunt of him in the new novel, *Makanna or the Land of the Savage*,—a book defective in artifice of management, but very interesting upon the whole, both in a general point of view, in incident and in character.

The Rhinoceros, with its strange compound of sensibility and callous skin, acuteness and awkwardness, irritability, bulkiness, mildness, and huge appetite, looks like a sort of lesser Dr. Johnson among animals, as the elephant seems the larger and more respectable prototype. It was, doubtless, from an instinct of this sort, that Davies the bookseller struck out that simile, which every body thought so unaccountable and yet some how so happy. He said that the Doctor *laughed* like a Rhinoceros.

"For a long way the track continued to traverse the lower bed of the hollows, now piercing through fields of dry reeds, which, in the proper season, form a chain of morasses, or threading the broken jungle that fringes the hanging woods above. The hunters were even becoming careless from the dull unvarying sameness of the pursuit, when, in passing a thicket, Laroon observed that the tender branches of a small euphorbia had been so recently cropped, that the corrosive, but,

* From the Greek. *Rhin* (Rhine) a nose; and *Keras* (Keras) a horn.

to the eye, milk-like juice of the tree was still trickling from its wounds.

"Zounds," said Cootje, quietly, "the Dwyka is at hand. Not a beast of the forest can stomach that poison, save himself.—Hist!"

The precaution was needless, for not a leaf stirred, and the humming of a bee was audible at twenty yards.

"Now," said Cootje, in a low whisper, as the party passed on into a more open space, where, for the first time, a glimpse of the expected river might be discerned through some scattered 'wreer-houts' (iron wood-trees), winding sluggishly, like a black serpent, along a rugged chasm, while a reedy swamp stretched out in front, and the jungle to the right, as the ground ascended, thickened into forest.

"Yes, now's the time to put the Dwyka on his mettle;—the hill and trees will sicken him for speed—and if he tries the swamp, we shall puzzle him worse than either."

The justice of this opinion appeared to be generally admitted, and immediate arrangements were made to act upon it. One of the first of these was to send two Hottentots into the wood alone, with the view of rousing the gentleman's attention. Drakenstein and Vernon made slowly for the farther side of the swamp, while Laroon was left to hold the incensed animal in check should he attempt to retreat by his former path into the jungle. In his present condition little could be expected from Gaspal, to whom was therefore assigned the more easy task of firing the reeds if occasion demanded.

This distribution of force was very judiciously effected, but nothing appeared to follow it. The intense green of the wood above drank in the sunbeams in undisturbed serenity as before; and except the low crooning of a wood pigeon, or the remote chatter of a baboon, that seemed, as he moved on a neighbouring tree, to mock their patience, the hunters found no token of life or motion.

This unsatisfactory stillness had continued for some ten minutes longer, when suddenly a small portion of the wood above became violently agitated;—the higher branches smote together, and some of the tallest trees bowed their leafy heads, as if the axe was at their roots.

The commotion increased,—trees fell, and, with a harsh grunting snort, the ponderous beast burst through the crashing branches.

Not a shot had been fired, and the 'Dwyka,' making for the swamp, finished his gambol by rolling in the mud.

The creature was still splashing about most gloriously, when the Hottentots, following his track, issued from the wood. Hitherto they had acted with exemplary prudence, by doing nothing;—but now they marred all, by firing without any proper aim, or chance of success.

Astonished by the report, or rather pricked into attention by a trifling flesh-wound, the swarthy monster sprung to the land. For a few seconds he stood puzzled and irresolute, swinging his grotesque head from side to side, with a strange impatient motion. Whatever might have been the intention of this harlequinade, it was soon over, for, with a sudden lunge, the creature threw himself into extreme speed, and charged full in the direction of Laroon.

Long inured to emergencies of danger, the quick-eyed Creole foresaw the attack, and waited coolly for the proper moment to guard against it, by wheeling his horse behind a hummock of rock, most invitingly at hand. This moment had arrived,—the 'Dwyka' within some hundred paces, was rushing snorting forward amid a cloud of dust, when, had the manœuvre been effected, his skull must have been dashed against the projecting rock, for such was his speed, that halt or turn was equally impossible.

The moment had arrived, but when Laroon attempted to give his horse the necessary impulse, he found the conscious animal shivering and motionless, paralysed by fear.

The time for thought was past: with the icy chill of desperation at his heart, but still not disconcerted, Laroon cast his rifle on the adjacent rock, with convulsive energy withdrew his feet from the stirrups, pressed them on the shoulders of his steed, and vaulted in the same direction.

Scarcely was this desperate spring effected, when the 'Dwyka' came in contact with the horse, and crushing him against the rock, with the blow staved in his ribs, at the same moment as, by a jerk of his head, he disemboweled him. The 'Dwyka's' horn hung rather in the chest of his victim; and in a second effort to withdraw it, the vicious beast fell on the mangled body.

Cootje said, afterwards, that at this juncture Laroon might with ease have dispatched the enemy, and that with even a single shot. Be that as it might, the 'Dwyka' soon arose, and shaking the clotted gore from his head, looked around, as if in search of a second conquest.

Gaspal with Laroon's led horse, were at hand; but the 'Dwyka,' as if disdainful of the slaughter of Hottentot or cattle, with a loud wild snort, galloped off in the direction of Cootje.

Now was the time for firing the reeds; and Gaspal managed the matter so adroitly, that as the 'Dwyka' floundered through the morass, the crackling fast-spreading flames gathered fiercely and terrifically around. Defended by his impenetrable hide, the obdurate beast, though bellowing with affright, still dashed impetuously forward, while ever and anon, his huge and dusky bull, rising with sudden bounds from amid the burning reeds,

as the black hull of a storm-tossed boat staggers through the foam of broken waves, was seen by starts, environed with a flashing ocean of glowing fire, or disappearing in whelming eddies of whirling smoke.

On such occasion the damage is not so great as might be imagined; and when the retreating 'Dwyka' made the shore, he was in fact more dazzled by the glare, and intimidated by the crackling and smoke, than scorched by the flames. Upon the whole, however, his valour was on the wane, and, totally sick of the adventure, he very prudently prepared for flight, by rushing past Laroon, to retrace his former path through the hollows.

Among the jungles of this level, his tremendous strength, as the hunters knew, would most avail him; and they accordingly made every possible exertion to impede his course.

Two of the re-mounted Hottentots put their horses on full speed, in a parallel direction, with the hope of overreaching the beast; and Drakenstein, Vernon, and Gaspal followed, pêle-mêle, on the 'spoor.'

Hoarse shouts and frequent shots, now rattling in the jungle or booming from the hollows, gave a wild animation to the scene. From time to time, too, a small cloud of white smoke, arising here and there above the distant foliage, gave notice that the expedient of firing the herbage was again had recourse to; but as the tumultuous rout passed off, and its discord, growing remote, died on the ear in a faint hoarse murmur, little idea could be formed as to the ultimate event of the chase.

But who, in so stirring a moment, could reason so coolly? Absorbed in the headlong fury of pursuit, the hunters had passed Laroon unheeded; and no sooner were they gone, than obeying one of those impulses that were as the leading angels of his fate,—the latter mounted the spare horse before mentioned, and venturing on the wild track through which the 'Dwyka' had broken, sought, with an anxious look, the deepest shadows of the forest."

A GOOD FELLOW.

ABSTRACT OF DE KOCK'S NOVEL "UN BON ENFANT," OF WHICH THERE IS NO ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

There is nothing more ridiculous (quoth our author) than to see a person pursuing an omnibus, already far in advance, which still continues to gain in the race; the conductor who is employed in looking right and left, never casts his eye upon the dilatory passenger. If the unfortunate be a man, he runs, then he stops, he lifts his hand to the air, he lifts his cane, his umbrella, if he have one; he shakes his arm, as if he would play the drum-major; he puts forth every now and then a-hoy! hoy! hoy!—Conductor!—hallo! hau! ho, there! Now he runs a little, now he pants through the mud, and at last catches the unlucky coach half-way to his place of appointment. If the pursuer be a woman, she either runs not at all, or runs always; women do nothing by halves, they are sooner decided than men; and moreover they run with more grace; they have the tact to choose the pavement too, in courting the attention of the conductor. They certainly sometimes withdraw their garment a trifle; but after all, where is the crime of shewing a leg, especially when it is well made? and few are shewn that are otherwise.

"A young man was in pursuit of the sixpenny coach, a goodlooking fellow, of moderate height, but well made; his countenance was frank and pleasing; his dress of a good fashion. At length he caught the omnibus as it turned towards la Madeleine, following the Boulevards; it was tolerably full.

"Have you room, conductor?" "Yes, sir;—on the right, at the bottom; sit a little closer, gentlemen, if you please."

"The young man enters, and does his best to make his way among the immovable legs, the projecting knees, wet umbrellas, muddy feet, and ill-tempered faces; for if ever you have been in an omnibus, gentle reader, (and it is most likely, if you inhabit the capital,) you must have remarked, that when the coach is something furnished with passengers, the arrival of another darkens the countenance of every one; firstly, because it is a cause of delay, and then because it is troublesome to be squeezed. The new-comer is therefore but ill received, and no one moves to make room for him. I have often wondered that those who speculate in such vehicles, have not yet thought of dividing them into stalls, like the front rows of the pit at the theatre; they would then at least be visible, and one would not be liable to receive a passenger on one's knee; and that passenger not always light and pretty. Our new comer sat himself between a man very large, who seemed displeased that any one should sit by him, and a lady who seemed to think the contact of her gown and the young man's coat indecent. "They are going to pack us like herrings!" grumbled the enormous gentleman, stretching his limbs, so as to make himself comfortable. The lady says nothing; but as a fold of her gown remained under her new neighbour, she draws it back with quickness, assuming an air of dignity, of prudery, one of those airs that prove nothing but the absence of amenity." The young man also endeavours to settle himself as comfortably as possible, without paying any attention to the murmurs of the gentleman or the airs of the lady. As soon as he was fairly seated, he looks about him to see what his fellow passengers are like. They are a motley crew, but as

they have nothing to do with our history, we will leave the curious reader to seek them in our original, and well will they repay him if he does. The omnibus starts, but makes but little way, on account of its frequent stoppages. At length it is shaken by a sudden shock; some one has jumped on the steps without allowing the mass to stop. "It is a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, in a hussar's uniform, young, tall, with large black mustachios, which together with eyes and eye-brows of the same colour, a very dark complexion, and features strongly marked, gave his countenance an expression somewhat hard and repulsive. "Where the deuce is this gentleman going to put himself?" said the fat gentleman; but in a low voice, and less insolently than he usually spoke. The soldier did not seem at all embarrassed; he advances, pushes back legs, knees, looking all the while right and left, as though to choose his place. At length he throws himself pele-mele among the people, and forces a place. The soldier recognizes in the young man, his school-fellow, Charles Darvillé, and announces himself as Emile Mongérand. To the dismay of the passengers he talks across every body to his old friend, in a loud voice, reminding him of all their wild frolics as school boys and youths, as though they were alone. It was Sunday, and Charles Darvillé was going to dine with his mother, but Mongérand persuades him to go into a coffee-house to rejoice over their meeting, for Charles is a good fellow, and cannot refuse to do any thing he is asked at the moment. From the coffee-house he drags him to the house of Rozat, another of his school-fellows; thence he takes them both to a billiard-room, where he gets into a row. Rozat evades at the commencement of the disturbance. Charles magnanimously waits till Mongérand himself leaves him to pursue some of his enemies of the coffee-house. It is ten o'clock when he gets to his mother's. His mother is a kind woman, but has hurt her own authority with her goodnatured but careless son, by a severe and reserved manner. Some friends are with her, and among them M. Formery and his niece Leonie; which latter the elder people intend as a wife for Charles. M. Formery is a very exact tradesman, and Charles's want of punctuality annoys him. Charles, however, manages to excuse himself to the satisfaction of all parties. The girl pleases him, and he pleases her. They are married, and old M. Formery retires, leaving Lis business to the young couple.

Darvillé is charmed with his wife, and pays more attention to her than to his business. He plays, however, on the violin. At length Leonie presents him with a daughter. He promises himself the satisfaction of giving her a fine education. Leonie smiled and said to her husband, "That which will be above all things necessary to give her, my friend, is a portion. You know women seldom marry without it. You must therefore endeavour to earn money, and get up our business again, which has not gone on very well for some time." "Be easy,—that will all come right; Vanfouck has promised me two commissions. I will give our child a hundred thousand livres, not a jot less."

In order to begin making his child's portion, Charles runs to announce its birth to all his friends; and, to celebrate the happy event, he eats oysters with one, a cutlet with another; plays for his coffee with a third, and drinks beer with Vanfouck; and thus he passes the day out of doors that he ought to have devoted to his wife. Scarcely is Leonie recovered, when she places herself again in the counting-house, and examines the books. She sees with affright that already they have suffered considerable losses in a business which, in her uncle's time, was so fruitful. Charles now often stays out the whole day, and if in the evening he sees signs of distress in his gentle wife's face, he takes his hat and goes out again; "a way husbands have when they are in the wrong; it is a short one, but not the best!" The day of payment for six thousand francs arrives, and Leonie has but half that sum in her strong box. Charles went out in the morning to get some bills discounted, and, according to his custom, stayed out till evening. Rozat and his wife look in while Leonie is still anxiously waiting for her husband. Charles at last comes home. He had been dining with Vanfouck. His colour was higher than usual, and he spoke as if every one were deaf. Leonie saw at once that her husband was a little elevated, and her face was overshadowed with care. Rozat, shaking hands with his friend, smiled archly, while Madame Rozat murmured between her teeth "very pretty!" "Here I am," cried Charles, with a joyous air; "good evening, Rozat—good evening, madame!—I could not come home to dinner, for I was detained with Vanfouck by a Brussels man, who took us to Grignon's, and treated us magnificently!" "Do you know this Bruzeleois then?" said Leonie, coldly. "No; I saw him for the first time—but he is a very pleasant man, without ceremony; besides, he is the most intimate friend of Vanfouck's." Charles draws something from his pocket for his wife.

Leonie said tranquilly, "What, my friend, is this another present?" Charles opened a little box, and drew from it a handsome pair of diamond earrings, which he presented to his wife, saying, "A week ago I made you stop before a shop window, and asked you which you thought the prettiest, and you showed me these, and I have brought them to you." "How gallant," said Rozat. Leonie took the earrings, but did not seem enchanted with the present, and she said with a little hesitation, "Good, good, my friend, I said I thought those earrings pretty, because you would positively have my opinion; but that was no reason why you should buy them—such rich jewels—it is a folly!"